Kate Smith sang for the King and Queen.
Painted hobgoblins are what stars in new television make-up look like to studio audiences.
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Cover by Charmante Studio

M. L. ANNENBERG, Publisher
CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

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Chicago, Illinois

RADIO GUIDE: A weekly periodical of programs, pictures and personalities

Television Artists May Scare Studio Audiences

OUT Hollywood way, where Don Lee, Jr., has been quietly putting television shows on the air for a good many years, they are learning things about the do’s and don’ts of the business. Make-up, for example, must be different. Max Factor, Jr., who probably knows more about make-up than anyone else in America, tells us that television programs probably won't be very popular with studio audiences because the actors will look too terrible. We asked Miss Elaine Shepard, an actress, to demonstrate the new make-up, and the result is obviously across the page. While paint is used around the eyes, the nose, and the hollows of the throat. Lips are blue-black. The cheeks are overlaid with a bluish powdery. Which reminds us to say that television is not the bouncing baby prodigy that some folks expected last year. A recent warning statement issued by the radio manufacturers themselves says they would not consider television a service to the entire country. "But it will be a long time before such a reality can be achieved," Regarding the radio sets now in our homes, television "will not render the modern radio receiver obsolete. It will be a different type of service." So tie up with whatever you can get today. Television is in a few cities, but so are tall buildings—and the rest of our country is getting along very well without them.

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"God Bless America": The song Kate Smith sings most every week is a prayer which we hope may find further answer. We hope, however, that her listeners will not forget that God has already blessed America in great abundance. In the matter of radio, for instance, we have more broadcasting sets and more broadcast programs than all the rest of the world combined. Quoting from government figures, our land contains six percent of the world's area and seven percent of its peoples. But we have eighty percent of the world's telephones and telegraphs, we run eighty percent of all the automobiles in the world, we operate fifty-three percent of the railroads. Our seven percent population consumes forty-eight percent of the world's coffee, seventy-two percent of its silk, fifty-three percent of its sugar. We own more than fifty percent of the world's gold. We produce seventy percent of the world's oil, seventy percent of its wheat and cotton. The purchasing power of over 130,000,000 people is more than that of the 300,000,000 people in Europe, and much more than the 1,000,000,000 people in Asia. We even have have use fifty-five percent of all the bathtubs in the world. God has already blessed America.

One of the straightest thinkers among educators who utilise the air is Dr. James R. Angell of NBC. A matter of concern to all of us is the use of radio so that foreign isms shall not intrude on the American democratic scene. He writes us as follows: "Radio's part in this situation is not merely a passive one. It must do much more than merely make its facilities available to speakers of differing viewpoints. It must attempt to help its listeners obtain better understanding of the vital questions of the day through programs of background information, through non-editorial presentation of news, through obtaining the most authoritative speakers and information that are available. As the radio audience gains more information, then it will become better fitted to weigh for itself the merits and demerits of arguments presented." Radio, the people's servant, can serve well if it will live up to the principles and responsibility Dr. Angell outlines.

Your Pardon: On page 13 of this publication for the week ending June 10 there appeared a series of photographs. A check by the editor reveals that the inventions therein were patterned after devices originally created by Russell E. Oakes of Waukesha, Wisconsin, to whom proper credit is now given. We regret that a misunderstanding caused us to attribute them to Mr. Ransom Sherman.

The U. S. Capitol

Dr. James R. Angell
For the next two lessons, our specimen for study and observation is a Tarheel of the genus Ridge Runner, which is somewhere about midway between a Hill Billy and a Mullet Chaser and slightly up the ladder of evolution from a Swamp Bug. And to prevent a shower of protests from the Swamp Bugs at the seemingly deliberate slur, I hasten to boast that I am a Swamp Bug and, with my tribe of Swamp Rats and Peckerwoods and all other creatures roared in the lowlands, really believe that Swamp Bugs are a jump up the scale from Ridge Runners. But the Swamp Bugs can afford to be generous this week with this Tarheel Ridge Runner. After all, he's our guest for examination.

He is afflicted with an epidemic of names—James King Kern Kyser—and, anchored to such a chain of K's, it's easy to understand why they call him Kay, although his folks call him James. It's a wonder somebody didn't call him Klux back in the Old North State. Maybe somebody did. He calls himself Professor Kyser and behaves as a freshman. Actually, however, Mr. Kyser is a sensitive student of his business, an intelligent southerner, vintage of 1906, and a graduate of one of the really great universities of the nation, University of North Carolina.

Mr. Kyser drives a Model T jalopy, the first car he ever owned. There's an anchor on the running-board. The car's name is Passion because, the professor says, "it heats up so quick." That's almost the sub-freshman touch, but Mr.
Mr. Kyser is a showman and Passion is a
great prop. Passion looks swell in pic-
tures and other publicity razzmatazz. In
fact, Passion is swell anywhere.

Mr. Kyser smokes nickel cigars and
brags about it. He plucks Lucky Strike
cigarettes, but the professor, as demo-
crating as hash, says, "I like nickel cigars.
I'm always gonna like nickel cigars. I
like hominy grits. Even if I get to be
a millionaire, I'm gonna like hominy
grits. I won't change over to caviar
just because I've got money."

Now, this department has no grudge
against "hominy" grits. It and sidewalk
make an excellent daily diet if a fellow
enjoys a nice quiet sieve of pellagra.
It is made of corn, the foundation of
many excellent things, but Mr. Kyser,
being a milk-drinker, wouldn't know
anything about that, even though he is a
Tarheel and of the Ridge Runners who
never confined corn wholly to the pro-
saic task of, with the aid of lye, con-
verting itself into "hominy" grits, which
are simply swollen bits of corn that
leave the stomach in the same shape.
If Mr. Kyser goes very far beneath the
Smith and Wesson line and insists upon
calling them "hominy" grits, he will be
rebuked. They are just grits and, if
you are very hungry, they can be
taken twice daily with hammering.
But any man who says grits are better
than caviar is either in the show business
or is running for office and trying to
kid the Peckerwood vote. But, after all,
Mr. Kyser is a North Carolinian, which
has given us many things, including Mr.
Buncombe, for whom a county down
there is named. Mr. Buncombe gave us
a word for it. There is positively no
connection between Mr. Kyser and Mr.
Buncombe. But we suggest that when
Mr. Kyser talks with northern press-
agents and reporters about the glories
of nickel cigars and grits, he's haunting
the memory of the lamented Brother
Buncombe and is pulling the legs of the
damnyanks, which, although it's fun, is
not a test worthy of the renowned
professor's skill.

Mr. Kyser was born in Rocky Mount,
and don't ever trim it to Rocky Mt. It's
one of those pleasant, proud southern
towns where the folks have eaten
their plowshares into spindles and re-
sent being called the nation's economic
problem children.

But James King Kern Kyser was a
problem child. This department con-
tends that any man who likes grits bet-
ter than caviar still is. His mother, Mrs.
Paul B. Kyser, is seventy-five and, ac-

According to the New York reporters
who take cynicism and love sentiment,
is just about the most remarkable lady
who ever held the pack at bay in an
interview. From her the boys really got
some information about James King
Kern, so forth.

She and her daughter, Mrs. W. C.
Noell, came to town recently, watched
her own dash hero, and pranced and
reclaimed "the Lord didn't intend any-
one, bird or chicken, to live at the pace
James sets for himself. One of these
days he's going to fly apart.

Then she recalled that it was back on
June 18, 1906, that she looked at James
and said, "You're a strange-looking baby; wonder what kind of a druggist
you'll make."

Being druggists was a habit with the
Kysers, and it just never entered the
mother's head that James wouldn't fol-
low the family tradition. His father,
Paul Kyser, was a good druggist. A
druggist in a town like Rocky Mount is
not just a pill-roller. He's an institution.
He must be a bit of a doctor, lawyer,
preacher, philosopher and a wizard of a
financier, for folks hate to take medicine
almost as badly as they hate to pay for
it.

Mrs. Kyser had read pharmacy books
to her nearly blind husband, and they
had taken the state exams together. He
had the best mark ever made in the
state and she was only a whisker
behind him. So they reckoned James
would follow suit.

"I'm seventy-five," said Mrs. Kyser.
"I don't know why I confess it. I could

he got up and lammed his sister, Vir-
ginia, in the stomach because she had
snickered at him."

"I got even, though," said Virginia,
who is Mrs. W. C. Noell. "Once I went
away on a vacation and was just begin-
ing to have fun when mother wired
for me to come home and look after
James. When I got back he was very
bad and nobody could make him take
any medicine. I found a handful of
change under his pillow, bribe money
from mother. James took one look at
me and opened his mouth. I poured the
medicine down.

"Mother had the babies, but I reared
them; James hated liver."

"That's right," James cut in. "But if
I didn't eat it, Virginia would whale the
daylight out of me."

"One day when we had liver," Vir-
ginia laughed, "James looked at it
and told me, "All right, Virginia, let's go
out to the woodshed and get it over
(Continued on Page 37)
NEW YORK — Many radio listeners were plenty burned when "Joyce Jordan, Gli Intere", left the air without any advance notice while it was in the midst of an interesting sequence. Letters of complaint poured into CBS and also this desk, which was evidence enough to prove the popularity of the program. A new sponsor brings the serial back to the airplanes starting next Monday at noon EDT, and it will be heard five times weekly. Another avalanche of letters poured into NBC when they took Ted Malone and his "Between the Bookends" program off the regular schedules, so this popular show will also return on Monday. Your reporter is sure that it will make at least two of his listeners very happy. One is Mrs. K. M. of Atlanta, and another E. F., who listens regularly from her home in Trinidad.

"For Men Only" has changed its title and is now known as "George Jessel's Celebrity Program."

Bert Parks joins the Benny Goodman show as master of ceremonies when the swing band moves over to NBC starting July 8. John Gunther, famous war correspondent and writer of "Inside Europe" and that new book, "Inside Asia," is now across the seas working for NBC as a roving reporter. He will be heard from many European points. Ernest Cutting, former NBC talent scout and director of auditions, has opened an office of his own, where he will continue his work as free-lance talent scout and advisor. Another quiz show may be added to the networks featuring Barbara Weeks, star of "Her Honor, Nancy James." According to reports, very few television sets are being purchased in the New York department stores. The public seems to be waiting for further developments.

**Purely Personal**

The stork left a baby girl weighing eight pounds, and ten ounces at the home of Lebert Lombardo. They've named her Susan Ann. CBS announcer John Allen Wolf passed cigars around when a boy arrived at his house recently. Eugene Kendrick Wolf weighs almost eight pounds. NBC announcer Jack Fraser will be celebrating — and for the same reason — almost any day now. Dito for Pati Pickens, one of the famous Pickens Sisters, who will become a mother sometime in August. Frank Lovejoy, actor on "Gang Busters" and other airshows, married Frances Williams, singing star at Billy Rose's Aquacade.

Reminders: When Tommy Dorsey opened recently at the Roof Garden of the Hotel Pennsylvania, Dave Rubinnott was on hand, looking more like the old Rubinnott now, but insisting his long illness was no fun. Baritone George Griffin is a frequent companion of Bob Rippley's niece-secretary, Louise Rippley. John J. Anthony became a godfather on Father's Day to fifty children. The above personalities are pictured on this page. Tin Pan Alley was shocked when they learned that bandleader Chick Webb died after an operation. Few people were aware of his illness.

While I was having lunch in the restaurant in the CBS building the other day, Martin Gable (Dr. Wayne of "Big Sister") walked in, pulled out his wallet and handed announcer Dan Seymour some money. It seems that these two boys launched together the day before in Seymour's "A Walk in the Park" but didn't know where to make a bet. Gable said, "I'll take your bet," and Dan gave Martin two dollars. The horse won, paying 6 to 1. and Gable had to fork over twelve dollars. He has taken plenty of razing over since. . . . Announcer Kelvin Keech has his breakfast at the corner drug store near his home every morning and he doesn't finish drinking his coffee until he has completed his daily cross-word puzzle.

Most of Kay Kyser's bandmen got a lucky break when they had to move to California. They were able to sub-lease their apartments to some of the boys in Jan Garber's crew who just arrived in New York with their families. . . . Ran into Lew Lehr, that man who thinks "Monkeys is the cwziest people," and he told me he had just recently moved into his new house in King's Point, Long Island, but that he wasn't afraid of too many visitors moving in on him during the World's Fair. He says he has double protection — a lookout tower which commands a view of the countryside and an automatic contrivance on his front gate which causes a "smallpox" sign to drop down on his front door when the gate is opened.

Alice Frost will not be heard on the "Big Sister" serial for the next couple of weeks. She's vacationing in New Hampshire with her husband. Jim "Ask-B-Basket" McWilliams spends most of his time between broadcasts at his home in Virginia Beach — the lucky guy. . . . On Father's Day, Johnny Kaouchi Pineapple, of the Phil Baker show, called his father in Hawaii, the call costing him fifteen dollars, which he tells me is the exact amount his dad gave him when he left his native island ten years ago. When Bob Trout left his native land to fly the Atlantic aboard the American Clipper for CBS, his wife forgot to get him a Portuguese visa, so when they landed in Lisbon, Mr. Trout was placed under arrest and was guarded by two policemen for the twenty-four hours the Clipper remained there. Announcer George Hicks, who made the same trip for NBC, will get back home in time to start his annual vacation.

**Behind the Scenes**

I was in good company the night I appeared on the Kate Smith program to present the "Songbird of the South" with Radio Guide's plaque for being voted radio's outstanding female singer of popular songs. Being on the same program with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt gave me an added thrill. The first lady of the land is indeed a very charming person, as everyone backstage that night will agree. When she walked in she greeted everyone, including the musicians in the band. It's a shame the program wasn't televised so that you could have seen the gorgeous orchids she was wearing. There was standing room only for both programs, which is something unusual, as they seldom permit standing in the studios.

When Abbott & Costello walked in they had the new issue of Radio Guide in their hands and were showing everyone they finished in the first ten in the list of comedians in the Star of Stars Poll, and the only ones among them that didn't have a program of their own. Announcer Andre Baruch came in holding a handkerchief over his right eye. A piece of dirt flew in it and it was so annoying he could hardly read his script during the program. Between his announcements, he kept washing it out with boric acid but it didn't seem to help much, and as soon as the program went off the air he was on his way to the corner drug store to try to have the dirt removed.
Hollywood Showdown

By Evans Plummer

HOLLYWOOD.—If you've been worried about 'Gone With the Wind' would blow itself out to the air as a dramatic serial, lay aside your cares. Mr. David O. Selznick, the movie-producer, assures your reporter that despite one breakfast-food maker's offer of $100,000 for the rights to microphone the ponderous tome daily for fifty-two weeks, and many other offers to grab off various members of the film's cast, he won't let 'em. He has mixed all sorts of schemes to use radio to promote the picture (at least until after it has been finished), and he won't ever allow Vivien Leigh, its Scarlett, to go on the air while his contract with her is in effect. He intends to make John Q. Public pay to see and hear Leigh and G. W. T. W.

Just when the customers may rush to the box-office isn't as problematical as it was several months ago. Now some twenty-six reels of G. W. T. W. have been filmed (nine minutes per reel) and, within the next three weeks, the final six reels of war scenes will be completed. When rough-cut and cut again, the picture will be sixteen reels long, will require three hours to run off for road-show audiences, and, so as to reduce their fidgets, an intermission is planned in the story right after the screening of the burning of Atlanta. —After G. W. T. W. has been road-shown and first-run, your reporter wagers the air will be full of it—with the permission, cooperation and acquaintance of Mr. Selznick.)

Off Live Mikes

That new champion swing-band king should stop making cracks about disliking jitterbugs; in other words, quit biting the bacteria that are feeding him... "The Circle," resting after July 9, has been renewed for fall—only it will have a new day, a new time, a reduction to thirty minutes, and a new form. Make the renewal edition of it should be called "The Spot"... If you wondered June 18 about the hoarseness of Connie Bennett when she played opposite Don Ameche on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, it is because Connie was almost unable to go on the air because of laryngitis. Dr. Joel Pressman, husband of Claudette Colbert, applied emergency measures an hour before program time and saved the day.

"Professor" Kay Kyser collects $12,500 for a week's appearance at the San Francisco Fair—and, after all the bickering, the Musicians' Union has finally okayed his nice bread-and-butter gesture in behalf of the Golden Gate's Bal Tabarin owners, his first fancies. Kyser will play there a week starting July 1... He whispered that "Big Town," in transcription form, will continue on the air this summer. Meanwhile, auditions are on to fill the void created by the resignation of Claire "(Lorelei)" Trevor, winner of Radio City's best-radio-actress star-poll award. When Burns and Allen return to Hollywood, they will bring with them a Zenith radio nuisace as another weapon to thwart kidnappers!

Rom-Antics and Such... 

Eddie Anderson, the colored comic "Rochester" of the Benny cast, who stole his every scene in the film "Malabar Town," celebrated his screen success by wedding the beautiful high-brown gal he's been squinting places for the past year... Randolph Scott saw Dorothy Lamour off on the June 18 American Airlines eastbound sleeper; next morning she was greeted at the Fort Worth, Texas, airport by Herbie Kay. Business or reconciliation?... Which reminds your observing that Tony Martin and Alice Faye haven't been seen places together since his return.

Bennys Entertain Taylors

June 17, birthday of little Joan and mother Mary Livingstone Benny, turned out badly for both and Jack when the three had to delay plans for Joan's natal party because they were made ill by a slight attack of arsenic poisoning from insect spray on fresh vegetables. Mary and Jack recovered sufficiently, however, to go through with the party they had planned that night at the Trocadero for a group of dozen-odd friends. Later was in honor of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, the newlyweds, and Bob, maintaining his public appearance as a he-man (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's orders!), scowled and frowned furiously whenever he posed for the photographers present!

Charlie McCarthy Can't Tie This

Thora Taylor, alias "Miss KLO," winner of the Odden, Utah, radio-station beauty-contest, was feted, dined and dated under the watchful guidance of Frances Scully, the NBC Hollywood Radio City press aide, but out of her big week emerged the crash that Edgar Bergen developed for the pretty Miss. And thereby hangs a yarn most laughable. Ventriloquist Bergen called at the Palomar Ballroom one night to pick up Miss KLO. He came in chauffeur-driven town car and wearing smart sport clothes with fancy shirt unadorned by a necktie. But it so happens that the jitterbug ballroom has its standards. "No necktie—no admittance" is rule one. Bergen or no Bergen, he couldn't get into the place without a tie. So he had to rent one ($50 a night, 50 cents deposit) in order to get in, and he has been trying to keep the incident a secret so that McCarthy won't twit him about it during their Sunday tete-a-tetes.

Grouch Club Boasts Champ Grouch

Not to be outdone by the recent visit of England's king and queen to the United States on a good-will mission, Corn Kix Grouch Club has cabled Britain's George Bernard Shaw, world's champion grouch, to be guest of honor July 18 at the National Grouch Club Convention to be staged here at Hollywood Bowl and to air his pet grouches concerning America and Americans. Should G. B. S. accept and win the capital prize of the fifty to be offered convention "delegates," he may find himself elected "World's Grouchiest-Looking Guy" and the recipient of a three-day all-expense-paid trip to San Francisco's Treasure Island, where he may stand with thousands of others and stew and fret at Sally Rand's Nude Ranch.

The McGees Disband

Winding up their Johnson programs for the summer on June 27, Fibber McGee and Molly focused their attention on their forthcoming "Home-Grown Lunch Party" they intend to stage July 2 for friends, to whom they'll serve only food grown and bred on their San Fernando Valley farm. But absent will be dialectician Bill Thompson, who flew to Chicago to open June 28 for ten weeks in Ransom Sherman's NBC "Smile Parade." Bill's departure was not without its misgivings for another reason, too, a pretty brunet Scotch lassie, Marvel Maxwell, who sings with the band now ensconced in Santa Catalina Island's Casino!
A T FIRST you may have thought you were listening to two stations at once as you caught the unmistakable strains of a symphony orchestra and, at the same time, the equally unmistakable strains of a modern melody that—only yesterday—was being hummed by the telephone girl in your outer office. But you weren't. You were listening to Raymond Paige and his "99 Men and A Girl" program over the CBS network—a program which offers the unusual combination of a full symphony orchestra playing music that people love and a program which offers the unusual combination of a full symphony orchestra playing music that people love and. Behind that program lies a story of ten years of constant struggle on the part of Paige to sell his idea, which is—simply—that people love the deep, voluminous tone of a full orchestra, that people love light classics and popular music, and that a program combining these two elements was bound to click.

The unfortunate part about the whole affair, Paige thinks, is that it took ten years to convince the radio world that it was practical. The fortunate part about it is that Mr. Paige was a determined man and dogged enough to keep the dream close to his heart until it blossomed into a hit radio show.

"It costs too much," was the first objection that was advanced against it when—as conductor of a twelve-piece orchestra over KXJ, Los Angeles—he tried to get studio officials to enlarge his orchestra to thirty-five pieces. Other technical arguments followed: "The mike won't take the volume." "If the mike would take it, the receiving set wouldn't." "Twelve men amplified sound just like thirty-five," they insisted. "It isn't a matter of amplification," he would say. "It's a matter of musical balance and tone quality. And how do you know the mike won't take it if you don't try?"

More to silence Paige than in any great hope that the experiment would be productive of anything good for radio; second, that a large orchestra playing popular and light classical music had something that neither the small orchestra, playing popular music, nor the symphony, playing "heavy" music, had in the way of popular appeal; and third, that any expense attached to the larger orchestra was well worth the additional cost. He had—after a fashion—proved his first point.

His opportunity to prove both his second and third points came when he was invited to appear, as guest conductor, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. He announced a program of light classics and popular music, and, as he expected, the hall was thronged with people who stumped and cheered their approval long after the program was over. This was what Paige had been waiting for. On the basis of the public reception of his program, he now made arrangements to use the Philharmonic for an audition which he ruefully described later as a "successful operation in which the patient died." But his diagnosis was wrong. The patient hadn't died. He had merely suffered a relapse from which he was not to re-

(Continued on Page 36)
KING GEORGE VI and Queen Elizabeth are no different from anyone else, as far as real, honest-to-goodness niceness is concerned. Why, they're just folks.

That's what I was thinking two weeks ago as I left the White House after singing for Their Majesties and President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

I had arrived in Washington the night before that Wednesday, June 7. It was the first time I'd been in Washington—my home town—to sing since 1933. I spent the night with my family. It was very cool and everyone was happy about that. But the next morning when we went to the WJSV studio to rehearse for my regular Thursday night broadcast the temperature was in the nineties and rising fast. I rehearsed in the studio from twelve o'clock until two that afternoon. After that Tony Gale, my accompanist, and I rehearsed songs I was to sing at the White House. Then we returned to the hotel for a cold supper, and at seven o'clock I went back to the studio for my regular broadcast.

Right after the broadcast I hurried to my hotel to get ready for the big event. The dress I'd had made especially for the occasion is of black marquisette-sheer, and I was mighty thankful for the cool and filmy material that hot night. It is styled very sleek from the shoulder down to the knee, and from the knee down it has oceans of fullness of the same material, dotted with hundreds of rosebuds so placed that they appear and disappear as I walk. The neckline is in a sharp V, the sleeves are long, with built-up shoulder and puffed marquisette, reaching to the wrist with a point over the back of the hand to the third finger. I'm going to wear that dress just once more, and then I shall put it away and keep it as a souvenir of a very memorable and thrilling occasion.

I WAS still dressing, at 9:30, when the phone rang and I was told Mrs. Roosevelt was on the wire. That gracious lady was calling to tell me that she understood the necessity of my leaving the White House in time to make my repeat broadcast to the West Coast at 11 o'clock. The dinner, she said, was running behind schedule, and since I was to have sung next to last on the musicale following the dinner, she would switch the program around so that I would be first and therefore able to get away as quickly as possible. With all the minute details that must have been pressing Mrs. Roosevelt, she remembered that I had a repeat broadcast to do that night, and she took the time and the trouble to call me up. "Don't worry," she said, "I have everything in hand and I'll have a police escort and a White House car to take you to the studio."

At ten o'clock Ted Collins, Tony Gale and I left the hotel for the White House. Incidentally we entered the White House by the front way, which later was used only by the King and Queen, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and a very few guests. Nearly everyone else used the east door. The instant I stepped inside, a butler came over to me with a letter. It was an air-mail letter from some of my listeners in California and it was addressed to Miss Kate Smith, the White House, Washington, D. C. You can imagine what a thrill that gave me. It was so happy about it.

One of the President's aides escorted us to the second floor and informed us that Mrs. Roosevelt was going to arrange a private presentation for us. The other artists appearing on the musicale were all to be presented to the King and Queen after the recital. At about twenty-five minutes to eleven an aide escorted us down to the main floor. He introduced me to the President, who said, "How do you do, Kate Smith. It is good to see you." Then turned to the King and said, "Your Majesty, this is Kate Smith, one of our greatest singers. Miss Smith is going to sing first in the recital tonight because she has been scheduled at eleven o'clock." His Majesty said, "How do you do, Miss Smith. I am anxiously waiting to hear you sing." Then, presenting me to the Queen, he said, "Her Majesty," and I said, "How do you do, your Majesty," to which Queen Elizabeth replied, "It's charming to meet you." Earlier in the evening, when I spoke to Mrs. Roosevelt on the telephone, I asked her what I should say when I was presented to the King and Queen. Mrs. Roosevelt told me, "Just say 'How do you do, your Majesty,' and shake their hands. That's what I did."

THE Queen looks simply beautiful. She's much, much lovelier than any of her pictures. Her skin is an incredibly delicate pink-and-white. The only comparison I can think of is the finest Dresden china. She has clear blue eyes and sparkling white teeth. That night she wore a white tulle dress, sprinkled all over with tiny gilt paillettes which shone like flecks of gold as she moved. She wore a diamond and ruby tiara and a diamond necklace. She certainly looks every inch a queen. The King is a very gracious man, charming and poised. He was very tan, having been in the sun so much during the tour, but in spite of that he did look tired. Next on the receiving-line was Mrs. Roosevelt. She said, "It's nice to see you again, Miss Smith. I've arranged everything. There's nothing to worry about. You'll be out of here in plenty of time." And I would have been, too, if the Queen's tiara hadn't become loose. She and her ladies-in-waiting went into a little room to fix it, and that extra few minutes' delay did make me just a bit late for the broadcast. The musicale was held in the east ballroom. Mrs. Roosevelt herself announced the change in the scheduled appearances, and then introduced me. I sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," an English song which I introduced in America several seasons ago, "Macushla" and "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." That song, incidentally, was a request from the King himself. I had intended singing "Home On the Range," one of the President's favorites, but he told me that (Continued on Page 40)
By Carl Prentiss

At home Elliott Roosevelt was a problem child, at Princeton a flop, at cattle-raising a dabbler. Today he's the big noise of Texas radio.

IN WHATEVER he is doing, Elliott Roosevelt likes to be head man. As far as the rest of the Roosevelt family, and most of America, is concerned, Franklin Delano is head man. That's why Elliott and the President sometimes have their spats.

For Elliott, who inherited his famous father's jutting jaw and all the pugnacity that goes with it, is out to carve himself a personal empire. He has picked Texas as his field of operations, radio is the banner behind which he'll travel, and he's on his way. Whatever or whoever crosses his path, from the President down, is in for a scrap. Because that's the way the boy operates.

Elliott is today radio's newest commentator. He has just started a three-times-a-week series on the Mutual network. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday he's on the air for fifteen minutes (7:15 p.m. EDT, 6:15 p.m. EST, 6:15 p.m. CDT, 5:15 p.m. CST, not available to West) of Rooseveltian say-so. It's his first appearance before the country at large in his chosen role.

The questions before the house are: Will it be his last? If not, why not? What has this young man got on the ball? Is he merely riding along the all-powerful family name, or is he moving under his own steam? Where does he think he's going, and how does he plan to get there? Is he on his way to being another Boake Carter, another Lowell Thomas? What has he got to give radio, and what does he want to take out of it?

Now, take a look at the record. "Elliott Roosevelt," said one of his close associates to this writer day before yesterday, "is, in two words, a hell-raiser. He's a big, tough guy who knows what he wants, and he doesn't care what stands in the way of his getting it. He's as subtle as an Army tank.

He goes in head first, and generally he comes out with a pocketful of blue chips. Like all the Roosevelts from Teddy down, he has an instinctive flair for personal publicity, and, like Teddy again, he's thoroughly bull-headed. If he really has his heart set on being a cracker-jack radio commentator, then I'll bet that's just what he does. And I'll say that without ever having heard him on the air."

There are plenty of people who have heard Elliott Roosevelt on the air who'll say "amen" to that. The judgment of the radio industry is that we're going to hear a lot of this young man, this native New Yorker gone Texan. The ink is hardly dry on his fifty-two-week contract with the Emerson Radio Company and people whose job it is to know about such things say that even though the contract does have thirteen-week options, Elliott is certain to be on the air for the full year. And that, for a young man with little previous broadcasting experience, is something to wonder at. How did Elliott get up there in such a hurry?

EVERY big family has its black sheep, its enfant terrible. Elliott has the distinction of holding down that niche in the Roosevelt household. "Elliott," Mrs. Roosevelt once said, "is our problem child."

But yes! For instance: The President, and all the other Roosevelt boys, went to Groton to prepare for college. Groton is just about the snootiest boys' prep-school in America. But not Elliott. He wouldn't hear of it. He would not go to Groton, and that was that.

It was the same with Harvard, the other traditional Roosevelt school. Elliott went to Princeton instead. But not for long. Six months of freshman rules, eight-o'clock classes, compulsory study, compulsory this, that and the other thing, were enough for him. He renounced higher education forthwith, got himself a job—a succession of jobs, in fact—a wife, and—a son. At last, Elliott Roosevelt was on his own. For a while, immediately after his father's election to the Presidency, he worked as a salesman for Anthony Fokker, famous Dutch-American aircraft designer and manufacturer. The salary was $20,000, plus commissions.

Everything was splendid and Elliott was planning a selling trip to Europe when, in the course of the Congressional investigation into the Army air-mail affair, his name began to be mentioned, linked with the word "lobbyist." Apparently with every justification, young Roosevelt denied the allegations and the matter was forgotten. But F. D. R., even though he does believe in letting his children live their own
lives right up to the hill, felt obliged to turn thumbs down on Elliott's projected trip to Europe. That was the end of the aircraft industry, as far as Elliott was concerned. He was free to search for greener pastures.

This time, he found what he wanted in Texas. First of all, he found his present—his second—wife in Texas, in Fort Worth, Texas, which is today his home. Her name was Ruth Googins, and Elliott's marriage to her, shortly after he had obtained a Reno divorce from Elizabeth Donner Roosevelt, was the talk of the land. The Roosevelts settled down on a big Texas ranch—everything in Texas is big, that's one reason why the boy likes the state so much—and for a time Elliott dabbled in the business of cattle-raising. But that didn't take.

He wanted something with big poten-

Commentator Roosevelt has the inside track to Washington news, is seen here as the President officially opens the baseball season. Left to right: Elliott, Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President, and Senators' manager Harris.

POTENTIALITIES. He wanted something he could grow with, and, last and most important, something with money in it. For Elliott Roosevelt is money-minded. He found what he wanted in radio. Together with his wife, he bought three small stations in Texas. He began to be a power in Texas broadcasting. A "natural" salesman, he soon had business booming. Three stations were at least twenty stations too few for him. The boy needed room to move around in. When last heard from, he had twenty-six stations in his little Texas State Network, twenty-six stations affiliated with the Mutual Broadcasting System. He was on the air himself with a nice little program called "Texas in the World News." Not bad for a young fellow still in his thirties, not bad at all.

That was the state of affairs until a couple of weeks ago. Elliott Roosevelt had Texas in the palm of his hand. He was a high-ranking officer in the Young Democrats of Texas. He was fighting Texas' battles effectively—and more loudly—than anybody else in sight. And he had made it perfectly clear that he would just as soon take off on his father in those little tussles as he would anyone else. In the recent fuss over the President's order to purchase Argentinian canned beef for the U. S. Navy, Elliott's stentorian bellow: "Texas beef is the best beef in the world," was to be heard above all others. He is also in the record as saying, for instance, "I don't believe the Old Man [F. D. R.] ever caught a damn fish." Elliott probably knows better than that. However, when you stack that statement up against the frequent press reports of the President's prowess as a fisherman you have page one. And Elliott Roosevelt would rather be on page one than anywhere else he can think of.

PEOPLE close to the President say that the elder Roosevelt gets a big kick out of the "problem child." Too, Franklin Roosevelt loves a scrap, and he'd probably love his own sons less if they felt differently about the matter. So Elliott can say things like this and not be haled into the Presidential woodshed for it: "The President of the United States told Elliott in a broadcast of last April "the other day offered the South a word of advice that should be followed if this section is to climb out of its dubious role as the number one economic problem of the nation. The South," he said, 'must get out of lock to the North. It must put its own capital into the establishment of its own enterprises.'

"How true, those words, yet how seemingly impossible under existing conditions. How simple that solution, yet how vague and distant when one begins to analyze the ills to overcome."

In other words, Son Elliott, sitting at his microphone down in Texas, says to Father Franklin, sitting behind the big desk that goes with this world's toughest job, "Yes, mean it, Dad, but really, you don't quite understand these things. Let me straighten them out for you."

Well, whatever else it may be, at least that attitude does indicate plainly enough that Elliott Roosevelt is his own man, taking instructions from nobody, and that, like a soft voice in a woman, is a swell thing in a radio commentator.

THE boy has a few other things that will come in handy, too. He's a hard worker. Big, husky, aggressive, he can and does maintain a pace that would wear out a lesser man. When the King and Queen of England were here, for instance, Elliott was, on successive days, in Washington, Hyde Park, New York, Chicago and back in New York. And he has his name, the magic cognomen of Roosevelt. On this, there are two schools of thought. One maintains that most of his progress to date can be attributed to the potency of that name, and not much else. The other school believes that Elliott would get just as far just as fast if he were named Zilch. The truth is probably somewhere in between. Unquestionably he does use his name for what it's worth, and it's worth a great deal. But he does not trade on it. To illustrate: When Elliott Roosevelt has something to sell, he'll use his name to gain entrance, because he knows well enough that nobody sends an office-boy out to tell a Roosevelt that he can't get in. Once in, however, he strikes out on his own. He does his own selling, and he's good at it.

To sum the matter up, Elliott Roosevelt is a young fellow who proved that while Horace Greeley may be a long time dead, his advice is still good. Elliott Roosevelt went west to grow up
Who are the people behind the people who move across radio’s dramatic stage? And what of the lives and natures of these word-artists who write so broadly of life? These are questions that Radio Ganze readers have been asking. Consequently, we have selected four writers, two individuals and a team, who are outstanding among the men and women whose fertile brains and facile typewriters create the characters and incidents of the popular serials. The authors who will be presented in a series of portrait-stories are Irna Phillips, Carlson Morse, and Frank and Anne S. Hummert. The first of the series is hereewith presented.—Editor.

To be the parent of sixty children is quite a job. The old lady who lived in the shoe didn’t know what to do, but Irna Phillips, whose busy typewriter creates life in fifteen-minute batches, who writes “The Guiding Light,” “Woman in White,” and “Road of Life” discovers no difficulty whatever.

Radio presents no more interesting brain children. A young surgeon, Doctor Brent, healing the sick in a city hospital; a kindly cleric, Reverend Ruth ledge, showing people how to live; and a grand Irish mother named Moran rearing her children. And almost sixty others.

Nor does radio present a more interesting writer. Or a more successful one. For producing three serial dramas at her Ontario Street office in Chicago, this slight, sharp-featured woman receives an estimated $3,000 a week, which sounds like a lot of money—and is. After mulling over a few incidents, though, most people are inclined to say she earns it. For example, when they learn of the two million words she must write in a year just to keep her radio family alive, or of the headaches in the job of guiding the lives of sixty characters in their proper orbits. There is also the little matter of Miss Phillips’ responsibility for weaving those sixty characters into a story which will keep ten million listeners interested.

Yet Irna Phillips does all of that, and enjoys doing it. A most intriguing thing about her, though, is the story of how she got into radio script-writing. That is the story of her life.

On July 1, 1902, up on Chicago’s North Side, a tenth child was born into the home of papa Phillips, everyday American, groceryman by trade. The new Phillips was a girl and they called her Irna. Irna didn’t get to know much about the grocery store. A few bright recollections of “helping” her father keep store, of forbidden trips on the old horse-drawn delivery-wagon—then, when she was seven, her father’s death.

Except for the tragic interludes of death, the little Phillips girl lived mostly in an imaginary world of paper dolls, rag dolls—any kind of dolls. Since she didn’t see much of other children, except the eight who comprised the Phillips brood, her child-world centered about the family. That was normal, but significant. For even then she was learning the interesting quirks of family life which have formed the backbone of her radio stories.

Grammar school bored Irna. A queer illusion that nobody liked her grew into a persecution complex. The few pleasant school-day memories she has are of the plays she saw given by the stock company at the College Theater. Equipped with a startling memory, she would come home to plague the rest of the Phillips with impersonations of every character in the play. Nevertheless, seeing those plays was the genesis of a passion for the stage.

The introverted youngster wandered through Senn High School as in a dream, finishing in three years just to get it over with. Turned down for a part in a school play, she was deeply hurt, crawled into her shell a little farther, and didn’t try out again. The one class which did interest Irna was story-telling. There she did her first piece of writing, a hero-worship ditty about a brother who went overseas in 1917. Somewhat sentimentally, she broadcasts poems not unlike that first one at Senn every Memorial Day on her “live-script” shows.

High school left Irna with a negative outlook which she carried over into the first year of college. Living at home and commuting to Northwestern University in Evanston, she made few friends, reacted like the typical unsocial person. After a year of loneliness, she took the first bold, independent step in her life. It was an ultimatum to her family: Either she would go away to school next year or not at all. She won.

Next September found her on the green campus of the University of Illinois, where she was to meet a personality whose influence would reorient her whole life and eventually lead her to the career she now follows. That personality was Dr. Charles Wolbert, head of the University speech department. As the months passed, a more society-conscious Irna budded under the guidance of Dr. Wolbert, whom she worshiped and intended to follow. Wolbert was a genuine scholar whose ideal was the happiness of man. Strangely, he took the trouble to practice his philosophy in his dealings with students.

Irna gained in charm and self-assurance, became president of her sorority chapter, decided to become a teacher of speech, chiefly because Professor Wolbert was a teacher.

At Fulton, Missouri, and later at Teachers’ College in Dayton, Ohio, Miss Phillips, teacher of dramatics and public speaking, was apparently happy at her job, contented with an annual salary less than she now earns in one week.

That is, until 1930, when a new ex-

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"The Grouch Club" is the new Corn Kix program (NBC, Sun.) that tickles listener funnybones with its dramas of humanity's pet peeves. And here are the Grouchies (l. to r.): Pitchman Jack Albertson, maestro Leon Leonard, Leon Leonard (left), musical director, presents a real "Grouch Club" grimace as he listens to Beth Wilson run through her song. Phil (Fred "Quote" Willoughby) Kramer makes the whole affair a little more unpleasant by heckling Don Brody, sound-effects man Allan Bode (top), Mary Milford, Arthur Q. Bryan, Phil Kramer (top), Grouchmaster Jack Lescoulie, producer Owen Crump (top), Eric Bartis, Beth Wilson, Emery Parnell, announcer Jim Barry Grouchmaster Jack Lescoulie warns Mary Milford, the smart, nagging wife, that she needn't give him any of her lip—he has enough of his own! Jack will stage a national Grouch Club convention at Hollywood Bowl July 16 Champion Groucher is producer Owen Crump, whose job it is to make the members sound testy. He does it so well that sometimes they terrify him. Mutual Grouchies form a common bond of sympathy between Arthur Q. Bryan (left), lisping comic and one-time singer, and maestro Leonard Screwball Don Brody is always in trouble. Here it was "Arthur," the robot he invented, which failed to work when he staged a demonstration.
Sterling Fisher is Director of Education and Talks for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Among the widely praised projects that come under his jurisdiction is the "American School of the Air," voted best educational radio program in Radio Guide's recent poll. Mr. Fisher here tells a dynamic story of that justly famed program series.

SOME strange and wonderful things are happening in this radio world these days quite aside from and unknown to the field of strict entertainment. For example:

Out in a fruitful valley of southern California, a class of twelve-year-old girls listens to a group of French schoolchildren singing in Paris, six thousand miles away. When the broadcast is over, one of them sits down and writes this letter—not under a teacher's guidance but of her own free will.

"Dear Boys and Girls in Paris: It is now 11:45 a.m. on Thursday morning, and we have just listened to your program. We thought it was very interesting and enjoyed it greatly. One group of our room has studied about France and her colonies. One member of the group has traveled in your country, and the rest of us would like to do so some day. We would appreciate it very much if you would tell us something about your schools, the games you play, and the city in which you live."

In a little mining-town in Pennsylvania, a group of boys sits listening to a dramatization about community health and the work of the Visiting Nurse Association. When the broadcast ends, they beg their teacher to ask the local visiting nurse in their town to come in and tell them how they may help her in her work.

A CRIPPLED boy, bedridden for three years, lies in a little cabin on a wind-swept mountainside in Tennessee. For three years radio is his school. His mother follows the Teachers' Manual of the "American School of the Air" and builds each day's lessons around the broadcasts. His father writes to us: "For many months your programs have been the one bright spot in our child's life."

A letter written by a little girl in the sixth grade of a school in Tacoma, Washington, and signed by every member of the class, says: "My dear Mr. Fisher, the children in our sixth grade have had the pleasure of listening to your educational program called 'New Horizons,' with Dr. Andrews in charge. The program has taught us all many interesting things and the plays have been acted out splendidly. We will not be able to listen to it next semester, for this coming June we are graduating to another school, but I almost wish we could all stay back just to hear the first chapter next September. We all thank you for the pleasure and entertainment you have given us this past year, and while we will be disappointed, we shall have the pleasure of knowing that someone else is enjoying and learning things about exploration and discovery in the world."

A FOREIGN-BORN boy, studying the automotive trade in a vocational school, listens to a broadcast about American foreign policy, and in the discussion which follows exclaims to his teacher: "Gosh! I hope the President heard that broadcast today. I want him to know we kids don't want war!"

Things like that are happening all over America in an unprecedented quantity. They are happening so widely and so rapidly because more than six million children in the United States are getting at least a portion of their education by radio. At the Columbia Broadcasting System, our mail brings us a rapidly increasing stream of letters that show how deeply radio programs have penetrated the classrooms of America. These letters, thousands of them, show us that the work in educational radio is having a widespread effect on American children, that radio programs designed for the schools actually are important to individual boys and girls—so important, in fact, that we are told of a whole class which did not want to graduate for fear of missing another chapter to come.

More than six million children in the United States listen in their schoolrooms to the "American School of the Air." Four hundred city school systems have compulsory or optional listening to these programs. Thousands of rural schools use them as supplementary material. These are large figures, particularly when one realizes that radio's educational facilities are little more than

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"WHEN A GIRL MARRIES" is the story of an across-the-tracks romance. Joan Field, a member of a well-to-do "first family" in the little town of Stanwood, and Harry Davis, a struggling young lawyer from the mill section of town, are the principals. Their fight for happiness is against family interference, difference in social position, and small-town gossip. And their lives and backgrounds were worlds apart; that is, until they met and fell in love. It was on the very day of her engagement to Phil Stanley, playboy scion of Stanwood's oldest family, that Joan met and fell in love with Harry. CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 2:45 p.m. EDT; 1:45 p.m. EST; 1:45 p.m. CDT; 12:45 p.m. CST; 11:45 a.m. MST; 10:45 a.m. PST.

**JOAN FIELD** (played by Noel Mills) is a romantic young girl, full of idealism. She adores her father, is loyal to her mother, and is torn by the separation between them. For the first time in her life she has met a man who has his way to make in the world, and who doesn't belong to her own wealthy crowd. Harry Davis, she knows, is the only man for her.

**HARRY DAVIS** (played by John Raby) came suddenly into Joan's life, upsetting all Mrs. Field's well-laid plans and sweeping Joan off her feet. His life has been one long fight against poverty. Having graduated from law school with top honors, but no money, he's hoping to land a job as junior clerk in Samuel Field's office. He is in love with Joan, but knows he should not marry her.

**PHIL STANLEY** (played by Michael Fitzmaurice) carries on the name of Stanwood's first family. Perhaps because life has been so easy for him, he has never taken it very seriously. He is only serious about one thing—his desire to marry Joan. Furious when she tells him of her love for Harry, he refuses to break the engagement, still confidently expects to marry her.

**SAMUEL TILDEN FIELD** (played by Ed Jerome), Joan's father, is a successful attorney. Having made his own way in the world, he, more than anyone else, understands what Harry Davis is up against. The Fields are divorced—theirs was an early, Impulsive marriage. Field means to see Joan marry the man she wants in spite of Mrs. Field's ambitions.

**STELLA FIELD** (played by Frances Woodbury), Joan's mother, is a tiny dark woman of forty-three, who hopes to be taken for much younger. She is kind and generous to her friends, but feels that no one should enter their small circle without proper credentials. That explains her coolness to Harry Davis. Ambitious for her children, she has never understood Joan, who resembles her dad.

**EVE TOPPING** (played by Irene Winston) is Joan's best friend, but she has always wanted Phil Stanley for herself. Hoping that something will happen to destroy his devotion to Joan, she plays her hand quietly, waiting her chance to marry a Stanley and become the first lady of Stanwood. Eve is small, dark, and quiet, but plays a deep game and is not to be trusted.
BROWSING BACKSTAGE

By Don Moore

CHICAGO—It's a Crossroads homecoming when Bill Thompson (alias the Old Timer, Nick De Popolus and Horatio K. Boomer of the Fibber McGee show) appears as guest on "Avalon Time" July 1. It's a coincidence, too. "The way I heerd it" was that young comedian Thompson is making his first appearance in this city after the first time, though they were born ten days apart in neighboring Indiana cities. Terre Haute and Vincennes, respectively.

Crossroads Court of Honor

It's an ill wind in the Windy City that blows nobody good. For to these many "Farm and Home" programs Everett Mitchell has been plugging away with his "It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" So now Chicago's NBC chief announcer draws a little sir echo for his cheery proclamations. He has been proclaimed official "Ambassador of Good Weather" by the Chicago Association of Commerce.

Once when Everett discontinued his weather trade-mark, a listener phoned from Cape Cod to protest the discontinuance, and among the thousands of letters with the same message were some bearing Florida and California postmarks, believe it or not. The philosophy behind the "beautiful day" slogan is plenty okay; the idea is that it may be blowing or blazing in Chicago or anywhere else, but every day is a great day to be living and trying.

Browsing Backstage

Just like the three little fishes turned on their tails, so the worm turns sometimes. He takes his place in musicians as well as on the hook in the new song, "The Little Worm," written by Douglas Craig, arranger, and Ted Clare, tenor, of the Escorts and Betty outfit . . . Virginia (Ma Perkins) Payne goes on a Caribbean cruise . . . The tan croppped yam rug which graces the floor of "First Nighter" producer Joe Allen's apartment was a gift to his wife, actress Betty Lou Gerson, and him from "F. N. M."

Time" July 1. It's a coincidence, too. "The way I heerd it" was that young comedian Thompson is making his first appearance in this city after the first time, though they were born ten days apart in neighboring Indiana

The "Stepmother" ingenuity of Peggy Wall's Florida fiasco due in town for a month . . . Clever stunt is that of Leslie Woods, "Road of Life" actress; she brings home autographs to a little neighbor girl and trades them for rides on the little lady's bicycle . . . In response to my recent paragraph about work-finding radio programs, the manager of WROK, Rockford, Ill., writes to say that the station's "I Want Work" program is definitely alleviating local unemployment. Fine work!

Mighty proud parents were Harry Weber, CBS musical director, and his wife, the former Marion Claire, operatic prima donna, when they visited a grade school near their Lake Bluff home recently. Their six-and-a-half-year-old boy, Heintz, played a Beethoven sonatina by memory on the piano in a school concert; the boy's teacher is Mr. Henry Weber.

Another six-and-a-half-year-old making rapid musical strides under his father's tutelage is the son of director-violinist Harry Kogen.

Personal To—

JOHN GREEN and ROBERT GOULD: You're doing a peachy job writing the "Knickrocker Theater" playlets—instance, the sketch, "The Princess Can Never Marry," with Frances Farmer as guest on June 18.

BOB CROSSY: You're the second top-notch bandleader to hop from Chicago's Blackhawk Cafe into the arms of a cigarette sponsor. The first one, Kay Kyser, continues to do all right. So will you.

HOOSIER HOT SHOTS: We're anxious to see you in that new movie, especially in the scene where you're supposed to smash all your instruments and clean out the joint where you're playing. That washboard of Heizzie's should make a handy weapon in a free-for-all.

PRODUCERS or SERIALS: You do have some pretty theme songs, even though most of them are songs of death, unrequited love, and the pathos of life.

Backstage Bits

Finney Briggs, Sahki on "Ma Perkins," must be a boom to the post-office department. Included among his wide-spread correspondents are a sixty-five-year-old blind man, just learning to type, a Columbia professor, a South Carolina mill worker, a Pennsylvania schoolboy, a Montana rancher's wife, and even a postman in Washington . . . Louise Massey and the Westerners wouldn't settle in Chicago till they located a place with a garden spot.

Yell "Hey, Bob," at a "Mary Marlin" rehearsal, and they bob up all over the place. In the serial are Bob (Joe Marlin) Griffin, Bob (Oswald Ching) Jellicson, Bob (Ben Jamison) Guilbert, announcer Bob Brown, and Bob Bailey, who plays Bob Malloy. If you ever give them a bird, make it a Bob-While! . . . Fred Howard, Johnny Dillon in "Manhattan Mother," now and then arms himself with cyanide jar and butterfly net and goes hunting. He sends his catches to his father, who is curator of insects in San Diego Museum . . . Barbara Fuller, young "Scattergood Baines" actress, corresponds regularly with Jackie Cooper in Hollywood . . . The Dexter twins of "Bachloel's Children" are inseparable companions also in real life. They're Patricia Dunlap and Marjorie Hannan . . . Janet Logan, the petite "Scattergood Baines" actress, possesses what is called the perfect feminine foot, size 48 . . . CBS songstress Shirley Sadler and her roommate, actress Ada Card, have been taking in the New York Fair together. Miss Card was the lucky winner of a free trip to the Fair at the recent AFRA party . . . The WLS "National Barn Dance" has been bought for a movie by Republic Productions . . . Bruce (Kennedy) Kamman is throwing corn right out the window of the Old Heidelberg. That isn't an insult to Kamman's "Frans and Frits" act. It's real. When he tosses it out to a pigeon perching on the restaurant awning over Randolph Street, Bruce rescued the

"Scattergood Baines" actress Janet Logan has perfect foot, according to the class-footometer of the orthopedic surgeon, Dr. J. M. Hiss.
The Real McCarthy
Dear V. O. L.: I am blind, so I have never seen Charlie McCarthy or a picture of him. Yet to me he's very real. I see him as a peppy little rascal, full of life, with red hair and a devilish gleam in his eyes. Perhaps he's more real to me for having never seen him. I'm having my mother write this letter to tell you that radio has made a whole great world for me, people with voices and shapes of my own imagining, therefore wholly my own. My picture of Charlie is typical of that world.

August Rysinger, Charleston, S. C.

One of the fine things about radio is that every person can mold it somehow to his own imagination. Alec Templeton, famous blind pianist, has a similar conception of Charlie McCarthy, a red-haired lad with red cheeks and a pout, who is never still. Charlie wouldn't be so popular if he were not very successfully real.—Editor.

Radio and Employment
Editor, Radio Guide: I'm sure you often receive complaints about radio being a soft job for a few milk-fed, overpaid performers. I've heard many such complaints and they prompt me to make a defense, for radio furnishes me a livelihood. I'd like it generally known that radio furnishes a living directly or indirectly to nearly 400,000 workers and their families, over 1,000,000 people. More than seven hundred stations and several hundred factories create many thousand jobs. There are even more than fifty thousand businessmen who sell radio products and many other thousands of workers in the servicing field. And all these are as much a part of the radio industry as the comparatively few overpaid artists.

Byron Crisman, Kansas City, Mo.

And even beyond these interesting statistics, radio furnishes a wealth of profit that cannot be measured in dollars and cents.—Editor.

Home, Sweet Home
Editor, Radio Guide: Irvin Jackson's recent letter about "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" suggests interesting facts about another famous song.

I wonder how many Americans know that "Home, Sweet Home," which is such a vital part of our musical American tradition, was written in Paris in 1822, first performed in the composer's play, "Clari, or, the Maid of Milan," in London's Covent Garden, thus being intimately associated with three countries besides America. Moreover, the composer, John Howard Payne, in self-imposed exile from home, died in Tunis, after serving as American consul there.

L. L. Steager, St. Paul, Minn.

In Paris, Milan, London, Tunis, there's no place like home.—Editor.

Summer Sketches
Editor, Radio Guide: Can't we have more dramatic sketches with a true-to-life plot and a humorous punch? Give us something to smile about.

Mrs. Craig Dillon, Columbus, Ohio.

There will be several on that pattern for your summer listening. "The Aldrich Family" will substitute for Jack Benny, "Blondie" for Eddie Caren.—Editor.

Where From?
Dear V. O. L.: In your issue of June 3, on page 8, you state that the Vase Family are from "North Carolina." I beg to disagree—they are from South Carolina, city of Greenville. I know, because I am a native of that city and used to live just a few blocks from them. Their father was a professor at Furman University in Greenville when they were children.

Mona Callahan, Abbeville, S. C.

The Vasses are probably most intimately associated with South Carolina, though they have resided in a number of different states, including North Carolina, where Frank attended the state university. We probably agree their songs are good no matter where they hail from.—Editor.

Shut-In Corner
Editor, Radio Guide: I'm a young woman, mother of three children, and I'm an unfortunate cripple. I haven't walked for ten years, because of arthritis. I can't afford a wheel-chair, but the Comfort magazine gives an invalid a rolling-chair for selling subscriptions. I see no prospect of ever obtaining the wheel-chair I need so badly unless my friends help me. I'm sure all who read this, radio listeners and perhaps radio stars, will understand my motive. A wheel-chair would enable me to escape from the confinement of my room and let me get a pep at the beautiful outdoors. I hope through your kindness to get many subscriptions and make new friends.

Mrs. Irene Normandin, Newport Centre, Vermont.

Good luck, Mrs. Normandin! We hope you get the subscriptions, the wheel-chair, and the new friends.—Editor.

Who Named America?
Editor, Radio Guide: The Americanism wave sweeping the country and especially radio is all right, but I wonder if it wouldn't be well for many of us to brush up on our American history and sharpen our civic responsibility along with it.

For instance, many authorities now believe that our great land was not named for the explorer Amerigo Vespucci, but rather for the great Scandinavian adventurer. Leif Ericson, who beat Columbus to the continent by a half-century. The Scandinavian name given the newly discovered continent was "Anti-Eric." Erik's land.

Lowell Deane, Boston, Mass.

Clipping Cliches
Dear V. O. L.: As an old cliche-hater I'd like Radio Guide to start an active campaign against radio cliches.

For instance, how many times have you heard your head out every time you heard these old bromides eke out from your loud-speaker?

"And now we present—"
"Until tomorrow we say—"
"The program originally scheduled for this time—"

There are a flock of others. I'd like to hear from other cliche-haters.

Bob Hawk, Mutual Broadcasting System, New York, N. Y.

New Radio Game
Editor, Radio Guide: Here's an idea for a lively radio game based on Bingo and Screeno. We've tried it and it's lots of fun. Mark the cards into squares as in Bingo, but instead of having squares numbered, use words commonly heard on the air in announcements and songs, etc.—words such as love, moon, broadcasting, buy, presenting, and many others. Then tune in any program or tune around among several. Whenever any player hears a word that appears on his card, he can mark it. Of course the first player getting five in a row yells "Radio!" and wins.

Mrs. A. O. Dawson, Memphis, Tenn.

This unique game should be worth something to sponsors, because the players will listen to the commercials for key-words.—Editor.
LISTENING TO LEARN

High in the Colorado Rockies the Moraine Park Museum rests in the midst of nature's wonders. It is the base of operations of Raymond Gregg's Junior Nature School, the starting-point of the weekly field trips July 22—"Wildlife at the Roadside." July 23—"Keeping Up with Wildlife." August 5—"Scouting the Trailside." August 12—"Flowers of the Fading Season." August 19—"Six Legs, or Eight!?" August 26—"Plant Journeys." September 2—"Reading the Mountains' Story." September 9—"A Museum Visit." The broadcasts in this series are made possible through the facilities of station KOA, Denver, Colorado. Plans have been worked out with Park Naturalist Gregg through Mr. C. C. Moore, program director of KOA, to give Radio Guide readers a weekly series of "visual aid" pictures to supplement the programs. The first will appear on this page in next week's issue of Radio Guide.

Wall-less School

A tall, thin man with sun-browned face, garbed in the regulation khaki uniform of the National Park Service, starts down one of the many trails leading from Moraine Park Museum. He towers head and shoulders above the excited youngsters who are following him. It is Saturday morning in Rocky Mountain National Park and Raymond Gregg is taking his Junior Nature School to their wall-less classroom in one of nature's most beautiful and bountiful wonderlands. Bringing up the rear are two NBC engineers carrying short-wave pack transmitters. Theirs is the job of sending fifteen minutes of this informal out-of-doors class session to a Coast-to-Coast audience.

The Junior Nature School is a free government-conducted, wall-less school, where, during the summer, children can enjoy walks along the trails through field and forest and beside snow-fed streams in the company of a park naturalist while their parents vacation in this national playground. Dr. Gregg, a native southerner transplanted in the Rockies, is conductor of the school, a noted teacher and field naturalist. He has an unusual talent with children, and in his approach to the child attracts the adult as well. He is a fluent speaker with a keen understanding of human nature and a well-developed sense of humor—excellent qualifications for this radio assignment.

The broadcast that is picked up along the trail every Saturday morning is designed to stimulate interest in nature as a recreational outlet. Challenge to further exploration is included in the introductions to the various fields of natural science. Details and dogma have no place in this mountain school, which is really a "get-together club" to introduce people to the fascination of the natural world about them, wherever they may be. Use of nicknames is a typical Gregg device; the Magpie he calls "the noisy magician"; the chipmunk he refers to as "a little convict"; the Alpine fir is "a Christmas tree with its own candles"; the wild geranium, "a flower with a bill." Things previously taken for granted are brought to life, given character and personality in the interesting and quaint stories and illustrations used by Mr. Gregg.

The July 1 (Saturday) broadcast will come from the floor of Moraine Park, a broad glacier-formed mountain valley where flowers bloom in great profusion. Here Mr. Gregg will have his class for a lesson on early summer wildflowers, and as usual he will lead the ad-lib trailside discussion, interpreting the out-of-doors in absorbing fashion by relating nature's creations to commonplace objects and experiences of every-day life. Listeners would enjoy it much more, of course, if they were with the class in person; but as this is not possible in too many cases, the program picked up along the way comes as a welcome substitute to onlookers and the members of his Junior Nature School.

Twelve weekly broadcasts are planned for this series, of which the July 1 program is the second. Others to follow are: July 8—"In Beaver World." July 15—"A Stroll Among the Trees.

Men Behind the Stars"

The July 7 (Friday) program in this series is devoted to the constellation Sagittarius, depicted with drawn bow in the picture (below) by Bayer's Uranometria, rare star atlas first published in 1603. Sagittarius belongs to the Zodiac, that imaginary belt around the sky along which the planets, sun and moon move. The Zodiac is shown as the shaded band in the picture (below). Sagittarius is the southernmost constellation of the zodiacal twelve and may be seen in summer but not in winter because the sun in its apparent motion crosses this region in December.

In Greek mythology we read of Chiron, who changed himself into a horse to elude his wife, Rhea. Ovid tells us that Hercules killed Chiron with a poisoned arrow, and that Jupiter placed him (Chiron) in the sky. Some associate Sagittarius with Chiron, who is called the wisest of the Centaurs. Near midnight in July we find him over the south point in the Milky Way. 

... glorious in his Cretian Bow, Centaur follows with an aiming Eye, His bow full drawn and ready to let fly."
—Greek's "Manlius"

NOTES OF INTEREST
The Zodiac is divided into twelve sections, called "signs" of the zodiac. To each of the twelve signs corresponds a constellation, of course, Sagittarius being the sixth of the signs of the zodiac. The center of a circle drawn through the local stars and the middle part of a star from the point up, culled in the body will lay at a term.

"Men Behind the Stars" may be heard Fridays over CBS at:

    CDT 4:45 p.m. EST 5:45 p.m. CST 6:45 p.m. MST 7:45 p.m. PST

Thousands of teachers must be flocking into San Francisco by now for the annual summer meeting of the National Education Association. Details of the broadcasts from this convention may be found by referring to "This Week's Programs," pages 20 to 36.

—J. H.
Lawrence Tibbett, America's great baritone, crosses and recrosses a continent to enjoy a few days of relaxation on his "Honey Hill" farm.

To spend a few hours on his Wilton (Conn.) farm, pruning grape vines, for example, Tibbett eagerly flies 3,000 miles from the Hollywood "Circle" (NBC) and back.

Work on "Honey Hill" is never finished. That's one of the pleasures of owning such a place, Larry says.

Here Mrs. Tibbett receives instruction in the operation of a tractor. Besides the farm, the Tibbetts maintain a large apartment on East River, New York.

This scene should explain the 6,000-mile air trip. The Tibbets have eight dogs at "Honey Hill," some of which are Belgian police dogs and sheep-dogs. One is a setter; another, Mrs. Tibbett's favorite, is a Scottie named Mac.

Some 250 yards from the farmhouse are the chickens—White Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks. Working about the place in old clothes, Tibbett says he feels a great sense of independence on his Connecticut farm.
**The March of Music**

Edited by LEONARD LIEBLING

...An ampler Ether, a diviner Air...—Wordsworth

Bantering the British

Sir ADRIAN BOULT, music-director of BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation), was engaged by the Carnegie Hall and radio concerts (short wave) recently while on a visit to New York. Voyaging to this country with him were the distinguished English composers, William Walton and Arthur Bliss, and the famous London oboe virtuoso, Leon Goossens, brother of Eugene, leader of the Cincinnati Orchestra. To honor the eminent guests, the Lotos Club of New York gave them a luncheon, at which the dais also held Solomon, the English pianist; John Hogan, president of Intermediate broadcasting (station WQXR), and Leonard Liebling, toastmaster. Scattered among the 130 lunchees one noticed Frank Black, Howard Barlow, William Primrose, Roy Harris, Charles O’Connell, Deems Taylor, Davidson Taylor (CBS), John Royal (NBC), Marks Levine (NBC), Samuel Chotzinoff (commentator of the Tocacini concerts), Pitta Sunborn, Meshel Piastrino, and other well-known musical and radio personalities.

The toastmaster decided to keep the occasion in light summer spirit, so he told his guests what he would prove to them how musical we Americans are by asking a series of questions to be answered spontaneously by various persons called upon at random. This was the result:

Toastmaster: “Mr. Black, will you name six orchestral instruments?”

Frank Black: “Three violins and three violas.”

Toastmaster: “Mr. Chotzinoff, what is America’s national instrument?”

Chotzinoff: —let me see—the cocktail shaker

Toastmaster: “No, no, Mr. Chotzinoff, I said ‘instrument’, not ‘implement.’ Now, Mr. Sunborn, will you tell us what is America’s national instrument?”

Pitta Sanborn: “The cash-register.”

Toastmaster: “Mr. Coppius, what is musical form?”

F. C. Coppius: “Lily Pons’....I am her manager.”

Toastmaster: “Mr. Zirato, what is perfect pitch?”

Bruno Zirato: “As assistant manager of the Philharmonic, I don’t know a thing about baseball.”

Toastmaster: “Mr. Evans, what are scales?”

Lawrence Evans (musical manager): “Good Lord, man, haven’t you ever seen a fish?”

Toastmaster: “Mr. Deems Taylor, describe in a few words your impressions of Wagner’s cycle ‘The Ring of the Nibelungen’.”

Deems Taylor: “Loud and long.”

When Mr. Bliss swore to make a short speech, he said among other things, “We ‘English listeners’ deeply suspect that the questions and answers were prepared in advance.” And he was right. But altogether improper it was somebody’s remark that “BBC stands for ‘Bully a Conduct.”

**Speaking Up**

By V. Vidal

There is a rumor around to the effect that a certain popular tenor, noted for his “voix d’elle” as well as his voice, is really quite bald. But instead of hiding under a toupee, he paints part of his head bald, and recently he was out at a party during a heat wave. Perspiration ran freely, the paint ran with it, and the tenor, leaning against a wall, left a nice large headprint. The libel laws are still functioning very well or else I’d tell you who it was.

Have you noticed the good work of the Gulf Chorus on the “Gulf Musical Playhouse” programs? Many of them belonged to the old General Motors ensemble which did such brilliant work several years ago. And a few of them are outstanding soloists in their own right. Two who were heard in solo passages in the arrangement of “None But the Lonely Heart” were Martha Lipton, heard frequently on the “Music Hall of the Air,” and Garfield Swift, first-rate young baritone. It’s a pity they weren’t credited for their fine work, brief though it was.

People who complain that most of the good music goes off the air during the summer will be surprised to know that there are just as many, if not more, symphonic hours on now than in the winter, with more to come. The “Toronto Promenade Concerts” brings the number up to seven. The Robin Hood Dell, Chaussuque Festival, Boston Pops and Grant Park series are promised for later in the summer.

Josef Hofmann’s son is allergic to dust, so the entire Hofmann family is moving to a Pacific island. Whether or not this means Hofmann’s definitive retirement from the concert stage, he has not yet stated. However, musicians love all over the world sincerely hope not. Both concert stage and radio would suffer a calamitous loss. Particularly radio, which already has only too few good pianists.

Just what is this tradition that every radio program has to be made up of a little bit of everything? Why always the restless that can’t listen to an unbroken half-hour of song, piano music or violin-playing? Why hasn’t some sponsor put on a half-hour weekly recital with top-notch artists? His only expense would be the artist’s fee and the broadcasting time.

**FORECAST**

This week sees the return on Thursdays of the “Toronto Promenade Concerts” under the direction of Reginald Stewart. Last year they were well received from all quarters, and should prove enjoyable this year, as the summer will see the premiere of several new works by Canadian composers. The orchestra is the same as last year, with the addition of Robert Shaw, the tenor voice of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

**COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

Howard Barlow, conductor. Prelude and Persian Dance from ‘Koussevitsky’ (Mussorgsky), Symphony No. 5 (Tchaikovsky).

**THE HOUR OF MUSICAL FUN, CBS**

Musical quiz. Ted Cott, master of ceremonies.

**ITALIAN OPERA, NBC**

(Great themes from Verdi, Puccini, and others).

**THE NBC ORCHESTRA, NBC**

Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. Overture to “Abduction from the Seraglio” (Mozart), The Magic Flute (Mozart), the orchestra;

“Barlaque” for Piano and Orchestra (Strauss), Zadul Skolovsky, pianist, and Orchestra; Afternoon of a Faun (Debussy), Prelude to “Die Meistersinger” (Wagner), the orchestra.

**GULF MUSICAL PLAYHOUSE, CBS**

Orchestra. Enro Raeper, conductor; Jane Frank, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor.

**FRONTIER RHYTHMS, CBS**

Music quiz. Ted Cott, master of ceremonies.

**COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, CBS**

Howard Barlow, conductor. Prelude and Persian Dance from ‘Koussevitsky’ (Mussorgsky), Symphony No. 5 (Tchaikovsky).

**THE HOUR OF MUSICAL FUN, CBS**

Musical quiz. Ted Cott, master of ceremonies.

**ITALIAN OPERA, NBC**

(Great themes from Verdi, Puccini, and others).

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Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. Overture to “Abduction from the Seraglio” (Mozart), The Magic Flute (Mozart), the orchestra;

“Barlaque” for Piano and Orchestra (Strauss), Zadul Skolovsky, pianist, and Orchestra; Afternoon of a Faun (Debussy), Prelude to “Die Meistersinger” (Wagner), the orchestra.

Monstr wrote “The Entführung aus dem Serail” (Abduction from the Seraglio) when he was twenty-six. The plot and music are happy—and no wonder, for the work was completed in 1786, the year that saw the composer’s marriage to his charming Constanze, with whom he lived until his death. Incidentally, the name of the heroine in the opera is also Constanze. Captured by Selim Basia, she is indeed for love. However, she loves Belmonte, and that doughty swain finally abandons her and they gain the pardon and blessing of the thwarted Selim. This opera ante-dated ‘The Marriage of Figaro’ by four years and ‘Don Giovanni’ by five.

Richard Strauss has done only one composition for piano and orchestra, but it is an outstanding effort, even though rarely played. The title means “in a baroque manner,” and so Strauss romps in the loose vein, with the orchestra chattering busily and probably surpassing the superficial brilliances of the average symphony concert.
Monday, July 3

The Voice of Firestone, NBC. Alfred Wallenstein, conductor. Margaret Speaks, soprano. Overture "Light Cavalry" (von Suppe), the Orchestra; "Un Bel Di" from "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini), Serenade (Drigo), Margaret Speaks; Voices of Spring (Strauss), the Orchestra; "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" (Coates), Margaret Speaks.

Henry Weber's Pageant of Melody, MBS. Attilio Baggiore, tenor. Symphonic Concerto, the Four Violins. Fantasio (Reibold), Lamento (Rossini), Wine, Women and Song (Strauss, Perpetuum Mobile (Ries). Somewhere a Voice is Calling (Marshall), Knightsbridge March from "London Suite" (Coates); Victor Herbert Medley.

Tuesday, July 4

Story of the Song, CBS. Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Ruth Carhart, contralto; Hubert Hendrie, baritone; William Hain, tenor.

Violin Series. MBS. Alfred Wallenstein, conductor; Benno Rabinof, violinist. Concerto No. 1 in F Minor (Wieniawski).

Wednesday, July 5

Primrose Quartet, NBC. Quartet in D Major (Tschaikowsky).

Joesph Honti's Concert Orchestra, NBC.

Lewishon Stadium Concert. CBS. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Efrem Kurtz, conductor. Caprice Espagnole (Rimsky-Korsakoff), Symphony No. 1 (Shostakovich). Dmitri Shostakovich, now thirty-three years old, started his composing career.

Friday, July 7

Symphony Orchestra, MBS. Conducted by John Barbirolli. Symphony in G Minor No. 40 (Mozart).

Joesph Honti, well-known conductor, will present his "Concert Orchestra." Wed. afternoon, NBC.

FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN's name and music evoke warm response in the mind and heart of every true lover of the piano and its compositions. He died ninety years ago, but remains as vibrant and compelling as when he first created Romantic tonal circles in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. The literature of the keyboard, without Chopin, would seem an almost impossible conception. No one has surpassed him in individuality of creation and utterance. No one else has so been the very soul of the piano, enriched its eloquence and technique.

Chopin's published compositions total 260, of which 180 are for piano solo. Because his output is almost exclusively for the piano, he has frequently been denied equality with the greatest of the composers. That is because he never wrote a single symphony. Some of the early preludes in mazurkas by Chopin are infinitely more important (and lasting) than many an average symphony.

Up to his sixtieth year, the most significant effort from Chopin's pen was his variations on the lovely Mozart air, "La ci darem la mano," from "Don Giovanni." Already the harmonies showed originality and novel charm. At twenty, the piano concertos were completed, premiered, and generally recognized as a new and vital voice in music.

Chopin's twenty-seven etudes brought about a veritable revolution in piano technique. Previously an etude had usually been a dry mechanical study; Chopin developed it into a masterpiece. In the third, in E major, which is one of the Chopin composition, the boyish performer became nervous because of his distinguished auditor and after a few minutes suddenly lost his memory and Bach's continuity.

Mendelssohn later developed into a master of fugue himself and some of his works in that form can well stand comparison with those of Bach.

The most-played violin concertos are those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. The last-named leads the others in frank emotionalism and has always boldness and refreshing contrast a middle move- ment. There is an infinite grace and tender sentiment.

Sunday, July 10

Symphony Orchestra, MBS. Conducted by Arthur Freed. Symphony in G Minor No. 40 (Mozart).

Muriel Dickson, English Metropoli- tan Opera soprano, will appear on "Columbia Concert Hall" Saturday.

Something About Chopin's Piano Solos

Joesph Honti, conductor and pianist, will present Chopin's Piano Solos at nineteen, after studying at the St. Peters, Jews, and University in Germany. Before he was twenty, he had finished his first symphony, which made a name for him because of its boldness and originality. He cast aside tradition, and instead of the usual "development" system made each measure of his work an independent entity, different from all the others, repeating nothing and using his orchestral voices in such a way that they never duplicated one another.

Chopin's works are so different in form that complete identification is very difficult. Chopin always began to compose with a vision, and when he had a vision he was carried away, his memories showed originality and novel charm. At twenty, the piano concertos were completed, premiered, and generally recognized as a new and vital voice in music.

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Erffimer Kurts first came to America with the Ballet Russe and has led its orchestra also during the subsequent visits here of that celebrated dancing troupe.

The Toronto Promenade Concerts. NBC. Reginald Stewart, conductor; Michel Piastra, violinist. Fugue in E Minor (Mendelssohn), Suite No. 3 in D (Bach), the Orchestra; Violin Concerto (Tschaikowsky), Michel Piastra and his Soloists.

When Mendelssohn was a mere lad he went to visit the great Gerhre, Germany's famous author, poet and dramatist. He asked the youthful wonder to play some Bach for him, which Mendelssohn did, choosing one of the more beautiful. The boyish performer became nervous because of his distinguished auditor and after a few minutes suddenly lost his memory and Bach's continuity.

Mendelssohn later developed into a master of fugue himself and some of his works in that form can well stand comparison with those of Bach.

The most-played violin concertos are those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. The last-named leads the others in frank emotionalism and has always boldness and refreshing contrast a middle move- ment. There is an infinite grace and tender sentiment.

Sinfonietta. MBS. Alfred Wallenstein, conductor. Sylves Overture (Wagner), Babarinde (Debussy), Four Small Pieces (Marturez).
Good Listening for Saturday

Further details and stations which will broadcast these programs may be found in 'Radio Almanac of Washington.'

Star in program listings indicates news highlights.

**Morning**

8:30 P.M. (9:30 MST) Farm and Home Hour. Subject: 'Garden and Canning of Work in 4-H Clubs in Mississippi.' Speakers: N. D. Sullivant, home demonstration agent, and Pauline Lewis, 4-H Club member of the Mississippi 4-H Club News, and Mrs. John Joy of the Extension Service.

11:00 P.M. (12:00 MST) Music Hall from London. Firrre, the world’s greatest chorus singer; George Weir, in a special program for Henny Hay and others. Ernest Longstaffe conducts the orchestra.

**Afternoon**

3:00 P.M. (4:00 MST) Americans at Work; Drama and Interview.

5:30 P.M. (6:30 MST) Saturday Night Serenade. Mary Eastman, soprano; Bill Perry, tenor; Gus Harmer, baritone. 'It’s a Wonderful World.'

7:00 P.M. (8:00 MST) Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance.

8:00 P.M. (9:00 MST) Avalon Time. Red Skelton, comedian; Cut Massey, baritone; Tom Dick and Harry’s orchestra. Guest: Bill Thompson, radio comedian.

**Evening**

2:45 P.M. (3:45 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.


3:45 P.M. (4:45 MST) CHAB American at Work; KPO KIDK KHQ CHAB.

4:00 P.M. (5:00 MST) CHAB-Ted Travers’ Orch.:

4:45 P.M. (5:45 MST) CHAB-Ted Travers’ Orch.:

5:00 P.M. (6:00 MST) CHAB Education Today.

6:15 P.M. (7:15 MST) CHAB Music Hall and Culture.

6:30 P.M. (7:30 MST) CHAB-Dance Time; KPO KOOS.

7:00 P.M. (8:00 MST) CHAB Saturday Night Serenade.

7:15 P.M. (8:15 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

8:00 P.M. (9:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

8:30 P.M. (9:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

9:00 P.M. (10:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.


9:30 P.M. (10:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

10:00 P.M. (11:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

**Night**

7:00 P.M. (8:00 MST) Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance.

8:00 P.M. (9:00 MST) Avalon Time. Red Skelton, comedian; Cut Massey, baritone; Tom Dick and Harry’s orchestra. Guest: Bill Thompson, radio comedian.

**Saturday night**

8:15 P.M. (9:15 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

8:30 P.M. (9:30 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

9:00 P.M. (10:00 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

9:15 P.M. (10:15 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

9:30 P.M. (10:30 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

10:00 P.M. (11:00 MST) NKD- unseasoned spots; quilt: KPO KIDO KIDK.

**Sunday**

10:00 A.M. (11:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm. 7:00 A.M. (8:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

10:30 A.M. (11:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

11:00 A.M. (12:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

11:30 A.M. (12:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

12:00 P.M. (1:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

12:30 P.M. (1:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

1:00 P.M. (2:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

1:30 P.M. (2:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

2:00 P.M. (3:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

2:30 P.M. (3:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

3:00 P.M. (4:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

3:30 P.M. (4:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

4:00 P.M. (5:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

4:30 P.M. (5:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

5:00 P.M. (6:00 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.

5:30 P.M. (6:30 MST) CHAB-Orch. Prgm.
Boys Wanted
Steady Weekly Income
FREE PRIZES
Pleasant, Easy Work

We are looking for bright, ambitious boys to sell RADIO GUIDELINE, the national weekly of programs, personalities and special features in their neighborhoods.

Send for free illustrated catalog and full details on how to start.

Write to Al Jones, RADIO GUIDELINE, 731 Plymouth Court, Illinois, and give full name, full address and age. Send a post card today!
Good Listening for Sunday

Further details and station schedules which will broadcast these programs may be found in the adjacent program column at the time hereunder indicated.

★ Star listings indicates news highlights

MORNINGS
8:00 PST (9:00 MDT) Radio City Music Hall, Hempstead Schuman, pianist; Betty Barlow; Ann Rosalie, vocalist; Harry Stewart, quartet.
10:00 PST (11:00 MDT) Democracy in Action, "The View from the Top" (discussion of the Government's role in the finance and credit problem).
10:30 PST (11:30 MDT) University of Chicago Round Table Discussion.
12:00 PST (1:00 MDT) Columbia Broadcasting System, Howard Barlow is the conductor.

AFTERNOON
1:00 PST (2:00 MDT) Hall of Fun. Frank Jerks, M. C.; Cliffs Edwards (Uncle Ike); Franky Jones, vocalist; Richard Lane, and Gordon Jenkins' orchestra.
1:45 PST (2:45 MDT) Letters Home from the World's Fair. This program originates from the New York World's Fair. Ray Perkins, comedians, songs and interviews.
3:00 PST (4:00 MDT) Grouch Club. Jack Lesuelle, M. C.; Arthur B. Phil Kramer; Ediman, Meg; Pekkina; Walter Tetley; Beth Wilson; Leon Leonoff's orchestra.
3:45 PST (5:00 MDT) Flip Bandwagon. Featuring up-and-coming dance bands of the younger generation. Garry Morell is the M. C.
3:45 PST (5:00 MDT) Gulf Musical Playhouse. Jane Frame, mezzo-soprano; Jan Pierce, tenor, and Enno (Ponte) Rappo's orchestra.
4:45 PST (6:45 MDT) Adventures of Ellery Queen, Drama.

Evening
8:00 PST (9:00 MDT) Symphony Orchestra, Erich Langer, young conductor, and the Metropolitan Opera Company will conduct the orchestra.
5:00 PST (7:00 MDT) Chase and Sanborn Hour. Don Amache, M. C.; Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, comedians; Dorothy Langdon, vocalist; Donald Dickinson, baritone; Robert Ambruster's orchestra.
5:00 PST (7:00 MDT) Ford Summer Hour. James修补er, tenor; Frances Langford, sopranos; Royce Reporter; Don Voorhees' orchestra.
5:30 PST (7:30 MDT) American Album of Familiar Poverty. Frank Munro, tenor, and Jean Dickerson, soprano; Elizabeth Lentova, contralto; Haschman's concert orchestra.

NIGHT
6:00 PST (7:00 MDT) The Circle, the Round Table, Mediterranean, Madam Caroll, gouchee and Chico Marx; Owen Davis, Jr.; Robert Emmett Dolan's orchestra.
7:00 PST (8:00 MDT) Good Will Hour. With John A. Ambruster, lover and master.
7:00 PST (8:00 MDT) Knockemberger Playhouse, Elliott Lewis and Orson Welles, guest, in "Stronger Than Sin." These programs will be presented with the Knickerbocker Award.
7:30 PST (8:30 MDT) Walter Winchell, Commentator.
8:00 PST (9:00 MDT) Hollywood Playhouse. "Not another new dramatic program," announced, "From American and Gate Page. Yours with love, an original play by Forest Barnes, will be brought to the stage, with a cast of 150 in the show.
8:30 PST (9:30 MDT) One Man's Family; Serial Drama "Samuel K. Beckett's, Four Plays in One Act, Apt.4A" will be broadcast.
9:00 PST (10:00 MDT) Night Editor, Drama. Dramatic detective stories with Ellery Queen, fiction, -detective story writer, Guests: Christopher W. Coates, of the New York Aquarium, William H. Barton, Jr., of the Hayden Planetarium, Francesca La Monte of the American Museum of Natural history, and Pauline Simmons of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MONDAY
July 3

3:45 PST  4:45 MST  5:45 CST
Science on the March: KGO
KEX KKO KGA KGIR

4:00 PST  5:00 MST  6:00 CST
CJRM Music of Melody: KPO

4:15 PST  5:15 MST  6:15 CST
CJR-Cookie Jar: KPO

5:30 PST  6:30 MST  7:30 CST
CJRM Music of Melody: KPO

6:00 PST  7:00 MST  8:00 CST
CJRM-Cigar and Light: KPO

7:15 PST  8:15 MST  9:15 CST
CJRM Music of Melody: KPO
Afternoon
12:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KOAC
12:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY, KVU
12:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KFFY, KOIR, KVI, KSL
12:45 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
1:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
1:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
1:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
1:45 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
2:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
2:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
2:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
2:45 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
3:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
3:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
3:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
3:45 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
4:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
4:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
4:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
4:45 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
5:00 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
5:15 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY
5:30 P.M. KGHL - Shoppers stock Reports KNX, KOIR, KFFY

Summer Program for Johnson's Wax

Clarington

with Conrad Nagel

Edna O'Neill

Harlow Wilcox

Billy Mills' Orchestra

By the Makers of Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, JULY 4

8:30 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Dinner Sketsches

9:00 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Night Time Varieties

10:00 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Holiday Spectacle

11:00 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Fireworks

SUMMER PROGRAM FOR JOHNSON'S WAX

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10:00 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Holiday Spectacle

11:00 P.M. - KOJO KOJO KOJO KOJO

Fireworks
**Good Listening for Thursday**

Further details for stations which broadcast these programs may be obtained from your local radio station.

**MORNING**

8:30 AM (9:30 PST) Farm and Home Hour

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 PM (1:00 PM PST) Sunbonnet Smile Parade, Variety program with Ramon Sherman, Bill Thompson and others.

**EVENING**

4:30 PM (5:30 PST) Rudy Vallée's Variety Program.

6:00 PM (7:00 PST) Promenade Symphony of Tomorrow.

8:00 PM (9:00 PST) Matty Melrose's Orchestra.

**NIGHT**

6:00 PM (7:00 PST) Columbia Workshop: Drama - "The Half-Fast Face," by Dubert Ray, is tonight.

7:00 PM (8:00 PST) Kraft Music Hall, M. C. Pat Friday, singer; John David Burnett, vocalist; Bill Thompson, dancer.

7:15 PM (8:15 PST) Matty Melrose's Orchestra.
FRIDAY
July 7
(6:00 p.m. Continued)

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
1:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
2:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
3:00 P.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
4:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
5:00 P.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
6:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
7:00 P.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
8:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
9:00 P.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
10:00 P.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
11:00 P.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
0:00 A.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
1:00 A.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL
2:00 A.M.

CBS-CBC-KWJ KXRA KXRC

KEX KFYR KGHD KOLO KSL KEX KOOS
3:00 A.M.

NRC-To be announced: KGK KGHL
KEX KOOS KLO KRFY KEDG KGHL

(Covered from Page 6)

cover for three years, when the unsinkable Mr. Paige met Bill Lewis, CBS program executive, told him of his idea. Lewis was interested, wanted to hear an audition. And then Paige's troubles started all over again.

There was the problem of getting a hundred musicians together, a problem solved when the WPA Symphony Orchestra agreed to be heard for the experiment. Then the unions had to be placated. He went to the local and explained what the success of such a group would mean to working musicians all over the country and gained a final consent to go ahead. When this minutiae was cleared up, there was no radio large enough to hold the whole orchestra, so he finally arranged to hold the audition on a vacant sound-stage at a movie studio. Technicians got the equipment ready, but the audition went ahead, and all who were present that day felt the idea was workable, worth while, and offered possibilities.

But in order to do anything with the idea, he had to go to New York. At that time, Paige was conducting the orchestra on the "Hollywood Hotel" program and couldn't get away until the end of the air. And then more troubles. It was too late to sell the program. Sponsors had already bought time, which is something unusual. Scanning through his files, he saw there had not been a problem before. It was too heartbreaking to know that he had a hit show in his own country and couldn't sell his program. He then gave the thing up.

There were other offers for Paige, personally, but he clung steadfastly to the dream he had been so long and, after a grueling six months, he had the deep gratification of watching workmen tear out the CBS air studio at Hollywood Television City, and then, under his direction, the orchestra, sound-engineers treat the walls for better reproduction of the fine and delicate shadings of tone that would give a perfect sound world from that room. And he pinned himself to see that he was not still dreaming, that he actually had eight trumpets, eight trombones, four oboes, four bassoons. He went on counting the pieces on his fingers until he reached 99.

There is nothing new in "99 Men and a Girl" except the combination. Popular music, music love, is an old—almost—as man. Neither is the symphony orchestra a newcomer to the world. But a symphony orchestra, designed as it is, which is proper thing new. Perhaps Raymond Paige is better qualified than anyone else to tell the advantages that such an orchestra has over the competition groups. With battle battles for ten years to wield a baton over such a group, he knows its advantages and soon learns the disadvantages of other groups. So let's see, for a moment, to Raymond Paige looking on his favorite subject.

The reason a certain orchestra sounds so thrilling is pretty technical, he said, "but in simple terms, it's this. No two instrumentalists sound exactly alike, even if they are of the same instrument—there's an unexplainable combination that's unexplainable. And, he adds more quietly, "it was worth dreaming about and fighting for ten years." Perhaps the most vivid description of the music that comes to you each Friday night on the "99 Men and a Girl" program was given by a sales manager of the firm sponsoring the program. He said: "It's music with goose pimples!"
Ever since Kay has been away from home his family has kept up a steady flow of correspondence with him. Mrs. Noell was surprised when she came across a packet of letters she had never seen before. "And he was with his friends," she added. They were in one of his trunks. She began to read them. The abundance of quotations from the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick which had appeared in his letters interested her. Such quotations as, "If you can be pleasant till 10 o'clock in the morning, you can be pleasant the rest of the day." Mrs. Kyser saw her reading the letters and demanded, "Why are you reading James' letters?" Virginia said, "Because I wrote them." The Kyser family, Virginia said, was reared on the principles of education, culture and "your word is your bond."

"YOU must be a good-liver," Virginia said. "You must have unlimited credit. The more honor you get, the more honor you must give. Mrs. Kyser's accent. It's singular irks her. It seems to us that Prof. Kyser had a heap of help—from his mother and sister. We discovered the university was without a dance orchestra, so he set about to organize one. The boys elected him leader—not because he was a good musician, but because he was so popular in college. He intended to give up the band when he was graduated.

In college he produced a minstrel show in his freshman year, another in the sophomore year. And as a junior he wrote, directed, produced and did everything for three extravaganzas. After that he went in for the more serious arts, the "Carolina Play Makers," producers of original folk-plays. He also was cheer-leader.

But the band began to bog his time. 'I was musically inclined," Kay said. "Got it from my mother's side. She taught piano and voice, and with her relatives we were able to have a small symphony which gathered at our home on Sunday evening. Some very famous people, including Mrs. IITOU (Lucky Strikes)" in Virginia, has taught music appreciation and history of the opera for about twenty-five years.

The band was so popular and so busy that Kay began thinking about making music his business. Six of the fourteen present members of his band were in his original. The band's first pro engagement was in Oxford, N. C., in the fall of 1926. The band got $60, six members, and knew only six songs.

"We were not smart enough to mix the order in which we played our numbers around the community. The whole band was rehearsing in Girard Hall and Kay noticed a middle-aged couple sitting in the back. That was in April.

"The man later approached me," Kay said, "and he was driving back north from Florida and was stopping to see the university. He decided to offer us a contract for the summer season. The boys elected the band and were accepted into Sigma Nu and Alpha Kappa Psi. And he won many honors, including leadership of the junior prom, and was elected to the orders of "The Gram" and "The Golden Fleece."

It was in 1926 that he turned seriously to music, quite by accident. He could not bear to have his mother and sister discover the university was without a dance orchestra, so he set about to organize one. The boys elected him leader—not because he was a good musician, but because he was so popular in college. He intended to give up the band when he was graduated.

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On Short Waves: Edited by Chas. A. Morrison
President, International DXers Alliance

Times given are Eastern Daylight Time. For EST and CDT subtract 1 hour:
CST, 2 hours; MST, 3 hours; PST, 4 hours.

ON MARCH 14, 1958, the British Broadcasting Corporation inaugurated a service of news bulletins in the Indian language and in Portuguese for the benefit of listeners in Latin America. The interest in these Latin periods was evidenced by the repeated requests for "more Spanish and more Portuguese". As it has been announced, two more new transmitters were added to the large number already in use at Daventry. The English news broadcast will be transmitted on Monday, July 5, 7:25 to 10:15 p.m. EDT, over Daventry stations GSO (15.16) and G5 (9.58). The former will serve districts north of the Amazon River, the latter will serve districts south of the Amazon. News in Spanish will be given daily at 7:30 and 10 p.m., and while the news in Portuguese will be given twice a day simultaneously with the opening of the special period. It is expected that the timings for transmissions five and six have been made. The former will have the same period as 7:20 to 10:15 p.m. over GSB (9.51), GSDG (11.75), GSDZ (11.78), and the latter will be broadcast from 10:40 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. EDT, over GSB (9.51), GSDG (11.75) and G5 (9.58). The popular " Jamaica on the Air", program, which has been heard over HRI (6.14) from Friday to Sunday, will be folded up for the summer.

Outstanding sporting events which will be broadcast will be accounted over the Daventry stations this week. The Oxford-Cambridge boat race will be broadcast on Saturday, July 5, Monday, July 7, and Tuesday, July 8, each day at 8:15 a.m. EDT; the all-England Lawn Tennis Championships will be broadcast from the famous court at Wimbledon, to be broadcast on Saturday, July 5, at 12:15 p.m. and on Friday, July 7, at 12:30 p.m.; the feature polo match, in which a team picked to represent the United States, which is being held in India, plays an opposing team made up of the world's finest players, to be broadcast from New York City on July 5, at 10:45 a.m. EDT, and the British Open Golf Championship, the feature matches, to be broadcast from the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews, on Sunday at 9:30 a.m. EDT, will be heard over GSO, GSB and G5.

Martin J. Ollhoff of Independence, Kansas, reports the mystery station on 15.41 mc, which broadcasts nightly from 9:55 to 11:15 p.m. EDT, is "Radio Bucharest," a new, 50,000-watt shortwave station at Bucharest, Rumania. A woman does most of the announcing.

SHORT-WAVE SHORTS: John Larsen of Geneva, N.Y., reports that COCO of Havana, Cuba, has increased power to 5,000 watts and has shifted to a new frequency of 8,665 mc, that H1J of San Pedro, D. R., is now on a frequency of 8,650. The British Broadcasting Corporation, Camaguey, Cuba, has shifted in frequency to 8,650, and is only being heard from 9 to 9:30 p.m. EDT, and that TV4RD (6.3), is the only Venezuelean still on the air. An additional 500,000-watt medium band frequency, all of the others having stopped broadcasting, is the only other station broadcasting in the 62-meter band. A construction permit for a new coastal harbor radio service, at Blackwater Island, Scotland, to use frequencies of 2,738 and 2,557 mc, has been issued, according to the DTRA, the power of "Radio Guadeloupe" (7.44), at Ponte-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, has been raised to 1,000 watts, at which time a new broadcast schedule, evenings from 10:30 to midnight EDT, will be adopted.

As soon as the new setup is put into effect, further announcements in English will be made on each period.

The "Rattlesnake Placer Mine, near Downieville, Cali, has been granted a mining lease of 20 acres to开采 its workings. There have been starting the mining of "Kidd" workings of 2,762 mc. Broadcasts from XPRS (751) at Kuwait, China, heard daily about 9:30 to 9:45 p.m. EDT, to monikor the daily "Chinese National Anthem and close the "Chinese National Anthem and close the "Anthem in Memory of Dr. Sun Yat-sen."

NBC's television programs broadcast over WZXS (85) during July 4, are so popular that it has been decided to more than double the number of program hours offered to home viewers in the New York City area. Hereafter studio presentations will be made on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. EDT, while outdoor telecasts relayed by the NBC television network from various cities will be stepped up to three hours weekly, including program changes on the Tuesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons. Very fine definition television images continue to be relayed over channel 3 at Pinnacle Point, 1,600-foot elevation on the shore of Long Island and near Schenectady, N. Y., which is 130 miles from New York station. On June 15, the General Electric Company put a complete line of television receivers on sale, most of these being direct-view type, so arranged that the image can be viewed directly on the front of the cabinet rather than through a mirror to reflect to the picture. The largest of them has a total of thirty tubes, with the picture image seven and one-half by ten inches.

Log of Short-Wave Stations Whose Programs Are Listed

Saturday, July 1

For programs broadcast daily by Daily Programs (est.
6:15 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. daily on the following program list, see page 57 of July issue).

For programs broadcast daily by Weekly Programs (est.
7:30 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. daily on the following program list, see page 58 of July issue).
(Continued from Page 9)

with the land—and with radio. In ten years, at this rate, he’ll be the biggest thing in Texas, where only the big things count. In twenty years—well, write your own obituary.

To the business of radio he’s bringing a fresh untrammeled point of view, a lot of that old fight, and the independence of a bull moose. He expects to get out of radio just as much as he puts into it—and a little more. He wants a national reputation, a reputation just as good and just as big, as Lowell Thomas’. He wants money and he wants power.

He has one terrific advantage over every other commentator in the business, although it’s an advantage that may backfire: He can always be sure of having plenty of red-hot material. He may be an ardent New Dealer, but he knows his way around in Washington, and before he’d been on the air a week he had scored two big scoops: One on the refusal of Santo Domingo to accept the S.S. St. Louis refugees, the other on the Garner-for-President boom. To ingratiate themselves with him, to be able to boast, “I gave Elliot the material for a terrific broadcast the other day,” press-agents and politicians, big-shot and little-shot all over the country will send him choice behind-the-scenes material. That’s all to the good. There will be others, of course, anxious to put any Roosevelt on the spot, who willjam him with carefully prepared misinformation, propaganda. That’s bad.

But at any rate, he’ll be something to listen to. So stand back and give the big guy room to work in.

Elliott Roosevelt may be heard Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on MBS at:
EDT 7:15 p.m. EST 6:15 p.m.
CDT 6:15 p.m. CST 5:15 p.m.
(Not available to West)

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For the most complete programs ever published get

RADIO GUIDE

On sale at all newsstands every Thursday

(Continued from Page 37)

At CBS we plan to extend this pupil participation. In the 1939-40 school year, some fifty thousand children in New York high schools will witness the programs, and nearly five hundred will take part in the discussions on the air. We also plan to give boys and girls of other states an opportunity to air their opinions before the microphone. To do this, we will introduce the following technique in October. In the “This Living World” series, a period of about ten minutes at the end of each program will be set aside for student discussion. Every CBS station in the country carrying the “American School of the Air” will be notified in advance. As soon as the dramatized part of the program ends, a cue will be given to all stations, and each will thereafter be at liberty to switch off the network and present a local discussion by the students of its own community. In this way the children of more than one hundred individual American communities will have a chance to present their views for the benefit of their immediate neighbors. This plan, fully utilized, will put a thousand pupils on the air each week.

Year by year we learn a little better how to make knowledge more attractive and the presentation of that knowledge a better radio show. Slowly we attain our goal in encouraging more pupils to participate actively in their own education by making learning about such subjects as history, geography and science a thrilling experience.

The CBS educational series, “American School of the Air,” heard Monday through Friday during the fall and winter season, has been discontinued during the summer, but will return as usual to CBS in the fall.
On June 17 death came to hunchbacked Chick Webb, 30, one of radio’s grandest music-makers, at Johns Hopkins hospital. Pictured (l.) with Walter Winchell, Chick learned to drum on a butter-tub, drummed fifteen years, wrote many hits.

After Kate Smith had sung at the White House musicale honoring British royalty, she invited her hostess, Mrs. Roosevelt (r.), to discuss the royal visit and compare notes on the musicale on one of her last broadcasts this season.

For a half-century of achievement in business and radio, Major Edward Bowes (CBS, Thurs.) receives honorary LL. D. degree from Rev. Edward V. Stanford, O. S. A. (left), Villanova College president, also gave commencement speech.

Johnny Weissmuller (right) leads crippled children’s brass band from the House of St. Giles the Cripple in his Tarzan yell as swingster Benny Goodman (l.) imitates yell on clarinet. Johnny and Benny were featured with the band at a rally for the Greater New York Fund in downtown New York. The Fund benefits the House of St. Giles and other New York charities.

After the Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.) chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma selected sourpuss comedian Ned Sparks of the “Texaco Star Theater” (CBS, Wed.) as the “most lovable man in films,” the University of California (Los Angeles) chapter of the Kappas asked Ned over to tea with this result—even charming Kappas can’t move old Poker-face.
Which Movie Stars REALLY Have Beautiful Bodies?

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