John Archer and Alice Eden, who won their names and fame on radio's "Gateway to Hollywood." CBS, Sun.
MISSING

Photographs taken May 12, 1939

ANDREW H. BROWN, known also as:

ANDY, A. HOGG BROWN and THE GREAT LOVER

DESCRIPTION: Age, 39 (but looks like 50); Height, 5 feet 11 inches; Weight, 220 pounds; Complexion, dark.

ANDREW H. BROWN when last seen was wearing brown derby, brown coat with green pin-stripe, black trousers, tan button shoes with bunion vents, blue shirt size 15 (belonging to Amos Jones), red and green striped necktie, and was carrying sandwich in a paper bag.

CHARACTERISTICS are: he likes the ladies; suffers from fallen arches; crosses his legs with ankle on knee when seated, which is usually. Talks slow but steady. Has mole size of 25 or 35-cent piece on left shoulder.

If you see this man, notify HARLEM POLICE or Amos Jones, Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Inc., Harlem, N.Y.

REWARD
Paul Whiteman Honored as Foremost Gershwin Interpreter.

In Memory: Character we respect, genius we revere. To the memory of Composer George Gershwin will go a tribute both respectful and reverential when Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, augmented by members of the CBS symphony, play the second annual memorial concert over CBS on Sunday afternoon, July 9. No other modern composer possessed George Gershwin's genius. His "Rhapsody in Blue" is immortal. We can never forget "The Man I Love," "Bidin' My Time." "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "You Can't Take That Away from Me." Sometimes during this great memorial concert, listeners will hear Paul Whiteman honored by Radio Guide in recognition of his fine interpretations of Gershwin music. He will be given a medal as a symbol of his service. Beginning in 1924 with the famous White- man Jazz Concert, he has been our foremost Gersh- win exponent. In picture at right, he stands beside a younger Gershwin. George's brother, Arthur, was also a composer. The score they are studying is Arthur's own. He seeks to follow in his brother's footsteps and Whiteman will help him. Radio Guide pays tribute to Whiteman as a man, a friend, and America's pre-eminent interpreter of Gershwin music.

Missing: The prosaic lives of Amos 'n' Andy have been affected these jittery times, it seems. For violence and may- hem seem to threaten their Harlem tranquility. With Andy reported kidnapped, listeners got a new thrill and a new laugh. Picture of the week, we think, is this copy of the publicity poster prepared by alert press-agents to exploit his disappearance.

Bright Start: No career ever began more hap- pily than that of John Archer and Alice Eden, who are this week's co-ver-folk and who were plain Ralph Bowman of Lincoln, Neb., and Rowena Cook of New York City until radio's "Gateway to Hollywood" on CBS came along and discovered them several weeks ago. On July 1 they, plus the other members of the cast of "Caree," the motion picture for which they were selected, went to Des Moines, Iowa. This is what faced them: Saturday night, a ball, Sunday morning, a parade; afternoon, a broadcast; night, premiere and personal appearances in three different theaters of the movie "Caree." The "Gateway Summer Theater" presents these stars, and Jesse L. Lasky has written these com- mands for them.

One: Keep your name free from opprobrium.
Two: Don't lie. Three: Honor your producer and di- rector. Four: Don't be a scene-thief. Five: Never be content with mediocrity. Six: Remember that you owe everything to the public. Seven: Treat mem- bers of the press courteously. Eight: Don't drink or gamble to excess. Nine: Don't squander your money.
Ten: Never become too important to assist a fellow worker. With such advice, John Archer and Alice Eden should go far. So might the rest of us, if we followed it.

Mail Bag: The letter said, "Dear Editor, this is the story of a radio. My son bought it with the first money he ever earned. It cost $2.50. It was not handsome, but it was willing. I heard Edward's abdication, the coronation of George VI, the Kallen- born crisis at Munich. It was all the radio anyone would want. One day it fell out of the window. I was on the tenth floor and it was some drop. I rescued it and carried it to my office and sat down and wept over it like an old Irish woman at a wake. You know how sentimental mothers are about their sons' gifts. Meantime my son had grown up and gone west and presumably acquired a taste in radios be- yond the $2.50 mark. But not mother; that radio was my angel child. After a while as I sat mourning over the mangled remains, just as a reflex action, I plugged it in and suddenly the thing blared into a band concert that could be heard for blocks. Those who had come to mourn stayed to marvel. It was about a year later that something went wrong. But I took the radio out of its little tin case and it went like a house aflame. RAID reporters called it the Covent Rose Lee radio. And I thought the country was amaz- ing with all its tubes and wires exposed. I came in one morning and found a sign, "Radio Nudist Camp," on the door. But it was so willing I hadn't the heart to get another.

"A few months ago I moved. In the excitement of getting the sewings up, the radio was dropped out the window again. This time only two stories. And this time it failed to respond to either knobs or coax- ing. Now, I have no sense about anything mechani- cal, but a great deal of curiosity, and as long as the radio was shot away I determined I would find out what it was all about. My method was some- what similar to that of a monkey with a clock. I took everything out and put it back. I found a carefully concealed something or other and took it apart. It turned out to be the condenser and it's sup- posed to be sure death to a radio to unwrap it. Then, for no reason at all, I plugged it in and it sang out the news, a bit nasally, to be sure, but I found a break in the black paper disk and mended it with adhesive and colored it with my eyebrow pencil, and I have a radio again, believe it or not."

"Very truly yours," Mrs. Hereford Duncan.

"P.S. When winter comes I shall knit it a sweater." We thank Mrs. Duncan for her letter and we pub- lish it here because we believe her is the most delightful story about a radio we have ever read.

Mystery Man: Horace Heidt was going on the air for Tums. But when? Everybody told us something differ- ent. An issue went to press before we got the story: He would premiere on the old "Vocal Vari- eties" spot, have another fifteen minutes on Friday, then shift to Monday on July 17 for a thirty-minute series. It's straight enough now, but we put out one issue which failed to tell our readers where to hear him. That's the inside story of our new set of gray hairs, and also of all the errors of omission into which circumstances sometimes force us. We just wanted you to know we do the best we can.
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

We submit for your consideration an idea of great importance. We suggest that you appoint a woman commissioner to the membership of the Federal Communications Commission.

As I read the Act which sets up the FCC, its duty is to so supervise broadcasting that it shall be "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." In short, the public is to be served. Well, who is the radio public? In the daytime hours it's almost exclusively the women who turn on their radio sets when they get out of bed and follow setting-up exercises, heart-rending serials, advice to the lovelorn, and recipes for making fluffy oatmeal cookies as they go about what used to be the drab task of home-making.

So the early morning and afternoon pass and Junior comes home from school. And what happens? Junior immediately wants to turn off the sage advice of Millie Cook-right and find out what's happened to little Algy, who's been kidnapped by a gang of vicious criminals.

Then evening comes, and with it, Daddy. Junior is fed, tucked in for the night and Daddy and Mother settle back for the evening.

There is one significant fact in this whole chain of circumstances: Mother has her hand in the pie from early morning until late at night, because Mother's place is in the home, and home is where the radio is. So, if the public is to be served and the FCC has been set up to serve it, surely the ladies are entitled to a voice in this administration.

But there are many other reasons why a woman should be the next appointee to the Commission. In the first place, women have a well-grounded, realistic sense not—as commonly believed and as you know is untrue—unallied with humor which would have made many of the situations which have arisen and against which so much FCC criticism is leveled almost an impossibility. The great ado which followed the Mae West broadcast a short time ago, for example, would hardly have occurred had there been a woman member of the Commission. The hubbub arose as a result of the Commission's action in making an important matter—even to the point of threatening indirect censorship—of what was an entirely minor and unimportant consequence in the life of a great industry.

A woman who has spent hours in the kitchen has a better sense of values and proportion than that. If the meat loaf burns, she knows that it won't ruin Jim's dinners for the rest of the year, that it isn't really causes for divorce. It becomes an unpleasant incident, remote and disconnected from the greater business of getting good meals for her family day in and day out throughout the years. By the same token, such a woman would have understood that the Mae West incident—while unpleasant at the time—was not worth the hullabaloo and commotion the Commission chose to raise about it.

I don't want you to think that this is just an offhand idea, a crazy proposal that springs from nowhere. I've even gone so far as to scan the national scene in search of women who might fill the bill, and perhaps, by a passing glimpse at a few of these, I can better show what I mean when I say that there should be a woman radio commissioner in Washington.

Take, for example, Mrs. Charles B. Knox, of the Knox Gelatine Company. Compare her qualifications for the post of radio commissioner with the qualifications of any of the current politically appointed commissioners and watch the latter shrink to microscopically small stature.
Back in 1908, Mrs. Knox's husband died leaving her a small gelatin manufacturing company at Johnstown, N. Y., a hard-pressed newspaper in the neighboring town of Gloversville, and two sons and a daughter to rear. She was then in her forties, a housewife, and everyone said, "I wonder what the Widow Knox will do now? There she is with a small business; a newspaper that's a stone around her neck and three children to raise." Well, Mrs. Knox gave them their answer in short order. She went into the plant and started building up the business to its present gigantic stature. Simultaneously she set about the task of curing the newspaper's ills and selling it at a nice profit, and she reared her children to a rich and full adulthood.

Mrs. Knox runs her business in every sense of the word—even to the giving of recipes to housewives in Kokomo and Omaha. She rules her thousands of employees with a hand at once stern and benign, and with the ultimate result that more than eighty-five percent of her employees have been with her for more than twenty-five years. During the depression years, when others were pulling in their horns and waiting for the hurricane to pass, she made four large additions to her already huge plants.

Here are qualities which mark her as an outstanding woman for a job of this sort. Aggressive, understanding and with a keen sense of human relationships born of her rich experience as a mother, as an employer, as an industrialist, as a public-spirited citizen who has made countless donations of both cash and time for the betterment of humanity, Mrs. Knox would bring to the Commission and its discussion tables a tempered wisdom, a wide understanding and a business-like procedure that would be of invaluable aid in keeping the Commission out of the hot water into which it has a seeming mania for diving.

Or take Eleanor Patterson, who is, comparatively speaking, a neighbor-of-sorts to you and who publishes an around-the-clock newspaper down the street from the White House. I believe that Mrs. Patterson has but one ambition as a publisher—to give to Washington a vigorous, informed and entertaining newspaper. Surely she cannot be accused of thirsting for social or political power, for she has tasted of these bitter-sweets too long and too often to have much appetite for them now. And such ambitions—the publication of such a newspaper—coincide rather closely with the ambitions of radio.

Here again we have a woman of understanding—a woman who can go into a pressroom and speak the pressman's language, or agilely unlimber a delicate French at an embassy ball; a woman who believes in playing the news straight and without innuendo; a woman who has wandered through the poverty-ridden South of the sharecropper; who has a feeling for people and news; who has an executive experience and ability. And like Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Patterson's participation in Commission discussions and the shaping of policies would add a new and keen note and gain for them a wider and more friendly public acceptance.

When Jane Addams of Chicago's famous Hull House died and the directors began casting about for a successor to the Nobel Prize-winning Miss Addams, they hit upon one of your proteges whom they found feeding more people each day—as director of the New York City Emergency Relief Bureau—than live in the city of Milwaukee. Charlotte E. Carr was fending Tammany attacks, dog-fighting with Mayor La Guardia and General Hugh Johnson, struggling to be free from the governmental red-tape which hampered her in her desire to serve the underdog efficiently and well, and spending $9,000,000 a month.

This was the type of person that Hull House needed—not that her budget there would nearly approach this figure. Hull House wanted an aggressive person with wide administrative ability. At the same time,
Airialto Lowdown

By Martin Lewis

NEW YORK — Since writing the last column, I have done quite a bit of traveling. The first part of my journey was a beautiful trip by air to Detroit, Michigan, where it was my pleasure to present "The Lone Ranger" with Radio Guide's medal for having voted the most popular children's program on the air. When I tell you it was a treat and privilege to watch "The Lone Ranger," I mean just that.

The average person sitting in the living-room listening to this program can hardly realize the work and effort put behind each one of these programs. I have seen many dramatic shows in New York, Chicago and Hollywood, and I say without hesitation that the cast of "The Lone Ranger" is made up of the greatest group of actors I have ever seen work in front of a microphone. Much credit for the expert work must go to Charles Livingston, who produces "The Lone Ranger." The cast assembles for rehearsals at 1:30 p.m. on the day of the broadcast, and they go through the script four times before it goes on the air. They have three actual broadcasts, the first one for the East, the second goes to WGN, Chicago, and the third for the West Coast, and I can readily understand why they are pretty well worn out after the last broadcast is over.

During this particular program, fifteen actors and one actress were featured. One head sound-man and four assistants are used for the sound-effects; three of them keep pounding in a box of dirt to give the effect of the horse's hooves. How the actors are able to keep from getting hoarse is beyond me, as the characters they portray means a terrific strain on their voices. However, the boys tell me they are used to it and it doesn't bother them. Again I say, I have never seen such grand acting. Everyone portrays his or her parts just as though they were working in front of a vital audience. For instance, when the Lone Ranger yells into the mike "Hi-Yo Silver," his arm shoots up in the air and he waves it over his head very strenuously.

Unmasking the Lone Ranger

At one time during the broadcast he was supposed to be tying up one of the bandits with rope, and as he was reading the script he went through all the motions. The Lone Ranger is played by Earl Graser, a very ambitious and handsome young man who studies law on the side. Tonto is played by John Todd, a product of the Broadway theater of many years back. Herschel Mayall, who generally plays the part of the warden, is an old-time star of the silent western pictures. He has played with Bill Paxton and other well-known screen stars of yester-year. Being a regular listener to this program, it was quite a treat to meet the Lone Ranger in person and his loyal aide Tonto, and from now on when I listen to this program I will appreciate it all the more.

Radio station WXYZ, of Detroit, where "The Lone Ranger" is produced, deserves an award for its great showmanship and ability to produce excellent dramatic shows. Besides "The Lone Ranger" they have "The Green Hornet," which is another great dramatic show. They have two more up their sleeve that they expect to be as popular as the two above-mentioned shows. They are "Secret Agent" and "Challenge of the Yukon." Mr. George Trendle, owner of the station, was telling me about the time the Lone Ranger made a personal appearance in a recreation park near Detroit. To give you an idea of his popularity, forty to fifty thousand people turned out to greet the popular radio character and many more thousands were turned away. While you are reading this, Mr. Trendle is in New York negotiating with Grover Whalen's aides, who would like to have a Lone Ranger ranch at the Fair. It sounds like a grand idea.

Leaving Detroit, I hopped a plane to Chicago, and from there went to Waukegan to participate in the celebration of Jack Benny's return to his home town of Waukegan, which he left twenty-eight years ago. It was a grand welcome-home celebration. Flags were draped all over the streets of the business district and a big parade was held in his honor. One of the local bars featured a Kenny Baker Imitation and a Mary Livingston Imitation. A bakery had a display in the window of "six delicious flavors" to honor Don Wilson.

Waukegan Loves Rochester

By the way, Don Wilson asked me to please include a couple of lines in my column to tell the readers of Radio Guide that he appreciates very much their selecting him as the best radio announcer in Radio Guide's recent poll. Another window in a haberdashery shop featured the clothes that Jack Benny wore when he was five years old. Rochester seemed to be in his glory just as much as Benny. Walking along the street or riding in a car, the townsfolk would point and yell "there's Rochester, there's Rochester," and he just loved it. As is to be expected, all the gals went for Phil Harris in a big way and they followed him all over town.

The first time Benny mentioned Waukegan on his program, he did it as a gag, but his friend, the mayor of the town, appreciated it so much that he sent his old pal a wire of thanks. So what had started out as a gag ended up in a party that the people of Waukegan will be talking about for years to come.

The broadcast was put on from the Genesee Theater, which seated about fifteen hundred people, the largest audience Benny has ever had for his broadcast. Ordinarily the comedian's broadcasts are put on for not more than four hundred people, which makes quite a big difference for a radio program, strange as it may seem. Five minutes before the broadcast went on the air, they were still cutting two minutes from the script because they were afraid they were going to run overtime. The audience didn't laugh as long or as loud as they expected from the home-town folks, who apparently have not seen many radio programs and were afraid to break in with applause.

The result was that the program ran short and the chorus of the last musical number was played over and over again. Benny also had a bit of trouble for the repeat program. It seems everyone in the audience had heard the first broadcast, so naturally they couldn't laugh wholeheartedly at the gags they had heard earlier in the evening. Benny walked up and down the aisles before the broadcast, shaking hands with old friends, and as we rode the Twentieth Century Limited coming back to New York, he told me how he pretended on being able to remember the names of a great many people whom he hadn't seen for more than twenty years. Someone in the audience asked Jack if Fred Allen was in town, and Benny replied "he wouldn't dare show up with my gang around."
Hollywood Showdown

By Evans Plummer

HOLLYWOOD.—Artie Shaw really knocks himself out with those clarinet specialties—and what was it killed Bix Beiderbecke? Too much hot music? . . . Jack Benny may hire Frank Parker to fill Kenny Baker's slot at CBS after next fall when Kenny goes exclusively Texaco at $2,000 a week . . . Ken Murray, fair-haired lad of the oil show, Dave Brokeman, Frances Langford and Jimmy Wallington will return, too . . . Pat Friday, the Crosby find, is still a minor, so, of the net $225 she receives for the weekly Kraft stint, $112.50 must go into trust for her majority—and the other half already has discovered many needy relatives. That lets Pat ride buses and street cars to rehearsals and broadcasts.

The Voice of Experience is "hiding out" in Hollywood; his office is in the Equitable Building, if you want to play knock-knock . . . The Tony Martin deny ritt rumors, but Alice Faye isn't well. Another case of jittery together and unhappy apart? . . . Jimmie Fidler will vacation completely from July 25 to September 15 . . . That Hollywood star lobby over NBC June 26 in behalf of the Federal Arts Projects really told off the congressmen, and it was the first time radio has been so used.

Are there bugs on contracts? One hostie said last week that he almost couldn't go on. He had it so badly he never has found his voice . . . The Chase & Sanborn quest for the new summer-nine . . . the next, Bette Davis also had to cancel! And McCarthy voice . . . It took Hal Styles' KHJ-Dana 'Help Thy Neighbor' broadcast to find work for Frances lawson, ex-manager of LRS, 33,000-watt Buenos Aires station. Next week Styles placed an air songbird finding jobs for itself . . . Watch for the fireworks. The National Association of Broadcasters is preparing to turn the heat on the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers monopoly!

Hollywood Fills Yields

Time periods vacated during the summer, particularly on the CBS network, will be plugged up largely by Hollywood, according to present plans. On July 7, Johnny Mack Brown, supported by the Texas Rangers, bows over CBS as hero of a western musical weekly entitled "Under Western Skies." July 17 brings the return to CBS of Screeniscoppe George McCall, formerly hailed by Old Gold as the "Man About Hollywood," in the first half-hour of the Lux Theater spot. New York expects to fill the second half with "This Is New York." McCull's show will feature interviews with unique individuals behind the Hollywood scene, a fresh singing discovery, dramatic spots employing voice doubles of radio and screen stars, film-theme music and scene "detective" problems each week, and music by Bill Hatch. Sounds gold.

Starting July 18, Frank Graham, known also as Professor Conno and famed on the Coast for his CBS "Night Call," will switch to a 6:45 p.m. PST period from Monday through Friday and continue his tales under the billing, "Armchair Adventures." Saturday evening's beginning July 22, CBS will present a variety half-hour from the Coconut Grove, with Orrin Tucker as m.c. making the music. Four CBS workshop plays will also come from Hollywood on the summer-nine. Meantime, MBS on July 2, launched a new program from Glamourtown called "Nobody's Children." This worthy new Sunday afternoon Mutual network broadcast will present eligible American orphans for adoption.

Baby Dumpling Problems

As this column goes to press, Camel producer Joe Donohue was still uncertain whether he'd be able to present the real Baby Dumpling, of "Blondie and Dagwood" film fame, with them on the air or employ an adult baby-mimic. You see, Larry Simms, age four, plays the part in pictures, but he memorizes his lines. In radio, he might not be right the first time miked—and that wouldn't be so good. Larry's lame and fortune came from a candid-camera picture Ivan Dmitri made on the beach here last summer. Larry's mother gave a publication release to Dmitri, and next thing she knew she saw sassy gracing the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post! Film offers raised in . . . and, believe it or not, fifty other couples throughout the country claimed Larry as their pride-and-joy and demanded to know why the weekly had not asked permission before using "their" baby's picture.

Andy Hunt Heckles Namesoke

Andy's kidnapping and the reward for his return caused no end of annoyance to everyone listed Andrew Brown or A. H. Brown in the phone books from Coast to Coast. Wags would telephone them and ask them where they were. But the payoff came from a tenant in the Beverly Hills office building where Amos 'n' Andy rent a suite. Having moved to the road to do their summer writing stint, the voices of Correll and Goeden at work sometimes drift down and into the open windows of offices below. One tenant excitedly called the CBS studios last week, saying, "I know where Andy is and I claim the reward. I heard him right in this building!"

It happened in Hollywood, but your reporter won't say to whom or where. But an air comedian and his former writer were having a back-salary argument. At the funnyman's last broadcast of the season, his secretary was scurrying around at the last minute trying to obtain a studio ticket for a "friend" from Minneapolis. "She didn't know the strange gentleman, but he looked authentic. She got the ticket and gave it to him. He walked in, just before the show went on the air, proceeded to march right over the footlights up to the side of the comedian—and served him with a complaint notice of his former gagman's suit for back salary! . . . That was funny.

Backstage Goings On . . .

Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, memorises all his lines for Chase & Sanborn guest appearances and his current Johnson's Wax series. A prompter, however, sits beside Templeton on the piano bench, ready to whisper if needed, but so far he hasn't had to prompt . . . "Tuesday Night Party's" cast bowed June 20, when, after the broadcast, the audience applauded for a curtain-call and Joe E. Brown, who hadn't even been on the show, walked out on the stage and took all the bows! Brown and Martha Raye are making a film together, so he had dropped in at her broadcast.

Arlo Harris, of the Al Pearce Gang, proudly exhibited her new Zeta Phi Beta (honorary speech fraternity) badge and told bow she'd also been asked to address the Pasadena Playhouse Festival breakfast. "I said I'd come if they'd serve Grape-Nuts, and darned if they didn't!"

The "Gloria Dalton," entry in current Trans-Pacifc Yacht Race, was chartered by station KMTR for broadcasts. MBS also covering even
MR. JAMES K. K. KYSER, the be-robed, bespectacled, bucolic buffoon (in the odd sense), reports that when he was fourteen, back in Rocky Mount, N. C., he organized the Peck's Bad Boy Club, "an exclusive organization composed of the cream of the town's unregenerate youth."

"But I happened to be at church one Sunday afternoon," he says, "and an appeal was made for the reformation of the boys. Pledges were handed out. The pledge said, 'From now on until I am twenty-one, I hereby swear not to take intoxicating beverages, not to smoke, not to use profane language and to strive to show consideration to all whom I meet.' My pal, Bad Boy Gregory, thought it would be a good joke for Bad Boy Kyser to sign the pledge. On a dare, I signed.

"The next day Gregory told Peck's Bad Boy Club of my sacrilegious deed, but I, whether from stirrings of a conscience or from a still greater striving for glory, announced that I intended to live up to the pledge. And I did. I became a good influence. I maintained a high scholastic average. I raised funds for the library. I was class president and salutatorian. I coached the dull members of our class to improve our class record. I tutored a girl in a subject I had to learn, and every member of our class was graduated. I had teachers praising me, mothers falling on my neck. I decided that the reward for the good life was as glorious as the achievements of Peck's Bad Boy Club had been."

That's a good insight into Kyser's personality. He's still a cut-up, but he's one of the cleanest-living Americans on record. He's humble, intelligent, generous. A friend, a reporter, asked him for an interview. Kyser requested the reporter to interview another band-leader because the musician needed the break. Now, that was something. Showmen might give you the shirts off of their backs but they'll hog that publicity. Kyser is different. He's independent. He doesn't seek "the prop-er connections." He's Kay Kyser of North Carolina, and if the public wants him, there he is—take him as he is or leave him alone. There's a mite inde-pendent folks down in them-er hills.

After his band really was hatched and left the nest down at the Univer-sity of North Carolina, the Kyser troupe began to make history. The band es-tablished records in Milwaukee, Den-VER, Memphis, St. Louis, other cities. His first commercial radio program was the Elgin Football Revue. Later, playing at Chicago's Blackhawk, he developed the Kyser College of Mu-sical Knowledge, and gave the patrons a chance to join in the fun. Kyser clowned then as he does now. The idea was presented as an NBC sustain-ing feature as "Kay Kyser's Kampus Klase." His fame soared. In a nation-wide RADIO GUMZ poll in 1935, in which more than 325 orchestras were voted upon, his band was sixth in pop-ularity. Lucky Strike, with its "Hit Parade" firmly entrenched, began cast-ing about for a sure-fire novelty. And Kyser was chosen. His fan mail mount-ed to more than seventy-five thousand letters. He got twenty-five thousand letters asking to be placed on his mailing list so the writers would know of every engagement.

There's no trick to his success. He keeps his fingers on the pulse of the public. He knows that right now Q & A's are the thing. So he conducts a class, with a lot of foolishness mixed in. He doesn't make his questions too tough, for he's smart enough to know that he can make friends by making his patrons think they are smart in stead of showing how dumb they are.

He's quick on the mental trigger, and never muffes a chance to squeeze the last laugh out of a gag. One night he asked what radio personality had the trade-mark of "My-yy Friends." A fellow guessed W. C. Fields. Then he guessed Kay himself. That was the cue Kyser was waiting for. He called the fellow captain from then on. "Any-body who can make me President is captain of the works," he said.

During a broadcast, he dashes about the stage, dancing a bit, conducting, making faces, wise-cracking. He's a natural clown. And every good clown is studious out of make-up. So is Kyser.

He's shy, almost timid. He likes to be alone. He saves his money and, when in New York, lives in the same hotel-room he has occupied since back when. He has an ice-box in it and frequently guzzles quantities of milk and stuffs on sandwiches. A big eater, he weighs only 155 pounds and looks like a coun-try doctor.

He knows what's going on in the world and is right up to tap with cur-rent events. In fact, before he goes on the air he entertainers his audience with a running fire of news topics. He does not think of his band as a swing outfit, although it'll swing if swing is needed.

Kyser thinks swing is dying a slow death because only a limited number of listeners understand it. "Some of those who liked swing," he said, "did so not because they understood what they were hearing but because it ap-pealed to rhythmic emotions. However, the basic appeal of music is not to excite. That's one of the faults of swing. Music should touch the heart and soul."

Kyser does most of his thinking while playing solitaire. He carries on a con-versation while he plays, and his pat-ter will go this way:

"Red queen on black king. King—hmm, idea. How many musical kings can you name? There's Paul White-man, king of jazz; Benny Goodman, king of swing. How about King Cole? No, he just listened.

"Oh, there's a black jack. Why is...
Members of Kay's "make you want to dance" band enjoy their work—as for example Eddie Shay (in foreground above), his hot drummer boy.

there always a black jack or heart game going on at every rehearsal? I wonder. Where's a red ten? That was a nice song—Ten Little Fingers—hmmmm. How 'bout a swing arrangement of it? Make a note of it and take it up with George Duning tomorrow. Black nine. I watch the black nine on that studio clock enough. That's when my broadcast starts. Or is it ten, now that we have daylight saving—"

And so he muses for hours, but when he comes up for air he'll have a program mapped.

Kyser has received some very funny comebacks from his pupils. And they were spontaneous. His question-and-answer program is un rehearsed and anything is apt to happen. Once he asked, "Who wrote Ti-Pi-Tin?" And the reply was, "A Chinese waiter who got a bum dime as a tip."

"Other good gags include:

Q. Who introduced "April Showers"?

A. The Weather Bureau.

Some of the contestants try to be funny, and usually are not, but others are unintentionally funny. And Kyser encourages them.

"One time," Kyser recalled, "I asked a fellow who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' and he said, 'My brother, when he needed money.' It was a natural."

The first time Kyser realized he was funny was when, as a kid, he entered an amateur song contest on a dare. He was to sing three songs, and in order not to forget the words he wrote them on cards, which he held in his hand. But the cards got jumbled and he sang the lyrics of one song to the music of another. The audience laughed so much that he won the prize.

Every member of his band is a member of the Kyser Glee Club, whose songs are arranged by George Duning, Kay's veteran arranger. There has been some speculation as to why Kyser has not lost his Carolina accent (notice I say "Carolina" and not "Southern"), but that's easy to explain. He's been in the North a long time, but most of his band members are southerners and naturally most of Kyser's conversations are with his own kind. A rehearsal of his band sounds like the gabblings at a fish fry.

Kyser lives in New York because his work demands it. California is his favorite vacation spot. And when he's on (Continued on Page 37)

Three big-name bandleaders (left to right)—Kay Kyser, John Scott Trotter, and Hal Kemp. They all started their musical careers at the University of North Carolina, and they're all friendly rivals today.
All about how Saxie Dowell, the fat saxophonist, fam right into fame wif his fee itty fitties

By Lorraine Thomas

Believe it or not, this song originated appropriately at the seat of one of America's centers of culture and learning, the University of Tennessee. Hal Kemp and his band had arrived there on a winter day to play a dance. After the dance, they were entertained at a small party of university folk, among whom was a girl named Jo Carringer.

If you're gunning for anyone on account of "An' dey fam and dey fam bat over de dam," she's your party. She had the idea, the lyrics of an old nursery rhyme, and the persistence to make the Kemp saxophonist, Saxie Dowell, sit still and listen. What happened next proves that this is an all too uncertain world and that lightning does strike twice in the same place.

By all the laws of nature, Saxie should have forgotten that tune by daybreak. He had heard thousands of songs sung under just such circumstances. Every college kid has one under her hat. But this thing stuck in his head. Rolling down the rails to the next one-night stand, he heard car-wheels chanting, "Boop-boop, Dit-tem Dot-tem, What-tem CHU!"

"Maybe she's got something there," he told himself.

Even yet there was a chance for the song to die in his brain, for America to be spared a plague of baby talk, for a thousand parties to be delivered of the sight of a man donning his wife's hat and prancing about the premises chanting, "Tim, fed the mama fitty."

But it was not to be. Back in New York Saxie Dowell remembered the song, worked it into an orchestration, and delivered it two weeks later to the startled audience of Manhattan's Paramount Theater. It was presented modestly, just as an off-the-orn encore for his "punch" solo. But the encore turned out to be the real punch. The crowd liked it that much.

The rest is history which you might as well know, inasmuch as it reveals some of the workings of the music business. That history takes us straight to Guy Lombardo, who has a "democratic" ear. In short, he can listen to a tune and tell pretty well how the populace will go for it. When he heard "Three Little Fishies" he said, "Swell."

Radio listeners first heard it on Guy's own program, in which he is alleged to play "the sweetest music this side of heaven." There are those who contest the point that "Three Little Fishies" measures up to his celestial pretensions.

After that, Saxie Dowell and his trio of finny adventurers were rapidly back over de dam and into fame. So well did he and his song become known that he was persuaded to form an orchestra of his own, which he is doing soon. As a historical footnote, it should be observed that our hero and his heroine observe the story-book niceties in this yarn, for Saxie remembered to remember the girl who had first pinned back his ear and crooned that tune to him. No, he didn't marry her, if that is what you're thinking, but he did cut her in on the money he got for the song; a grand reflation of the story of the city slicker, which should offer encouragement to all farmers' daughters whether they can sing or not.

Some of our gayest comedians have taken their thrust at the song. Walter O'Keefe even went so far as to present a moccot trial in which Saxie was charged with the gruesome, horrible crime of writing "The Three Little Fishies." Part of the dialog went:

Judge: Before passing on the guilt of the defendant, I should like to hear the song.

O'Keefe: Well, you can hear it right this minute . . . it's on the radio.

Judge: What station?

O'Keefe: Any station!

(Continued on Page 40)
YOUNG LOVE AT CONEY ISLAND

Ezra Stone, of radio's "Aldrich Family," takes Ann Lincoln, his best girl both on and off the air, to Coney Island. For, busy as he is with his Broadway hit, "What a Life," and as star of "The Aldrich Family," which currently has Jack Benny's Sunday spot, Ezra always has time for cotton candy with Ann.

Coming from a successful season on Kate Smith's show, Ezra Stone and Ann seem bound to go places—besides Coney Island.

DEAD RINGER FOR HIS BROTHER

Young Jim Ameche, who is following in the footsteps of his radio-screen-star brother, is in many ways very like Don. Popular last winter as star of "Attorney-at-Law," NBC serial, Jim co-stars this summer with Gale Page on "Hollywood Playhouse" (NBC Sunday night). He's shown here in a favorite pose.

Jim is shorter than Don and wears a mustache, but their voices are perfect air doubles, confusing listeners no end.
NAZIMOVA-
CONVERT
TO RADIO

Won by Arch Oboler, who stars
her in his Saturday night play

By Francis Chase, Jr.

If radio drama is your meat, your
experience of experiences awaits you
this Saturday night over NBC when
Madame Alla Nazimova, famous on
screen and the stages of New York,
Paris, London, Moscow and Berlin,
steps to the microphone for the first
time in a play written especially for
her by Arch Oboler, rapidly becoming
radio's outstanding dramatist.

Perhaps you think us overly enthusi-
astic about what is in store for you.
Then let us look for a moment at the
dramatic train of events which brings
the "Russian Duse" to the microphone
in combination with Arch Oboler, dram-
atic pioneer who is carving new paths
in the world of radio drama; let us see —
with its full significance — how
this one important broadcast may open
new worlds and push back horizons for
radio listeners everywhere.

A short time ago Radio Guide pointed
out the need for a millionaire who
would endow young writers to develop
radio drama in any direction they saw
fit, men who would experiment and
develop the full possibilities of the
microphone as a medium of expression.
Radio writers are, on the whole, well
paid, too well paid to turn their efforts
from what is obviously profitable to
experimental drama which may result
in failure. As a result, radio has fol-
lowed the time-tried type of program
and there has been little searching
afield for the new.

A few weeks later, the National
Broadcasting Company announced that
it had engaged Arch Oboler to do what-
ever he wanted on a series of Saturday
night shows known as "Arch Oboler's
Plays." Oboler had distinguished him-
self, chiefly, through his authorship of
the popular horror series, "Lights Out,"
and by other radio writing which
marked him as a man of imagination
and ideas and fitted for the pioneering
job at hand. Given free rein to his im-
agination — an imagination, mark you,
which was responsible for the weekly
and bizarre "Lights Out" show — Mr.
Oboler went to work, and when the fan
mail was counted up, NBC decided
that his efforts were well worth while.
For the first time, writers of recognized
ability were noticing radio, beginning
to feel that here was a medium which
was effective and important when prop-
erly employed.

On the night of June 3, Mr. Oboler
broadcast three short plays — "Steel,"
"Dark World" and "Humbug." Before
he got out of the studio there was a
phone call for him. The voice was that
of a woman, deep and throaty and in-
triguing. And the voice wanted to know
if it "might have the privilege of ap-
pearing in one of Mr. Oboler's plays."

Producers receive hundreds of such
calls from ambitious youngsters who
want to get into radio. But in this in-
stance, if Mr. Oboler seemed a little
breathless, a little too anxious in shout-
ing "Yes, you!" into the transmitter,
his breathlessness was pardonable.

For the voice belonged to Alla Nazimova,
noted Russian actress whose name is a
by-word wherever there is a theater
or wherever theater or motion-picture
magazines are read. Mr. Oboler knew
that she had refused — time after time
— fabulous offers of commercial spon-
sors to appear on their programs. Yet
here she was asking for the privilege
of appearing on one of his shows, a
sustaining show, and without pay.

Impossible? Nothing is impossible in
radio. The whole business has been
built upon that premise. And surely
nothing is impossible when Madame
Alla Nazimova is concerned.

Some years back, Nazimova was de-
voting her whole efforts to motion pic-
tures — rather unhappily, she will tell
you now. And, to conform with the
publicity requirements of that day, she
lived in an elaborate palace of a home
on a main thoroughfare in the movie
capital. Then there was a fire next door
and she was warned to get her things
out of her house.

"I went through every room," she
said, "to see what I should save from
the fire. In my bedroom, I found noth-
(Continued on Page 4B)
DON WILSON REDUCES AGAIN

2. Below: Scene of reducing rigors is the ranch of Buck Jones (right), famed western star and Don's pal. Besides a diet, Don is to ride horseback—that is, if Buck and his daughter Maxime can mount him.

1. Above: After months of good eating, jolly Don Wilson, popular announcer, sets out to take off some surplus poundage with help of horsewoman Maxime Jones.

5. Below: He made it! Don takes off the rope as Buck mops his brow and Maxime holds everything steady. So far all the exercising has been done by Wilson's trainer—friends, but now—

4. Above: Becoming desperate, Don's reducing trainers get the idea of dropping him into the saddle from a sling—a painful method, but sure. Noah Berry Jr. (left) and Buck let go as pretty Maxime holds nag.

3. Above: Whew! This attempt to hoist the 250-pound, belly-laughing announcer of Joe E. Brown show (Thurs. night), also of vacationing Jello-O show, fails.

6. Above: Here is Don, at last mounted on his favorite Apaluce horse, Bourbon. And now it's up to the six-flavors salesman to shed some of that excess avoirdupois with brisk ride through San Fernando valley.
Andrew Young, amateur, on Pitski Island with archeal set he used before expedition sent new equipment.

Among all hobbyists, the short-wave amateur probably has the most widely varied and the most thrilling experiences. And among all short-wave amateurs, none is more qualified to speak for his fellow "hams" than Charles A. Morrison, president of their International DXers Alliance and short-wave editor of Radio Guide. We herewith present his unusual story to our readers.

If YOU like the thrilling, the unexpected, the dramatic, turn that little knob on your radio set to the short-wave side. Sweep out past the last twinning frontiers of the regular broadcast band, past 1500 kilocycles, past 1600 kilocycles. Just keep turning your dial slowly and critically, ready to stop at the first faint sound of adventure lurking around the corner. You will hear some unusual noises, loud, whistling tones, funny little bits of tunes repeated over and over.

At 1610 kilocycles you hear a short signal—tone, then a voice barking, "All units, all stations, No. 4759. Wanted on a warrant for passing bad checks at Taylorville on June 4 ... woman 35 to 40, 5 feet 4 inches, 112 pounds, brown hair, dark eyes, accompanied by a small girl. Checks made payable to Anna Moore, initialed by S. Z. Moore. All checks around $5.00 to $8.00. Makes small purchases at department stores and takes balance in cash. WQPS, 3:19."

On drones the voice of the announcer repeating the bulletin. Nothing very exciting here and we prepare to move on. But wait, another bulletin is coming up. Let's listen: "No. 4760. All units, all stations, immediate! Man escaped from hospital for criminally insane. Time, 3:10 p.m., 28, 5 feet 10 inches, 185 pounds, black coarse hair, black eyes, bad scar on right cheek, tattoo in form of anchor on right forearm. Said to be armed with butcher-knife stolen from kitchen. This man is a dangerous lunatic. Will kill on sight. Use caution.

State Patrols 3, 4, 9, 15 and 18, move to block highways 150, 157, 6, 11 and 1."

Famous royal "ham," Archduke Anton, whose Austrian transmitter was heard often before Anschluss.

I'M A SHORT-WAVE FAN

A famous "ham" leads you out past the 1600 mark on your radio dial

By Charles A. Morrison

Local units move in on secondary roads. Throw dragnet around whole district. This killer must be captured. Repeat . . . I promised you some real thrills. Was I wrong?

Our dial rests at 1715 kilocycles. Let's listen: "WBVD coming right back. All O. K., Grace. I got your transmission one hundred percent. Oh, yes, we had a swell time. Harry was over and we had some refreshments. We all got to feeling pretty good. Did I tell you Agnes was sick? She's got a bad cold and I'm doctoring her up with Vicks and aspirins. I don't feel so hot myself. Too much celebrating, I guess. Charley is out in the back yard working on the car and racing the motor. Oh, boy, I've got to tear, I smell something burning, and Charley will be furious. See you later. 9PVD off and clear with SABC."

Sounds like the old party line, doesn't it?

Now, here's a fellow who seems to be excited about something. Turn the volume up. "Hello, Maryville; hello, Maryville or Station. Hello, any amateur station near Bellevue. Urgent! Urgent! All amateurs please clear the frequency side of the band for emergency traffic. Give me a break, fellows. A windstorm practically wiped out Bellevue about an hour ago. We have no communications with the outside world. My aerial is lying over the clothesline. I'm running the rig on batteries and don't know how long it will hold out. Notify Red Cross, police, newspapers. We need doctors, nurses, emergency supplies, everything. Extent of fatalities unknown but many houses completely leveled and debris everywhere. Hello, Maryville, hello, any amateur near Bellevue. My batteries are getting weaker. CQ! CQ emergency. Urgent, summon aid for Bellevue at once. His signals are getting weak. Now we can't get him any more. Presently we hear a half-dozen amateurs calling Bellevue and already the outside world knows of another tragic occurrence in which amateur facilities have saved the day."

This short-waving can be exciting, all right. Here's a spot says "31 Meter Broadcast Band." Now, what have we here? Chimes! I suspect Westminster chimes. Sure enough, they are followed by the sonorous tones of old Big Ben booming out the hour from the hour from the tower of Parliament in London. I always get a thrill out of Big Ben. You can well imagine what it means to a son of the Empire exiled in Timbuctoo or Baluchistan. An announcement follows: "This is London calling, on GSC, C for Corporation, in the 31-meter band, on a frequency of 8660 kilocycles per second. We will now take you to Wimbledon, where the Davis Cup matches are now in progress."

Broadcasts from London are always cheery, informal, devoid of advertising plugs. The variety shows are London's best entertainment. In this type of program the British are unexcelled. Take, for example, "Music Hall" and "In Town Tonight," regular Saturday afternoon features, or "Lucky Dip," or that delightful program, "At the Black Dog," London also furnishes the most complete international news service on the air. Tune in the news at 6:45 p.m. or at midnight EDT.

Well, let's turn up the dial a little. We hear what sounds like canaries, then bells—the bells of St. Peter's—and know that we are now in historic old-world Rome. Maybe this will be Italian stuff that we can't understand. But no, a very cultured woman's voice announcing in perfectly correct English says, "You are listening to the Ameri-
Radio Hero Modern Style

Radio has always had heroes. Years ago they were the radio operators aboard sinking ships who stayed by their sets after all hope had been abandoned. Or the radiomen in distressed airplanes. Today radio's heroes are the short-wave amateurs—the "hams." Seemingly stuck in small, uninteresting spots the world over, these people meet adventure face to face when they least expect it. A hurricane strikes, a flood sweeps over the valley, a big transport plane flounders in the night—and somewhere an adventurous "ham" risks his life to bring relief to his beleaguered fellows.

Top, above: Aftermath of New England hurricane of 1938. Above: This disaster gave "ham" Wilson E. Burgess (with family) his heroic opportunity. For risking life to maintain sole tie of Westerly, R.I., to outside world, Burgess (r.) received Amateur Radio Award from W. S. Paley, CBS prexy.

Walter Stiles, Jr., of Coudersport, Pa., supplied the only direct communication to 4,000 citizens of Renovo, Pa., during Allegheny River flood of 1936. For 130 hours he transmitted over 1,000 messages for rescue groups. Stricken city of Renovo as it looked when the Allegheny River finally receded after the flood. Men like Stiles and Burgess are typical of the bold spirits who await the call to heroism beside their amateur transmitters.
CHICAGO—You have, of course, heard by now all about the big hometown-homecoming celebration for Jack Benny and his new movie in Waukegan, Illinois, which was the scene of Benny’s radio program and the “world premiere” of his and Paramount’s “Man About Town” on Sunday, June 25, as a climax of the four-day celebration.

The radio program was good, though not as good as usual. The movie was good. So much for that. The whole thing must have been a colossal celebration. The newspapers said so, didn’t they? I knew they would. So I just looked around—and listened—just to see what little things I could pick up that the newshawks overlooked in the stupendous dazzlement of the big things.

**Little Things**

There was the waitress who dragged her feet and observed with a wry grin that she’d be darned glad when the rush was all over . . . There was Fred Allen hanging placidly in effigy from the marquee of one theater, and I thought at one time I detected a scornful expression on Fred’s face as he looked down on the proceedings.

Epitome of the town’s mercantile splurge was one tavern’s advertisement of such cocktails as a “Buck Benny Special,” “Dorothy Lamour Delight,” and “Mary Livingstone Flip” . . . Out in front of the Genesee Theater, Chicago’s Franklyn MacCormack was pressed into service as m.c. without any preparation, and smoothly handled a tough spot, since there was a long period of ad-libbing to do while waiting for Jack Benny’s belated appearance before the early show.

**Smart Boy**

During this period MacCormack called Billie Smart up to the platform.

Billie is another local Waukegan boy, only twelve and not as famous as Benny. But if my ears didn’t double-cross me, when the kid bantered with the m.c. for several minutes he got one of the biggest laugh-apple-juice moments of the event.

Later in the theater I saw the same kid’s heart sink from his throat to his shoes when Benny declined to give him an autograph. I explained to Billie that celebrities do have to draw the line sometimes on their activities. Billie Smart proved his last name by observing that he didn’t think he’d want to be a celebrity anyway in spite of their money. He’d rather be a plain businessman and live a private life with a comfortable income.

I saw Rochester all over town, being slapped on the back by everybody. And I couldn’t help wondering how many slaps there would have been if, even with his unquestionable personality, he had just been plain Eddie Anderson . . . Two big men with charm in every pound are Don Wilson and Andy Devine.

I heard two different men declare that Phil Harris looked like Max Beer. He does put a lot of punch into his directing . . . A slightly bottle-boogy gent struck a screwy keynote. He observed to me: “Who’s Jack Benny? He’s nobody. Get outside Waukegan and nobody knows who he is.”

**Browsing Backstage**

When the Jack Benny troupe arrived in Chicago en route to Waukegan recently, Rin Tin Tin, Jr., persuaded his master, Lee Duncan, to take him to the train to see if Carmichael, the polar bear, would be with Benny . . . Hugh Studebaker is a regular pipe-smoker, but he indulges in a few cigarettes when the mercury hits summer highs.

Ken Griffin, “Road of Life” star, is a walking directory on Chicago’s good eating-spots . . . Louise Fitch, Dale Dwyer of “Manhattan Mother,” was kidnapped when a child; cried so lustily she was abandoned! . . . Add new roles: Carroll Perkins as Stephen McIvor in “Story of Mary Marlin”; Stanley Gordon as Editor Jenkins in “Caroline’s Golden Store”; Marvin Miller as Dr. Lee Markham in “Woman in White.”

While in Hollywood the Hoosier Hot Shots played at Victor Hugo’s nightclub, one of the swankiest spots in the film town . . . Don McNeill and Glenn Welty, “Barn Dance” music director, still reminisce when they meet of the days when they worked together on “Dinner Table of the Air” over Milwaukeee’s WTMJ . . . Speaking of McNeill reminds me that letters still pour in here saying in effect: “Breakfast Club” is our favorite program. We’ll buy any commercial product that sponsors McNeill’s gang”—there is loyalty . . . Barbara Fuller, who plays Barbara Calkins in “Scattergood Baines,” wanted to play opposite Bob (Don Winslow) Guilbert. She never got the chance in the “Don Winslow” show, but recently she has been cast as Dot Taylor in the “Grandma’s Travels” sketch, and the part of her sweetheart is played by Guilbert . . . Sunda Love, “Stepmother” star, is the latest exponent of play-suits for studio wear. She appeared recently in an exotic Hawaiian outfit . . . Anne Seymour treasures an antique gold brooch sent her by a California fan. Anne’s admirer wrote: “The pin has been in our family for more than 150 years, and is passed from mother to daughter. My mother gave it to me thirty years ago. I have no daughter. If I had, I’d want her to be as fine a woman as Mary Marlin.” I hope you and ‘Mary’ will like it and wear it often.

At Play with Souls

Guests at CBS actor Alen Soulé’s stag party recently out on Carpenter Road couldn’t miss the place. Invitations were maps of routes, and a big sign on the house read, “This is it.” Athletic star of the party was Vincent Pelletier. He was triple-threat man of ping-pong, badminton and poker. Lee Tremayne mowed the lawn for fun and exercise. Malcolm Meacham enjoyed the rare rural air so much he succumbed and took a nap. Oleen ban the rap by inviting the police in advance!

**Mind Over Matter**

Alec Templeton is now doing his new starring show from Hollywood, but we still claim a share of Alec’s genius for the Crossroads. You can always hear stories here and everywhere where the blind pianist is known for his astounding memory, which actually smacks of extrasensory perception. Bill Weiss, WCTF staff violinist, relates this typical incident:

Bill had toured with Alec for a year in Jack Hilton’s orchestra. Several years later he met the pianist and his father on the street in Chicago. Bill motioned to the elder Mr. Templeton not to speak his name. Then he shook hands with Alec, who said, “This is a violinist, of course—oh, yes, Bill Weiss.”
Looking toward television, NBC in Hollywood has signed June Robbins, blues singer, as a vocalist and special "Splash Girl".

While waiting for television to demonstrate her visual charm, Miss Robbins displays her vocal charm on various sustaining programs. Above, the "Splash Girl" exercises her calf muscles.

June doesn't just pose near the water. She can really dive and swim expertly, as well as sing, in or out of bathtub or swimpool.

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

Radio's Next Step?

Dear V. O. L.,

I have heard about a marvelous new gadget called the "vodder" that does unusual things with sound. For example, it makes mayonnaise out of salt, and changes the pitch and inflection of a voice, makes a crooner into a quartet, and a soprano out of a baritone.

Just couldn't this machine be adapted very well to radio? Couldn't a listener have one in his home to change his entertainment to fit his taste? A soprano lover could make her into a robust basso.

We're reading to every out of the cast of an airplane motor, changes the pitch and inflection of a voice, makes a crooner into a quartet, and a soprano out of a baritone.

Maybe that's radio's best step.

Carlcy S. Wigham, Phoenix, Ariz.

It wouldn't do. Every listener would change the commercial plugs into something else, and the sponsors would dump up the flow of money, the blood-stream of radio. Besides, sound-effects might be turned into naughty words that would get the "tut, tut" from the F. C. C. —Editor.

Serials

Editor, Radio Guide:

Just about all the serials on the air that I used to enjoy have been filled with anxiety and grief lately—and they're going from bad to worse. No doubt it's necessary now and then for a crisis to arise to keep the story moving, but please put some of our serial friends on the bright side of life for a white while. It's either a change or the loss of a listener. I've had enough.

Janie Moore, Los Angeles, Calif.

So have many others who write us had enough. We're still waiting for the defenders of the serials to write. Below is one of the few such letters received. —Editor.

Editor, Radio Guide:

I disagree with the listeners who classify serials as "sorrowful." My neighbors think, as I do, that the serials we choose to listen to every day are the best of entertainment, and we laugh and discuss the stories instead of the neighborhood gossip so many folks indulge in. We get many good lessons and laughs from the serial stories heard over the air.

Mrs. Roy E. Gregg, Buffalo, N.Y.

Birth of a Song

Editor, Radio Guide:

I heard Casey Jones' widow on "We the People." It reminded me of a little-known phase of the famous railroad legend. It was told to me by Mrs. Jones on a visit to Chicago a few years ago.

The story is that the original ballad commemorating the tragedy was composed by a Negro worker in the roundhouse that was Casey's headquarters. The fellow worshiped Casey. He was so grief-stricken he at first refused to make up a song for the other workers, though he did have a bit of talent in that line. However, he also had a keen penchant for gin, and when the other men offered him liquor as a prize, the amateur balladeer made up the original version of the famous song.

Morton W. Mayman, Chicago, Ill.

It isn't so well known either that Mr. Jones was nicknamed Casey for Cayce, Kentucky. —Editor.

Who Named Swing?

Dear V. O. L.,

I like swing. But whether the majority of listeners are swing fans or not, I think most of them would like to know authentically how the name originated. For myself, I believe Benny Goodman gets the credit—or the blame—for the term as well as the music. I think when Goodman opened at the Palomar here in Los Angeles five or four years ago. He called his outfit a "swing" band to make it sound different. The trick handle caught on along with his then unusual music and both swept the country.

That's the impression around here of how it started.

Anne Castileman, Los Angeles, Calif.

Do any other listeners have another version of how the name "swing" originated? We should give credit—or blame—where due.—Editor.

Royal Rib-Tickler

Editor, Radio Guide:

I understand that when Ray Noble played on a radio program for the King and Queen during their recent visit he steered clear of swing and anything but sober, dignified music. But when a comedian named Al Traban sat down on the spike of a piano stool after knocking off the seat, there was plenty of royal laughter. I think that's a good study in psychology and a tribute to the humor of King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Edward Clay, Louisville, Ky.

Moreover, this comedian Al Traban gained a lot of publicity for making the father of the present king laugh uproariously once in a London show. —Editor.

[Television of Charm

Editor, Radio Guide:

The new medium of television to click for one reason in particular. It will weed out some of the present crop of performers with a strange hold on radio. It will give new faces and new voices a chance. It will dramatize the advent of sound in movies caused a revolution. It will be much more of a thrill to see Dorothy Lamour singing one of her torrid torch songs.

J. L. Morton, Reading, Pa.

The radio industry recognizes that general principle, as illustrated by the pictures on this page.—Editor.

Shut-In Corner

Dear V. O. L.,

I'm on my second go-round as a shut-in, tuberculosis being the cause. This time when I had to go back to bed for a while, I moved into a double-bed—me on one side and the radio on the other. I've just been listening to "Club Mattinee."

That's a swell, dopey program. Was gunman Sherman born that way, or did he grow into it?

Let's form a sort of shut-in exchange club. Please tell all the shut-in listeners to write to those whose letters are published here and we can all increase our circle of acquaintances, and life will be much richer for all of us.

Lucile Hardy, Pensacola, Fla.

Yes, Ranse Sherman was born "that way." He's a great fellow. Many shut-ins already report that they have been given a new thrill by the many letters received through our "Shut-In Corner." —Editor.

Science and Crime

Editor, Radio Guide:

I believe there is a trend now in radio's "war on crime" programs to emphasize the part of science as compared to violence. I hope it continues, for that is the true perspective.

Lester Talbot, Baltimore, Md.

True science plays a big part these days in the war on crime. I. Edgar Hoover says ninety percent of criminals plead guilty because scientific details build such formidable cases.—Editor.

Filling Prediction

Editor, Radio Guide:

I wish to point out to all your readers that Jack Baker won fifth place in the "Most Popular Songs" classification of the Radio Guide poll. He was in eighth place as "Singer of Classical Songs" and in tenth place in the "Star of Stars" section. That's quite a record for a sustaining artist. He was the only sustaining performer listed in the first ten of the "Star of Stars" class. If you'll look up last year's poll winners, you'll find Jack took third place in the "Most Promising New Stars" department. It seems that prediction is coming true.

Mrs. E. C. Usher, Columbus, Ohio.

Yes, the "Louisiana Lark" is soaring as well as singing.—Editor.

Musical Milk

Editor, Radio Guide:

My wife says I ought to write and tell you about our labor-saving discovery. We got a new radio, one with batteries that you can carry around. My cow hadn't ever heard a radio, and I decided to try it on her. I ran it while I was milking her and made the great discovery. By tuning in Wayne King or Guy Lombardo, we get extra rich, sweet milk. When we get Goodman or Artie Shaw, our cow, Sadie, swings it and we get churned butter. And with some of the comedians on the air, we can get sour milk, clabber and cheese.

Welcome, Hickory, to the Radio Liars' Club.—Editor.
LISTENING TO LEARN

Person-to-Person

Station WJSV, CBS outlet in Wash-ington, D. C., is working on a novel plan to stimulate adult interest in edu-cational broadcasting. An essay contest in which only members of the Parent-Teachers Association may participate will be introduced in conjunction with a new series of radio programs titled "University of the Home." The pro-grams will present professors from the five universities in Washington, D. C., as speakers. Each week a different P.T.A. unit will make up the studio audience; and at the end of the series the winning essay of each unit on the subject "What the university has meant to my home" will be placed in the final judging. The award will be a one-year scholarship, which the winning unit may present to a deserving student.

- First announcement of the Third School Broadcast Conference on Utilization of Radio in the Classroom comes from Harold Kent, director of the Chi-cago Radio Council. The dates set are December 6, 7 and 8 at the Morrison Hotel.

- $34,000 granted the University of Chi-cago against this year by the Sloan Founda-tion will be used to improve and experiment with the U. of C. Round Table broadcasts (NBC, Sundays). Last year's grant made possible the publication of transcripts and provided the par-ticipants with research assistance.

- 1937 brought Shakespeare to sum-mer listeners, 1938 brought Pulitzer Prize plays; for 1939 it is a series of plays that never were published. Works chosen were brought to light in a four-year search and are plays which had never been read by persons of this generation. Barrett H. Clark, executive secretary of the Dramatists' Play Ser-vice, started the search in 1935 and carried it out with the cooperation of the Rockefeller Foundation and the Authors' League of America and the Dramatists' Guild. Title is "America's Lost Plays"; broadcast, Thursday via NBC.

- Word comes from Ben Darrow, WBEN director of education, that Dean Ralph Horn is so pleased with the suc-cess of the winter radio workshop at Buffalo (N. Y.) State Teachers College that he desires to add a full-term course, "for credit" in education by radio, to the college curriculum. On August 3, incidentally, B. S. T. C. will conduct a radio institute at which western New York teachers will be shown how to use radio in the classroom.

- Last year's "New Horizons" programs in Columbia's American School of the Air series followed the trails of expl-orers and adventurers to many strange and interesting far-away corners of the earth. The series currently being planned for fall, 1939, will take listeners back into the history of their own country to show them the intriguing experiences, hardships and adventures of the men who "made America's map." The series will originate in the American Museum of Natural History, and will again be conducted by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews.

-P. T. A.

-National Park Service, Rocky Mountain National Park

"Nature Sketches"

On Saturday morning, July 8, Park Naturalist Raymond Gregg will lead his Junior Nature School to the beaver colony along Beaver Brook, in Rocky Mountain National Park. Damas, canals, and the industrious beaver's home will be observed and discussed. The program will also be broadcast on Saturday morning, July 14 on station WOR.

"Men Behind the Stars"

Corona Borealis, or the Northern Crown, is one of the small but beautiful star groups—and one that looks very much like the object for which it is named. The Northern Crown can be seen almost overhead at 9 p.m. on a mid-July night. Seven of the stars form a circle. The one that is brightest than the others is frequently called Gemma, or the gem. The Indians compared this group to chiefs sitting around the coun-cil fire. The drawing below, reproduced from Bayer's Uranometria of 1603, shows this star group as a crown of leaves among the stars. Corona Borealis will be the subject of the July 14 broadcast in the "Men Be-hind the Stars" series.

"Nature Sketches" and "Men Behind the Stars" are sponsored by the New York Sunday School Council. The former is heard Saturdays over WJSV at 11:45 a.m., over NBC from 12 to 1:30 EST; the latter is heard Fridays over WJSV at 5:45 p.m., over CBS from 5:45 to 6:45 EST.

Writing for Radio

Historically important to broadcasting may be the radio session of the third annual American Writers Congress held in New York last month. This was the first time that the Congress, one of the most important writers' groups in this country, included radio in its schedule of meetings, and it is reported that the several hundred American authors who were in the audience—all but a few of whom have ignored radio—were visibly impressed by what they witnessed.

Highlight of the session was a round-table discussion of writing for radio, led by H. V. Kaltenborn. The panel of ex-perts participating included NBC's Lewis Titterton and Arch Oboler, CBS' Max Wiley, the Federal Theater Division's Evan Roberts, AFTRA John Brown, and Jerry Danzig of station WOR. Following are some of the pertinent comments made:

Danzig: "I think one of the misfor-tunes of people who want to write for radio is that they want to do their writing as an avocation rather than as a vocation . . . the answer to this problem may be to build up the best of these writers to the public, to a point where they have the desire and income to consider radio their full-time de-nomination."

Titterton: "I think the problem at issue is to find writers willing to face the realities of the medium. There are many highly intelligent and highly talented men and women who want to write for radio . . . a phenomenon is their in-ability to clarify their thinking and make their points with such clarity that they are capable of understanding by the wider audience which radio must inevitably bear in mind at least a major-ity of the time."

Oboler: "I think the challenge for good writing in radio rests largely with the writer; if he has something to say and says it well, the Heritian waves will bring him a large audience in half an hour than Shakespeare had in a life-time."

Wiley: "The best writers in radio today are . . . sincere and skillful minds who have something to say and have to say it, and who would say it even if they could only scratch it down on a rock."

Roberts: "Many authors have been reluctant to put in time and effort for what seems to be so fleeting a medium as radio . . . but that is a distinctly erroneous attitude toward radio since the advent of the recorded program and the published script."

Brown: "We actors will show you a constant advance in the technique of our art if you give us more important things to do, more difficult tasks to work out. Any strick the radio audi-ence is ready to accept and listen to the best you have to offer them."

At best the above summary is but a sketchy outline of the discussion that took place before the assembled group of distinguished professional writers: Elkins-Caldwell, Dorothy Baker, J. E. Steinbeck, and others. The good radio dra-ma can only hope that it may change their attitude toward radio.
RING LARDNER  
Graham McNamee  

SECRET OF A BALLCASTER  
Talking baseball may be a swell career, but it isn’t all gravy!  
By John W. Carlson

Ernest “Beezter” Lombardi, first-string catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, typifies the happy-go-lucky men that make a business of playing baseball. Baseball-by-radio has made players like Ernie real folks to listeners.

fat salaries to crack ballcasters, they must pay heavily, through the stations, for broadcasting rights at the ball parks. Last year the two major-league clubs in Chicago collected $90,000 for these rights. Increasingly, it is the big sponsors to whom announcers, old and new, must look for jobs.

The All-Star Game

Number one ballcasters of radio are in for a big day this week on Tuesday, July 11, when the seventh Annual All-Star Baseball Game will be played at Yankee Stadium, New York. This increasingly popular baseball classic brings the best players of the National League face to face on the diamond with crack players of the American League. The final lineup—will be selected from a field of twenty-five stars of each league, nominated in a poll by team managers. Proceeds from the game will be turned over to the Ball Players’ Benevolent Fund. Over NBC, Tom Manning, ace announcer of Cleveland’s WTAM, and Paul Douglas, famous sportswriter, will provide. Abe McDonald, one of New York’s new ballcasters, and France Laux, KMOX announcer in St. Louis, will call the plays over CBS. And on MBS, Red Barber of New York’s WOR with assistant Al Helfer will cooperate with Bob Elson, WGN ballcaster of Chicago. The All-Star Game may be heard over NBC, CBS, and MBS at 1:15 p.m. EDT; 12:15 p.m. EST; 12:15 p.m. CDT; 11:15 a.m. MST; 10:15 a.m. PST. If rain intervenes, the game will begin the following morning at 10:45 a.m. EDT, and will be broadcast by all three networks.

RING LARDNER  
Graham McNamee  

This afternoon I went to two ball games—one that I saw with my own eyes and one I heard Graham McNamee broadcast.”

Ballcasting has changed since those days. McNamee has retired to an easy chairs, Lardner is dead, and baseball announcing is big business. For, in fifteen years, battling against heavy odds, radio’s ball-callers have created a rich profession, which is today attracting thousands of young hopefuls.

It was back in 1924 that Hal Totten put on the first regular broadcasts of ball games in Chicago. And not long after that Pat Flanagan and Bob Elston at WGN and WGN newscast Putsch. Chicago-place of baseball, and Pat Flanagan’s case of first announcers, Grinnell College graduate, first Iowa-born and a duteous, Pat got into radio by accident—radio was like that in the twenties. As a salesman for station WOC in Davenport, Iowa, he was asked one night to pinch-hit for a delaye anunciator. That was in 1922. In 1926 he came to Chicago, joining WBBM as a general announcer. Station managers in those days simply asked their announcers:

“Can you announce a parade?”
Or a convention, or a boat race. And the boys said they could. One day WBBM’s manager asked Pat if he could announce baseball.

“Sure,” answered Pat, and he has been announcing baseball for nearly twelve years now.

Stories of other pioneer announcers would sound pretty much the same. A few were sports writers. All announced baseball as a sideline and got little for it.

Today the situation is reversed. Baseball announcing is one of the big jobs in radio, big enough to attract major-league managers and players whose salaries in the leagues have run well into five figures. When Charley Grimm was shipped by the Chicago Cubs last year, he went straight to baseball announcing at a reputed salary of $25,000 a year. Lew Fonseca, former manager of the Chicago White Sox, has a lucrative job at WJZ in Chicago which dovetails with his job as American League publicity man to net him a fat income. Old-timers like Pat Flanagan and Red Barber, who now broadcast games of the Yankees, Giants or Dodgers over WOR in New York City, hold contracts calling for salaries near the $25,000 mark.

Many big-time ballcasters supplement their salaries with income from sponsored baseball-gossip programs before and after games. Others capitalize on their names commercially, like big-league players.

Not all announcers fall in this category, of course. Possibly two hundred American stations broadcast baseball games, many of them with teams of minor league schedules—some even to intrigue city games. Men in small towns may earn only $75 a week. Average salary of all announcers would probably be close to $7,500 yearly.

As with every other big program, advertising sponsors foot the bill for baseball-by-radio. In addition to paying constantly on the lookout for promising material among station announcers, baseball players and managers to recruit as ballcasters. They would hardly need to bother. Many more applications are listened voluntarily from people in these groups than can ever be used.

But what has the would-be baseball announcer ahead of him? If he should be lucky enough to crack the game?

First, sponsors run training-schools for their reporters, so important do they consider the job. Proper conduct at the microphone, both from the viewpoint of broadcasting standards and of touchy ball clubs, is one important part of such schooling. Even more important to the sponsor is training in salesmanship needed to advertise the product. The baseball announcer must be a salesman, a baseball man, and a radio reporter rolled into one.

It is his job to disprove the old adage about trying to please everybody and satisfying nobody. He must keep his sponsor satisfied, for that is his bread and butter. He must keep the baseball officials happy, for baseball broadcasting exists only at their pleasure. And he must deliver real baseball to thousands of stay-at-home fans. The interests of the three conflicts more often than not, and a long list of do’s and don’t’s is the baseball announcer’s only safeguard against a barrage of headaches. The list of do’s and don’t’s is a good thing for the would-be announcer to consider.

Take such an innocent subject as the weather, for example. First rule for the reporter runs like this:

Don’t mention the weather if it is threatening at the beginning of a game; keep on urging people to come.

WARNING listeners of threatening skies might seem an ordinary good turn, but broadcasters never do it. Baseball owners and officials are in motion that radio-pleasing wi'll affect their balance-sheets, and to discourage attendance is the last thing an announcer should do. On the contrary, he acts as the club’s chief salesman, never encouraging stay-at-homes, always plugging for attendance.

“It’s going to be a grand game out here at the park today. Why don’t you dress your feet of the deck, get out of that stuffy office, and come out to the ball game? Then you’ll really enjoy that breakfast of champions tomorrow morning.”

Thus do the reporters forthrightly boost attendance when stay-at-home listeners would logically help the sale of their product. In return for constant attempts at stimulating attendance, the novice might expect baseball moguls to look tolerantly on the sponsors’ advertising. But look at this one, then:

“Don’t plug a product during actual description of the play.”

That “don’t!” was slapped on by the moguls themselves, although listeners would probably be in hearty agreement.

One luxury baseball announcers may never enjoy is second-guessing the manager. They must look at the game through a fan’s eyes and relay a complete picture of events. But they can’t do what every fan does—pass judgment on the manager.

An announcer may never dispute an umpire’s decision. Some have tried it; (Continued on Page 36)
Gershwin as a Person

EVERYBODY knows the late George Gershwin's music, but most of his admirers are unfamiliar with the composer's picturesque personality. Let me give a few revealing incidents.

I lunches with George at his palatial penthouse in New York a week before his fatal trip to Hollywood. Always a vainly vain, he called attention to the excellence of the food and the delicate flavor and correct temperature of the light Rhine wine set before him invariably.

Finally came the dessert, a sort of pie, and my host watched me take introductory bites.

"Do you know what kind of pie that is?" he asked. "Nope," I confessed, my mouth full. "Carrot," he announced triumphantly. 

"Well, that's a great victory for your chef," I replied. "I hate carrots."

"Ah, but he hides it with a bit of plum and rum flavor—my own recipe," said George as proudly as though he had just finished another "Rhapsody in Blue." (By the way, Gershwin was a strict dieter himself and ate sparingly.)

He was enamored, too, of his own music, and in company needed little coaxing to go to the piano and play the Gershwin pieces for hours. On one occasion he stopped suddenly and asked with rather a worried look: "Do you think my compositions will be heard a hundred years from now?"

A cruel listener answered, "They will be, George, if you are alive to play them."

After lunch, George showed me the latest pictures he had painted and several pieces of sculpture fashioned by himself. He collected, announced, thoughtfully, "that I would have been a great painter or sculptor if I weren't a great composer."

In a cabinet he had all his manuscripts, collected in highly expensive bindings. Pointing to that of the "Rhapsody," he told me Irving Berlin had offered him $10,000 for the original pencil draft. "I suppose sentiment prompted you to refuse him," I commented.

"Absolutely," said George, and added quickly, "of course it will be worth much more later on."

When Gershwin was writing his opera, "Porgy and Bess," I met him in Saratoga and he invited me to his cottage to hear the nearly completed score. "What style of opera is it, George?" I inquired.

"Well, it's a cross between 'La Bohème' and 'The Mikado,'" came the characteristic rejoinder.

However, Gershwin also had his admirable sides, and they never failed to function. Here he could use a kind word for his successful colleagues or open his purse to the less fortunate ones—and without telling about it.

The West End of the March of Music

Edited by LEONARD LIEBLING

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

The best Gershwin story I know he told on himself. Conscious that his early musical education had been somewhat fragmentary, he heard that the great Stravinsky was coming to America, and so he obliged him that he would take some lessons in orchestration.

"How much did you make last year?" came the return message from the Russian master.

"About $200,000," Gershwin answered.

"Flash back the shiny. "Then you teach me."

Speaking Up

By V. Vidal

It embarrasses Aaron Copland when somebody starts gushing about the "cause" of American music. Nevertheless he has spent a good part of his thirty-nine years fighting for that cause. As an executive of the League of Composers, a lecturer, writer and one of our foremost composers, he has been a leader in the struggle for recognition and appreciation of American music. His new job as commentator for the Lewishon Stadium will be merely one more outlet for his activities. However, he feels that the fight is at last producing results in the form of an awakening interest in our own music.

One of the reasons, he thinks, is that there has been acquired definite native characteristics. No longer do the younger composers look toward Europe for their models. Now they study Sessions, Ives, Harris, they delve into American musical sources, cowboy ballads, hillbilly songs, spirituals and swing. Copland himself in his recent musical style and form before he emerged as a purely American composer. He says that the stage, movies, and radio are the important influences in music, rather than the concert hall. As a result he is writing for a much larger audience and his music has gained in vitality and intelligibility.

Besides it's a lot of fun, writing things like "Billy the Kid," his new ballet. Tall, racy, with glasses and a high-domed forehead, someone once described him as "artistic-looking." His reply was, "Let me at 'im!" He lives and works in a big bazaar studio under the Ninth Avenue El in New York and insists the noise doesn't bother him. His name is the result of an immigration official's error. His father landed here as plain Mr. Kaplan, which the official pronounced as "Copland." He was a philosopher and not one to question the origin of reality, shrugged his shoulders and kept the name.

When Copland makes a new comment to critics seriously, feels that a commentator yields tremendous influence through radio.

George Gershwin Memorial Concert, CBS. With Whiteman, conductor. Roy Bargy and Rosa Linda, pianists; Jane Froman, mezzo-soprano; Lyn Murray chorus. The Modernaires Quartet; Deems Taylor, commentator. Liza, the Orchestra; Cuban Orquesta, Rosa Linda and Orchestra; The Man I Love, Jane Froman; Embrace You, the Orchestra; Lady Be Good, piano team; Summertime, the Orchestra; Love Is Sweeping the Country, Orchestra and chorus; Three Preludes, the Orchestra; Bids Me, My Time, the Modernaires and Orchestra; It Ain't Necessarily So, Jane Froman; Rhapsody in Blue, Roy Bargy and Orchestra; Can't Take That Away from Me, Jane Froman; Somebody Loves Me, the Orchestra; Wondrous One, the Orchestra and chorus.

The Hour of Musical Fun, CBS. Musical quiz. Ted Coll. master of ceremonies.

FORECAST

The usual Sunday symphonic hour on CBS is dedicated this week to a Gershwin memorial concert, with Paul Whiteman and his band, and an outstanding list of soloists. This is the best chance of the year to hear the beloved Gershwin's music sung and played by its best interpreters.

Saturday, July 8

American Art Quartet, NBC, Quartet in C Minor, Opus 19 (Beethoven). Dilling, harpist.

Columbia Concert Hall, CBS. Mildred Dilling, harpist.

National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., NBC. Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, conductor.

Tropical Serenade, MBS. Sagi Vela, baritone. Spanish and South American music.

Symphonic Strings, MBS. Alfred Wallenstein, c.m. Scenes from Scottish Highlanders (Bantock), Serenade, Opus 22 (Elgar).

Sunday, July 9

Radio City Music Hall of the Air, NBC. Mischa Violin, conductor. Grozio in D Minor (Handel), the Orchestra; Pastoral and Ronde (Depot), Flute and Orchestra; Two pieces for strings: "Ran Song," (b) Etude in Three Minor (Bantock), Trois Guirlandes Somores (Migot), the Orchestra.

Misha Violin has a meaningful name, for he plays that instrument outstandingly and gave highly praised recitals last season in many American cities when he was not serving as conductor at the Radio City Music Hall.

In this program he gets away from the cut-and-dried path, particularly with the flute number; the two bright pieces by the Italian Leone Sinigaglia (born 1868), poetry of Ovarz; and the compositions by the Frenchman, Georges Migot (born 1891), a pupil of d'Indy. Migot is a lover of ancient French music and its flavor is evident in most of his works. He fought in the World War, was wounded and paralyzed, and never has quite recovered but valiantly keeps on producing his sensitive and delicately fashioned creations. The translation of the title of the opus heard today is "Three Tonal Wreaths."
MUNI, Lionel ers bought shorts and which comes underprivileged and a thousand tickets behind he enjoys Negro his favorite movie stars are Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Paul Muni, Merle Oberon and Mickey Mouse. His favorite directors are Frank Borzage and Frank Capra. He never misses a movie. So popular has Mr. J. K. K. become that NBC is more than twenty-five thousand tickets behind the requests that he gives tickets and can't get them. "I'm not feeling myself at all," said Mr. K. And I don't condemn the American public for being sickle. You know you might eat one apple, two apples or even three apples, but then you'd rather have prunes or apricots. It's the same way with Mr. Kyser. The public will want him for a while, then they decide that they want prunes or apricots, and when that time comes there's nothing for Kay Kyser to do but find new fields of expression, say radio-producing or musical comedies.

Why do I work so hard?" (Kyser works fifteen out of twenty-four hours, playing at clubs, broadcasting and making records.) "Call it ambition, pride, love of achievement—anything you want. I can't stand treading water, standing still."

He'll do almost anything for his fans. He's given them lucky pennies, vest buttons, autographs and even locks of his blond hair. Once he had his picture taken with a 300-pound girl from Florida who swore she hitchhiked in his car. (Continued from Page 7)

that person must have a feeling for the underprivileged and be possessed of a broad vision. In large, lusty Charlotte Carr they found such a person. No yes-man, but a social woman of ideas, she had the grasp of which comes with experience—in her case, experience which included service as a policewoman in the Naval Yard district of New York City, as the first woman Secretary of Labor under former Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, as director of the relief bureau in New York.

What a rich and liberal understanding Miss Carr could bring, Mr. President, to a commission which has been notably lacking in liberal vision and oblivious of American rights and liberties!

There are many others. Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis and a radio and news commentator in her own right, could bring to the Commission qualifications which are now noticeable by their absence among working radio woman. She would be close to the broadcast's problems—without losing her common touch—while, as a correspondent in Berlin and Vienna for many years, she would know well the inherent dangers of censorship, dangers which—for the moment—seem far beyond the ken of even one who currently comprise the Commission.

Or Mrs. August Belmont, one-time actress and patron of the arts. First GTX must be taken to safeguard our Metropolitan Opera Company. Mrs. Belmont could do much to bring a broader and finer musical education to radio listeners of America in program discussions with radio executives, which would bear weight because of her vast knowledge of the subject and because of the invaluable ideas she must inevitably have on the subject.

In any consideration of women members for the Federal Communications Commission, there is one outstanding woman who—in spite of her present position—cannot be overlooked. I speak now of that grand First Lady, Mrs. Roosevelt. I can think of no person, anywhere, who could bring a finer background, a finer knowledge of the people to be served and, I am certain, ideas as to how they may best be served than Mrs. Roosevelt. At first the idea seems fantastic—you couldn't appoint your own wife to such a post. But is it fantastic?

Mrs. Roosevelt has definitely refused to be bound by the customs which have kept other First Ladies mental captives in a formal she'll. She has carved a career for herself which has—really—nothing to do with the White House, and which—in the fields of writing, speaking, social service—have marked her as a woman of vigor and discernment. She is probably more convergent with the various problems which face the people of various sections of the United States than anyone I know. A wide and energetic traveler, she is curious, a good observer and possessed of a wide range of knowledge which would be of inestimable benefit to the Commission in its formulation of policies.

If such an appointment were made by you—in spite of the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt is so obviously a separate entity, a different personality—the voices of some people would be raised in protest—protest against what they would term "perpetuation of the dynasty."

But you could rest in the assurance that these voices would die out on the winds of time as radio marched on to render greater service to its millions of followers through a broadcasting which grows richer and fuller as legislation of encouragement is enacted and an administration of understanding and vision is applied by the Federal Communications Commission.

Sincerely,

The Editor.
The informal wayside chats of a group of National Park Service employees, at the free-government-conducted Junior Nature School and Raymond Chabot Grant Thornton, their names are locked up by NBC short-wave pack transmitters and relayed to a listeners' information service at KOA, at Denver, as they hike along through parts of the vast Rocky Mountain National Park Colorado Rockies. This program is available to interested listeners every Saturday from 11:45 a.m. EDT, over short-wave station WZAX (15.33) of Schenectady, N.Y. (W6TF), a well-known radio commentator, is presenting a series of talks entitled "Letter from America," especially for listeners in Great Britain, each Sunday at 8:05 p.m. EDT, over the same station.

Eugene Reinhart of Zurich, Switzerland, writes that ZAA of Tirana, Albania, is still operating as ZAA 28 and is heard on 7.855 meg., weekdays from 7:30 to 9 a.m. or on Sundays from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. and on 6.085 meg., daily from 2 to 3:30 p.m. EDT.

A special, highly dramatic program of the same kind is heard every Saturday at 8:05 p.m. EDT, when a highly impressive story of man's successful efforts to scale this lofty "Goddess Mother of the Mount" will be told. On Sunday, July 9, at 5:05 p.m. EDT, over short-wave station WZAX, on Monday, July 10, at 11 p.m. EDT, over stations GSB, GSD, GSI and GSP Registered transmitters, off the coast of Scotland, told by men who, until recently, could neither hear nor be heard, will be heard in a feature program from Devon, on Tuesday, July 11, at 7:25 p.m. EDT, over stations GSB, GSD and GSP.

The climax to the Golden Gate DX Festival, being held in San Francisco, from July 8 to July 11 inclusive, will be a feature broadcast to be presented over General Electric short-wave station WZAX (15.33), on Tuesday, July 11, at 7:30 p.m. EDT. The program will include music of the highest quality, with visiting daft and a short talk by your columnist, Eugene Reinhart of Zurich, Switzerland.
GOOD RECORDS
A department reviewing the recordings of your radio favorites

The Boston Pops:
The Boston Pops Orchestra is more popular than ever with the summer beer-sipping crowds at the Symphony Hall in that city, and likewise is becoming more and more popular as the A-1 delineator of symphonic works of popular nature. RCA-Victor spotlights the orchestra on this month's list with an album of diverse choices called "Boston Pops Concert."

Two Negro spirituals, especially arranged, the Intermezzo from Granados' "Goyescas," the well-known Glinka overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," a Viennese waltz by the lesser-heard Eduard Strauss, the polonaise from Tschakowsky's "Eugene Onegin" and, for the modern touch, five rather meaningless miniatures by Paul White—all go to make up the package. Arthur Fiedler's spirtuosity directing is largely responsible for the album's importance. (Victor 554. $6.50.)

Another new album by the Pops Orchestra contains the famous "Boleto" by Maurice Ravel, and on the fourth side, Halvorsen's pleasant "March of the Boyards." Although many people may know Ravel only by the "Boleto," there are many more who regard it as the least consequential of his works. This new album adds little fuel to either opinion, and Mr. Fiedler takes it in matter-of-fact tempo. (Victor 552. $3.50.)

The national anthem has several new recordings, one of which is a 10-inch reading by the Boston Pops, "America" on the other side. (Victor 4430. $1.00.)

And, lastly, the Pops Orchestra is scheduled on next month's list for a lesser-known series of "Three Beautiful Pieces," by Rameau and LeClair, but still in the light vein. (4 sides. Victor 4431.2. $1.00 each.)

Radio Stars on Wax:
KENNY BAKER, now on Victor records, makes a showing of greater quality than he did on his Decca releases. Two from The Mikado are well done, "A Wandering Minstrel" and "The Moon and I," and there is a record of a good song, "Melancholy Mood," and a fast waltz, "Ain't Cha Comin' Out?" for another pair.

BING CROSBY bows pretty far to popular taste with "Little Sir Echo," "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Whistling in the Wilds of His Life." But if anyone must sing these songs, Bing is the easiest to listen to. His not-so-recent "And the Angels Sing" and "Sospiri" make the best buy of the lot. (Decca.)

BERNIE GOODMAN and his slick quartet has fifty percent new personnel on the latest, but his group holds its strong just the same. Jess Stacy takes on the solo at the piano and in "Opus 3/4." Turn it over, and it's the older group playing "Sugar." Both tops. (Victory.)

—Joe Thompson

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE

(Continued from Page 12)

can hour from Rome, over station 2B03, on a frequency of 9655 kilocycles. It's warm here in Rome tonight, people are strolling on the brilliantly lighted terrace without topcoats. It's a lovely night, such as one can often enjoy in this beautiful city. And now, listeners, you are going to hear the third and fourth acts of "Otello," relayed from the Royal Opera House. Italian programs are famous for their frequent operatic treats; for their fine symphonic concerts; for their Friday guest nights; when stars of screen, stage and microphone present a fine variety show, and for frequent interesting talks in English. We'll move on up the band a little. Here is some tuneful marimba music, my favorite type. I don't even have to listen to the announcement to know that we are in tune with popular Latin station TGWA. "The Voice of Guatemala," for from no other city can one enjoy such frequent and excellent marimba concerts. I hear these nightly on a frequency of 9685 megas. I always enjoy the noontime marimba concert, too, the one that is broadcast on a frequency of 17 megas, starting at 1:45 p.m. EDT. TGWA's announcements are in English. Most of the leading stations announce at least part of the time in their own language.

I look at the clock. It says 12:45 a.m. EDT. Bedtime here, but almost breakfast-time somewhere else. Turn the dial to 9625 megas. Hear that trumpet-calls? Then, "This is the Capetown studios of the South African Broadcasting Corporation, and we are now going to start our regular setting-up exercises with exercise number five. One-two-three-four, lift your right leg; one-two-three-four, now the left—tum-de-da-da." All of this is to the tune of "Annie." (Continued on Page 40)

Free for Asthma During Summer
If you suffer with those terrific attacks of asthma when it is hot and stuffy or if heat, dust and pollen trigger your allergy and choke you, try this "Sea Breeze" and the rest of your trouble will pass. Use a bottle of this "Sea Breeze" when you are out of doors or in any hot or stuffy place at home. It will keep you well during the summer months. "Sea Breeze" can be purchased by any druggist or physician. Ask for it today. This is for your free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 283-D Frontier Blvd. Deatsville, Ala., 1972.

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I'M A SHORT-WAVE FAN

"The Voice of Guatemala," for from no other city can one enjoy such frequent and excellent marimba concerts. I hear these nightly on a frequency of 9685 megas. I always enjoy the noontime marimba concert, too, the one that is broadcast on a frequency of 17 megas, starting at 1:45 p.m. EDT. TGWA's announcements are in English. Most of the leading stations announce at least part of the time in their own language. I look at the clock. It says 12:45 a.m. EDT. Bedtime here, but almost breakfast-time somewhere else. Turn the dial to 9625 megas. Hear that trumpet-calls? Then, "This is the Capetown studios of the South African Broadcasting Corporation, and we are now going to start our regular setting-up exercises with exercise number five. One-two-three-four, lift your right leg; one-two-three-four, now the left—tum-de-da-da." All of this is to the tune of "Annie." (Continued on Page 40)
I'M A SHORT-WAVE FAN

(Continued from Page 39)

Laurie" banged out on an old studio upright. "It's a line, clear morning here in Capetown. Not even a trace of a cloud over Table Mountain. Now let's try number six. One-two-three..." I like doing physical jerks to music from ten thousand miles away. Believe it or not, hundreds of other listeners do this very thing regularly.

So we might as well make this real international night and sneak over to Japan and see what's what. Here we are, 15,16 mc's is the spot, Station JZK. Talkie music by the Fuji Symphony Orchestra is in progress. Then an interesting talk in English, "Japan in June as Seen by a Painter." At 3:00 mc's quick break-in speech and cryptic remarks warn us that we are right in the middle of the night channels used by our aircraft transport lines. Chicago to Flight 38. Are we clear to the tower?"

"...You're clear to the tower, 38. Get your instructions from the tower. Address Z2401. Pressure altitude is 30,000 ft. O.K., Chicago..." All very business-like, crisp and efficient. Sounds like it would be a cinch piloting a plane with radio to back you up all the time. Always so, though. Sometimes planes get off their beams, and then look out for trouble, especially if it is a foggy night. This happened with a large transport plane in the East not long ago. Ceiling was zero all over the eastern seaboard and the plane was unable to find a hole in the fog to descend in. But the radio was working and all emergency landing-field were advised to turn on their flood-lights and listeners were requested by radio to listen to a plane flying low and report its location immediately to the nearest broadcast station. For hours this strange and exotic signal, a trail of tag by tag for listeners continued, with the plane periodically being advised as to its approximate location. Finally, with the gate almost empty, a hole in the fog was sighted and the ship was landed. Listeners tuning the aircraft frequencies that night had a thrill they'll never forget.

Even evening needs a nightclub, so let's shoot around to the 20-meter amateur band. The dial setting will be near 14,000 kilocycles (14,000 mc's). We must tune with great care, once hundreds of tiny stations are in operation on this band, and in order to pick out their weak carrier-waves we will have to operate with a critical ear.

"W6ITI call W6QD, W6QD, to any amateur station in Europe or South Africa. W6ITH of Berkeley, California, calling W6QD. We must call..." So we can't get outside of North America. Here's a weak hum. That's the carrier-wave. Maybe it will build up in strength. Yes, here it comes: 256DW returning to W6NL. I got your last transmission one hundred percent, Old Man. This is the important message I have for you. It goes to Charles A. Brown, 1269 Avenue Hollywood, California. "We have an outbreak of tropical fever here and are entirely out of that drug which has been made for us. Please rush additional supply at once by trans-Atlantic Clipper and Imperial Airways. This is urgent!"

"Wake up! This is帝国. No more tapes. For any communication, that in this instance carried a message that maybe hundreds of lives, has vanished, and we are all that's left."

The clock hands point to a.m. That's at least in any responsible community.

I hate to quit dialing, but there's the job tomorrow and a 7:30 breakfast. So I hit the hay. Usually, my sleep makes up for any thrills I have missed. Usually, my dreams resound with such signals as 'Calling all stations. This is GLN returning. I'm over Cheyenne, altitude 8,000 feet, and you will now be entertained by the Chinese Quartette. "Saxie's "Talk" night to 7:30 P.M. Calling C.Q."

And so on all through the night.

(Continued from Page 10)

NAZIMOVA

(Continued from Page 8)

British royalty has also sent its ear to the tale of the famous fifties. On a special broadcast by English stars in "The King and Queen during their visit in the United States, "Fishies" was broadcast by Sir Cedric Hardwick and Mr. Oboler.

Some people blame "The Three Little Fishies" for the goldfish-gulping epidemic which swept over college campuses. On another occasion, a member of Mrs. Saxie Dowell says, "That's not do. After "earing 'bouts de fshy itty fshies, 'ow cud anybuddy gulp fshies?"

His alibi sounds logical.

Saxie Dowell may be heard with Hal Kemp's orchestra Tuesday nights from 8:30 to 9:00 with the "Daytime to Shine" over the ABC network at:

EDT 10:00 P.M. EST 9:00 P.M.

CDT 9:00 P.M. CDT 8:00 P.M.

Not broadcast by stations in Mountain and Pacific Time zones.

Miss Mary Moran, Harvey, Ill.—Donald Woods was born Ralph Zink, on December 1, 1914, in Winnipeg, Canada. He is now a naturalized American. Woods was educated at King Edward School in Vancouver, and upon graduation went to the University of California. At college he specialized in English and wrote plays for the collegiate Little Theater. After being graduated from the U. of C., he joined a stock company, "The Salts." In Salt Lake City, Utah, where he made his debut in "Seventh Heaven." Woods made his first Broadway appearance in "Sing-apore," then in "Social Register." Then he began his movie work. He has appeared in "The Story of Lillie Langtry," "Anthony Adverse," also others not listed here. Donald has brown hair and eyes, stands six feet one inch. He is married to the Baroness Josephine Van der Horck. They have a son.
160 pounds of Great Dane gets friendly. His master, radio singer Kenny Baker, now on vacation, is exclusively signed to "Texaco Theater" for fall.

Jack Edwards, Wayne Grubb of "One Man's Family" (NBC), got a big kiss from Winifred "Teddy" Wolfe as he graduated from Hollywood High.

Marriage caught up with George Olsen, popular bandleader whose music is now heard over NBC, when he wed Clare Lee Pilcer, June 20, in N.Y.

Called together to give their president, Sophie Tucker, vote of confidence, American Federation of Actors met ended in brawl, during which showgirl Helen Johnson (above) struck and bit Ernie Mack, actor (back to camera).

Ruth Chatterton (center), screen and stage actress, is currently starred in "Big Sister," CBS serial, while Alice Frost (r.) vacations. She plays opposite Martin Gabel (l.) as Ruth Chatterton, actress, in Hollywood sequence.
What's CLICK-ing this Month?

HERE ARE SOME OF THE PICTURE STORIES IN AUGUST CLICK THAT YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS:

"CAN SCHOOLS SOLVE THE SEX PROBLEM?"
Sex tragedies each year take a terrific toll of the flower of American youth. Ignorance is responsible. CLICK shows how schools are teaching sex science to save youth.

"MURDER FOR SALE"
CLICK shows in dramatic picture-spreads how the arsenic killers of Philadelphia operated the greatest crime ring of the century.

"GAMBLING ON THE HIGH SEAS"
Another sensational picture-spread reveals how the "Will to Gamble" flourishes legally on Pacific waters, three miles from the coast, out of reach of the law.

ALSO IN AUGUST CLICK:
"How to Take Bathtub Exercises"
"Human Dinners for Mosquitoes"
"Why Americans Pay $3000.00 for Dali's Nightmares"
"Gold Strike Brings Health and Wealth to a War Veteran"
"Rhyming Cop Solves Traffic Woes"

"JEAN PARKER: The Girl Who Has Everything" is revealed in August CLICK!