

# RADIO GUIDE

Complete Programs  
for the Week End-  
ing Friday, July 14

TEN CENTS

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7-5

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

AN OPEN LETTER  
TO THE PRESIDENT

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54

# 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." Sometime 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 Whiteman Jazz Concert, he has been our foremost Gershwin exponent. In picture at right, he stands beside a younger Gershwin, George's brother Arthur, who is 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.



Paul Whiteman (right) with Arthur Gershwin

**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 \$5.95. It was not handsome, but it was willing. I heard Edward's abdication, the coronation of George VI, the Kaltenborn 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 beyond the \$5.95 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 afire. Ribald reporters called it the Gypsy Rose Lee radio, and it was rather embarrassing 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 awnings up, the radio was dropped out the window again. This time only two stories. And this time it failed to respond to either kicks or coaxing. Now, I have no sense about anything mechanical, but a great deal of curiosity, and as long as the radio was shot anyway I determined I would find out what it was all about. My method was somewhat 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 supposed 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.



Horace Heidt

"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 publish it here because we believe hers is the most delightful story about a radio we have ever read.

**Mystery Man:** Horace was going on the air for Tums. But when? Everybody told us something different. An issue went to press before we got the story: He would premiere on the old "Vocal Varieties" 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 one of the errors of omission into which circumstances sometimes force us. We just wanted you to know we do the best we can.



**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 tranquillity. With Andy reported kidnaped, 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 happily than that of John Archer and Alice Eden, who are this week's cover-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 "Career," the motion picture for which they



J. Archer & A. Eden

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 "Career." The "Gateway Summer Theater" presents these stars, and Jesse L. Lasky has written these commandments for them. One: Keep your name free from opprobrium. Two: Don't lie. Three: Honor your producer and director. Four: Don't be a scene-thief. Five: Never be content with mediocrity. Six: Remember that you owe everything to the public. Seven: Treat members 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.

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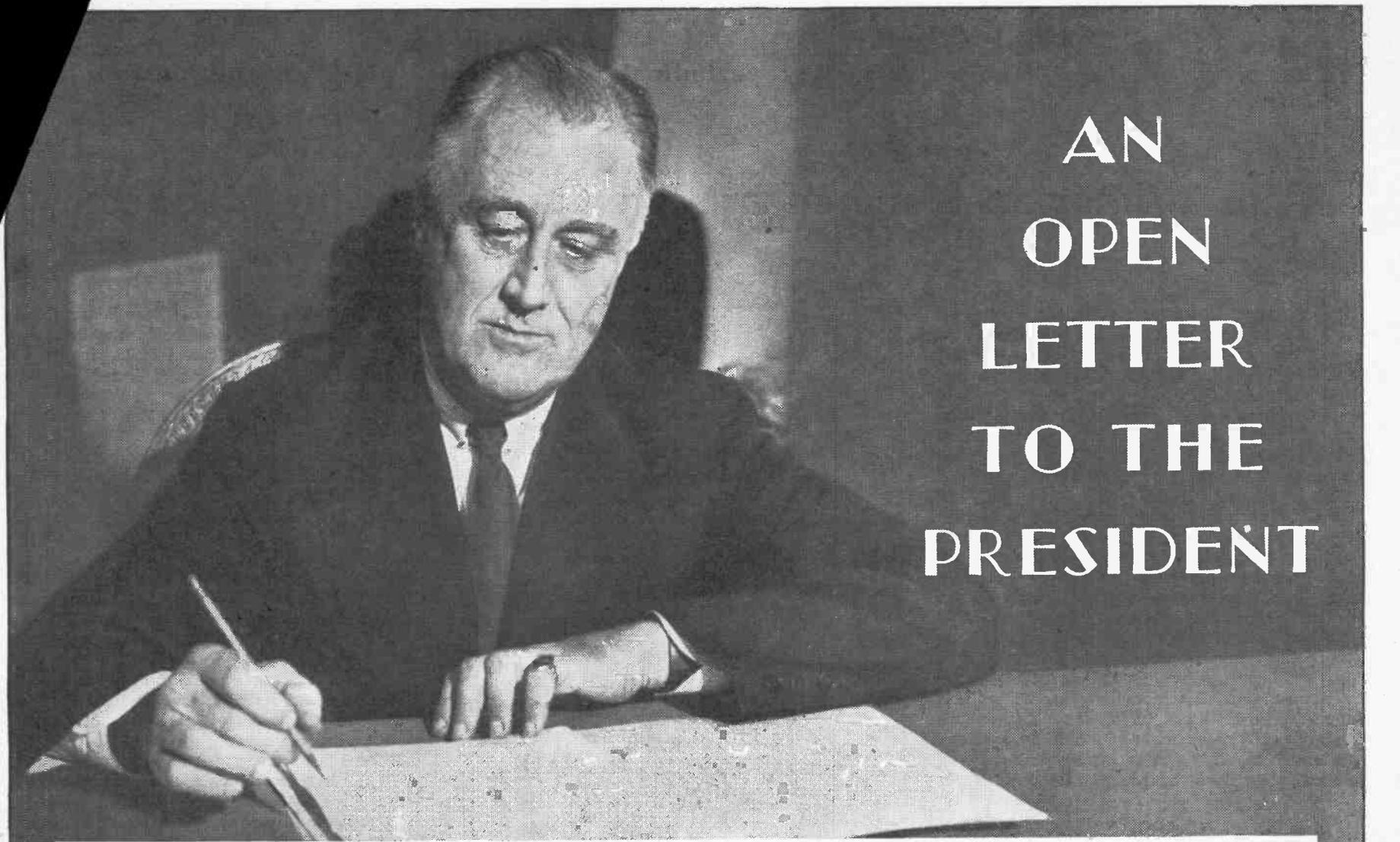
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# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

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

Dear Mr. President:

**W**E 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 kidnaped 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 cause 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.



MRS. F. D. ROOSEVELT



MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX



ELEANOR PATTERSON



CHARLOTTE CARR



DOROTHY THOMPSON



MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

Which of these leading Americans, Mr. President, will you appoint as woman commissioner on the FCC, thus giving the much-maligned body a shot of womanly wit and wisdom?

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 employes with a hand at once stern and benign, and with the ultimate result that more than eighty-five percent of her employes 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 off 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, (Continued on Page 37)

# Airialto Lowdown

By Martin Lewis



—Tom Fizdale  
"Your Family and Mine" cast (l. to r.), Jackie Jordan, Lucille Wall, Bill Adams, Joan Tompkins, celebrate first anniversary of NBC serial



Charles Stark (WABC announcer) is the brilliant mikeman whose descriptions of the arrival of British royalty thrilled CBS listeners



Benny Goodman (center) does honors as vocalist Johnny Mercer (l.) meets his new boss, Bob Crosby, who now has Benny's old spot on CBS

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 being 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.



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.

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 horses' hoofs. 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 visible 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 Farnum and other well-known screen stars of yesteryear. 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

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 fizz and a Mary Livingstone flip. 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 prided himself 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 shoes to be vacant next fall when Kenny goes exclusively Texaco at \$2,000 a week . . . Ken Murray, fair-haired lad of the oil show, Dave Broekman, 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 streetcars 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 Martins deny rift 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 the Chase & Sanborn guest contracts? One week Connie Bennett had laryngitis, almost couldn't go on; the next, Bette Davis also had it so badly she had to cancel! And McCarthy never has found his voice . . . It took Hal Styles' KHJ-Don Lee "Help Thy Neighbor" broadcast to find work for Frances Lawton, ex-manager of LR5, 33,000-watt Buenos Aires station. Next week Styles placed an air songbird and an announcer. Radio is 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 Voids

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 Screenscooper George McCall, formerly angeled 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." McCall'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 good.

Starting July 18, Frank Graham, known also as Professor Cosmo and famous on the Coast for his CBS "Night Cap Yarns," will switch to a 6:45 p.m. PST period from Monday through Friday and continue his tales under the billing, "Armchair Adventures." Saturday evenings, 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 during the summer. 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 fame 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 sonny gracing the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post! Film offers rained 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 Namesakes

Andy's kidnaping and the reward for his return caused no end of annoyance to every 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 roof to do their summer writing stint, the voices of Correll and Gosden 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, memorizes 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 howled 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.

Arlene Harris, of the Al Pearce Gang, proudly exhibited her new Zeta Phi Eta (honorary speech fraternity) badge and told how 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!"



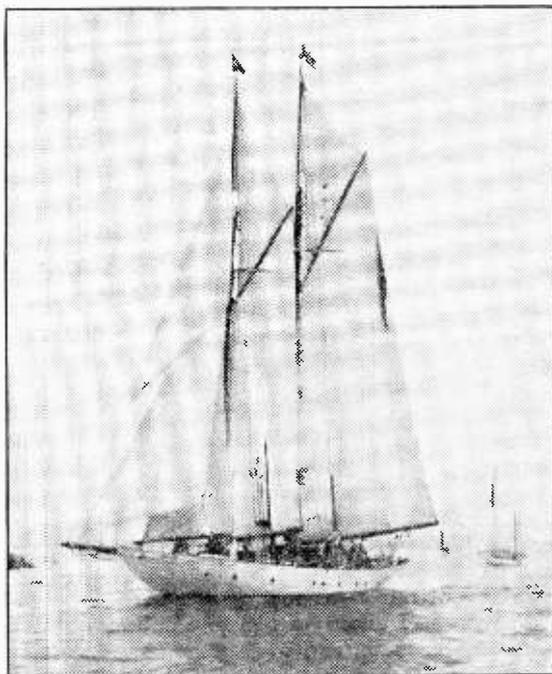
—CBS Hollywood Photograph

"Tuesday Night Party's" Parkyakarkus and wife, Thelma Leeds—known to friends as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Einstein—exhibit baby Clifford



—Gene Lester

Pleased as punch is Dick Powell, emcee of the "Tuesday Night Party" (CBS) as Los Angeles manikins name him as their ideal date



The "Gloria Dalton," entry in current Trans-Pacific Yacht Race, was chartered by station KMTR for broadcasts. MBS also covering event

# MASSA OF THE HOT, HOT SOUND

By James Street

More about Kay Kyser--the  
Carolina bandsman who still  
prefers hominy grits to caviar



—Bruce Bailey

During a broadcast, Kay Kyser dashes about the stage, dancing a bit, conducting, making faces, wise-cracking. He's a natural-born clown

**M**R. JAMES K. K. KYSER, the be-robbed, bespecked, 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 proper 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. Them's a mite independent folks down in them-er hills.

After his band really was hatched and left the nest down at the University of North Carolina, the Kyser troupe began to make history. The band established records in Milwaukee, Denver, 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 Musical 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 sustaining feature as "Kay Kyser's Kampus Klass." His fame soared. In a nationwide RADIO GUME poll in 1935, in which more than 325 orchestras were

voted upon, his band was sixth in popularity. Lucky Strike, with its "Hit Parade" firmly entrenched, began casting about for a sure-fire novelty. And Kyser was chosen. His fan mail mounted 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 instead of showing how dumb they are.

**H**E'S QUICK on the mental trigger, and never muffs a chance to squeeze the last laugh out of a gag. One night he asked what radio personality had the trade-mark of "My-y 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. "Anybody 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 and wise-cracking. It's all natural with him. 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 country doctor.

He knows what's going on in the world and is right up to tap with current events. In fact, before he goes on the air he entertains 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 appealed 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."

Kay does most of his thinking while playing solitaire. He carries on a conversation while he plays, and his patter will go this way:

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

"Oh, there's a black jack. Why is



—Bruce Bailey

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'—hmmm. 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 unrehearsed 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 retorts include:

Q. What happens when you play a xylophone?

A. You get music by the pound.

Q. Define a tenor.

A. Something I would like to borrow from you.

Q. Name your favorite hymn.

A. Robert Taylor.

Q. Name the national anthem.

A. Flat Foot Floogie.

Q. What is a bassoon?

A. A spittoon in society.

Q. Who wrote "Now It Can Be Told"?

A. A Broadway columnist.

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 juggled 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

Saxie Dowell (left) gets the go-ahead from his boss Hal Kemp



# BOOP-BOOP DIT-TEM DOT-TEM

Down in de meddy in a itty bitty  
poo  
Fam fee itty fitty and a mama  
fitty foo . . .

**D**ID you ever hear such nonsense?  
Or read such ridiculous words?  
What do they mean and how do  
they fit into this terrified world which  
bristles with crisis in Asia and bomb-  
ings in England and terrorism in Ger-  
many?

"He'p," scweamed de itty fitties.  
"Dee, ook at awl de fales,"  
And twit as dey food, dey turned  
on deir tails . . .

"Oh, Lord, how long, how long,"  
some pundit once cried in exasperation.  
That the song, "Three Little Fishies,"  
perpetrated on a panting world by one  
Saxie Dowell, is causing a maximum of  
hilarity and a modicum of exasperation  
is indicated by these quotes:

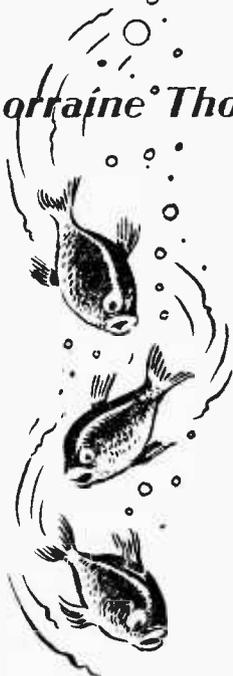
LANSING, KANSAS.—At Kansas State  
Penitentiary today, Theodore Morrison,  
lifer, was stabbed to death by Roosevelt  
Brisco, another lifer, because he refused  
to "change his tune." The tune was  
"The Three Little Fishies."

PHILADELPHIA.—A distraught mother  
has asked her attorney if there is any  
legal basis for a suit against the writer  
of "The Three Little Fishies." She claims  
she had just broken her little son of  
"baby talk" when he suffered a "verbal  
relapse" caused, she alleges, by rendi-  
tions of the song on the radio.

NEW ORLEANS.—Today the door to  
the office of Pinky Vidacovich, musical  
director of station WWL, bore a sign  
reading, "No College Boys Allowed."  
Pinky put it up after an admirer, hearing  
him do "The Three Little Fishies," sent  
him three goldfish, telling him they  
were Boop-Boop, Dit-tem Dot-tem and  
What-tem Chu!

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 learn-  
ing, the University of Ten-  
nessee. 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 any-  
one 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 hap-  
pened 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 some-  
thing there," he told him-  
self.

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, "Fim,  
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 Para-  
mount Theater. It was presented mod-  
estly, just as an off-the-arm 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 "demo-  
cratic" ear. In short, he can listen to a  
tune and tell pretty well how the popu-  
lace 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 preten-  
sions.

After that, Saxie Dowell and his trio  
of finny adventurers fam rapidly back  
over de dam and into fame. So well  
did he and his song become known  
that he was persuaded to form an or-  
chestra of his own, which he is doing  
soon. As a historical footnote, it should  
be observed that our hero and our  
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 refutation of the story of  
the city slicker, which should offer en-  
couragement to all farmers' daughters  
whether they can sing or not.

Some of our gayer comedians have  
taken their thrust at the song. Walter  
O'Keefe even went so far as to present  
a mock 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)

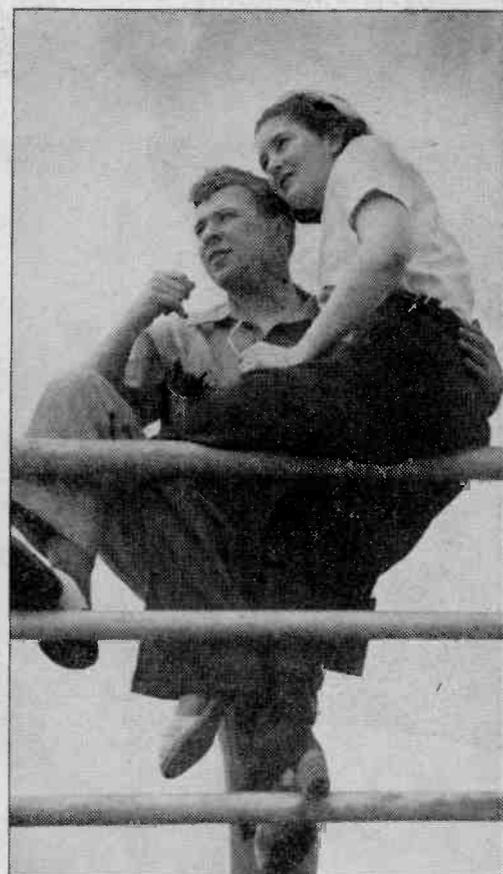
# YOUNG LOVE AT CONEY ISLAND



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



—Coney Island News Bureau

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



—NBC Hollywood Photographs

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.*

**I**F 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 enthusiastic 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, dramatic 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 followed 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 whatever he wanted on a series of Saturday night shows known as "Arch Oboler's Plays." Oboler had distinguished himself, 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 imagination—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 properly 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 intriguing. And the voice wanted to know if it "might have the privilege of appearing 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 instance, if Mr. Oboler seemed a little breathless, a little too anxious in shouting "Yes, yes!" 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 sponsors 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 where Madame Alla Nazimova is concerned.

Some years back, Nazimova was devoting her whole efforts to motion pictures—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 nothing."

(Continued on Page 40)



—International

Madame Alla Nazimova, noted Russian actress, shown as she appeared in Turgenev's "A Month in the Country," makes her radio debut on "Arch Oboler's Plays" (NBC, Saturday night). Oboler showed her radio drama as art

# DON WILSON REDUCES AGAIN

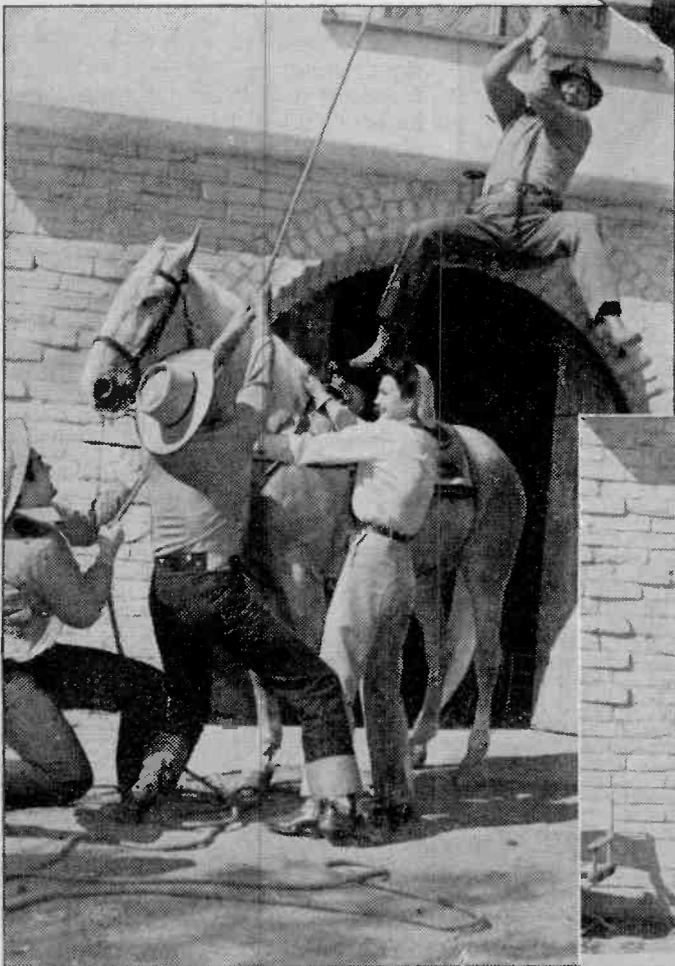


1. Above: After months of good eating, Jolly Don Wilson, popular announcer, sets out to take off some surplus poundage with help of horsewoman Maxime Jones

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

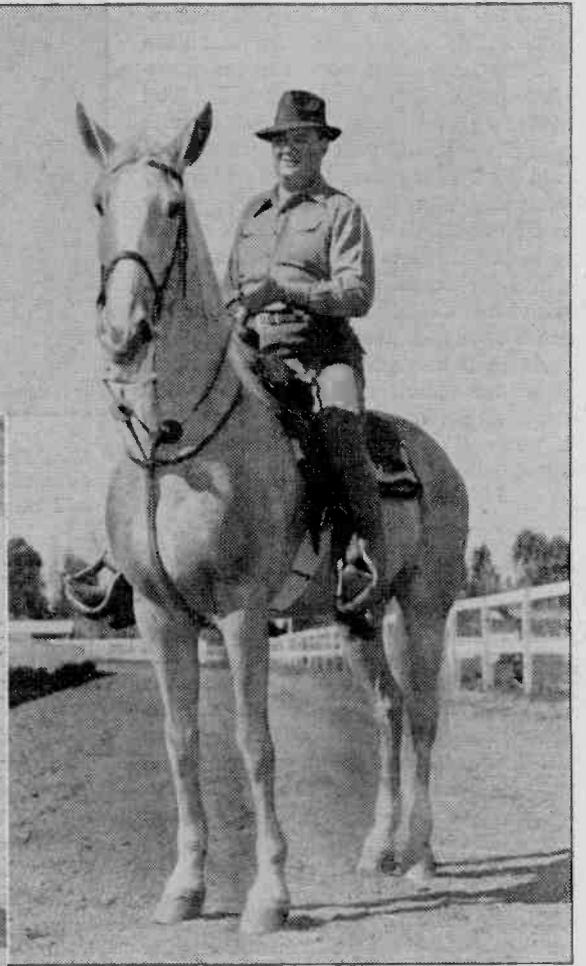


3. Above: Whew! This attempt to holst the 250-pound, belly-laughing announcer of Joe E. Brown show (Thurs. night), also of vacationing Jello-O show, fails



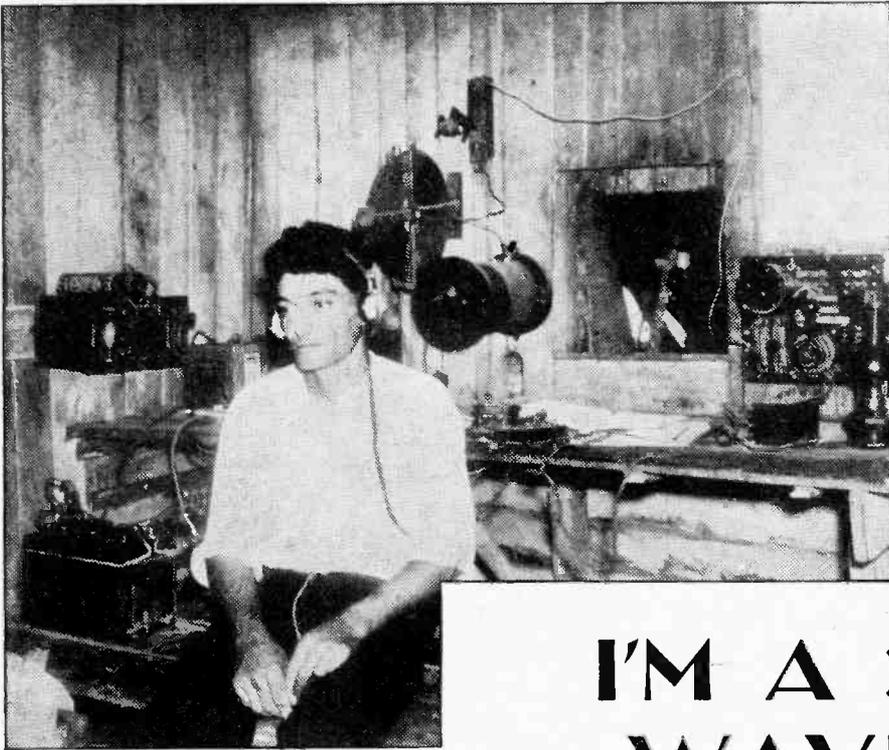
4. Above: Becoming desperate, Don's reducing trainers get the idea of dropping him into the saddle from a sling—a painful method, but sure. Noah Beery, Jr., (left) and Buck let go as pretty Maxime holds nag

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 Willson's trainer-friends, but now —

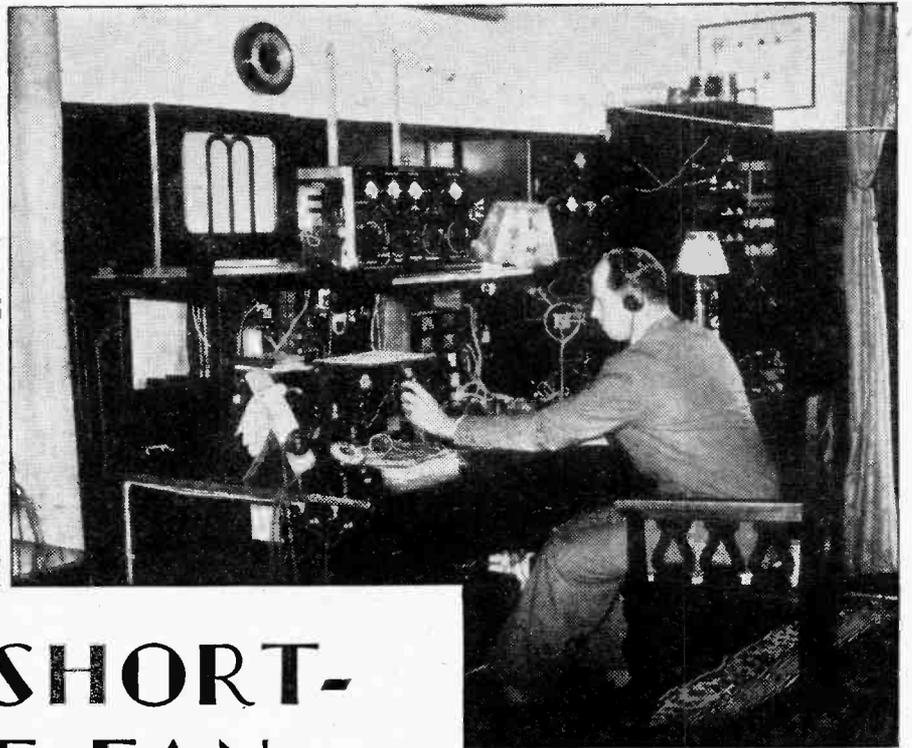


6. Above: Here is Don, at last mounted on his favorite Apaluce horse, Bourban. And now it's up to the six-flavors salesman to shed some of that excess avoirdupois with brisk ride through San Fernando valley

—NBC Hollywood Photographs



Andrew Young, amateur, on Pitcairn Island with archaic set he used before expedition sent new equipment



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

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 DX'ers Alliance and short-wave editor of *RADIO GUIDE*. We herewith present his unusual story to our readers. —Editor.

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 twinkling 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, 165 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.

\*CQ—Call to any short-wave operator.



Miss Frances V. Rice works in an insurance office by day, "chews the rag" over the short waves by night. Hundreds of women are enthusiastic fans and many mothers use this means to communicate with scattered children

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: "W9PVD 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 9ABC."

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; helio, Maryville or Stanton. Helio, any amateur station near Bellevue. Urgent! Urgent! All amateurs please clear the low-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 laying 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 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 9580 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 Mall" 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 8:45 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-

(Continued on page 39)



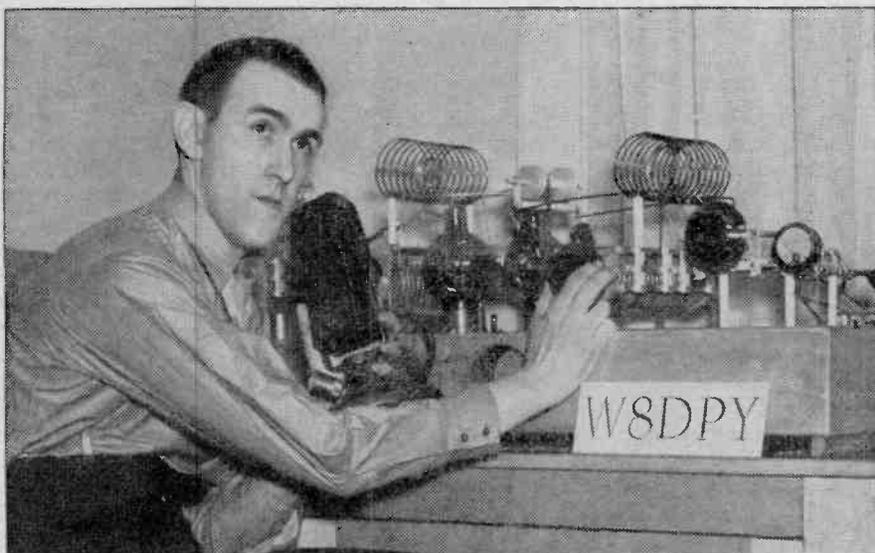
Top, above: Aftermath of New England hurricane of 1938. Above: This disaster gave "ham" Wilson E. Burgess (with family) his heroic opportunity

## RADIO HERO MODERN STYLE

**R**ADIO 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.



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



Here are three striking new picture studies of Alec Templeton, blind young English pianist who has star program this summer



Alec's amazing genius has established him as one of the outstanding musical artists of today. He is headliner of a show replacing Fibber McGee for the summer on Tuesdays over NBC



—Photographs by Gene Lester

Acquaintances marvel at Alec's remarkable memory. His ability to identify people he has met borders on the psychic

## BACKSTAGE IN CHICAGO

By Don Moore

CHICAGO.—You have, of course, heard by now all about the big hometown home-coming 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-applause ovations 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 Baer. He does put a lot of punch into his directing . . . A slightly bottle-boozy 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 re-



cently, 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 kidnaped 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 night club, 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 Milwaukee'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 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 Soule

Guests at CBS actor Olan Soule'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. Les Tremayne mowed the lawn for fun and exercise. Malcolm Meacham enjoyed the rare rural air so much he succumbed and took a nap. Olan beat 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 the blind pianist is known for his astounding memory, which actually smacks of extrasensory perception. Bill Weiss, WCFL 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

—NBC Hollywood Photographs

## VOICE OF THE LISTENER

### Radio's Next Step?

Dear V. O. L.

I have heard about a marvelous new gadget called the "vocoder" that does unusual things with sound. For example, it makes actual words out of the roar 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.

Now 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-hater could make her into a robust basso. And those allergic to crooners and torch-singers could perhaps transform them into the Lone Ranger and Charlie McCarthy.

Maybe that's radio's next big step.

Carlyle S. Wigham, Phoenix, Ariz.

● *It wouldn't do. Every listener would change the commercial plugs into something else, and the sponsors would dam 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.*

### Serialysis

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 little 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

Readers are invited to express their opinions on this page. Please mail your letters to V. O. L., 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

the serial stories heard over the air. Mrs. Roy E. Gregg, Buffalo, Mo.

### Birth of a Song

Editor, Radio Guide:

I heard Casey Jones' widow on "We, the People" recently. It reminded me of a little-known phase of the famous true 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 round-house 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 Wayman, 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 vogue itself. I think it started when Goodman opened at the Palomar here in Los Angeles four or five 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 Castleman, 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 Trahan 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 humanness of King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Edward Clay, Louisville, Ky.

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

### (Tele)Vision of Charm

Editor, Radio Guide:

I'm anxious for television to click for one reason in particular. It will weed out some of the present crop of performers with a strangle-hold on radio. It will give new faces and new voices a chance. It will pep up the industry, just as 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. Merton, 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 Matinee." That's a swell, dopey program. Was Ransom 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, Ransie 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. J. Edgar Hoover says ninety percent of criminals plead guilty because scientific details build such formidable cases.—Editor.*

### Fulfilling Prediction

Editor, Radio Guide:

I wish to point out to all your readers that Jack Baker won fifth place in the "Singers of 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, Ga.

● *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.

Hickory Sweeney, Gallatin Co., Ill.

● *Welcome, Hickory, to the Radio Liars' Club.—Editor.*

# LISTENING TO LEARN

## Person-to-Person

● Station WJSV, CBS outlet in Washington, D. C., is working on a novel plan to stimulate adult interest in educational 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 in the Home." The programs 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 Chicago Radio Council. The dates set are December 6, 7 and 8; locale, Chicago's Morrison Hotel.

● \$40,000 granted the University of Chicago again this year by the Sloan Foundation 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 participants with research assistance.

● 1937 brought Shakespeare to summer 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 been known by name and fame to generations of scholars but many of which had never been read by persons of this generation. Barrett H. Clark, executive secretary of the Dramatists' Play Service, started the search in 1935 and carried it out with the cooperation of the Rockefeller Foundation, 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 success 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 explorers 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 again will originate in the American Museum of Natural History, will again be conducted by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews. —J. H.



—National Park Service, Rocky Mountain National Park

The beaver (see insert) will be discussed Saturday on "Nature Sketches," NBC, by Raymond Gregg and his Junior Nature School. Dam shown above is the work of these busy little beasts, unexcelled as animal engineers

## "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. Dams, canals, feeding-channels and lodges will be observed and discussed. Interesting highlights of the program will be the trail-side discussions of the beaver's teeth, referred to as "self-sharpening chisels"; home-building; the split claw on the beaver's hind foot, called "a combination hairbrush-toothpick."

Although the industrious beaver was almost extinct in the United States at one time, it now thrives where protected, hundreds inhabiting the Rocky Mountain National Park.

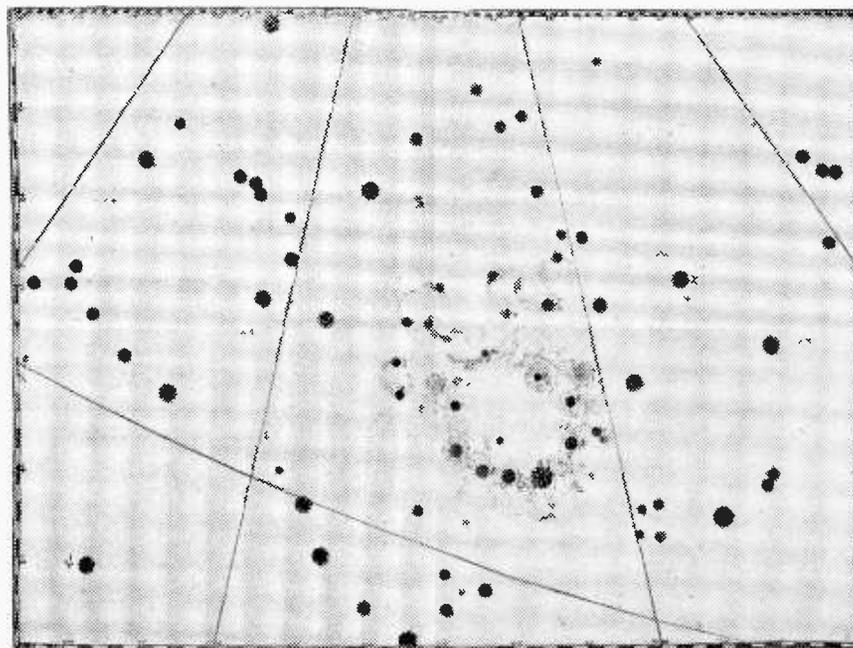
"Nature Sketches" may be heard Saturdays over NBC at:  
EDT 11:45 a.m. — EST 10:45 a.m.  
CDT 10:45 a.m. — CST 9:45 a.m.  
MST 8:45 a.m. — PST 7:45 a.m.

## "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 brighter than the others is frequently called Gemma, or the gem. The Indians compared this group to chiefs sitting around the council 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 Behind the Stars" series.

"Men Behind the Stars" may be heard Fridays over CBS at:  
EDT 5:45 p.m. — EST 4:45 p.m.  
CDT 4:45 p.m. — CST 3:45 p.m.  
MST 2:45 p.m. — PST 1:45 p.m.



—The Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History

## 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 experts participating included NBC's Lewis Titterton and Arch Oboler, CBS' Max Wiley, the Federal Theater Radio Division's Evan Roberts, AFRA Actor John Brown, and Jerry Danzig of station WOR. Following are some of the pertinent comments made:

Danzig: "I think one of the misfortunes of people who want to write for radio is the fact that they intend 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 medium."

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 inability 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 majority of the time."

Oboler: "The challenge for good writing in radio rests largely with the writer; if he has something to say and says it well, the Hertzian waves will bring him a larger audience in half an hour than Shakespeare had in a lifetime."

Wiley: "The best writers in radio today are . . . sincere and skilful 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. And I think the radio audience 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: Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, J. E. Steinbeck, et al. Lovers of good radio drama can only hope that it may change their attitude toward radio.

**R**ING LARDNER once sat behind Graham McNamee as the latter broadcast a ball game. That night Lardner's newspaper column read:

"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 box-seat, 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 at WBBM and Bob Elson at WGN joined him in the new pursuit. Chicago is the real birthplace of baseball broadcasting, and Pat Flanagan's case is typical of those first announcers. Iowa-born and a Grinnell College graduate, 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 delayed announcer. 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 side-line 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 shelved 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 WJJD 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 broadcasts games of the Yankees, Giants or Dodgers over Station WOR in New York City, hold contracts calling for salaries near the \$25,000 mark.

**M**ANY big-time ballcasters supplement their salaries with income from sponsored baseball-gossip programs before or 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 confining their interest to minor-league schedules—some even to intracity games. Men in small stations 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

# SECRETS OF A BALLCASTER

Talking baseball may be a swell career, but it isn't all gravy!

By John W. Carlson



Ernest "Beezer" 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 spon-

sors to whom announcers, old and new, must look for jobs.

General Mills' *Wheaties*, for example, airs ball games over eighty stations, some of which present two reporters on a single game. Sponsors' scouts are

## 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 line-up 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' Benevolence Fund. Over NBC, Tom Manning, ace announcer of Cleveland's WTAM, and Paul Douglas, famous sports commentator, will preside. Arch 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. CST; 10:15 a.m. MST; 9:15 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.

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 presented 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 crash 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 succeeding in pleasing 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 groups conflict 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.

**W**ARNING listeners of threatening skies might seem an ordinary good turn, but broadcasters never do it. Baseball owners and officials are in mortal fear that radio broadcasting will affect their balance-sheets, and to discourage attendance is the last thing an announcer should do. On the contrary, he acts as press-agent for the clubs, 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 drag your feet off the desk, 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 to listeners. 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)

# The March of Music

Edited by LEONARD LIEBLING

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

## Gershwin as a Person

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

I lunched with George at his palatial penthouse in New York a week before he left for his fatal trip to Hollywood. Always a bit naively vain, he called attention to the excellence of the food and the delicate flavor and correct temperature of the light Rhine wine set before me. 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 with a triumphant grin. "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 flavoring—my own recipe," said George as proudly as though he had just finished another "Rhapsody in Blue." (By the way, George 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. "I believe," he 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. "Certainly," agreed George, and added quickly, "but 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 Boheme' and 'Meistersinger,'" came the altogether serious rejoinder.

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

The best Gershwin story I know he told on himself. Conscious that his early musical studies had been somewhat fragmentary, he heard that the great Stravinsky was coming to America, and so he cabled him that he would like to 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.

Back flashed the cable, "Then you teach me."

## Speaking Up

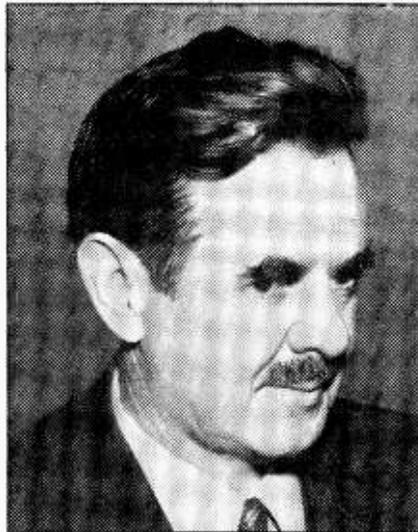
By V. Vidal

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 Lewisohn 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 it has 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 investigated every current musical style and form before he emerged as a purely American composer. He says that the stage, ballet, 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, rangy, with a wide grin, eyeglasses 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 bare 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 wrote down as Copland. Mr. Kaplan, a philosopher and not one to question the ways of the New World, shrugged his shoulders and kept the name.

Copland takes his new post as commentator seriously, feels that a commentator wields tremendous influence through radio.



—Foto-Ad

Dr. Joseph E. Maddy will conduct concerts from Interlochen Music Camp Saturday afternoon on NBC

## 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 18* (Beethoven).

Eastern Daylight 11:30 a.m.	Central Daylight 10:30 a.m.	Mountain 8:00 a.m.
Eastern Standard 10:00 a.m.	Central Standard 9:00 a.m.	Pacific 7:00 a.m.

Columbia Concert Hall, CBS. Mildred Dilling, harpist.

Eastern Daylight 11:30 a.m.	Central Daylight 10:30 a.m.	Mountain 8:30 a.m.
Eastern Standard 10:30 a.m.	Central Standard 9:30 a.m.	Pacific 7:30 a.m.

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

Eastern Daylight 5:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 4:00 p.m.	Mountain 2:00 p.m.
Eastern Standard 4:00 p.m.	Central Standard 3:00 p.m.	Pacific 1:00 p.m.

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

Eastern Daylight 8:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 7:00 p.m.	Mountain Not Available
Eastern Standard 7:00 p.m.	Central Standard 6:00 p.m.	Pacific Not Available

Symphonic Strings, MBS. Alfred Wallenstein, conductor. *Scenes from Scottish Highlands* (Bantock), *Serenade, Opus 22* (Elgar).

Eastern Daylight 10:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 9:00 p.m.	Mountain 7:00 p.m.
Eastern Standard 9:00 p.m.	Central Standard 8:00 p.m.	Pacific 6:00 p.m.

### Sunday, July 9

Radio City Music Hall of the Air, NBC. Mischa Violin, conductor. *Concerto Grosso in D Minor* (Handel), the Orchestra; *Pastorale and Ronde* (Deportes), Flute and Orchestra; Two pieces for strings: (a) *Rain Song*, (b) *Etude Caprice* (Sinigaglia), *Trois Guirlandes Sonores* (Migot), the Orchestra.

Mischa 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), protegee of Dvorak; 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."

Eastern Daylight 12:00 noon	Central Daylight 11:00 a.m.	Mountain 9:00 a.m.
Eastern Standard 11:00 a.m.	Central Standard 10:00 a.m.	Pacific 8:00 a.m.

George Gershwin Memorial Concert, CBS. Whiteman Band. Paul 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 Overture*, Rosa Linda and Orchestra; *The Man I Love*, Jane Froman; *Embraceable You*, the Orchestra; *Lady Be Good*, piano team; *Summertime*, the Orchestra; *Love Is Sweeping the Country*, Orchestra and chorus; *Three Preludes*, the Orchestra; *Bidin' 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; *S'Wonderful*, the Orchestra and chorus.

Eastern Daylight 3:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 2:00 p.m.	Mountain 12:00 noon
Eastern Standard 2:00 p.m.	Central Standard 1:00 p.m.	Pacific 11:00 a.m.

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

Eastern Daylight 4:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 3:00 p.m.	Mountain 1:00 p.m.
Eastern Standard 3:00 p.m.	Central Standard 2:00 p.m.	Pacific 12:00 noon

Design for Melody, MBS.

Eastern Daylight 8:00 p.m.	Central Daylight 7:00 p.m.	Mountain 5:00 p.m.
Eastern Standard 7:00 p.m.	Central Standard 6:00 p.m.	Pacific 4:00 p.m.

Jane Froman, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor, with Erno Rapee's Orchestra, CBS.

Eastern Daylight 7:30 p.m.	Central Daylight 6:30 p.m.	Mountain 4:30 p.m.
Eastern Standard 6:30 p.m.	Central Standard 5:30 p.m.	Pacific 3:30 p.m.

The NBC Symphony, NBC. Frank Black, conductor; Oscar Shumsky, violinist. *Carnival Overture* (Glazounow), *Demon Variations* (Spialek) (World premiere), the Orchestra; "Adelaide" Concerto (Mozart), Oscar Shumsky and Orchestra.

Glazounow, always colorful and inspiring, shines here with his usual gracious melodies, rhythmic verve, and facility in writing. Conservative in his tendencies, he said when he visited America. "The more I hear of the Leftist composers, the more I keep turning to the Right."

Mozart's concerto was unknown until discovered in Europe in 1927. Seven years later, Menuhin premiered it with the Boston Symphony Orchestra there. The orchestration was revised by Marius Casadesus from the original Mozart sketch. Fresh and tuneful, the concerto is typical of Mozart, even though not as inspired as his more familiar examples in that form.

Hans Spialek, Austrian composer, born at Vienna in 1894, first introduced himself to America with his symphonic poem "The Tall City," led by Howard Hanson (1934) at the Eastman School in Rochester. At present Spialek is living in New York, busied chiefly as an able orchestral arranger. I haven't heard his "Demon" variations, but judging by his previous



—Delar

Grace Panvini, young Italian-American soprano, sings on "Toronto Promenade Concerts" Thurs.

# MASSA OF THE HOT, HOT SOUND

(Continued from Page 7)

vacation, he loafs. Once he and his sister, Virginia, went to Colorado for a vacation, and Kyser determined to get himself a lot of outdoor exercise. He bought shorts and all that and wore them, but he spent his time stretched out on the ground while his sister read to him, usually from the sermons of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

His hobbies are horseback riding, at which he's good, movies, roller-coasters and reading. He also likes football and hockey.

"I'm a last-minute guy," he said. "That is, I wait until the last minute to do anything. Personally, I work twenty-four hours a day, as ideas are running through my head all of the time."

He likes everything to eat, except liver, and won't allow any member of his band to wear a mustache. He enjoys all kinds of music and especially enjoys Negro bands and symphony concerts. 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 has been in the movies.

So popular has Mr. J. K. K. become that NBC is more than seventy-five thousand tickets behind the requests; that is, seventy-five thousand folks want tickets and can't get them.

"I'm not fooling myself that this will last," said Mr. K. "And I don't condemn the American public for being fickle. 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 Kay Kyser. The public will want him for a while, then they'll decide 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 hitch-hiked from Florida to see if Kyser's accent was the McCoy. They don't talk that way in Florida. Of course, the picture had publicity value, for any 300-pound girl who hitch-hikes from Florida is news. I've always wondered if some press-agent didn't pay her way to the nearest subway.

No one has ever accused Kyser of being handsome, but he wears well. They'll say, "He's nice." He seldom removes his glasses because of an astigmatism. He's not a flashy dresser, and pays about \$40 for a suit.

His servant is a one-man show, a Negro whose accent makes Mr. K.'s ridge-running dialect sound sharp. If you telephone Mr. Kyser, a voice, flat

as the Delta, will say, "Hello. This is Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Biggsbee, chef, chauffeur, valet, personal secretary and chaperon to Mister James K. Kyser, better known as 'The Man from the South.' Who's calling?"

We see the fine old Roman hand of Mister J. K. K. in his servant's antics. The Negro is a showman. He couldn't be otherwise and hang around Kyser. Mr. Kyser apparently has rehearsed his man to answer damyankee telephone calls. For if Mr. Kyser's man were answering a call down in North Carolina he'd probably say, "Hello, thiseah is Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Biggsbee, cook, bottle-washer and handyman for Mister James K. Kyser, that gen'mun fr'm de Souf'."

This department has two complaints, Mr. Kyser. When you say grits is good grub, you know as well as we do that you are trying to kid the folks, that it ain't fit'n food. And who ever heard of a darky calling himself a valet? Or a chef? Or chaperon? Personal secretary! We don't care what you do to music, but we object to your changing a darky from "Mister Kyser's man" to "Mister Kyser's valet." It's treason, suh!

Wait until your mother and sister Virginia hear about that!

Kay Kyser's program may be heard Wednesday over an NBC network at:

EDT 10:00 p.m. — EST 9:00 p.m.  
CDT 9:00 p.m. — CST 8:00 p.m.  
MST 7:00 p.m. — PST 6:00 p.m.

# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 3)

that person must have a feeling for the underprivileged and be possessed of a broad vision. In large, gusty Charlotte Carr they found such a person. No yes-man, but a woman of ideas, she had the grasp of social problems which comes with experience—in her case, experience which included service as a policewoman in the Navy 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 qualities which are now noticeable by their absence. As a practical, working radio woman, she would be close to the broadcaster'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 those men who currently comprise the Commission.

Or Mrs. August Belmont, one-time actress and patron of the arts. First woman ever to serve as director of the 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, however, 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 shell. 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 conversant 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.

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# On Short Waves: Edited by Chas. A. Morrison

President, International DX'ers Alliance

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

THE informal wayside chats of a group of youngsters enrolled in the free government-conducted Junior Nature School and Raymond Gregg, their nature teacher, are picked up by NBC short-wave pack transmitters and relayed to the network through station KOA, at Denver, as they hike along through parts of the vast Rocky Mountain National Park in the Colorado Rockies. This program is available to international listeners every Saturday, at 11:45 a.m. EDT, over short-wave station W2XAD (15.33) of Schenectady, New York. . . . Alexander Woollcott, celebrated writer and radio commentator, is presenting a series of talks entitled "Letter from America," especially for listeners in Great Britain, each Sunday at 4:05 p.m. EDT, over the same station.

Eugene Reinhard of Zurich, Switzerland, writes that ZAA of Tirana, Albania, is still operating as follows: on 7.85 megs, weekdays from 7:30 to 9 a.m. and on Sundays from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. and on 6.085 megs, daily from 2 to 3:30 p.m. EDT.

A special, highly dramatic program entitled "Storm on Everest," the whole incomparable story of man's unsuccessful efforts to scale this lofty "Goddess Mother of the Mountains," will be told on Sunday, July 9, at 5:50 p.m. EDT, over stations GSD, GSF and GSP, and on Monday, July 10, at 11 p.m. EDT, over stations GSB, GSD, GSI and GSP. . . . Remarkable tales of shark-fishing off the coast of Scotland, told by men who, until recently, cast their nets for herring, will be heard in a feature program from Daventry, on Tuesday, July 11, at 7:25 p.m. EDT, over stations GSB, GSD and GSF.

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 W6XBE (15.33), on Tuesday, July 11, at 7:30 p.m. EDT. The program will include music of all nations, interviews with visiting dx'ers and a short talk by your columnist.

Roger Legge of Binghamton, N. Y., sends me the following notes: JIE (7.295) and JIE2 (9.695), both new stations at Tyureki, Taiwan, are now transmitting daily from 10:05 to 11:20 a.m. EDT, with a beam directed to China and the South Seas. Each transmitter has a power of 10,000 watts. . . . HJ4DAX (4.795), a new station at Medellin, Colombia, was heard from 10:30 to 11:30 p.m. EDT, relaying the programs of broadcast station HJ4ABA of the same city. . . . YV1RT (4.77), "La Voz de la Fe," a new station at Maracaibo, Venezuela, has been heard several times near 10 p.m. EDT. . . . Although not mentioned in most short-wave lists, EA9AI (7.18) at Melilla, Spanish Morocco, is still being heard with loud signals, every Saturday night from 10 to 11 p.m. EDT. . . . An oriental station operating on a frequency of 11.72 megs, heard almost daily from 6 to 7 a.m. EDT, is believed to be JVV3 of Tokyo, Japan.

According to word from the Italian Broadcasting Corporation, the following new frequencies are being used experimentally: 2R012 (15.1), daily from 4:45 to 5:15, 5:30 to 6 and from 6:30 to 9:10 a.m. EDT, directed to Europe, and 2R013 (11.9), daily from 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. EDT, with an omnidirectional aerial. These transmitters radiate a power of 25,000 watts each.

Several listeners have written in complaining about the high cost of purchasing international reply coupons at nine cents each to insure replies to

their letters or reports to foreign stations. The Return Postage Bureau, P. O. Box 733, Danville, N. J., has mint stamps in stock from over eighty-five different countries which can be purchased at a cost slightly above the actual price of the stamp. These stamps can be sent with letters to foreign stations in lieu of an international reply coupon and will insure return postage for a QSL card or verification, while at the same time saving the correspondent considerable money.

Desmond Callan of Readville, Mass., writes that Radio Center, Moscow, informs him that its station on 9.6 megs is RAN, not RAL. We wish they would make up their minds about this.

SHORT-WAVE SHORTS: Worthwhile prizes are now being awarded for the first, the most complete, and the most distant report received on each of the weekly broadcasts especially for DX listeners, radiated over TG2 (6.195) of Guatemala City, Guatemala, Sunday mornings at 3 a.m. EDT. . . . The Louisville Times of Louisville, Ky., has been granted a construction permit for a 500-watt facsimile broadcast station to operate on 25.25 megs. . . . The powerful new transmitter for short-wave station W8XAL of Cincinnati, Ohio, will probably not be completed before the first of next year. . . . W2XMN, the new static-free station operated by Edwin H. Armstrong of New York City, will transmit on 42.8 megs experimentally, with a power of 40,000 watts. . . . A QSL card from OLR4A. (11.84), received by A. V. Deterly of Baton Rouge, La., bore the address Prague, Czechoslovakia, and not Prague, Bohemia.

## Log of Short-Wave Stations Whose Programs Are Listed

(Megacycles or thousands of kilocycles shown)			
CHNX, Canada	6.13	OLR5A, Bohemia	15.23
COCQ, Cuba	8.85	OZF, Denmark	9.52
CSW7, Portugal	9.735	OZH, "	15.32
DJB, Germany	15.20	PCJ, Holland	9.59
DJD, "	11.77	FHI, "	17.775
DJZ, "	15.11	RAN, U.S.S.R.	9.60
EAQ, Spain	11.80	RKL, "	15.08
EIRE, Ireland	9.86	RNE, "	12.00
		RW96, "	15.18
	17.84, 9.595	SBP, Sweden	11.705
F08AA, Tahiti	7.1	SPD, Poland	11.53
GRX, England	9.69	SPW, "	13.64
GRY, "	9.60	TFJ, Iceland	12.23
GSA, "	6.05	TGWA, Guatemala	15.17
GSE, "	9.51	TGWB, "	6.49
GSC, "	9.58	TGZ, "	6.195
GSD, "	11.75	TPC, Costa Rica	9.612
GSE, "	11.86	T4NRH, "	9.698
GSE, "	15.14	TPA2, France	15.24
GSG, "	17.79	TPA3, "	11.88
GSH, "	21.47	TPA4, "	11.71
GSI, "	15.26	TPB3, "	17.85
GSI, "	21.58	TPB11, "	11.885
GSO, "	15.18	VK2ME, Australia	9.59
GSP, "	15.31	VK3ME, "	9.51
GSP, "	17.81	VLR, "	9.58
HAS3, Hungary	15.37	W1XAL, Boston, Mass.	15.25, 11.79, 6.04
HAT4, "	9.12	W1XAR, Boston, Mass.	11.73, 15.13
HBT, Switzerland	14.535	XEGR, Mexico, D.F.	7.38
HBO, "	11.402	XEUZ, "	6.12
HC1JB, Ecuador	14.43	XEWV, "	9.5
HC2JB, "	12.46	XGOX, China	17.8
HC2RL, "	6.358	XGOY, "	11.9
HP5A, Panama	11.7	XPSA, "	7.01
HP6G, "	11.78	YV5RN, Venezuela	6.04
HP6J, "	9.60	ZBW3, China	9.525
HVJ, Vatican City	15.12, 9.66	ZK3, Brit. Hond.	8.3
IRF, Italy	9.83	ZIZ, St. Kitts	6.385
JL03, Japan	11.705	ZRL, So. Africa	9.61
JZK, "	11.80	2R03, Italy	9.635
JZL, "	15.16	2R04, "	11.81
LRA, Argentina	9.69	2R06, "	15.30
LRX, "	9.66	2R08, "	17.82
OAX4J, Peru	9.34	2R09, "	9.67

Short-wave programs of American stations are shown along with the regular listings beginning on page 20. These are indicated, for example, by (sw-11.87) in parentheses following a program listing. This means that on 11.87 megacycles the same program may also be heard over an American short-wave station. Please note that foreign stations do not always adhere precisely to their announced program schedules.

## Daily Programs, Sat., July 8 through Fri., July 14

Programs listed here are those broadcast daily at the same time. Exceptions are indicated

8 a.m.—Overseas hour: JZK  
8:30 a.m.—News (English): W6XBE (9.53)  
9 a.m.—English program: Radio Saigon (11.78)

9 a.m.—Program from Chungking, China: XGOY  
9:15 a.m.—News (English): GSF GSG GSI  
9:25 a.m.—News (English): JZJ JZK JLJ3 (15.135)  
10 a.m.—News (English): XGOY  
10 a.m. (ex. Sun.)—News (Spanish): W2XAD (21.5)  
11:30 a.m. (ex. Sun.)—News (English): W8XAL (6.06)  
12 noon—News (English): GSF GSG GSI  
12:30 p.m. (ex. Sun.)—Farm Program: W2XAD (15.33)  
1 p.m.—International Hour: HP5G  
1:17 p.m.—Arabic program: GSP  
1:30 p.m.—Program from Ireland: EIRE (17.84 or 9.595)  
1:45 p.m.—Marimba Ensemble: TGWA (15.17)  
2 p.m.—News (Italian): W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
3 p.m.—News (German): W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
3:15 p.m.—News (French, German and Italian): GSA GRX  
3:30 p.m. (ex. Sat., Sun.)—News: W1XAL (11.79) or W1XAR (15.13)  
4 p.m.—Variety program: 2R06 2R09  
5 p.m. (ex. Sun.)—News (French, German and Italian): W2XE (17.83)  
5:30 p.m. (ex. Sun.)—News (English): GSD GSP GRX GSO GSF  
6 & 9 p.m. (ex. Sun.)—News (Spanish): W3XAL (9.67) W3XL (17.78)  
6:45 p.m.—Program from Portugal: CSW7  
7 p.m.—News (English): DJB DJD DJZ  
7 p.m.—Polish program for North America: SPW SPD  
7:15 p.m.—News (English): 2R09  
7:30 p.m.—News (Spanish): GSO GSC  
8 p.m.—News (Portuguese): GSO GSC  
8 p.m.—News (Portuguese): W3XAL (9.67) W3XL (17.78)  
8:30 p.m.—News (English): 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
8:45 p.m. (ex. Sun.)—North American program: EAQ  
9:15 p.m.—News (English): DJB DJD DJZ  
9:30 p.m.—North American transmission: TPB11 TPA4  
10 p.m.—News (English): W3XAL (9.67) W3XL (6.1)  
10:30 p.m.—North American transmission: OZF  
11 p.m.—News (English): TPB11 TPA4  
12 mid. (ex. Wed., Fri.)—Marimba Concert: TGWA (9.685)

## Saturday, July 8

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

8:30 a.m.—British Open Golf Championship: GSF GSG GSI  
9:45 a.m.—Mail Bag: W6XBE (9.53)  
1:30 p.m.—Parade of the States: W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
3 p.m.—Gerald's orchestra: GSG GSP GSI  
5:15 p.m.—Newark News Radio Club Programs: W2XAL (25.3)  
7 p.m.—Tourist Hour: HP5A  
7:30 p.m.—Summer Serenade: GSB GSD GSF  
8:30 p.m.—Istvan Haydn, cellist: HAT4  
8:45 p.m.—Feri Csoka Gypsy Band: HAT4  
9:15 p.m.—Talk, "Nicolo Paganini": 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:30 p.m.—A little tramp through Bremen: DJB DJD DJZ  
10 p.m.—Colonial Show in Dresden: DJB DJD DJZ  
10:30 p.m.—Hawaii Calls: KQH (14.92) KKH (7.52)  
11 p.m.—Moonlight music: W3XL (6.1) W3XAL (9.67)  
11:15 p.m.—Lucky Dip: GSB GSD GSI GSP  
12 mid.—Marimba Music: TGWA TGWB

## Sunday, July 9

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

8:30 a.m.—Church services: VUC2 (4.88)  
9 a.m.—Program from Denmark: OZH  
10 a.m.—Broadcast from Budapest: HAS3  
10:15 a.m.—Falkman's Apache Band: GSF GSG  
12:10 p.m.—Symphonic Concert: DJB  
1:45 p.m.—Marimba Ensemble: TGWA (15.17)  
2:45 p.m.—Raul Paniagua, pianist: TGWA (15.17)  
2:55 p.m.—St. Paul's services: GSG GSP GSI  
3:05 p.m.—Hour of the Tango: TGWA (15.17)  
3:30 p.m.—German Mail Bag: W3XAL (17.78) W3XL (21.63)  
4:05 p.m.—Alexander Woollcott, "Letter from America": W2XAD (15.33)  
4:30 p.m.—Splendors of Literature: W1XAL (6.04) or W1XAR (11.73)  
5:50 p.m.—Storm on Everest: GSD GSF GSP  
6 p.m.—Fairy play, "Stony Hands": DJB DJD DJZ  
7:20 p.m.—Fred Hartley's Sextet: GSB GSD GSF  
8:15 p.m.—Band Concert: TGWA (15.17)  
8:45 p.m.—Opera, "Otello": 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9 p.m.—Cuban Band Concert: COCO (8.70)  
9:15 p.m.—Talk, "The Stage in Italy": 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:30 p.m.—Choir of the Regional Station: DJB DJD DJZ  
10 p.m.—Short-Wave Listener's Mail Bag: CHNX  
11:25 p.m.—French events: TPB11 TPA4

## Monday, July 10

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

9:15 a.m.—Hollywood Flashes: W6XBE (9.53)  
2:30 p.m.—Melodies from the Comedies: GSG GSP GSI  
2:45 p.m.—America from My Window (Italian): W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
4:30 p.m.—Church in the Wildwood: W2XAD (15.33) W2XAR (15.13)  
5 p.m.—Symphonic Hour: W1XAL (11.79) or W1XAR (15.13)  
5:30 p.m.—Travelog: W2XAF (9.53) W2XAD (15.33)  
6 p.m.—Science News: W2XAF (9.53)  
7 p.m.—English program: Radio Martinique (9.7)  
7:30 p.m.—Tropical Moods: W2XAF (9.53)  
8:15 p.m.—String Quartet: HAT4  
8:15 p.m.—Code Practise Lessons: W1XAL (6.04) or W1XAR (11.73)  
8:30 p.m.—Military Band: HAT4  
8:45 p.m.—Folk songs: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:15 p.m.—Mail Bag: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
12:30 a.m.—Salute to Cities: W8XAL (6.06)

## Tuesday, July 11

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

9:30 a.m.—Talk, "Food for Thought": GSF GSG  
1:30 p.m.—Broadcast from Algiers: TPZ (8.96)  
4 p.m.—Music and Poetry: W1XAL (11.79) or W1XAR (15.13)  
4:45 p.m.—Broadway and Hollywood (French): W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
7:15 p.m.—Opera, "The Marriage of Figaro": DJB DJD DJZ  
7:30 p.m.—Golden Gate DX Festival: W6XBE (15.33)  
8:15 p.m.—Selections from Operettas: HAT4  
8:30 p.m.—Hungarian folk music: HAT4  
9:30 p.m.—Heinz Stanske, violinist: DJB DJD DJZ  
9:35 p.m.—Fighting the Flames: GSB GSD GSF  
10 p.m.—Broadcast from Costa Rica: T4NRH  
11 p.m.—Orchestral Concert: TGWA (9.685)  
12 mid.—Marimba Ensemble: TGWA (9.685) TGWB

## Wednesday, July 12

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

10 a.m.—Golden Gate DX Festival: W6XBE (9.53)  
12:15 p.m.—"World Affairs," H. V. Hodson: GSF GSG GSI  
1:30 p.m.—H. Robinson Cleaver, organist: GSG GSI  
2:30 p.m.—Marine Band: W2XAD (15.33)  
6:45 p.m.—Portuguese Mail Bag: W2XAD (9.55)  
8 p.m.—Organ music: HAT4  
8 p.m.—North American Hour: ZIZ  
8:45 p.m.—Around Italy with Music: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:15 p.m.—Accordion Concert: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:30 p.m.—Heinz Stanske, violinist: DJB DJD DJZ  
11:20 p.m.—Band of H. M. Scots Guards: GSB GSD GSI GSP

## Thursday, July 13

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

7:15 a.m.—Cecil Madin, organist: GSF GSG GSI  
10:15 a.m.—Lucky Dip: GSF GSG GSI  
2:15 p.m.—Michaeloff's orchestra: GSG GSI  
4 p.m.—Week-end Return: GSG GSP  
4:45 p.m.—New York World's Fair (French): W3XAL (21.63) W3XL (17.78)  
6:15 p.m.—Palatinate Choir: DJB DJD DJZ  
8:30 p.m.—Television Show: W2XBS (sight 45.25, sound 49.75)  
8:30 p.m.—Kalmar Olah Gypsy Band: HAT4  
8:45 p.m.—Opera selections: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
10 p.m.—Broadcast from Costa Rica: T4NRH  
11 p.m.—Chamber Music: TGWA (9.685) TGWB  
11:30 p.m.—At the Black Dog: GSB GSD GSI GSP

## Friday, July 14

For programs broadcast daily see Daily Programs (col. 2)

10 & 10:40 a.m.—National Swimming Championships: GSF GSG GSI  
10 a.m.—John B. Hughes, commentator: W6XBE (9.53)  
10:25 a.m.—Eclipse Stakes: GSF GSG GSI  
3:15 p.m.—French Revolution Through English Eyes: GSG GSP  
4:30 p.m.—G. D. Cunningham, organist: GSG GSP  
8 p.m.—Symphonic Orchestra: HAT4  
8:15 p.m.—Listener's Mail Bag: W1XAL (6.04) or W1XAR (11.73)  
8:30 p.m.—Hungarian songs: HAT4  
8:45 p.m.—Guest Night: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
9:15 p.m.—Amy Bernardy: 2R03 2R04 2R08 IRF  
10:30 p.m.—Brazilian Orchestra: W6XBE (15.33)  
10:45 & 11:15 p.m.—Transmissions of New York World's Fair Radio Club: Amateurs on all amateur bands  
11 p.m.—Radio Theater: TGWA (9.685) TGWB  
11:25 p.m.—English talk, "Life in Paris": TPB11 TPA4  
2 a.m.—Voice of Hawaii; native soloists and instrumentalists: KQH (14.92) KKH (7.52)

# 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, specially arranged, the Intermezzo from Granados' "Goyescas," the well-known Glinka overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," a Viennese waltz by the lesser-known Eduard Strauss, the polonaise from Tchaikowsky'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 sprightly directing is largely responsible for the album's importance. (Victor 554. \$6.50.)

Another new album by the Pops Orchestra contains the famous "Bolero" by Maurice Ravel, and on the fourth side, Halvorsen's pleasant "March of the Boyards." Although many people know Ravel only by the "Bolero," 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 had 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 release for a lesser-known series of "Three Ballet Pieces," by Rameau and LeClaire, but still in the light vein. (4 sides. Victor 4431-2. \$1.00 each.)

## Radio Stars on Wax:

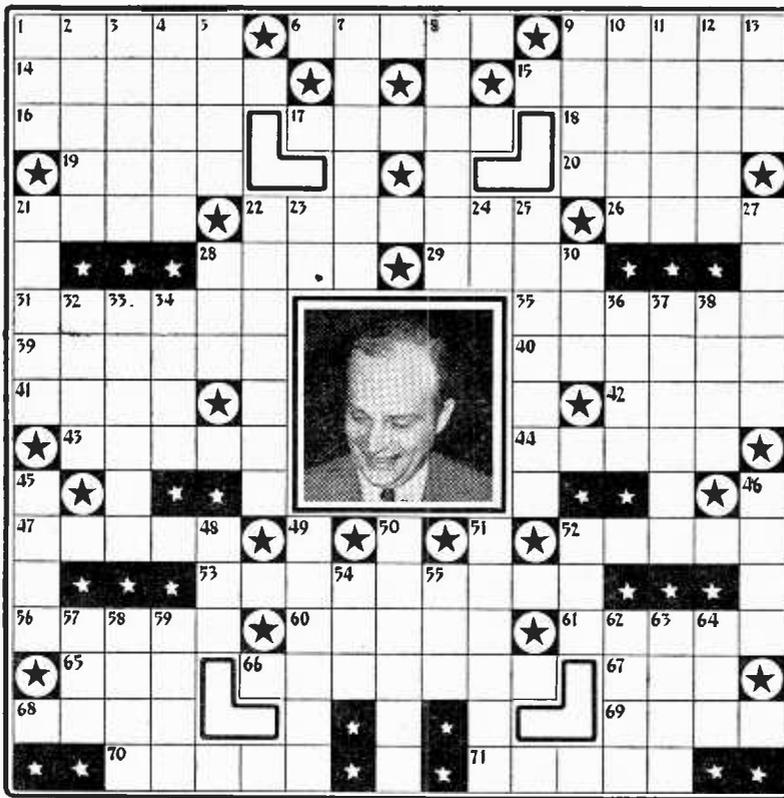
KENNY BAKER, now on Victor records, makes a showing of greater quality than he did on his Decca releases. Two from The Mikado are well done, "A Wandering Minstrel" and "The Moon and I"; and there is a record of a good song, "Melancholy Mood," and a fast waltz, "Ain't Cha Comin' Out?" for another pair.

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

BENNY GOODMAN and his slick quartet has fifty percent new personnel on the latest, but the group holds strong just the same. Jess Stacy takes Teddy Wilson's seat at the piano and shows well in "Opus 3/4." Turn it over, however, and it's the older group playing "Sugar." Both tops. (Victor.)

—Joe Thompson

# RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE



- HORIZONTAL**
14. Star in the portrait ("Chase and Sanborn Hr.")
  6. Raymond —, bandleader
  9. Kind of lily
  15. General course of action
  16. Bobby —, singer
  17. Count —, bandleader
  18. Dramatic art
  19. Made crooked
  20. Neither good nor bad
  21. Peer — Suite by Grieg
  22. Bing Crosby received his early schooling in —, Wash.
  26. To go, pass
  28. Henry —, singer ("National Barn Dance")
  29. The linden tree
  31. Ray of a flower
  35. A human being
  39. — Durbin, singer
  40. — Kent, radio actress
  41. Ireland
  42. Golf mounds
  43. George —, bandleader
  44. Places of baking
  47. Single thickness of a stratum
  52. A warning of danger
  53. Swallowing up
  56. Bill —, tenor
  60. Eminent
  61. Minetta —, radio actress ("One Man's Family")
  65. Personal pronoun

66. Kenneth —, announcer
  67. Atom bearing an electrical charge
  68. Everett —, tenor ("Al Pearce's Gang")
  69. Nelson —, baritone
  70. Fragment
  71. River in France
- VERTICAL**
1. Flow back
  2. Kind of stiff felt hat
  3. Johnny —, maestro ("Johnny Presents")
  4. Representative
  5. A tear, fissure
  7. Loud and continued noise
  8. Pertaining to a tribe
  9. Ill-bred fellows
  10. Missile
  11. Agreement for letting land
  12. Citrus fruit
  13. Constellation
  21. Betty —, radio actress
  22. Feminine name
  23. Pair (abbr.)
  24. Symbol for nickel
  25. Supreme ruler of an empire
  27. Sands piled upon the seashore
  28. A kind of bread
  30. Elongated fish
  32. Pertaining to aeronautics
  33. Frank —, bandleader
  34. Taverns
  36. Comparative value
  37. Brown clay used as a pigment
  38. Units
  45. Cut off
  46. Sign of some future event
  48. — Noble, bandleader
  49. Connie —, radio actress
  50. Lou —, bandleader
  51. Poignant
  52. Period of time
  54. Sphere
  55. A band or stripe
  57. Optic
  58. — Graham, baritone
  59. — Carhart, soprano
  62. Legal claim upon property
  63. Vein containing metallic ore
  64. Expiration

## Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week



# I'M A SHORT-WAVE FAN

(Continued from Page 12)

can hour from Rome, over station 2RO3, on a frequency of 9635 kilocycles. It's warm here in Rome tonight, people are strolling on the brilliantly lighted terrace without topcoats. It is 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.

Well, let's 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 9.685 megs. I always enjoy the noonday marimba concert, too, the one that is broadcast on a frequency of 15.17 megs, 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 English.

I look at the clock. It says 12:45 a.m. EDT. Bedtime here, but almost break-fast-time somewhere else. Turn the dial to 9.62 megs. Hear that trumpet-call? 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 terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 283-D Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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## NAZIMOVA

(Continued from Page 10)

ing. There was nothing in the living-room, the library, in any of the rooms. So I left, empty-handed. When the fire next door was out, I came back to that house and I did not like it anymore."

"Was that because of the unpleasant adventure?"

"But, no," she said, lifting her eyebrows. "When it came to a final test and I walked through that house, room by room, there was nothing there that really mattered to me. Now," she went on, "I have not so many things and I am happier."

It is not because she cannot have many things today. The "Russian Duse," as she has been so aptly called, is still one of the biggest drawing-cards in the American theater.

When you talk to Nazimova, her eyes are narrow blue points—you feel that they should be brown or black—behind heavy-fringed, long and narrow eyelids. Suddenly you reach her with a thought that intrigues or thrills and she is gloriously alive and wide-eyed. She likes to laugh, and her eyes crinkle up into funny little slits, but she is a quiet person with moods infinite in their variety. Vital, delicate, sensitive—these are words that come into your mind when you see her.

But when you don't see her, when—as a radio audience listening to her performance—you hear only the voice, what will Nazimova bring to the air-lanes that is new and different?

**S**HE feels that Oboler has found the key to a hidden door in radio that will let millions of radio listeners into a new and marvelous world which has been reserved for only those in the large theatrical centers of the country. That's why she wants to appear in one of his plays. Maybe she'll appear in others after this. It depends upon its reception.

Behind the drama which you will hear, then, on Saturday night when you tune your radio to Arch Oboler's plays, lies a drama no less intriguing than that which will come from Oboler's pen. Experimenting in radio writing, he has attracted to his program an actress who has—on many occasions—refused to participate in radio presentations despite salary offers running into many figures. Yet because for the first time she feels that radio has proved its claim to being a serious and important art; because she feels that Oboler has at least made a grand start towards opening new vistas for millions of listeners, she has asked for the privilege of appearing in one of his plays. Mr. Oboler has done better than that—he has written a play especially for her.

And we, who are the listeners this Saturday night, will not only hear what money has been unable to purchase—Madame Nazimova in a radio drama—but we shall be present when radio takes a forward step in the field of providing radio drama which is at once important, new and entertaining.

Alla Nazimova may be heard Saturday night on "Arch Oboler's Plays" over an NBC network at:  
EDT 9:30 p.m. — EST 8:30 p.m.  
CDT 8:30 p.m. — CST 7:30 p.m.  
MST 6:30 p.m. — PST 5:30 p.m.

## I'M A SHORT-WAVE FAN

(Continued from Page 39)

Laurie" banged out on an old studio upright. "It's a fine, 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.

We might as well make this a real international night and sneak over to Japan and see what's what. Here we are, 15.16 megs 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 3,000 megs 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 38 . . . Chicago to Flight 38. Are we clear to the tower?"

"You're clear to the tower, 38. Get your instructions from the tower. Altimeter 30.11. Pressure altitude 425." "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. It isn't 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-fields were advised to turn on their flood-lights and listeners were requested by radio to listen for a plane flying low and report its location immediately to the nearest broadcast station. For hours this strange and exciting game of tag between plane and listeners continued, with the plane periodically being advised as to its approximate location. Finally, with the gas-tank 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.

Every evening needs a nightcap, so let's scoot around to the 20-meter amateur band. The dial setting will be near 14,000 kilocycles (14,000 megs). We must tune with great care, since hundreds of tiny stations are in operation on this band, and in order to pick out their weak carrier-waves we will have to listen with a critical ear. Here's one: "W6ITH calling CQ. CQ Dx. CQ to any amateur station in Europe or South Africa. W6ITH of Berkeley, California, calling CQ Dx." We move on to see if 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: "ZS6DW returning to W6LN. 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, 1826 Angelus Avenue, Hollywood, California:

"We have an outbreak of tropical fever here and are entirely out of that special serum we had made for us. Please rush additional supply at once by trans-Atlantic Clipper and Imperial Airways. This is urgent."

"The signature is Dr. Carl Meyer, Tsumbo Mission Station, via Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. Did you get that, Old Man. Go ahead. ZS6DW to W6LN." The carrier vanishes and our frail line of communication, that in this instance carried a message that may save hundreds of lives, has vanished, and we are cut off from far distant South Africa.

The clock hands point to 2 a.m. That's bedtime in any respectable 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 6LN returning. I'm over Cheyenne, altitude 8,000 feet, and you will now be entertained by the Chinese Guatemala Marimba band playing in Big Ben. Calling CQ." . . . and so on all through the night.

## BOOP-BOOP DIT-TEM DOT-TEM

(Continued from Page 8)

And O'Keefe wasn't far from wrong. By May it was second on the "Hit Parade." According to *Variety*, it was heard thirty-eight times in one broadcasting day over CBS and the two NBC networks.

Even Amos 'n' Andy, well able to write their scripts without drawing on nursery-rhyme song hits, couldn't resist the fun of dragging in the itty fitties. For a few minutes, while Andy was bidding his time one evening, he sang, "Boop-boop dit-tem dot-tem what-tem Chul!"

David Ross, upon receiving the Tommy Riggs-Betty Lou medal for excellence in diction, recited the lyrics of Saxie's "fish talk" song in the same mellifluous accents with which he intones classic poetry on other broadcasts.

British royalty has also bent its ear to the tale of the famous fitties. On a special broadcast by English stars in honor of the King and Queen during their visit in the United States, "Fishies" was burlesqued by Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Some people blame "The Three Little Fishies" for the goldfish-gulping epidemic which swept over college campuses last spring. Denying that statement, Saxie Dowell says, "Dat's not doe. After 'earing 'bout dose fee itty fitties, 'ow cud anybud gulp fitties?"

His alibi sounds logical.

Saxie Dowell may be heard with Hal Kemp's orchestra Tuesday nights on "Time to Shine" over a CBS network at:  
EDT 10:00 p.m. — EST 9:00 p.m.  
CDT 9:00 p.m. — CST 8:00 p.m.  
Not broadcast by stations in Mountain and Pacific Time zones.

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## MR. FAIRFAX

Miss Mary Moran, Harvey, Ill.—Donald Woods was born Ralph Zink, on December 2, 1906, in Winnipeg, Canada. He is now a naturalized American. Woods was educated at King Edward High 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 in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he made his debut in "Seventh Heaven." Woods made his first Broadway appearance in "Singapore," then in "Social Register." Then he began his movie work. He has appeared in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "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.

# THE RADIO NEWSREEL



—Gene Lester

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



—Acme

Matrimony 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.



—Acme

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



—Tom Fisdale

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!



# CLICK

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