In This Issue:

Lawrence Tibbett Blasts Bunk from Classical Music

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Mike Habits Told by His Announcer,

Tom Noonan's Chinatown, from Hops to Heaven

Timely Topics by Ray Perkins, Porter, Lewis and Tony Wons

Mary Livingstone
By Lawrence Tibbett

The Highest Paid Singer on or off the Air

Cries "Hokum!" and "Bank" When He Hears

"Yes, Yes, I Like It, But Is It Art?"—Herein

the Beloved Baritone Phys with Dynamite,

with Full Knowledge That He Is Exploding

Pet Theories and Sacred Beliefs. But He Is

Content to Let the Chips Fall Where They Will

in the same breath with the "Met" to these people,

would constitute nothing less than an unforgivable vio-

lation of the sacred.

And that leads me to another point—another one

of the axioms I love to grind. It's the question of snobbery

and lack of vision which exists among certain persons

who like to constitute themselves "music-lovers." I refer

particularly to that unthinking worship of Euro-

pean music just because it happens to be European and

for no other apparent reason. That such a worship

should be prevalent is almost unbelievable; yet there it is.

This is an example of the sort of thing I have in

mind. Every once in a while I like to include in a

radio program or concert recital a number entitled "The

Song of the Flea." After the affair is over, I like to

stick around and meet and pass the time of day with

any members of the audience who may care to talk to

me. A strange thing happens every time "The Song

of the Flea" has been used.

Invariably, one or two persons will come up and berate

me for having sung a selection with such a vulgar

name. Then I have to go through a lot of redtape and

explain very carefully that the words are from Goethe

and that the melody is a product of the pen of the great

Mozart. The reaction, likewise, is invariably the

same: Profuse apologies follow. And everything be-

comes all right just because a pair of European masters

happen to be involved. That's what I call real intel-

lectual snobbery, and it's just too bad that music in this

country has to be associated in the degree that it is.

Another example of this blind praise of the old-

world works was brought home to me in Hollywood

several years ago. I happened to be attending a party

of movie celebrities. I was introduced to a "Russian

Princess" who told me what a terrible time the old

nobility had been having. They apparently prevailed on me to sing—in Russian,

during all of the things. At the time I knew no Russian whatever,

but to please them I sang in my impression of that
difficult language. I used violent gestures and ad-

dubbed words and music, and my accompanist managed
to follow me—how, Lord only knows. Really marvelous ap-

plause greeted me at the end. Especially pleased was the

"Russian Princess" who had "never heard so pure an ac-

cent since I left the father-

land." The crowd there that
evening thought the improm-
tu song was great, too; not

because they had the slightest

idea as to what it was about,

but simply because an opera

singer was singing it, and be-

cause it was in what they sup-

posedly considered the fore-

gone usage, and therefore must be good.

There is absolutely no necessity for having to be

humanitarians, or the music

duced in America. I think it is

entirely fair to say that we

are second to no people on

the earth when it comes to producing music of the popu-

lar type. And that is a very sound foundation for the

growth and development of a true American musical

culture. Our popular music may be considered, I think,

our real American folk music. American dance music

and songs have influenced more than one European com-

The Lawrence Tibbett of Radio—shown as he

looks on the frequent occasions when he faces

the mike to disprove that "the only fine

things, musically speaking, are importations"

they are superior in their own particular way to some

artists who might be on the Metropolitan Opera's roster.

—What's that I hear?—It must be the murmuring

of a great many opera subscribers ready to disagree with

me violently on that score. Even thinking about Vallee

and Jolson in the same thought and mentioning them

together I become violently excited. I often wish I

had written "Hokum!" and "Bank!" years before I

sang in "The Song of the Flea."
Distinguished in Four Fields—Opera, Concert, Radio and the Movies—Lawrence Tibbett Began Life Weak-Lunged, and Ambitious to Be a Western Sheriff. Followed War Service in the Navy; Then Concert Singing; Then His Operatic Debut in Hollywood; Then Debut at the Metropolitan in New York. His Climb to Top Rank Since, Has Been Meteoric.

power of high position and, like the movies, have cast their spell over many foreign peoples. Our popular music. I believe, will prove the seed from which a typical music will grow. I feel that American music is transforming itself slowly into a native organism. For more than a hundred and fifty years the United States was prevented from settling into any musical mold. American music could not come into being when America herself had not yet become a complete entity. In addition, there was the matter of inferiority complex pertaining to cultural matters. I think that we are losing our lack of confidence now, and that that will play an important part in speeding up this process of building our own musical structure.

Twenty years ago—if I had been singing professionally—I think that I would not have been able to get away with singing such compositions as "De Glory Road," "Of Man River," and others I have mentioned. Audiences weren't yet ready to listen to the music of their own people. Today a singer can sense the attention his listeners give to an American melody. As I said when I was called upon to speak at a discussion in New York recently: "We no longer shy away from an expression of ourselves or of a particular aspect of our national life."

So much for the development of our own music. I have one or two thoughts to as to what could be done to present the best of the European music in a more interesting way. In order to bring about a widespread appreciation of classic music—a condition absolutely necessary to inspire the writing of our own classic works—it is vitally necessary that we vocal artists employ our own language.

After all, songs represent nothing more than the wedding of words with music, or vice versa. It seems to me, therefore, that to order to get the fullest enjoyment out of a song, the listener must be able to enjoy both the lyric and the melody. Unfortunately, the knowledge of foreign tongues is limited for the most part to those persons who have had the good luck to benefit from the advantages of travel or study abroad, or both. I don't see any reason why the full enjoyment of hearing singing should be a pleasure reserved only for those persons.

I am asked often to give my views on the future of the opera in this country. I feel that it is up to the opera companies to recognize the native talents of the American people. Aside from the matter of staging there is the all-important question of language. As it is now, with the exception of the few English-speaking operas which have been produced at the Metropolitan, in which I am glad to have taken part, people have to try for several hours to pay extension to singing in a language which very few understand. Although things are transpiring on the stage, members of the audience can have but a vague idea as to what it is all about. I can understand easily why in general we Americans are not interested in opera.

And from the point of view of the artist, the question of language is really just as important. Why should he sing at all if the majority of his listeners can't understand him? Since all his listeners cannot possibly get the full meaning and beauty of a song in a foreign tongue, ought he not to include more and more English lyrics in his programs? I say: "Yes, a thousand times, yes." And I, for one, intend doing so.

Until such time as classics are written in our own language on a large scale, there is no reason why good translations cannot be made of the best European operas and vocal selections. One hears often that to transpose their lyrics into English implies losing a great many of the values. That, in my opinion, is ridiculous. English is one of the most copious languages spoken in the world today. Besides, English has proven itself sufficiently as a medium of beautiful expression. The greatest poets the world has known have found our language adequate. And what, after all, is poetry but words?

And in conclusion I would like to say that the American form of English—the way you and I speak it, and not the way it is spoken in London—is even better suited for singing than the English used by the English themselves. The reason is that our vowels are infinitely more pure. And, incidentally, there are some of our American popular singers who could teach many of our singers of classic songs a great deal about American diction.

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** To those who have followed hard-singing, be-man Tibbett’s career with the interest it deserves, these straight-from-the-shoulder comments are no surprise. He hates bunt. He is a man first, and a singer—though a superlatively good one—only second. During the war he turned down a safe job as Y. M. C. A. entertainer in order to join the navy. Larry Tibbett’s father was sheriff of Kern County, California.

A real, old-time gun-fighting sheriff, he was killed in a duel with cattle thieves, when Larry was seven. From about that time on, the kid shifted for himself. He has been newspaper-filler, clerk, handyman, dishwasher and third assistant cook on a ranch—where he got the idea of singing and acting by watching cowboys put on their own entertainments.

His first opera appearance—at $80 a week—wasn’t an appearance at all, for Tibbett’s singing was done offstage as a kind of sound-effect. When he writes about “diction” he knows what he’s talking about. He was the first singer to win the Academy’s diction award.

Lawrence Tibbett may be heard every Tuesday evening at 7:30 CST over an NBC-WJZ network, in a program sponsored by the Packard Motor Car Company.

The Lawrence Tibbett of the movies—shown in costume for his sensational success in "The Rogue Song"—is known to popular American radio audiences, but here is the man from whom he is continually being made.
President Roosevelt photographed as he broadcast to fifty million listeners on September 30, in one type of broadcast that Mr. Trout describes as "an easy show to put on".

Whenever President Roosevelt Broadcasts, Robert Trout Is His Announcer.
Here Are Anecdotes Never Before Told, in an Intimate Glimpse of the "Air's Favorite Speaker"

President on the Air
By Robert Trout

President Roosevelt photographed as he broadcast to fifty million listeners on September 30, in one type of broadcast that Mr. Trout describes as "an easy show to put on".

Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.

That is the unvarying phrase which introduces the Nation's Chief Executive to fifty million radio listeners, every Sunday night at 9:00 o'clock, and makes a microphone appearance. Well over thirty times I have spoken those simple words into a Columbia microphone, and the special thrill they bring is fresh each time.

There are two distinct types of Presidential broadcasts, and in traveling from Washington, D.C., through more than half the States of the Union to handle these programs, I have become very well acquainted with both kinds.

First, there is the White House broadcast, which includes President Roosevelt's famous "fireside chats." Though the fact that the President of the United States actually is speaking to them from the White House, and the majority of radio fans feel that that is a magnet drawing them to their sets, these are the easier shows to put on.

The rather informal, in-the-way Diplomatic Reception Room, down on the ground floor of the residence, has the President's desk, now headquarters and broadcasting studio for the country's most popular other star. It's a small room, oval in shape, hung with paintings of former Presidents, and possessing a desk which looks out over the back lawn to the tall, white finger of the Washington Monument, several blocks away. Usually, this room wears a rather deserted, empty air, but on broadcast nights . . . let's step inside a moment.

Against the wall near the door is an ordinary-looking wooden business desk. Small, inconspicuous, dynamic microphones crouch on the polished surface, and their web of cables disappears into two circular holes cut in the top of the desk. The drawers look real from the outside, but they are only shells; their insides have been torn out to make room for the great mass of portable radio equipment which must be carried into the Executive Mansion by radio technicians each broadcast night.

On plain tables lined against the opposite wall is stacked more equipment, tested and re-tested hours before air time, watched over by serious, workaday operators. Another side of the room houses the long, narrow, jib arm of the studio cameras, their big bodies leveled at the desk across the floor. Cameras in hand, the still photographers hover in the corridor beyond. The atmosphere is calm and subdued, but whether you are a visitor or an old hand at this sort of thing, you can feel the tense, undercurrent crinkling in the air as Mr. Roosevelt prepares to make a speech.

The White House Usher steps into the room. Quietly he murmurs, "Gentlemen, the President." The talking stops, chided off in the middle like a cut motor; dead silence settles on the room. Suddenly it is shattered by a hearty, booming voice: "Well! Is the gang all here?"

The cheerful babble of voice bursts out again. "Good evening, Mr. President. How do you do, Mr. President?"

Assistant White House Secretaries Marvin H. McIntyre and Stephen Early, businesslike but bearing, appear. President Roosevelt is seated at his desk. He asks for a glass of water, lights a cigarette, mops his brow with a handkerchief, makes a minute or two of earnest conversations on private telephone wires with the main studios a few blocks away in downtown Washington, and the operators are ready.

Stop-watches are set, networks synchronized, silence again. The tension in the air is stifling to everyone but President Roosevelt, who calmly awaits his cue. Ten seconds, five, three, two, one—Voices: "Robert Trout (left) broadcasting from the steps of the Capitol, in Washington, and (right) President Roosevelt on the air in what Mr. Trout calls "a difficult show.""

President Trout repeats portions of his talk for the newsmen. We radio broadcasters have no heart for joking before we have the air; there is too much in it to worry about. The light-hearted words of banter are all the President's.

"Yes, I had a bath the other day. It was the longest bath I ever took. I got in the tub at five o'clock, and wasn't out until I answered the phone at six. The water was cold, but I had to go on!"

That's the way the President likes his baths. He is very particular about them.

And if there is anything to do but wait until the end of the talk to sign off the program. Only sometimes things go—well, not wrong, but too marly for comfort. There was the evening when the President's address exceeded the time estimate that had been made for it. That was all right with us broadcasters. But we hadn't counted on the ornate gilt clock which rests on the marble mantelpiece. When ten o'clock arrived, the President spoke on, but the clock raised its voice in solemn, echoing protest. Ten loud, rich, agonizingly slow strokes rasped across our nerves, but the President did not miss a syllable.

After the show is over, there is more good-natured joking, pictures are taken. President Roosevelt repeats portions of his talk for the newsmen. We radio broadcasters have no heart for joking before we have the air; there is too much in it to worry about. The light-hearted words of banter are all the President's.

But a few minutes later, Mr. Trout is in the studio with President Roosevelt and the President's speech is complete. They have all had a hard time, but now they all feel relieved and happy.

"You know," the President says, "I just love broadcasting. It's the best way to keep in touch with the people who care for us most."

And Mr. Trout says, "Yes, Mr. President. That's why we broadcasters love it too."

And that's the way it is.

A frequent question in the White House garage is, "When will the President broadcast?"

The President's schedule is as much a secret as the President himself. He makes the speeches, he decides what he will say, and when he will say it. Mr. Trout is lucky if he gets more than an hour's notice before the President makes up his mind to broadcast.

Once, I was called to the telephone at the middle of the night to tell me that the President was going to broadcast. When I refused, as I thought, any chance of hearing it, I was asked if there was any other available. When I said there was none, the President said, "Then you'll have to broadcast it."

Well, I广播ed it. And it was really aBroadcast. It was a broadcast that we were all proud of."

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The "Bishop" of Chinatown

By Henry Benlinck

Friend of the Great, This Man of Lowly Beginnings Has Learned the True Meaning of Charity, Has Learned the Secret of Rehabilitating Derelicts and of Reviving the Spirits of the Hopeless. His Brand of Help Is Two-Fisted; His Air Shows Are a Marvel of Religion Humanized

Charity be damned! Let's help 'em! So says the "Bishop" of Chinatown, friend of the wicked and weak, who believes that between friends the word "charity" is in very bad taste. You may have heard his amazing services to his pals, the bums of the Bowery. These are broadcast every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock CST, over ABS-WMC, from the ramshackle Mission Building of the Rescue Society, unofficially known as the "Cathedral of the Underworld." It stands on the bloody bend of New York's twisted Doyers Street, where curbstones have been dyed red by tongues and gong wars.

These Sunday services are a combination of vaudeville and religion. "The Bishop" doesn't ask them where he came from unless they ask him. And, following rigid policy, the "Bishop" probably would have welcomed Mary Magdalene—even before she became a saint, and therefore respectable.

This rugged "Bishop's" name is Tom Noonan—but don't ask him where he got it. He doesn't know. He grew up without father or mother, stealing boyhood meals from fruit-stalls—dodging under horses' bellies when cops chased him, back in New York's gaudy and hounded era. Tom is a "graduate" of Sing Sing and Dannemora prisons. Yet today he feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, houses the homeless, reforms criminals, and finds work for hundreds of hopeless men and women. He might have died a Dillinger. Instead, he lives a saint. The late King Albert of Belgium was proud to call him friend—and so are scores of New York's leaders in all walks of life. To his "Cathedral"—now a home for the homeless, but formerly a Chinese theater—gambling joint, hop-house, bawdy house and murder-lair—and to the microphones there, he has welcomed such celebrated folks as Sir Harry Lauder, the late Sir Thomas Lipton and the late King Albert.

Tom's derelicts and the radio audience have been entertained by Al Jolson, Jimmy Walker, George Jessel, Walter Winchell, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Wardell Lawen, Earl Carroll, Nora Bayes—who sang her last song there—Harry Hershfield, Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Brieley, Kathryn Parsons, Nick Lucas, Ozzie Nelson, and a host of other outstanding stage, screen, radio and political personalities.

When you hear Tom Noonan's broadcasts, you actually are "on the inside" in a genuine struggle to help the helpless. His "Cathedral" is always crowded for the "Bishop's" services. It has a capacity of 400.

On the stage of the old Chinese theater are reserved seats for "paying guests"—spectators who are "doing Chinatown." From these guests a collection is taken to pay for food and coffee for the 400 bums and derelicts. After eating, these down-and-outs are permitted to sleep on cots in the subcellar of the building—in what Tom calls his "Blue Room." There, a huge coal stove keeps them warm. In the morning they are given breakfast and—when possible—shoes, coats or whatever articles of wearing apparel they may need; and it's all free.

But Noonan's work goes far beyond that. When Tom Noonan, 

Steve Brodie's sa- lon, with Steve shown at the bar—a typical hangout such as Tom knew in his early youth, before he learned to "get his" without risking jail

One of the types of dope addicts whom Tom has brought back to health and wholesome interest in life

and received thirteen different offers. Through the medium of radio I introduced 21 worthy couples to one another, with the net result that all are happily married. I ask listeners to supply some of my boys with jobs. Thus far more than 2,000 have been put to work.

A poor colored church asked me for an organ—and received it. A woman came home from a hospital with a baby. She asked for a crib, and received one from a kindly listener. With cash contributions from listeners I have been able to provide every cell in Sing Sing and Dannemora with radio earphones.

He enumerated hundreds of other items. Ball was put up for a boy involved in a court case, 25,000 packages of cigarettes, as well as pipes, smoking tobacco and shaving utensils, were sent to Veterans Hospitals. Prisons were supplied with libraries. A destitute home in Hell's Kitchen was furnished. Thousands of crutches and artificial limbs were supplied to cripples.

Tom doesn't bother to clear these benefits through his "Cathedral." He puts the needy and the generous in touch with one another. He is not an "Organization" working to shuck a favorable report to a board of directors at the end of the year. His sole job is helping people.

Now—what caused this mighty change in a man who once was a criminal? Why did the youthful band of crime find his spots? Principally the humanity and the humility of another human being—who just happened to be a woman. And there wasn't any romance about it.

While Tom was a petty-thieving lad, a serious-minded old boy said: "Tom, you ain't getting nowhere. Ain't you got no ambition to amount to something—be somebody?" Tom allowed he had wanted to know the first step. "Tonight," was the sober reply, "we'll knock over Ginsberg's clothing store. I'll be a cinch.

This was entirely in keeping with the bitter philosophy of "Get yours—no matter how." The boy who said it wasn't trying to be funny. Psychologists tell us that all successful individuals are those who managed to "get theirs"—in some way or another. Tom's crook friend wanted to

(Continued on Page 29)
Standing By—

With Ray Perkins

Something ought to be done about this plague of children who are always wanting to be fed to the kiddy-widdies through the air has reached the proportions of a major national crisis. Wonder! I believe having been one myself until I was old enough to know better. Never has there been a more serious menace against childhood ever had suckled my lips either on the air or off, hot or cold, drunk or sober. I even go "kitty-kitty" at brats on trains who wipe wet pop-corn on my vest and try to stare me down. But so help me whoosis, I'm sick of hearing radio performers, executives and sponsors gurgle about the "importance of the children" until you'd think the adult population had about the relative standing of one flea in a block of dogfights.

It seems that in the Average American Home, mama and papa are jolly well told what they can listen to by the Little Ones. It also seems that the Average American Business Man feels that he can persuade the wee youngsters that they must have his product, mama and papa will tremblingly obey orders and buy. Indeed—(I love that word "indeed" at the beginning of a sentence it reminds me of Will Woin Payton Terhune) indeed, it seems that broadcasting is going through a bloodless revolution in which eventually the kiddies will take over everything from the Federal Radio Commission to the studio clock. Anyhow, we're getting the longest parade of kid programs ever led before the microphone. The air is full of Uncles, Big Brothers, Injuns, Cowpunchers, Cartoon Strips, Rollo Boys, Bardelevi Dicks, Happy Sunshine Hours, Clubs, Societies, Free Badges, Contests, and Ask-your-Mother-to-Buy Campaigns from school time to bed time.

And don't think that bedtime means anything! The radio insidrers will tell you proudly that AMOS AND ANDY owe their success to the children. It also seems that the popularity of JOE PENNEER and ED WYNN is largely due to the boys and girls that GRACIE ALLEN is great because she's the kid's idol, and that is BEN BERNIE, STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD, CAPN HENRY, KATIE SMITH and everybody else. Great grief! The kids have you believe that children never do go to bed any more. I think they even will pull the plug out, and GEORGE HAY and GEORGE GERSWIN appeal to the kiddies. And I wouldn't be at all surprised pretty soon to see that a "sponsored" put on a midnight dance band for children five nights a week.

Personally it makes no difference to me. It makes no difference to me even impersonally. All I say is I'm an adult myself and I hate to see my fellow-adults get a raw deal. You know, Graeme, if you're an adult. So, you young-umpers, are you mice or are you men or women? If the two latter, you'd better do something to control your offspring, or at least let the Radio World know you want to.

And now it's time for a BUCK ROGERS program, and I'm afraid I'll pardon me because I don't want to miss it...

NBC publicity department advises the world that FRANK BLACK studied to be a chemist before he became a musician. Program suggestion: Frank as guest artist playing concerto on a test tube.

Mrs. Pattie Pickens, inviolable mother of the inviolable PICKENS SISTERS, has no daughters but also fish. The Pickens living room, on Park Avenue, is adorned with a dozen or more aquariaums (or the plural aquariums, Mrs. F.P.) containing an elegant collection of fish, and it looks perfectly lovely. The fish aren't as pretty as the girls, but they stay at home more. One or more matronly squawes give birth to 40 bouncing babies. Mother, the girls, and the fish are all reported doing nicely.

According to my fund Pandora, Pickens is a Southerner. She's a Southerner. She's an Englander. If the facts really were known, I am probably related to both the Pickens Sisters and Pearl Pickens, which makes me the Missing Link. Scientific papers please copy.

If Chevrolet can afford to give us all that expensive talent, can you imagine what Rolls Royce could do with a radio program?

Ran into RAY WINTERS the other day. You will remember him as announcer on "The Haymarket Square Show". He is now assistant program director for station WOV, New York. Although Wynn got to the headliners, it is doing very well with you 60% of "They're old-fashioned, a very high quota. The bulk of its commercial programs are "The Haymarket Square Show". I called up Wynn to reach the huge New York Italian population. New York, you see, is the second largest Italian city in the world, exceeded only by Rome itself.

Yours respectfully is founded on the NBC's lovely red network Mondays at 6 p.m. EST. This will go on regularly—until something happens to cause me to change my mind can happen. My piano, Clarence, will stooze. Here's hoping a lot of people will be listening; and more to the point, here's hoping we'll be worth listening to.

Along the Airlalto

By Martin Lewis

Everyone was nervous at the opening of the ED WYNN show. GRAHAM MCNAMEE almost tripped and fell when he rushed out from the wings. LOUIS WITTEN stumbled over the microphone wires and almost pulled the plug out, and at one time DU-CHIN started the music before Wynn was through with his dialogue. McNamar rushed from the studio after the show to hop a plane for Detroit to broadcast the start of the World's Series the following day. However; he didn't get away before the Fire Chief kissed him on both cheeks in front of the CBS onlookers. Wynn later grabbed Duchin, who made his debut on that program; and after praising his work to the audience, Wynn kissed him on both cheeks, too! Whoops!

COLUMNS ABOUT COLUMNISTS: Ed Sul Tiger, the Broadway columnist, heard last season on the Rough Shows with New York, is the author of the script for the new Phil Harris college campus mythical tours. And while we're on that subject, here's a great big hand for Walter Winckell for his weekly bit of interesting and exciting chatter. Will Rogers couldn't understand why his sponsor showed him the NBC. He liked the NBC surroundings. After his broadcast recently, Rogers went up to the studio and warned Wynn that if he didn't get a better audience and after the ace news reporter was through they both went into a studio to listen to President Roosevelt and Floyd's Yiddish show to know nothing about for his weekly broadcasts. He's staying right in New York and will do them from there.

Symphony in color—The name of Johnny Green's secretary, is Rose Gray, and it's a bad combination—GREEN AND GRAY... LEOTA LANE, sister of Rosamond and Priscilla, made an unofficial appearance on the Wannin program last week. She pinch hit in a Glee Club number when Rosamond developed a sudden cold. And during the summer months GERTRUDE NIENEM made unofficial visits to a plastic surgeon. After one look at the exotic songstress, my hat's off to plastic that GLAS did right by our Neil... ROWEINES WILLIAMS, the audition winner on the "Hollywood Hotel" show, has also made a change, but in name only. She's called Jane now... COLONEL STOOPNAGLE moved his living quarters again. This time he's no more than fifty yards from the the studio. As long as he's been with Columbia he's never lived more than two blocks away... The genial MAJOR BOWLES celebrates his 12th anniversary on the NBC airwaves next month. This chain should have the Major put on his weekly audition show over WHN—the program is the talk of New York and gaining in popularity from week to week... Since he left the airwaves, letters have poured in asking when the POET PRINCE will return. Here it is, folks—next Sunday on his first commercial program over NBC network. Time will be announced.

FLORENCE CASE, formerly heard with the Emu Velahe band, is now vocalizing with Jacques Renault's orchestra at the Coconut Grove in Boston.... HAL KEMP has invaded the east with his musical crew, and from the reception he received at his Hotel Pennsylvania opening he should be around these parts for a long time to come. An unusually good band, this Kemp outfit... And did you know that FRED WARING and his crew average thirty hours of rehearsal for each half hour program? Which accounts in part for their being good... I wonder why ABE LYMAN and VIENNE SEGAL ignore each other's presence, even though they are on the same program. Don't be kids, you big kids... PEGGY KENAN and SANDRA PHILLIPS, the redheaded piano team, have formed their own orchestra... ROYAL DERRICKS and ED SCHILLING, the radio agent, received a shock which gave him chills, following Russ Columbo's death. The day after the singer died in California, Schilling received a contract signed by Russ the day before the fatal accident... A female "One-Eyed Connolly" tried to crash the VALLEE broadcast, but was politely escorted out of the R. C. A. building, after guiltily filling the guards at the door... Sponsors of the BYRD broadcast paid ace pitcher Dirty Joe an thousand dollars to say "hello" to the members of the expedition.
You know, the most difficult thing to do is to start something! It is a pleasure to talk about what you like to do, and what you are going to do. But to make the start—that is hard; and that is the most important thing of all in making something. For, unless you start, all the planning, all the dreaming, all the talking is just a lot of nonsense when you have nothing.

Often when you make the start the thing goes on by itself. It carries you along.

I once knew a rag picker who came to the house asking for rags and iron bottles. He made a start with a rickety old handcart which he pushed along. Well, one day he came along, and he didn't have the handcart. He had acquired a skinny old horse and a ratty wagon.

He paid a pretty good price for rags and old iron, and we kids used to go about the neighborhood picking up every piece of iron we could find. He came along with a set of scales, and after weighing our treasures he paid us a few cents, put the stuff in his wagon and drove away.

He started something, you see. He didn't keep talking about some day becoming the iron king of that country. He just started.

Well, with his horse he could carry a bigger load and get around quicker, and he wasn't so tired at night. Years passed, and one day there was a big sign put up over his new place: "Northwest Iron Company." He was president. He became one of the rich men of the town. He was known as a philanthropist. He was prominent and respected. All because he started something.

Of course many things you start will fail. If you keep on, by the law of averages you will strike gold, but if you never start, never will you get anywhere. It doesn't take a mathematician to figure that out. So, if you have any dreams, start something. It doesn't make a difference on how small a scale you have to start, but start.

"Remember that the mighty oak was once a nut like you."

Some people in some way hook up the emotions, particularly the good ones, with the human heart. When they speak of love, of kindness, of sincerity, of pity, they usually give the heart as its dwelling place. Whether the heart has anything to do with it is a debatable question. Some think it has no more to do with these things than the liver or the stomach or the kidneys. But in poetry it is the heart that loves.

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**Reviewing Radio**

By Martin J. Porter

Joe Penner. All of Mr. Penner's individual and non-repeatable songs are penned by Hal Raynor, and Mr. Raynor, alias Mr. Rubel, usually throws in a gag or two with a song, a couple of jokes, and whatever other material he thinks Mr. Penner might use.

Not even the congration of this versatile clergyman suspected that their shepherd was one of the wits behind the Penner shows until Joe Penner went to California the last time to make a picture. On that occasion Mr. Rubel took a hurried vacation from Jersey and went also to California. They needed him to write Penner songs and gags—and naturally, when Mr. Rubel returned home, he had some explaining to do. That revealed him as the man with the double identity.

Fame having thus been thrust upon Mr. Raynor, he is now in demand. He will shortly be on the air in person, in his own broadcast series, on the NBC network.

There is much talk in the business offices of the radio industry about the acceptance of liquor advertising, and the talk indicates that it will be acceptable by midwinter. In confirmation of this, humorously enough, comes a sudden rush of manufacturers of headache remedies to get spots on the air—a movement that the liquor firms are not particularly pleased with. Bromo Seltzer already has signed for an NBC series to begin October 12. This spot was to have had Ray Noble's orchestra as its main source of entertainment, but union rules and Labor Department of tape tagged Noble down—so the job went to B. A. Rolfe, whose newest orchestra will play soft and sweet—and slow.

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**"Are You Listenin'?"**

By Tony Wons

Well, that dear old lie that talk is cheap has been exposed. You can prove it by looking at your telephone bill or starting an argument with a traffic cop. But if that doesn't convince you that talk takes a huge amount of time, you can hear the argument from the lawyer who said: "If you think talk is cheap take a look at the cost of a session of Congress!" And how about the campaign expenses of politicians? There's expensive talk for you!

A letter was received the other day, in which a radio listener claimed that I said the world would be a better place to live in if we stopped laughing altogether. I did not say that, and you know blamed well I didn't. I remember what I did say, though. I was talking about war and the serious state of affairs in the world today, and I said that all sensible people ought to stop laughing long enough to give some serious thought to these things and their solutions.

Why, do you know that it has gotten so that if you discuss serious things even on the radio, somebody is bound to pipe up and say: "Cut it out!" Yes, people will say: "Don't talk about that. We don't want to hear about it. Make us laugh! Be a clown! Be a fool! Be a buffoon! Be a jack-in-the-box! Anything to make us laugh. But for the love of Ed Wynnery, don't get serious!"

That is not a healthy philosophy. When you've a hard problem to solve, you can't laugh it off. I don't care how funny the clown is who makes you laugh. Nobody but a goose would say: "Stop laughing altogether." Nobody but a fool would say: "Keep laughing all the time."

It seems to me that we could take our cue from Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln who could be serious. And yet he could laugh, too.

I once heard of the man who went to a doctor because he was sick. And the doctor hold him to laugh fifteen minutes every day before meals. One day in a restaurant while he was laughing, a man at the opposite table walked over and said angrily: "What the derrick is you laughing at?"

"Why, I'm laughing for my liver."

"Well, then," said the other fellow, "I guess I'd better start laughing. I ordered mine half an hour ago!"

More of Tony Wons' homey philosophy may be heard by tuning in on his program, "The House by the Side of the Road," Sunday afternoons at 4:30 p.m., CST over an NBC-WJZ network. The program is sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son.
"But We Ain't Got No Descriptions!"

As Recorded by Fred Champion

Lum and Abner Are Two Stars of the Air Whose Lives and Habits and Even Physical Appearances Are Relatively Unknown. RADIO GUIDE Tried to Get the Information Necessary to Supply a Word Picture of the Pair—with the Following Result

Norris Goff, the "Abner" of the team

A: What I'm goin' ter put down here fer shinin'! All that's about natural defects. Now about the new mail-order books, we both got lots of worn shoes, and I got one left shoe with caulks. I'll put that up.

L: Yea, ... what else here? You ain't got no spavin, but I guess that fits my limp, lesson you might refer to it as spring halt. Put her down ... Abner, no other defects in horses. Lum has a bit of spring halt, because of the weather. Now about colorin'... yore sort of piebald, and a little bit skinny in the mane. Me, I guess I'd be described as sorrel, spavin to white. ... Nothing here about them horses havin' mustaches, so put her down separate. Abner ... hey, Abner!

(ABNER, who has been whittling, suddenly falls on the floor, then gets up lopside.)

A: There ... I done it again. That's the second chair this week. Guess that building manager man won't like that any.

L: What's aillin' you lately? Shoulda thought when that porch fell on you after you whittled through that column, 'twould have taught you a lesson.

A: Oh, I dunno. Seems like I'm always nervous. Gotta whistle on somethin' since I used up that "No Whittling" sign they stuck up in here, what's next?

L: Well ... don't neither of us wear a headpiece, so they can't be got a toothache. How're your patterns?

A: Right fine shape, 'cept I ain't got no feetlocks.

L: Yea, and neither of us got hocks, lesson you didn't see tickets. How about this, though? One of these horses got a harness gall, and the other fellow's got scalers... how fit us?

A: I dunno, Lum. I got a pendiciles scar. Can't seem to fit in a different place, but they might want know 'bout 'em.

L: Yea, an' I guess you might call that it in the middle of my back a harness gall ... leastwise I figure it's my galluses that don't fit. Put her down ... Abner, scar on belly. Lum, harness gall from gallopes.

A: I heard tell, "billy" ain't polite.

L: That's so, ... make it stomach... Now about the breed, you'd be ledgin' by the lags, I guess maybe I got some A-rab in me, and you look kinda Percussion yourself. Besides that you're more clean lookin', now, let's see ... this next is kinda personal. It says this Jim horse has a brand on his ... Abner? Hey, Abner. (ABNER, who has been whittling the floor, suddenly disappears through it. Lum rushes over to discover that Jim horse has walked through into the lap of the building manager, who is about to have an apoplectic fit.)

Manager: You ... you ... you... !

A: I'm awful sorry, Mister, but I hadn't been out to pasture lately and I just chewed right through my stall.

Lum and Abner may be heard any evening from Monday to Friday, inclusive, over the Mutual Broadcasting System from Station WLB at 7:15 EST, from Station WGN at 8:30 CST, from Station WOB at 9:00 EST, and from Station WXYZ at 9:30 EST—in a program sponsored by the makers of Horlick's Malted Milk.
Behind the Music

By Jack D. Brinkley

A
nd now another radio program with an original score for each broadcast! Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, famous for their compositions in the "Band Wagon," "Charley's Aunt," "Till the Chimes ..." music by prominent composers for such a program. Sigmund Romberg was a composer selected, now here come Schwartz and Dietz. Heretofore listeners have been forced to lend an ear to broadcasts composed largely of second-hand musical numbers, created for the stage and photoplay and offered, in part, to the broad- casters. These same compositions have been borrowed and being played on many networks, until they are close to boring from repetition.

The new Schwartz-Dietz series of intimate musi- comedies will offer no music which has been presented elsewhere. And the songs used in these broadcasts will be released for the free enjoyment of the general public only after they have been presented on the air.

The closest collaboration is necessary between the composers and Courtney Ryley Cooper, the author of the stories on the program known as The Gibson Family. All musical selections are part of the story, with a careful balance between music and dialogue.

Why was Arthur Schwartz chosen from all American composers to write the music for this milestone in radio production? The reason is obvious when it is realized that one recently discovered by this writer contained music in the distinct styles of six different countries; and that, in addition, his reputation for composing successful popular songs, he holds the distinction of being the only composer of the "popular" school to receive consideration for a serious theme from the classical music columns of the New York Times. The composition was "The Beggar's Waltz," a portion of the score of the "Bandwagon," and Schwartz received a writer's column on a quarter and his ability to combine appealing popular songs and more serious music in a single production.

Even with all of his many successes, Arthur Schwartz may be considered one of the newer composers, having deserted law practice for music only five years ago. He was born in Brooklyn in the year 1900, attended high school there, and graduated from N. Y. U. in 1920. In 1921 he received his M.A. degree from Columbia University, and the title "Doctor of Jurisprudence" from New York University in 1924, teaching high school English in the meantime when he practiced law until 1928.

His family did not guess that this worthy back- ground was built for a future composer. His older brother had been an accomplished musician, and his father, a practicing lawyer. Arthur's early expressions of a desire to write popular songs met with the disapproval of his parents, who thought one musician in the family quite sufficient. Besides, the big brother had real talent for the classics, while Arthur's aims were not so high, and he seemed unwilling to make a serious study of any instrument.

So plans were made for young Schwartz to follow in his father's legal footsteps. It was not until 1929, when he met his first real success in music for his songs in the "First Little Show," that Arthur became convinced that he had been right at the outset. Even now he has no musical education, is an accomplished pianist only by employing knowledge which he has "picked up," and not only writes his piano arrangements but assists in the

(Continued on Page 25)

Galli-Curci's Protege

By Fred Kelly

Great Artists Leave Behind Them Only the Memory of Their Art. Galli-Curci Intends to Leave a Living Reminder in the Person of Her Successor, Muriel LaFrance

So it was with Galli-Curci, when she heard Muriel LaFrance sing. Secure in her own peerless artistry, the great singer thrilled to recognize a potential equal. She insisted upon meeting the human source of that ethereal voice. "And to my dying day," Miss LaFrance tells, "I shall treasure above all memories that of the moment when Galli-Curci insisted upon taking me to Chicago to study..." By another strange complex of coincidence, these two talented women discovered, immediately upon meeting, that they resembled each other in face and figure no less than in voice! No wonder Galli-Curci felt that she had found her other self.

Still being tested in the crucible of Fate, Muriel LaFrance went to New York where—under Galli-Curci's guidance—she spent months in training with the finest teachers. Then came the time when Washington went wild over the young Slim Lindbergh, just returned from his historic flight to Paris. The Associated Press sent Muriel to the festivities, to sing. Not only did she "steal the show," earning the sky person praise of the returning hero himself—but she earned also the personal attention of the great Roxy. "You must come to New York!" was the Roxy ukase.

She did, and was one of the master impresario's principal soloists for two years! Muriel LaFrance had come through like a thoroughbred, proving that she had not only talent, but qualities of character without which no great art is possible. Radio and concert engagements followed. Steadily this glorious voice mollowed, found wider recognition and an in- creasing circle of enthusiastic admirers.

"It has always been my ambition to please my audiences," she says modestly, "and I enjoy singing what we might call 'in-between' numbers—such as the beautiful melodies written for 'Rose Marie,' 'Showboat,' and so on—but as much as operatic selections."

Muriel LaFrance can be heard on KYW (Chi- cago) alternating Sundays at 1:30 and Wednesdays at 8 p.m. CST, on a program sponsored by the Olson Rug Company.
Dear VOR, 

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOR editor, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged in your photograph when writing.

Marking Appreciation

Red Wing, Minn. 

From the many letters which appear in the VOR columns it is quite apparent that there is a difference of opinion regarding the sanctioning of studio audiences, who applauded excessively. I, for one, feel that they are doing a great deal for those who listen to radio. We who listen to radio and see television know there are many more who appreciate what the performers have done and would like, if they could do it, to add their applause. Therefore, when those in the studio show their appreciation it adds a feeling of greater gratitude for what has been rendered.

Maiden Swanson

No Mailman for Kate

Harrisburg, Pa. 

Dear VOR: I haven't seen quite fair for radio to have a mailman, to be on the air in the afternoon. What about the business people who would like to hear her? True, she is on the air every Thursday evening for a half hour but that isn't enough of Kate. I'm sure a great many people concur in my this.

I managed to hear her today—over the telephone. Try it sometimes sometime at home. Call me on the phone, turned the volume up, and I heard Kate sing, "My Gal Sal" and "Far and Wide We Know?" I wish I could have heard every word she sang, I couldn't get the full benefit of her beautiful voice.

A Reader

Mighty Pen-darvis

New Kentington, Pa. 

Dear VOR: After reading many of your columns I always notice where other readers express their views of "name bands." It's funny how they argue back and forth about the Garber, Lombardo and Kildib bands. Let's all quit arguing and listen to a band that is going up and coming. A more perfect one you couldn't want. Mr. Paul Pendarvis takes a bow. You're making them take notice. So listen, take a tip and tune in Pendarvis in your first ball, you'll regret it.

William S. Thornberry

The Brilliant Ray

Ottawa, Canada 

Dear VOR: In a recent issue I noticed a letter praising my favorite radio star, Virginia Rea. In all the time I have read RADIO GUIDE this was the first letter I had seen to that effect. I entirely agree with the writer. She is the first soprano on the air today and broadcasts all too seldom. As she is described on her program, she is, "Virginia Rea, the incomparable." I hope others will join me in praising this fine singer. J. Moore

Baffled Listener

Chicago, Ill. 

Dear VOR: It simply is dissapoligizing to have these three of your favorites on the air at one time. After waiting patiently for Burns and Allen and "페이토 유스인 스링 서거" to return to the air I find them broadcasting at the same time Fred Allen is on. Are there any of your readers who share your feelings? F. Smith

Singing a New Song

Corry, Pa. 

Dear VOR: After a layoff of a year I certainly thought the Boswell Sisters would have had time to learn a new song. And if they didn't have time for a new one they might have rehearsed the ones they have been singing for the last few years. Their "Heeiee Jesse Blues" give me no jitters.

Bob S. Paulson

Love Thy Neighbor

Dubreque, Iowa 

Dear VOR: I read the letter in your September issue concerning Wayne King. There is no doubt! Guy Lombardo has a good orchestra as have hundreds of other bands. But to knock Lombardo like Wayne King who has climbed the ladder of suc- cess she has, shows poor sportsmanship. I was a childhood neighbor of the King family and don't like to hear anyone criticize, especially old friends.

Alice Jan Sloan

Carbennorial Hint

Gurneino, Ohio 

Dear VOR: Recently in my favorite section of your program there was a letter from Jan Garber's orchestra on the occasion of Jan Garber's 20th birthday. I have sent a card as I was not able to find the address.

Alice Ann Sloan

Came The Don

Winnetka, Ill. 

Dear VOR: How come we read so little about that charming and talented hostess, Don Pedro? You would be pleased a great many fans were you to give us a little more information about him. And can't you give us a picture, too? Don was the attraction at the Mexican Village when he was there. There were, however, noticed, a great many fans, who, as I did, went back again and again to the Mexican Village merely to see and hear Don Pedro. He is a dandy personality.

He is minus the usual "hardcore" and high-headedness. His music is ultra-sophisticated and his voice—Viva La Mexico—charming.

Alice Ann Sloan

Tune in Enoch Light

Fronton, Minn. 

Dear VOR: In looking through my RADIO GUIDE about a week ago I found that "Lucy Bill Higgins" was not in the program listings any more. I think that he is the finest singer on radio and would like to hear his baritone voice soon again.

Wayne G. Johnson

Faint Praise

Winston, Conn. 

Dear VOR: I have read the letters of M. A. H. and other similar "pioneer" in your recent editions and want to say that I too, like Johnny Marvin, but only to a certain extent. He has a nice voice but he doesn't sing in the true cowboy style.

I like real typical cowboy singing, like that of Marc Williams. I want to hear him sing with the best of Maree McArthur.

Sincerely,

Johnny Marvin.

The Mortal Fears

Children's Hour over WABC on Sundays.

May I put a few words about Burns and Allen? I think they are the slickest team on the air. The less I hear of George Burns the better for me—and Georgie. Irene Smith

In Praise of Buddy

Smith, Ark. 

Dear VOR: "Straight from the shoulder, right from the heart" I'd like to express my appreciation to RADIO GUIDE for publishing my most interesting letter about Buddy Rogers. It is a matter of great importance to radio's finest entertainers. As another former musical and announcer, Buddy will be called radio's most subtle entertainer. As one announcer so perfectly expressed it: "Buddy Rogers and his California Cavallito present music with a personality." —Vivian Sherwood

Is Margaret Wright?

Princeton, Ill. 

Dear VOR: Why is it you knockers get such a "big bang" out of slitting your vocal cords? Why don't you put away your harmonies and buy some horns? There are other programs you can listen to instead of writing and saying you do not like this or that person. You are knocking the hard-core fans who like them as much as you dislike them so why not for a (change) keep quiet. There are enough programs to go around.

Morgan Wright

Good Wins!

Brooklyn, N. Y. 

I notice radio fans always praise or blame faulty broadcasting weather. Why don't you give the small-time radio performers or announc- ers who do an honest job something to remember and look forward to hearing again.

Yet Robert, a good old-time fan, wrote me not long ago that radio jobs, steady ones, were very difficult to get. I wonder how the obtain for people with his type of voice, that they want crooners and crooners almost exclusively. I'm judging from the number of both on the air at all hours of the day and night, seven days a week, I should be forced to agree with him that surely someone prefers the crooners and crooners.

But may I draw attention to a largely a supposition on the part of radio program arrangers that sponsors either because they, themselves, prefer to see entertaining figures on the air because they think radio audiences as a whole like them, and who, in fact, that enough people who do not like them have not expressed that dislike—a sincere, hearty, wholesome and reasonable dislike.

R. V. Stiles

A Minority Protest

Chicago, Ill. 

Robert Crawford during the summer song on the NBC network. I could hear the voice, deep and richly colored, and coupled with perfect enunciation and fine interpretation was something to remember and look forward to hearing again.

Yet Robert, a good old-time fan, wrote me not long ago that radio jobs, steady ones, were very difficult to get. I wonder how the obtain for people with his type of voice, that they want crooners and crooners—almost exclusively—and judging from the number of both on the air at all hours of the day and night, seven days a week, I should be forced to agree with him that surely someone prefers the crooners and crooners.

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R. V. Stiles

Popularity Contest?

Tampa, Fla. 

Dear VOR: I am picked through. I have an all-wave radio set and a good one and we sure could use a winner. But there is no much static and WSM came in so strong that I could not enjoy it. And Andy and I sure could use a winner on the air now and they are pushy. They have been for a year and half. I hate to say this but there is no sense in the program after the announcer gets through. I would like to ask the fans to help get the Popplandites to put a vote to the fans on Frank Buck's program and Andy and I would like Frank Buck. There is a program that has educational value. 

Mrs. Daisy Hill

Lilian an Example

Newton, Iowa 

Dear VOR: I am listening to the last four months to a woman singer who can as rightly be called a dramatic soprano or a contralto as she can a mezzo-soprano. I have heard there is only one singer entitled to that classification—Lilian Russell. Not only that but on her programs she delivers a message in song just as she were a speech with a musical setting. In this field of radio broadcasting. Other singers would do well to follow her method.

Clarence E. Stevens

Help Small-timers

Chicago, Ill. 

Dear VOR: I have been on old and your voice be loud enough to reach all Post Prince fans, urge- ers who can and will send them to NBC demanding (not asking) the return to the air of our beloved Post Prince whose voice is symphonetic, sweet and tone. It was delightful to know that at a certain hour every night we would have the privileges of bring- ing into our homes the program of the Post Prince ending with his cheery message to all. And while throwing plans around let's dump a cart-load at our good, faithful Evans Plumber whose column and stories always some welcome.

Alice Peas

Voice of the Listener
Last Bite of the Blonde Tigress

By Arthur Kent

She Was Vicious Like Her Animal Namesake, Even After Her Victims Were Robbed and Beaten and Shot. But She Overlooked Radio as the Defender of Law, with Its Powerful "Calling All Cars" . . . "Calling All Cars"

The three thugs had a system. They worked it repeatedly in Chicago during the summer of 1933, with complete success.

Smiling with glee, the little blonde would enter a small store with her boy friend. The other man—the lookout—stood just outside. Then the frail-looking, wide-eyed woman would give an order to the merchant. While his hands were busy, reaching for merchandise . . .

"Hands up!"

Swinging around, the startled storekeeper would find himself staring into the Cyclopean eye of death—the pistol-muzzle of the boy friend. But even more menacing was the horrid change in the gentle face of the woman.

Grin, the winsome smile. In its place a sneer made the face pointed. Coldly, the pupils of baby-staring eyes widened—and widened still more. Their black depths were inhuman—blank of soul, like the empty sockets of a death's-head.

The look could be interpreted only as indicating that she loved to inflict pain.

If a victim was slow in getting his hands up: "Let him have it!" she would croak in a strange, strained voice. Then, tiger-swift, she'd crack a blackjack down upon the helpless head. As the slugged man sank to the floor she'd wring him expertly and repeatedly in the groin.

That seemed to be her idea of fun. In almost 20holdups she found many excuses to swing her blackjack and her pointed shoe; while the gun of her boy friend kept the victims defenseless. They took both money and merchandise. So far, they had killed no one.

"But they will," said the police who had followed their exploits with out being able to "make a collar."

Patiently, science and law began to organize a defense against these outlaws. First, it was ascertained that all the holdups were being perpetrated in the northern and western parts of Chicago. The police made a map of that district, divided it into squares. Then they assigned radio patrol cars to the different squares, and cars were routed carefully, so that at no time would there be holes in this radio-span net.

The police had a name of their own for the unknown female slinger, too. They called her "The Blonde Tigress"—among other things. And they put the word "tigress" into a special code message designed to help trap her. Whenever the cruising squad-cars, assigned to this radio patrol, might hear an all-cars call using the word "tigress" and a street address, the entire fleet of patrol cars were to rush immediately towards the ad-

dress given. They were to go by routes previously selected; thus, from the instant a "tigress" alarm was given, police would begin to converge upon the scene of the crime, and not one single street leading away from it would be left untouched for a moment.

It was a neat trap—but the raids of the Tigress and her two jackals suddenly stopped. Had they been scared off?

Patiently the police went on patrolling. Two weeks passed.

Then one night a blonde woman and two men came very quietly into the little men's furnishings shop of old Gustave Hoeh. Gustave was 70. His whole life centered in that little shop—for, like so many old people, he had a perfect horror of becoming dependent upon others in his declining years. Old Gustave smiled at these new customers. He noticed with pleasure that the men—both the paunchy big fellow, and the younger one with the shining black hair, who stood near the door—were well dressed. The woman's friendly smile warmed Gustave's veins, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable about the sharp way the men looked at him.

"What have you got in the way of a good broadcloth shirt—blue?" asked the older man, who stood beside the woman. His eyes were heavy-lidded, his voice quiet and flat. Gustave ran his glance up and down the burly frame to estimate size, then turned and lifted his wrinkled hands to take a box down from one of the shelves behind him. Instantly the blonde woman flipped open her handbag. From it the boy friend snatched a pistol.

"Hands up!"

Wheeling, startled old Gustave saw the gun—saw the vicious-faced woman take out a leather-covered blackjack—saw the swarthy young man reach for the cash register.

And Gustave Hoeh grabbed at the gun.

"Fraid?" It wasn't a shot—it was the sickening sound of that heavy blackjack, swung in an arc by the Tigress' weak-looking hand, smashing against the storekeeper's skull. Poor old Gustave sprawled to the floor.

He began to scream. The gunman fired. But even this pitiful show of resistance by a brave old man made the thug so nervous that he missed—at seven feet.

The three thugs started for the door, cursing. Their one thought now was to get away before the old man's cries aroused the neighborhood. They couldn't take it—but Hoeh was made of sterner stuff. Half-stunned, sick, but dead game, he stumbled and crawled after them, and clutched the woman's skirt. The blonde Tigress snarled a curse and swung the blackjack. To the poor old man it seemed that the universe leaped out of its orbit, that the cruel blow crashed home upon his reeling, aching head. But years of clean living had kept Gustave Hoeh tough as an old oak, and years of independence and honesty had made him courageous. He hung on—and screamed for help.

Panic seized the wiry gun-moll. She dropped the frail weight of him clear to the pavement outside his shop. Then, unable to bear or shackle him off, she lost her head. People were coming out of nearby shops to see what the row was about.

"Get him! Get him!" screamed the Blonde Tigress. "He won't submit!"

The paunchy fellow with the heavy-lidded eyes turned and leveled that pistol. Very deliberately he fired four times at the bleeding victim. Every shot penetrated quivering flesh, slowly, his splendid courage evaporating. Gustave's grip relaxed. His head sank to the pavement. He was dying.

Dying—but the Tigress hadn't finished with him yet. "Come on!" her
**Signposts of Success**  
**By “The Doctor”**

John B. Kennedy, who may be heard every Tuesday and Wednesday over NBC networks

**Feig in a Round Hole. Read Why His Face Shows This**

Anyone with reasonable perceptions can see that this is the face of a scholar, an artist, that it takes the world rather seriously. The public has discovered plenty of dope beneath all this seriousness, but it is held in check by the fact that for years Mr. Kennedy has taught wide experience and acute thinking for the purposes of influencing public opinion and advanced thought.

Over the air John B. Kennedy has a careful selection of ideas and of human effort, and attempts, if we read the specific abilities and emotions of this face right, to reach the man who is busy with his own affairs and neglects his own major interests.

This face is full of ethics and the sense of a carefully artistic sense, and as a whole an uncommon editorial sense. His troubles are that he cannot say what he thinks because he is thinking ahead of his general audience, more of ethics than they generally do, in a much broader field.

And, like his mass-judgment reasoning, his synthetic view is not highly specific. His audience, even in an editorial sense, does not see his implication, does not realize the results he expects them to vision.

We should like to hear him in at least twenty-five hours talk, saying just what he thought and without the idea of pleasing anybody. That would be doubly worth hearing by anyone who can think. He would have a large audience, if he could get away from its individually immediate tastes. That thin line of the upper lip indicates a whimsically exact sense of friendship, a close range of social relations and individual hospitality. The parenthesis of the mouth has much love of power in it and high sense of accomplishment, but not much politics; it dislikes the manner and general purpose of political acumen.

Over the air, behind the editorial or news paper, the indication of these regions just mentioned is displayed to the general public, as a seen through opening the desire to confirm a politically unorthodox view. The character analyst can read this in the facial marks, and these indices would point out the ability, personality and character of John B. Kennedy.

I had never heard him say more in five minutes than most men do in thirty.

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**Open Door to Beauty**  
**By V. E. Meadows**

Should Light Hair be Kept Light by Artificial Means? — Let an Expert Answer

The average girl with light hair always wants to know of some method of keeping the hair that is there, or one that will accomplish the proper results? That's the usual query. My answer to this, ladies, is emphatic: you have done it; your hair should turn straw-colored or light brown, and you find that it is growing darker, I personally would not recommend any rinse or shampoo to keep it up—for the following reasons: the action of the aforementioned products is one of bleaching, and after a continued use it will turn the hair into a bleached-looking mess. The texture of the hair becomes harsh and difficult to arrange suitably; it becomes streaky, and it usually much darker at the roots than on the surface.

To counteract and correct such a condition, my suggestion is this: Keep your hair clean by washing it once a week. Be careful about the shampoo that you use, making sure that it isn't alkaline. Don't use any sticky and gummy wave sets on the hair, and during the days between shampoo brush the hair thoroughly every day, for at least ten minutes. Make sure to brush the hair not the scalp.

I have described the proper type of hairbrush many times. The brush should have at least five rows of bristles. The bristles should be serrated, which means uneven as you look at the side of the brush. The bristles should be genuine boar, not horsehair, quill, wire or split whalebone.

It is of paramount importance that your brush receives the proper care. The brush should be washed at least every other day, using hot water and some sort of soap flash. Swish the brush in the hot sud, rinse the brush with clear hot and then cold water, shake it out well, stand the brush-handle in a milk bottle, and allow to dry in the sun. Do not brush down on the bristles or place it on its back, as this will spoil the brush.

Many members of the Beauty Forum of the Air write to me after my broadcasts to ask if this brushing process will ruin a wave—permanent, natural or finger. The answer is no. It will make the hair livelier, wavier and lustrous.

Neither will regular brushing of the hair bring about an oily scalp condition, as many women seem to fear. As a matter of fact, if you have any oil coming out of your scalp (an unnatural condition) regular and systematic brushing will correct it.

V. E. Meadows, Director of the Beauty Forum (formerly called the Beauty Faith) may be heard over the American Broadcasting Company Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9:50 to 10 a.m. CST, on Stations WMCA, WGBH, WPRO and WIP.

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**Flashes of Fun**

**Cantor:** Yes, that Bing Crosby’s gone stock mad! You know what I said to him? I said “Bing, married life must be one grand sweet song.”

**Wallingford:** And what did Bing say to that? **Cantor:** He said, “One grand sweet song, Eddie? Why since the twins were born it’s been like an opera—full of grand marches with loud calls for the author every night!”

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**Joe Penner:** Well, so I am a movie star—I can prove I was in the movies! **Mona:** How? **Joe:** Here’s a picture of me! **Mona:** Why, that’s just a picture of you in your underwear! **Joe:** Penner: I know—that proves I was in shorts! ---Bakers Broadcast

**Holts:** I’ll kiss you till the cows come home! **Petrushka:** Don’t forget—my two brothers are policemen! **Holts:** All right—then I’ll kiss you till the bulls come home! ---Vallely Variety Hour

**Jarvis:** My wife put a leash on me and had one of the dogs lead me around the block! **Cook:** How long was the leash? **Jarvis:** It was a two year leash—with one month free rent! —Colgate House Party

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**Bulls and Boners**

**William Lundigan:** “Dr. Bragan is located opposite the Omonoia Hotel. The doctor is open evenings.”—Frank Rose, Oswego, N. Y. (Sept. 26; WFBQ, 12:35 p.m.)

**Alice Remsen:** “A request to close the program from a lady in Lima, Ohio.”—Gertrude Vogel, Jefferson, Wis. (Sept. 5; WMAG, 9:27 a.m.)

**Announcer:** “Important announcement being made by mother with her sewing basket sitting on the floor listening.”—Clara Ettner, Janesville, Wis. (Sept. 26; WGN, 9:45 a.m.)

**Announcer:** “Sponsored by Best’s Toothpaste for removing tobacco stains and barbwire.”—E. M. Fitzpatrick, Aberdeen, S. D. (Sept. 28; WCCO, 6:15 p.m.)

**Elinor Howe:** “I take the long slice of bread in my hand which has been spread with mustard” —Mrs. J. C. Batchelor, New York, N. Y. (Sept. 25; WJZ, 10:30 a.m.)

**Announcer:** “The announcement made fifteen minutes ago over this station in regard to a car which was stolen, has been recovered.”—Emile I. Harvey, N. D. (Sept. 17; KFYR, 5:15 p.m.)

**Kenneth Roberts:** “For 25 cents you can buy a tube of Phillips’ Dental Magnesia, half the price of a fine dental cream”—GA. F. Hogan, Oak Park, Ill. (Sept. 4; WBBM, 7:48 p.m.)

**Earl Withrow:** “Every coat is lined with cerulean silk, many with two pairs of trousers.”—Dean Dillon, Ottawa, Ill. (Sept. 21; WJDD, 2:07 p.m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour.

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**Your Grouch Box**

**Don’t let your radio grogues get you down—spoil your enjoyment!** | Editor: It is maddening to have to listen to performers trying to sound like real radio stars. And radio studio audiences are worse than noises! George C. MRS H. DANNENBERG

**Let’s gag the gaggers** | Dear Editor: Many so-called comedians use the same gags on the same day. Why not at least show some respect for the radio audience? Brooklyn, N. Y. MEYER TOBIAS

**Once more—less jazz?** | Dear Editor: Why is it we who do not care for jazz, have to listen to it every night? After 10 o’clock it is impossible to get a good program! Altoona, Pa. RADIO FAN

**Too many good-programs?** | Editor: Why must there be four good programs listed for the same hour on Wednesday? I always enjoy CRIME CLUES and THE LONE RANGE. They used to come separately. Now, to make matters worse, two more good ones appear—MURDER KNOCK, KING VICTOR—that’s two hours that I want, and EASY ACES. I can’t listen to all at once. Evanston, Ill. MRS. A. FRANK

Send your radio grogues to “Your Grouch Box,” RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Ct, Chicago.
Radio Road to Health
By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

Common Colds Are More Serious Than Most Persons Think. Consider Doctor Wynne's Timely Warning

It is true the diseases which afflict humanity, the common cold is the most widespread. It is not the only disease, as it is sometimes called, but many others may be at least as commonly serious matters. To the infant the cold is often fatal. To the adult it may be the forerunner of many serious respiratory diseases such as bronchitis or pneumonia. Tuberculosis may follow a cold. It is not to be understood that a cold is the cause of tuberculosis. This disease is caused by the tubercle germ, but if the case is quiescent a cold may cause it to become active. Since the common cold is such a large factor in the health of the nation and such a waste of the nation's time, it is of the utmost importance that its ravages be prevented so far as is possible.

As a first principle in prevention we must recognize the fact that a cold is communicable. It may be spread from person to person. Despite its prevalence, no one has been able to discover the particular germ responsible for the cold. The latest theory indicates that the cause of this disease is to be found in a filterable virus; that is, the virus will pass through a filter and even a high-powered microscope cannot detect the offending organism.

The infective agent is found in the nasal secretions of the victim, who has acquired the infection by direct or indirect contact with some one else suffering from the disease. If you wish to avoid a cold, give your sneezing, coughing friends a wide berth.

The difficulty of avoiding infection is frankly acknowledged. During this time of the year (of seasonal changes) colds are very prevalent, and a large number of the patients are walking about the land simply because they "won't be kept indoors by just a cold." The innocent bystanders suffer. They are sprayed with the infection liberally by a chorus of sneezers. The best method of protection, both for the sick and the well, is for the patient with a cold to go home—to bed if necessary—and to stay there until he has recovered.

Daily exercise in the open air, winter and summer, should be on every program (for keeping fit). The health of the nation is associated with physical fitness. Individual personal hygiene is of the utmost importance. Make certain you obtain enough rest, sleep, fresh air and sunshine, exercise and proper food. Maintain a high state of resistance and you have a good chance of resisting a cold.

Ten Years Ago

Fancy that? Antonio Rodenas, leader of the S. S. Leharensthal Filipino Orchestra, stars the radio world by playing his one-string, broomstick fiddle over WJAX, Cleveland...Chimes, on the other hand, is heard over WEAO in Columbus, Ohio, please many fans...WJAX and WCX undertake to teach their listeners in "to the," the international language, and WLAG, pioneer Twin Cities broadcaster, changes bands and becomes WCCO.

"SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HOOVER (remember him)? casts the fears of fans who worry over the possibility of supershow stations (ones with more than 1,000 watts) burning up their crystal sets. "No supershow stations," said Mr. Hoover, "will be licensed except for experimental purposes."

SIR OLIVER LODGE states for the press, "Radio wields worlds together. It will aid in international understanding and peace."

DX-TUNING FANS go gaga over collection of stations reception verifications stamps, sticking them in albums, just to prove that their weird tales of hearing California, Florida or Maine are not fobs.

WBAP, FT. WORTH, breaks into print by maintaining communication with the U. S. N. dirigible Shenandoah—WJZ inaugurates new "Air College" of New York University...and 520, in dear old London, scoops America by broadcasting a byname's laugh—haaah!

DR. LEE DE FOREST institutes a series of "sultry versus large electrical companies for alleged infringement in the use of his vacuum-tube invention."

H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS, inventor of a reputed "radio death ray," joins the cast of a London drama to earn wherewithal to further his experiments. The French magazine encyclopaedia reports with short 2-meter, wave applications to tumors and cancer.

The Child's Hour
By Nila Mack

The "Sassy" Child Is to Be Understood, Not Censured. This Child Psychologist Knows Why

A practically every child goes through the sassy or "talking back" stage. Nature endows everyone with a self-defense mechanism, and talking back is merely another form of this mechanism at work. To put it bluntly, if a child did not talk back and defend himself against those who wrong him with an unassailable trait, he would be called a coward by his playmates.

The sassy stage always starts in the play yard, and subsequently is brought into the home. Many mothers cannot differentiate between their own accusations in the home and the fighting charges that are bandied about on the street.

When Mother tells Johnny to hurry his dressing when in actual fact Johnny is racing against time, it is only normal for him to counter with: "Oh, Mother, I'm hurrying as fast as I can!"

Let us reverse the tables and put the mother in the boy's place, and vice-versa. Would she accept his fault-finding in a meek and docile manner, or would she flare back in self-defense?

This is not a theoretical case I am discussing. The boy mentioned in the above paragraphs happens to be one of my model pupils today.

I approached the lad differently. Instead of scolding him when he dressed tardily, I quietly but firmly urged him to proceed at a faster pace, or else his breakfast would be cold and unpalatable. I never accused him of being worse than any other child. I did not threaten to lock him in his home for any violation in behavior; and most important of all, I did not keep adding to his faults.

His talking-back habits also disappeared. Then came the acid test. He did something that called for a severe scolding. Instead, I merely asked him to be more careful in the future. This brought home to him that it was not necessary to stand up for his own rights at all times.

Nila Mack is director of all children's programs for CBS. Her program, "Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan," may be heard over a CBS-WABC network every Sunday at 8 a. m. CST.

Hits of Week

The radio maestros were blanketed in a sea of mist last week, which is just another way of stating that the hit tune of the airwaves was the sentimental song, "Lost in a Fog". The song, "I'm in Love," a ranking favorite, was voted the individual hit of the week. Following is the Radio Guide tabulation:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SONG</th>
<th>Points</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lost in a Fog</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Cigars in the Dark</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Saw Stars</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm in Love</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Have Eyes for You</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Out in the Cold Again</td>
<td>18</td>
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<tr>
<td>Be Still, My Heart</td>
<td>16</td>
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<tr>
<td>You're a Builder-Upper</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love in Bloom</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I May Be In-Song to In-Song, I'll Sing to Lovers</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SONG</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I'm in Love</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never Had a Chance</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm Lonesome, Caroline</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Saw Stars</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price Waltz</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Cigars in the Dark</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Still, My Heart</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost in a Fog</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night of Love</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweeetie Pie</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A few bandleaders' individual hit selections follow:

Robert Ambruster: I Saw Stars, Love in Bloom, You're a Builder-Upper, Be Still My Heart, Lost in a Fog, I'm in Love.

Henry J. E. Jones: I Saw Stars, Lost in a Fog, One Night of Love, Sweeetie Pie, Give Me a Heart to Squeeze, My Heart.

Glen Gray: I Only Have Eyes for You, Two Cigars in the Dark, Lost in a Fog, I'm in Love, Somebody Else.

Freddy Martin: Out in the Cold Again, Lonesome for Caroline, One Night of Love, Lost in a Fog.
New Programs, Changes

Sunday, Oct. 14
(Shown In Central Standard Time)

The message of POPE Pius XI, broadcast from Rome to the thousands gathered in the Philco-Chicago International Eucharistic Congress in April, will be heard over the CBS-WABC network from 9:30 to 10 a.m. The Pope’s message will come direct by short wave. An English commentator will translate.

REV. WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL, senior bishop of the M. E. Church, will be the guest of the church of the Air, 9 to 9:30 a.m. via CBS-WABC. His talk will be in connection with the sesqui-centennial celebration of the church.

A CORRECTION in time brings Mrs. Geline MacDonald Bowman, National Federation of Professional and Business Women’s Clubs, to the microphone at 9:45 a.m. on the NBC-WEF network. She will report the results of the federation poll on national issues.

FRANCES LANGFORD, contralto, and the SIZZLERS, will be the guests of Mary Swann during “Little Miss Bab’s Surprise Party” at 12:30 p.m. on an NBC-WEF network.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and JOHN BOLES, screen stars, will recreate the smash success of “The Hasty Pudding” and begin a new series of programs entitled “LISA RADIO THEATER,” which will be heard every Sunday over an NBC-WJZ network, 1:30 p.m.

THE IMPERIAL HAWAIIANS, a dance band, will inaugurate a series to be heard each Sunday from 1:30 to 2 p.m. over the CBS-WABC network.

SALLY OF THE TALKIES, a new dramatic series based on the adventures of a young girl in Hollywood, will make its debut over an NBC-WABC network at 2 p.m. This new dramatization surpasses “Talkie Picture Time,” which previously was heard at the same time.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN, another new musical afternoon series, starring Ruth Everett, recent radio discovery; Harrison Knox, tenor; Rob Stern, poet and narrator; and Lloyd Kaufman, leader of Carlsbad Bohemians, will be inaugurated over an NBC-WJZ network at 3:30 p.m.

THE WHITE BROTHERS, young harmony trio from the South, will represent Washington, D.C., as guests stars of the second “Our Gang” series. Jim Jeffries and Red Martin will be heard over the CBS-WABC network at 4 p.m.

WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, an episode illustrating those days in the national capital in 1864, will be today’s chapter in the “ROSE OF THE DRUMS” series. It is heard at 4 p.m. over the NBC-WJZ network.

JULIA SANDERSON and FRANK CRUMIT will present Evelyn Synowetz, famous monologist, as the guest of their program over CBS-WABC at 4:30 p.m.

ANNE SEYMOUR supported by DON AMBECHE will be starring in the “Grand Hotel” broadcast at 5:30 p.m. Title of the episode is “Boy Wanted, a new musical comedy.” The program is heard over the NBC-WJZ network.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES, featuring Raymond Page’s orchestra, Joan Martz and her guests star in the 7 to 7:30 p.m. time slot, 6 to 6:30 p.m. over CBS-WABC.

JACK BENNY and his entourage launch a new series of Sunday evening broadcasts over the NBC-WABC network. The program, Don Basker and his orchestra, Frank Parker, Harry Lutrink and Don Wilson will assist “Jack” in these shows. A repeat performance of Pacific Coast listeners will be heard at 11:15 a.m. This will be a three-week series, Monday, Wednesday and Friday and will be heard over the same facilities at the showtime proved by ABC.

PEGGY'S DOCTOR, a new series of romantic sketches, will be inaugurated over an NBC-WJZ network at 12:15 p.m. Rosalind Greaves and James Murray, popular radio dramatic artists, will be the featured stars of these fifteen-minute shows. They will be presented every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon. This series was originally scheduled to start October 1, but was positioned on account of the World Series broadcasts.

THE RADIO GUILD production for today will be “Death Takes a Holiday.” Anthony Cassell’s three-act drama of suspended death. The series is heard at 2 p.m. over the NBC-WJZ network.

PRINCESS PAT PATRICK, at 8:30 p.m. brings from NBC’s Chicago studios the three-act play, “The Shadow of the Ring.” The story deals with the disastrous influence of narcotics. It is heard over an NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 p.m.

AMERICA IN MUSIC, a new musical series depicting the panorama of American life as painted in native melodies, will be a Monday evening highspot at 9 p.m. over an NBC-WJZ network. John Tarker Howard will act as narrator, his points being illustrated by vocal and orchestral selections. A concert orchestra and solos will be featured in this series.

Tuesday, Oct. 16

“HAPPY DAYS”—another of the one-hour shows staged by Columbia Broadcasting WABC network will have its premiere from 9 to 10 p.m. Broadcasting from the

(Continued on Page 45)

DON'T MISS TONY WONS
Every Sunday Afternoon NBC

in

"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

Here's Tony's of his genial best! Also Gina Vona, Emery Darcy, Udorico Marchi, Ronnie and the new Martin center. Listen! You could hardly have found a more homely philosophy! Every Sunday afternoon. NBC, coast to coast, through the courtesy of the makers of

JOHNSON'S WAX
(See listing for time and stations)
Programs for Monday, October 15

5:30 A.M.  KXMO—House Tour, Home Show

6:00 A.M.  KMOX—Riddle's Quiz Time

6:15 A.M.  WLS—KMOX-KSLM Federal News

6:30 A.M.  KMOX—Mornin' News, George Will

6:45 A.M.  KLZ—Family Prayer Period

7:05 A.M.  KSWB—WDSU-WLW-Dorothy

7:20 A.M.  WDF—Mary Rush & Son's

7:45 A.M.  WBAP—Rush & Son's

8:00 A.M.  KMOX—Morning Devotions

8:05 A.M.  KLZ—Michaele Heinzelman

8:30 A.M.  KSL—WMAQ, Jeff Kohn

8:45 A.M.  KSL—Morning Maintenance

9:00 A.M.  WWLS—WMAQ, Jeff Kohn

9:15 A.M.  KSL—Junior League of Commerce

9:30 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

9:45 A.M.  KSL—Junior League of Commerce

10:00 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

10:15 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

11:00 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

11:15 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

11:30 A.M.  WWLS—KSL—Junior League of Commerce

12:00 NOON  CBS—George Hall's Orch.; WDSU—CBS—KSLM KSLW KLZ

12:15 P.M.  WWLS—The Bell Boys

12:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

3:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

3:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

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12:30 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:45 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:00 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:15 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

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1:45 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

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7:00 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

7:15 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

7:30 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

7:45 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

8:00 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

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10:45 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

11:00 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

11:15 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

11:30 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

11:45 A.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:00 NOON  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

12:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

1:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

2:45 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

3:00 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

3:15 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech

3:30 P.M.  KLZ—Morning Speech
Contests on the Air

SUNDAY
(Sponsored in Central Standard Time)


FRIDAY
7:30 p.m., CBS-CWJAC network, "True Story of Human Relations." Rebroadcast of weekly contest. Door sedan and $100 all-waves receiving set, best vocal duet recorded broadcast. Sponsor, MacFadden Publications.

THROUGH THE WEEK

10:00 a.m., Wednesday and Friday, CBS-CWJAC network, "Cooking Close-Ups." Same contest as listed for "Today's Children." Sponsor, Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.

2 p.m., Monday and Thursday, NBC-CWJAC network, "Dreams Come True." Prizes: 1st, $1,000 annual- ly for life or $10,000 in one lump sum; 3rd, $50; next 30 prizes, $100 each. Nature, letter-writing. Open to women only. Closing date Monday, October 13. Sponsor, B. T. Babbitt and Gamble Co.

ON INDEPENDENT STATIONS
KRLD, Dallas, Texas, Tuesday, 6:45 p.m., Republic Life Ins. Co. program. Prize: Expenses for two people on vacation trip to Davis Mountains. Nature, best letter of 100 words or less on "Why I Believe in Life Insurance." Sponsor, Republic Life Ins. Co.

WFAA, Dallas, Texas, Tuesday and

Bandstand and Baton

FRANKIE MASTERS is now one of the top bandleaders in the country. His engagements at the College Inn in Chicago, and the Canadian Club on the World's Fair grounds, have proven that the patrois go for his winsome smile and danceable music. And even more recent stage shows demonstrated his ability in this field.

Frankie uses nine instrumentalists and two vocalists in his orchestra. Howard Bardell, L. R. Brown, and George Poole play sax and clarinet. Ripley also plays the flute. Poole doubles on violin, trumpet and a few other woodwinds, much of the arranging. Ralph Cooper, trombonist, Don Woodville and Charlie Tomborino, trumpeters. Tomborino also dixie. Dick Kraner is the bass player. Paul McKnight the drummer, and Harold Wright the pianist. Jack Ponzl does the hi-de-ho singing and Alan Rogers is lyric tenor.

Frankie opens October 20 at the Club Forest, New Orleans, for the winter season, with broadcasts over WDSU.

HENRY KING debuted his band in Chi-

icago last week at the Joseph Urban room of the Congress Hotel. Halden played four of his "no-brass" orchestra, while a player handled the saxophone for occasion. But it's a swell band and promises to entertain NBC listeners right well.

ISHAM JONES' entrance into the automotive industry, via Tuesday night CBS, marked the third successive year of commercial broadcasting for this exciting singer. Isham has augmented his band to 20 pieces, and promises to revive popular melodies of some years ago, including some of his own compositions. The best of his new group is the brand new saxophone which completely dropped are now his recent plans to go into the booking business.

TED WEEMS cut his thirty-third birthday cake not so long ago. Ted began the thirty-third week of his current stay at Chicago's Palmer House next Thursday and nobody is going to let him leave for a long time. Weems is "aces," with the boys from Chicago and his WGN broadcasts make him "aces" with the fans, too.

BERNIE BERNIE continues to play around theaters in the East for the time being. He's been broadcasting his considerable voice on different radio stations while on tour. Shortly he'll be back in Hollywood and another Paramount film.

Tune in on

FRI. NIGHT

BLOW & SULLY GERTRUDE NIESSEN & HIS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA
MONDAYS 8:30 P.M. CST
COLUMBIA NETWORK

EX-LAX-THE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

11:15 P.M.
KLLZ—Dan Brown's Or. (CBS) (N)

11:30 P.M.
KMOX—Anson Weeke's Or. (KBO)

12:00 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

12:30 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

11:45 P.M.
KMOX—Ralph Kline's Orchestra

11:15 P.M.
KBDX—Karl Mann's Orchestra

12:30 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

12:00 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

Programs to Be Heard

Monday, October 15

11:30 P.M.
KSL—Anson Weeke's Or. (KBO)

12:00 Mid.
KSL—Anson Weeke's Or. (KBO)

11:45 P.M.
KMOX—Ralph Kline's Orchestra

11:15 P.M.
KBDX—Karl Mann's Orchestra

12:30 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

12:00 Mid.
KSL—Karl Mann's Orchestra

9:15 P.M.
KBDX—Karl Mann's Orchestra

9:15 P.M.
KBDX—Karl Mann's Orchestra

9:15 P.M.
KBDX—Karl Mann's Orchestra
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Name</th>
<th>Network</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Home Folks Hour</td>
<td>WLW—Talk of the Morning</td>
<td>6:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KMB-C—Morning Devotions</td>
<td>WSB-Family Prayer Period</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WLS—Early Wishes</td>
<td>NRC—Joy and Peace</td>
<td>6:30 A.M.</td>
<td>KMB—Melody Weavers and Skits</td>
<td>WDBF—Over the Coffee Cups</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Over the Coffee Cups</td>
<td>WSM—Salute and Greet</td>
<td>7:15 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—Morning Music</td>
<td>WVOA—Sing Your Song, Part 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Ludwig Gieseking’s Piano Recital</td>
<td>WLW—Morning with Mr. Miller</td>
<td>8:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Morning Newspaper</td>
<td>WSB—Morning News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Melody Parade</td>
<td>NBC—Morning Parade</td>
<td>8:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Art Arsdale’s Omnibus</td>
<td>CBS—Artistic and Musical Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—CBS-NOON</td>
<td>WLS—Musical Movie</td>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—N. Vic and Sue</td>
<td>WGN—Breakfast Club Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Melody Parade</td>
<td>KING—The King Broadcast</td>
<td>9:15 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Radio Garden</td>
<td>WSMB—Music Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Morning Devotions</td>
<td>CBS—Afternoon Class</td>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>KMOX—All News Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WLS—Morning with Mr. Miller</td>
<td>KBO—Home, Sweet Home</td>
<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WDSU—Karel Klix Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WDBF—Over the Coffee Cups</td>
<td>KMOX—The Morning Show</td>
<td>11:15 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WLS—Luncheon Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Home Folks Hour</td>
<td>NBC—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>11:45 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>CBS—Super 25th</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix</td>
<td>12:15 P.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WPN—Music Hour</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 P.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—N. Vic and Sue</td>
<td>NBC—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>12:45 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<td>1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—N. Vic and Sue</td>
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<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—N. Vic and Sue</td>
<td>NBC—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<td>4:30 P.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—N. Vic and Sue</td>
<td>NBC—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
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<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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<td>WFAA—N. Vic and Sue</td>
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<td>CBS—KMOX—Karel Klix</td>
<td>WFAA—Karel Klix Hour</td>
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</tbody>
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**Programs for Tuesday, October 16**

**Star** Indicates High Spot Selections
Music in the Air
By Carleton Smith

The time is nearing when certain contracts expire. Thousands of cultivated musicians and millions of plain Americans are hoping it will be renewed. For Ernestine Schumann-Heink has carried her message of life and love renewed into homes everywhere. And out of gratitude to her sponsor, more and more listeners have bought her products.

Few programs in recent months have demonstrated the clearly commercial benefits of the NBC KGW has Schumann-Heink's. "And I love it," she says, "to think that in my last years I may bring joy and happiness to so many..."

Young singers often write me, and ask about their work, and the proper methods of singing. Tell them this for me; Singers should know their vocal chords. They must not think voice or follow a method. Of course, they need to practice and remember that scales are their daily bread. And when, singing they should not stretch their voices, nor give all of the voice out. They must hold much in reserve, and let the listener understand the beauty of it. Rather, let him feel that they open their hearts joyously, broadly, deeply, and sing as God gave them voice.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS expressing gratitude for the programs broadcast by M. I. Javer, NBC music staff have poured into the audience mail bureau. The "grand old man of French music" has, at 70, demonstrated the vigor and the power of his art, and has captivated listeners in all parts of the country who were glad to welcome the self-effacing musician and hear him present the rare classics of another time. His visit should do much to reawaken our dormant interest in piano playing.

During October, M. Philip is broadcasting talks on French music and on the art of piano playing. One of his best pupils, Mlle. Emma Bonnet, will illustrate with a dozen or more pieces of modern French music. The lecture-recitals are scheduled for Mondays, October 15 and 22, and Thursdays, October 18 and 25 (NBC, all at 12:45 p.m.).

M. Philip points out delightfully that all the great composers loved the piano. Nearly all of them composed for it. He regrets the fact that we hear its literature less and less frequently. And he says, "The radio is fantastic, an extraordinary miracle. It has done much for music, but it has removed, also, the incentive to personal effort. No longer does every house have a piano and a pianist. People forget, or do not realize, that to listen to music is an art, and to play it is another. One should have the opportunity of doing the thing himself."

"I must tell you I like my American pupils. They have such open minds, and such enthusiasm, an energy, which cannot find in Europe. Their 'will to do,' is spontaneous and they accept guidance readily. I have known all done by the teacher. We can analyze and encourage, but we cannot make the pupil do."

General Motors

DR. FREDERICK STOCK, for nearly thirty years conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, will direct the broadcast of the General Motors Symphonic Spectacular (Saturday, Nov. 3). Acknowledged one of the finest conductors in the country, dependable, and above all musically, Dr. Stock will be heard by all music-lovers.

For the same program will be heard GRACE MOORE, who has sung with the Metropolitan Opera Company and who has done highly successful concert work. Oct. 21, Otto Klemperer will conduct, and 10:30HA FEITFELT will be the soloist.

Program Details

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

NBC, 3:30 p.m. Lillian Buckman, soprano, Claire de Lune; Rossini Briseis in the Night by Baur; Lullaby of the Air; Ein Sehnsuch von Geh

NBC, 6:30 p.m. Queena Marie, soprano. Contas in 3 parts, from: Mignon; Scottish Humors. Tales from the Vienna Woods by Johann Strauss.

NBC, 12:45 p.m. Indor Philipp, lecturer; Emma Bonnet, piano. "America in Music," John Talker Howard, lecturer; Concert Orchestra directed by Thomas Bemrose, Dandert quartet.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16

NBC, 12:30 p.m. Garden String Quartet, Hendl

ED WYN

In a new musical setting, but with his highly individual style of comedy, the "Fire Chief" is himself again under the auspices of his former sponsor. His program can be heard each Tuesday night at 8:30 (CST) over the NBC-WEAF network.

Will a Steady Job?

Start $1200 to $1200 a year.

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**Star Indicates High Select Spot**

### Programs for Wednesday, October 17

#### Morning

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Station/Network</th>
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<td>5:20 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Home Family Hour</td>
<td>WLS—Top of the Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>KMOX—Hiddles and Geils</td>
<td>WGN—Family Prayer Period</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KMBR—Morning Devotions</td>
<td>WGN—Morning Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>KMBC—Morning Devotions</td>
<td>WGN—Morning Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>KMOX—Mother Huddles &amp; Skittles</td>
<td>WGN—Mother Huddles &amp; Skittles</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WWDA—Over the Coffee Cups</td>
<td>WGN—Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WGN—Sly and Simon</td>
<td>WGN—Sly and Simon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WGN—Richard Dean, organist</td>
<td>WGN—Richard Dean, organist</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WBN—Newspaper, Welder</td>
<td>WBN—Newspaper, Welder</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Poleck &amp; Burlington (WLW), NBC—Tom Pender</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>KMBC—Newspaper</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 A.M.</td>
<td>KSL—Morning Reports</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WFAA—Over the Coffee Cups</td>
<td>WGN—Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WWL—Early Birds &amp; Jimmie Jelliffe</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WWDA—Two for Two Tales</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WWL—Joe Emerson, Hyman</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WWDA—Two for Two Tales</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WFAA—Bleuett's Harvesters</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WFAA—Trio</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—Metropolitan Parade</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>KTUL—KRMX</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—Breakfast Club: WSM WYK KPRC</td>
<td>KSL—Morning</td>
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<td>WSM—Morning Markets</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—The Southsides</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WYK WSM WYF WBS WDAF</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—KMOX</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WSM—WYK WSM WYF WBS WDAF</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—Morning Music</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WSM—WYK WSM WYF WBS WDAF</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Isidier Trus WYK WSM WYF WBS KVOI</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WSM—WYK WSM WYF WBS WDAF</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>10:15 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Novelty Boys</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WWDA—Armande Shopper</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Bette Moore</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WWDA—KVOO WSM WYF KVOI</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>10:45 A.M.</td>
<td>CBS—Riddles in Rhythm</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WWDA—KKBU WSM WYF KVOI</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—The Skipper's Serenade</td>
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<td>WWDA—Betts-Emerson, Usra</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WCAG—Early Birds</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>WWDA—Wolfgang's Serenade</td>
<td>WWL—Morning</td>
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<td>11:30 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>11:45 A.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Mountaineers</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 A.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Louisville, Kentucky</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—C. Allen &amp; B. Reeder</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—C. Allen &amp; B. Reeder</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>12:45 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—John and Sally</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—John and Sally</td>
<td>WWL—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>1:15 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>3:15 P.M.</td>
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<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
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<td>3:45 P.M.</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>4:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Junior Brown</td>
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<td>WWDA—Junior Brown</td>
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#### Afternoon

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Station/Network</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 Noon</td>
<td>CBS—George Hall's Hour</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>KMOX—Craig Smith's House</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 P.M.</td>
<td>KMOX—Craig Smith's House</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WSMU—Craig Smith's House</td>
<td>WSMU—CMS</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
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<td>3:30 P.M.</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
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<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
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<td>WDAF—Craig Smith's House</td>
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#### Night

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:30 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>10:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>11:00 P.M.</td>
<td>NBC—Dixie Malone</td>
<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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<td>WWDAF—KRO</td>
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Wednesday, Oct. 17

Programs to Be Heard

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Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

in-and-off in Chicago and on-and-off using a word of English - "GEORGE OLSEN wracking his brain to least scheme in his budget to achieve second place in the World Series, while wife ETHEL SHUTTA, in the remaining line at the couple's opening in Chicago, keeps busy captivating everyone with her ace personality.

Many are the newspapers inked because organized baseball sold out miking priviledges to Ford dealers for commercial airing over NBC and CBS, and the result is that Hal Totten, NBC's best ballaster, was not elected for that chain by Commissioner Landis.

Let Eddie East Teach You How to Write Radio Programs For Profit...

Easy to Make Up To $500.00 a Week

(having showing clip to famed Radio Program Star Writer of Tomorrow)

For programs are Individually written for each program, the author of the noted writer is given the opportunity to make his own opinion on the radio programs. It makes you step by step in writing language in which you are wise and how to write it. It turns the online field down in the state of musical comedy. "This Gloria Fun..."

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Day, Radio City

1270 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send copy of "The A. B. C. of Writing Radio Scripts..." enclosed from photo. I enclose $1.00 in full payment. (If you prefer C. O. D. shipment mark X.)

I understand it is impossible to complete work in 5 days and will return my $1.

Address

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Thursday, Oct. 18

10:30 P.M.

NBC-D'Osey Brothers' Orch.: WJAF

CBS-Walter O'Keeffe: Annette Hanshaw,

KSL-Gray's Orch.

WLS-Wayne Borin's Orch.

WBAI-Today's Orch.

11:00 P.M.

NBC-Columbia's Orch.: WJAF

CBS-Walter O'Keeffe: Annette Hanshaw,

KSL-Gray's Orch.

WLS-Edward H. Ring. Orchestra

WBAI-Today's Orch.

11:45 P.M.

NBC-Columbia's Orch.: WJAF

CBS-Walter O'Keeffe: Annette Hanshaw,

KSL-Gray's Orch.

WLS-Edward H. Ring. Orchestra

WBAI-Today's Orch.

12:00 MId.

NBC-Stan Kenton's Orch.: WENJ KOA

CBS-Johnnie Ray's Orch.: WBFM

WBAI-Today's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

9:00 P.M.

NBC-Pat Boone's Orch.: WJAF

CBS-Wilber's Orch.: WSB

WLS-Leon Bell's Orch.

WBAI-Johnny Ray's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

9:30 P.M.

NBC-Captain Henry's Show Boat: WJAF

CBS-Wilber's Orch.: WSB

WLS-Leon Bell's Orch.

WBAI-Johnny Ray's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

10:00 P.M.

NBC-Youth's Department: WJAF

CBS-Wilber's Orch.: WSB

WLS-Leon Bell's Orch.

WBAI-Johnny Ray's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

10:30 P.M.

CBS-Kirby's Orch.: WSB

WLS-Leon Bell's Orch.

WBAI-Johnny Ray's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

11:00 P.M.

NBC-Youth's Department: WJAF

CBS-Wilber's Orch.: WSB

WLS-Leon Bell's Orch.

WBAI-Johnny Ray's Orch.

KOB-Music Masters, sketch: KOB

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Based on extracting text from an image of a page from a document and converting it to plain text.
Behind the Music

Arthur Schwartz

Arthur Schwartz has charged publishers the right article about him unissued unless it contains the fact that he considers Dietz to be of more help than to him and that he considers the score of the song to be composed of writing anything for the stage. I mean libretto and drama as well as lyrics. His contribution to our work is indefinable.

New Song Format

Arthur Schwartz believes that the radical changes which are being evidenced in American music will result in melodies of simplicity and sweetness, and in the hillbilly form. "The new songs," he says, "must have some sophistication... enough to prove that there is mentality behind them. Radio has developed intricate and colorful harmonic treatment of themes. It has opened a great field for music rich in harmonic structure. These indications will be reflected in our new series, which will contain a minimum of so-called hot music, but believe people are more interested in melody. Schwartz realizes that he has taken upon himself a great task in composing the score for a complete hour musical each week for a year. And he believes that his greatest problem will be to make the melodies a definite part of the story. What he has accepted is probably the greatest task given any American composer. His hobbies are tennis, reading and symphonic concerts. He is not particularly fond of singing; but is a great admirer of Lily Pons. He writes poetry as a sideline and his verses have been published in columns of P. F. A. and several magazines. His first published song, "Baltimore, Md., That's the Only Doctor for Me," was written for the monotonous sum of $8.43. He believes it the funniest song he ever wrote; but admits that he saw no comedy in it when it was composed.

Arthur Schwartz was born stage-struck and with a tune in his fingers. His affection for his profession has proven itself invulnerable to attack. He is justified in preferring the title "Composer" to "Song Writer," for he has created many musical works capable of holding their place with


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F o o t b a l l  B r o a d c a s t s

(Time Shown Is Central Standard)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12
CBS—Frohman vs. Bob Ball 12:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13
WGN—Michigan vs. Chicago 1 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14
WINS—Brooklyn vs. Giants 1:30 p.m.

WGN—Chicago Bears 2 p.m.

WGN—Cincinnati vs. Chicago Bears 2 p.m.

Sportscasts of the Week

The men with things to sell believe they have more listeners among the sports fans than in other lines of entertainment.

TOM MANNING, FORD BOND and GRAHAM McNAMARA, the NBC staff and FRANCE LAUX, PAT FLANAGAN and TED JUSING, the CBS all should come in plenty of PLUMMERS juicy fruit for their listenable broadcasting during the 1944 World Series. It was one of the finest bits of mixing ever done in the interests of the thousands of ball fans who depend upon their radios for the grand finale of the national pastime. The makers of the once-tagged "Lizzie" also deserve a hand for keeping their commercial announcements down to a minimum.

OTTAWA'S SENATORS have moved their playing franchise down to St. Louis for the 1934-35 season, and thereby FRANCE LAUX may have a chance to do some big-time hockey reporting. The Mound City's favorite male voice is in the broadcast. He'll bring the ice scraps of the St. Louis owners to Midwest fans. At present he's collaborating with BRAD ROBINSON of Townsend's of Young Alums in airing the play-by-play of the various St. Louis football games.

PAT FLANAGAN didn't run out of words in broadcasting the second World Series game when he was forced to skip in the first. Just lost his voice for a time. PHIL HANNA, top tenor with AL PEARCE'S Three Cheers, wields a concertina reed and coupled with him another Los Angeles boy reached the finals of the Southwest Championships. They were beaten by such a famous duo as LOTT and STEFEN... And NICK LUCAS, CBS crooner, shows a preference for the game of books and slices, doing well enough to win the network title.

QUIN RYAN, assisted by CARL MEYERS, adds another season of broadcasting the football games over WGN. HAROLD PARKES, Windy City CBS man who handled the Notre Dame-Texas A & M game for Columbia in the absence of PAT FLANAGAN, once served followers of Big Six football in his reporting of the games from Council Bluffs, la., and Omaha, Neb.

The National Broadcasting Company evidently doesn't think much of the CBS habit of announcing the season's football broadcast schedule in advance. NBC will wait and pick its games according to importance in conference and national standing. The 1944 World Series turn at the mile was GRAHAM McNAMARA's twelfth. He started in 1923 and has worked every one since. That should make him the dean in this department. The former minute man is now busy play-by-play baseball announcing the New York stations come to the rescue of the alienated listeners. Very CHARIrch and that recorder of odd tales, MARK McGUIRE, the Network sportsman's voice, is in the air, as usual, this week.

CHANGE IN TIME OF

ALKA-SELTZER
NATIONAL BARN DANCE

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Tune In

KOA or KFI

10:00 to 11:00 P. M., C.S.T.

N. B. COAST TO COAST

On Short Waves

(Shown In Eastern Standard Time)

On Sunday, October 14, a special short-wave program in connection with the series of games between the National Broadcasting Company and the Soviet Union Board for Broadcasting and Propaganda, will be presented from Moscow.

The broadcast will feature the musical art of different nationalities of the USSR, with folk songs and instrumental presentations.

This program will be sent out by short wave station KIY from Khabarovsk, Far Eastern, and one metropolitan station will be rebroadcast over the NBC-WABC network at 8:30 a.m.

On Sunday, October 14, the final message of Pope Pius XI from Vatican City, Rome, to the thousands gathered at the Thirty-Second International Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires will be short-wave to the entire world at 9:30 p.m. and rebroadcast by CBS and NBC.

The address of the Pope will be relayed from Rome station IVJ on 151 meters to Buenos Aires and broadcast through loud speakers in and around the Cathedral at Palermo. His talk will come down to the American radio audience by short-wave from Rome. However, in case of atmospheric disturbances, communication facilities are being held open between Riverhead, Long Island, and both London and Berlin, so as to assure clear reception for the broadcast. An English commentator will follow the Pope and translate his remarks into English.

On Saturday, October 20, the celebration of the centenary of John Peter, the traditional hero of English hunting, will be broadcast in short waves from Windsor Park over the British Broadcasting Company and rebroadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System at 11 a.m.

For Railroad Broadcast

NEW WRITERS INVITED

Cash payments will be advanced to writers of songs, if used and published in "The Songwriters' Journal," or any other music to be found suitable for radio entertainment. RADIO MUSIC GUILD, 460 Broadway, New York City.

Saturday, Oct. 20

Saturday, Oct. 20

Programs to Be Heard

Continued from Preceding Page

WAGA—Richard Cole's Orchestra

WLS—National Barn Dance

WLB—Dance Orchestra

WOR—Young Simon's Orchestra

WSD—Definitive Country

WDAF—Country and Western

WFAA—Richard Cole's Orchestra

WLS—National Barn Dance

WLB—Dance Orchestra

WOR—Young Simon's Orchestra

WSD—Definitive Country

WDAF—Country and Western

WGA—Jim Garber's Orchestra

WZERO—Man About Town

WLB—Dance Orchestra

11:00 P.M.

WNC—Act-Rossi Orchestra: KTBS

WZERO—Man About Town

11:00 P.M.

WDAF—Cody's Orchestra: WLB

WFAA—Cheers, wields famous duet

KFI—Dolly Gibson's NBC

KMOX—Joe Stovall's Orchestra

WKS—Variety Program

WDAF—Variety Three

11:00 P.M.

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11:00 P.M.
The Blonde Tigress

A young man named John Brabec was driving alone, heading north on Illinois Route 73. He had a girl with him, and his thoughts were not on crime or criminals. Suddenly, this blissful ride came to an abrupt end. For at an intersection a blue sedan tore out of the darkness at terrific speed, and rammed Brabec’s car from the side. To this outrage—humiliating for a young man out driving with a girl—Brabec responded in a very human way. Whirling his car, he started in pursuit.

But Brabec did not report the number of the blue car that night. It was until the following day that he realized how serious had been the crime from which it had raced—and how close he had come to death with a trifle to spare. But thing first in the morning he drove to the nearest police station and gave his information.

It turned out that the blue sedan, owned by Earl Kennicott of 336 West Monroe Street, had been borrowed by his brother Leo, an ex-fighter. The police started to look for Leo.

Ex-Fighter Squables

Two days later, very worried, Leo came into the police station and confessed. "The papers say you want me," he said. He admitted freely being present when the old storekeeper was killed. His story was that he and two friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Bunge, had gone to the store, as Kennedy wanted to buy a shirt. An argument ensued. Kennedy pulled a gun and the storekeeper was trying to take it away from him.

He tried to take the gun away from them," he said, "and in the excitement it went off, hit the old man, and grazed my finger." He showed a scraped finger as proof.

The police pretended to believe this preposterous story, saying that the radio, upon hearing with many of the facts related by Hoeh and the witnesses, had seen the killing to be impossible. But they were weighed down by the显的 evidences of the配合's cooperation in catching the other two.

In the end, all cars called ordered to meet at Madison Street—the home of the Kennedy's, whom Minneci described as former owners of a beer flat. But Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and their two little boys had flown. Neighbors told many stories about them, however—Mrs. Kennedy's cruelty to the two children—the wild parties held there—the abrupt departures several nights before. That was the night of the murder.

A neighborhood druggist told that the Kennedy woman had patronized his store before to buy her bromo-liquors to bluntness.

A tremendous amount of work was then undertaken by the police—pure and simple routine work that does not make detectives famous, but does solve countless crimes. A drugstore owner told the police that he had taken the Kennedys away from his own flat on the night Gustave Hoeh had been slain. Yes, he remembered where he had taken them—to 6032 Drexel Avenue. In less than a minute the voice of the policem anter was marshalling story after story.

Ten squads surrounded the house. Five policemen burst into the second-floor room first. The Blonde Tigress—a red-head now, thanks to more chemistry—and her boy friend were hiding with their hands above their heads. Under the pillows were four pistols and a blackjack. At the trial, both she and the heavily-}

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(1 year)
NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN
STATE

(Continued from Page 15)

New Programs and Changes

studies of WCAU in Philadelphia, the outstanding artists of that city and guest performers from Station WIP will be introduced on this review.

JAN PEECE and BETTINA HALL, musical dinner stops, will be guest artists with ISHAM JONES Orchestra, in the new program over the CBS-WAB network at 8:30 p.m. every Sunday.

The Blonde Tigress—A red-head now, thanks to more chemistry—and her boy friend were hiding with their hands above their heads. Under the pillows were four pistols and a blackjack. At the trial, both she and the heavily-lidded, paunchy man tried to say that the whole affair had been accidental—that Hoeh had drawn his gun in self-defense. But when Assistant State’s Attorney Wilbert F. Crow ley produced witness after witness, to prove that these two cars had driven away, and that no holds were left on them, it became clear that for once, a thing of beauty was not born.

The woman tried their wiles on the jury. "I never had a chance," she said. She identified herself as a Mrs. Eleanor Jar man. She was 29 years old, had been married at 15 in her home town, Lincoln, Ne braska, and left by her husband’s desertion to support their two little boys.

This might have had more influence on the jury, if the woman had not had the good fortune to give the victims with whose blizzas her trial had found it very hard to work up sympathy with a sob story offered by a woman who had been trilling a dying, 23-year-old man in the groin.

So The Blond Tigress, her boy friend (now as George Dale, herbetro minor criminal) and Leo Minneci were all the more plausible when they produced for the first time in court the woman’s story, offering the last morsel of evidence to prove the man’s innocence. In the end, all cars called ordered to meet at Madison Street—the home of the Kennedy’s, whom Minneci described as former owners of a beer flat. But Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and their two little boys had flown. Neighbors told many stories about them, however—Mrs. Kennedy’s cruelty to the two children—the wild parties held there—the abrupt departures several nights before. That was the night of the murder.

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be successful—and knew no better way to start than by digging Gimmer's stone. That is important, in view of what happened later.

First, they were caught that night, and Tom was sent to Sing Sing for two years. Second, he was such a recalcitrant prisoner that they had to forward him to Danne- mora, one of the Sicilian Islands. Nothing disturbed about Tom Noonan. Third, he came out of jail a striking, yet respected by the tough kids in every part of the world. He had offered of employment—criminal of course—that would have led him quickly to a position of repute. 

This was the kind of man Tom Noonan was. Rarely, to think what he did. He made a fortune in the bowery when Tom Noonan came back from jail, but not one wittier than the heart of this lad who hated cops and kings and clergymen—especially clergymen. He called them a very nasty, uninteresting word.

Rain-laden, a fierce squall of wind whipped up from the East River. Tom stepped into a doorway. He was holding for a hanger where a warm welcome awaited him. Then the young crook noticed that his coat was too long for the entrance to some kind of mission. With a sneer he stepped inside; why shouldn't he use the warmly clad Tom Noonan saps offered?

A woman was speaking. Slowly, Tom's contempt gave place to puzzlement—and finally, to a realization that this woman was talking as she had never heard anyone talk before.

She spoke to those poor burns as if they were her equals. She didn't look at them, thought they felt that they were. Oh, it was impossible to feel young. He had heard "reformers" often, and bitterly did he and his kind hate those who love to flatter their own feeling of self-importance, by contemplating the misery of the poor. ("The wicked charity!") said Tom Noonan of today, "is just plain showing off."

This woman wasn't like that. She wasn't like the professional holymen whose blase faces said, as plainly as words, that their lifetimes of prayer and penance, you may some day become almost as holy as I, providing you show me sufficient difference in the meantime.

No—this woman seemed to say: "Of course you and I are equal. Of course you have just as much right as I have, to all the good things I have. Don't trouble with us, you're going the wrong way about getting your share!" A way that didn't lead to cruel jails—but to association with human beings like this clean, magnetic woman.

That was Tom Noonan's first meeting with Maudie Ballington Booth, head of the Volunteers of America. For, but the squall of rain which drove him to shelter in her doorway, he might have gone to his date and the valiant of the gallows! "And how can I feel any particular interest in the most miserable man who comes to me," Tom Noonan asked today. "when, but for that bit of rain and wind. I might be nothing but a handful of dead bones in quicksilver.

He studied with the Volunteers—studied to learn to be a help to people as he has been doing it ever since. Does he preach to the sinner? Yes, to the one who wants it from him. But when a starving man stumbles over the threshold of the humble "Cathedral," that nobody looks him about his ancestry, color, race, morals—whether his own willful vice brought him low—or even whether he is drunk or sober. He is fed—and no impertinent questions are asked. "It's a poor host," says Tom Noonan, "who doesn't know how to treat his guests politely." Polite? Gaunt ghosts of trying old-maid charity workers—who ever heard of treating Burns politely! It has hardly been done these 2,000 years.

But Tom's politeness is not his only departure from orthodox methods of charity giving. And it is easier to see the theme of his enemies. In Chinatown there were 100 charitable organizations, where a down-and-out could buy an overcoat for 35 cents—a bite to eat for 10 cents—at the criminal hovel—and eventually in the case, the derelict must have the money, and a shivering cold man, a cent, and a 35 cent overcoat might just as well cost $35. Tom Noonan points out.

Body vs. Spirit

Now, the organized charities justify these charges on the grounds that if a man pays even a small sum for what he gets, his self-respect thereby is saved. "As if," counters Tom Noonan scornfully, "a man who has a credit card and a 35 cent overcoat has any self-respect left? He's thinking of cold, not pride!"

Furthermore, Tom soon discovered in those early days of helping people that the charities which sold these goods and services, "And I decided," says Tom, "that if it was degrading for a poor fellow to accept a meal or a coat for nothing, it must be even more degrading for the charitable organizations to accept that same meal or coat for nothing in the first place." So Tom began to collect old clothes from the same sources at which the charities obtained them. But Tom gave them away. He did the same with meals, and to the very limits of his accommodation he let derelicts sleep free in his "Cathedral." "For I thought," Tom tells, "that human beings have even more need of a haven for a God whose house sheltered them from cold and rain.

You would think that everyone would approve this work. Instead, it aroused a tremendous storm of protest. For Tom Noonan has been assailed bitterly by certain organized charitable interests. They didn't think of the wreathed end he helped. They thought only of the fact that he was "short-changing" their pay-as-you-go "welfare" deputies.

They called upon the fire department to close his "Cathedral" as a firetrap.

They tried to get the Board of Health to condemn it. They went to the police, and accused Tom of everything from major crimes to the violation of petty civic ordinances.

They accused him of misappropriating funds.

But the tough he-man who had sneered at the tortures of Sing Sing and Dannemora was more than a match for his persecutors. Time after time he beat them. When they accused him of thefts for which he never had anything! He had done his work by the sweat of his brow. It was his work, and he knew what others had sold.

Partly, this is due to this astonishing man's ability to win the admiration and warm friendship of men and women of all kinds—including the most influential. Men and women who rallied grinnily to his side in every fight helped give his enemies one terrific lashing after another. Among these friends were Arthur Lee, managing director of the McAlpine Hotel who, finding himself possessed of radio station WMCA, put Noonan on the air. So, Tom thought, that this man's abilities could not be overlooked. Donald Flannam who became interested in Noonan's radio gospel while director of Station WMCA and who, after he had become its owner, kept the Bowery apostle on the air for nearly seven years, at his personal expense, when necessary.

But neither influential friends nor de- feated enemies have changed by one iota the humility and the simplicity of the Bishop of Chinatown. Day in, year out, he goes ahead "getting his" from life by helping others to get theirs—and, incidentally, providing inspiration and price- less good for millions of radio listeners.

Tom Noonan's services may be heard over the ABS-WMA chain any Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. CST.

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Name

Address

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A girl by the name of Irene,  
Was chosen as Radio's queen. 
She's a Beasly, b'gosh,  
And from here to Oshkosh.

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try your skill-it's free!

CAN YOU WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS?

Winners of Jingle No. 10
Phil Baker can clown and can croon  
And can play any musical tune.  
But he's right at his best, 
When Bealle, the, post.

1st Prize $25  
Mrs. J. W. Donavan,  
Portland, Ore.  
"Adds spice to 'barn' acting—the loom."

2nd Prize $15  
C. W. Newburn,  
West Terre Haute, Ind.  
"And 'Bottle don't 'work' too soon."

3rd Prize $10  
Berta Heder,  
San Francisco, Calif.  
"Tries sham pain to make Bottle sorrow."

$5.00 Prizes:
B. E. Willard  
Portland, Ore.  
"The Grapes of Wrath."  
Lloyd Ira Miller  
Allentown, Pa.  
David Hillyer  
Springfield, Ga.  
David Herget  
Albany, Ind.  
D. L. Steepe  
Muncie, Ind.  
Mary E. Watts  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Fred Smith, Ark.  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Mrs. E. Scholler  
William F. Bishop  
Elgin, Ill.

Although the word 'money' doesn't rhyme with the word 'Jingle,' here is where money and Jingle go together. To make some easy money, simply write a last line to the Jingle in the coupon and send it to "Jingles," Radio Guide, 725 Plymouth Court, Chicago. $100 is paid for the best last line submitted. It's fun and it doesn't cost you a cent to try. 

The Cover Girl

From a lingerie buyer's desk to stardom in radio is a strange transition, but that's the brief story of Mary Livingston (Mrs. Jack Benny) the cover girl this week.

Mary is one of those rare examples of a woman who is youthful as well as ornamental. She was born in Seattle, Washington, but while in her teens she migrated, along with her family, to Los Angeles. Having no move aspirations, but rather a true economist's point of view, she decided on a business career. Application, plus a shrewdness all out of line with the rule she portrays on the air, helped her to succeed. Before long she found herself a department manager, buying handsome and silk-feminine underrights. You know the old proverb, "Everybody sympathizes with the undertaker," so Mary found her work more than normally pleasant.

Suddenly out of her azure sky loomed a comical fellow named Jack Benny, then a vaudeville and periodical motion-picture actor. He laughingly proposed marriage and she laughingly took him up, thereby letting the scene for her change from buyer to stoopee. Her present importance to Jack's shows lifts her out of the "stoopee" rating, as she is practically a star with her husband and his associates.

Even after her marriage to Jack, Mary did not succumb to the much publicized lure of greasepaint. She was perfectly content to stay home and follow the career of housewife for which her early home environment had so thoroughly equipped her.

But the love of having her with him, plus a shrewd appraisal of her personal magnetism led Jack to urge her to do bits in his vaudeville acts. This was the foundation for her radio debut which was not made until two years ago. On a memorable occasion a script was short, Jack called on Mary to hastily interpolate an excerpt from their stage act—and the die was cast.

She is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and weighs around 118 pounds. Her weaknesses are shoes and lingerie—and she is a wizard at the attention-compelling game of Russian Bank.

Mary Livingston, with Jack Benny, will be heard every Sunday evening at 6 p.m. EST over the NBC-WJZ network in a program sponsored by Jello.
Dont stop me if youve heard this one there are lots of people who havent. Its the one about Dream Singer. Ralph Kirbery being awakened during a hotel fire andbursting into song thinking he was once again at the microphone doing his pre-dawn stint. Ray Perkins vouches for it and the Perkins dont lie, either.

The curse of that Witching Hour warbling will pursue Kirbery as long as folks of anecdotal tendencies follow their tale-weaving. He was the lifting baritone voice which used to break forth upon the stillly night with dance bands to the right of him, dance bands to the left of him, his but to do or die for dear old NBC.

The 34-year-old singer was born in Paterson, N. J., where he lived and attended school until he was eighteen. He is a little reticent about admitting that it took a world upheaval to get him out of high school, but hes proud of the fact that he deserted his classes to join the army in 1917. For reasons unexplained he appealed to recruiting chieftains as ideal material for the rank corps; so thats where he landed and where he remained until the end of hostilities. Between spells of conveying his cast-iron sedan over shell pits, he entertained his fellow warriors with matches of song.

Those mates-in-arms were enjoying gratis what was destined one day to cost sponsors and networks plenty of money: more money per day in fact than Ralph was earning a month as chauffeur on a 1917-model Juggernaut.

The return to civil life had its general post-war effect on Kirbery. He was miscast in several commercial roles before he landed on his feet in front of a microphone. As an oil magnate in Raiger, Texas, he was considerably like the wells in which he was interested anything but flush.

Harking back to his experience with the snorting chariots of war, he decided to try automobile selling; but the talent which he already was harboring found no outlet in his disclosures on horsepower and free wheeling.

At the behest of a friend he became a flour broker, but was never able to get into the big dough, He abandoned the field broker, but wins.

Back at home he whiled away the tedium by singing again for his Legion buddies of the Paterson Post. The professional butterfly was beginning to stir in the drab business cocoon, and it emerged shortly in full brilliance. Local stations sensing the appeal for the impressionable sex in Ralphs voice, urged him to sing before the microphone.

From then on it was only a step to a New York sustaining program, and commercials inevitably followed. Even astute network officials capitulated, and NBC tendered Kirbery the contract which led to the midnight broadcasts and the appealing tag, Dream Singer.

The name is purely titular, because Ralph is not of the stuff that dreams are made of. He is a robust, compact lad weighing 185 pounds, thoroughly masculine, and reaching an altitude of six feet. He is brown-haired, with eyes to match; and dont particularly relish his lure for the ladies, save as it contributes to the exchange.

Many a dilatory husband, lagging homeward in fear of a shrewish greeting at 1 a.m., has been surprised by the availability of his wifes welcome, not knowing that the mood was the soothing effect of Kirberys ballads. When recognition is being parceled out, it might not be an unsoothing idea for the Married Mens Benevolent Protective Association to run up some sort of suitable tribute to Ralph Kirbery.

Mr. Fairfax Knows the Answers

BENNY MEROFF is not broadcasting at present. He has been playing in various Chicago movie houses. (Miss U. A. W., New Orleans, La.)

THE THREE RASCALS are Robert Keith, Fred Furtch and Robert Harthun. Write to them in care of CBS, Wrigley Building, Chicago. (Anna Marshall, Jamaica, N. Y.)

PAUL DON and LEWIS SHUMATE are married; RAY SHUMATE is single. They are popularly known as the Four Shamrocks. (Marie J., St. Joseph, Mo.)

CONRAD THIBAULT was born in Northbridge, Massachusetts, November 13, 1935. He has been on the air about three years. He is very fond of handball and swimming. (Kathryn Gaebauer, Philadelphia, Pa.)

RUTH ETTING was born in Nebraska thirty-two years ago. She has no children. (Lee Walton, N. Y.)

EMORY DEUTSCH will no doubt be happy to play a request number for you. Address him in care of CBS, 55 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. Send 25c to that address also for a photo. (Alex St. Mohler, Laymore Mines, Pa.)

PANDORA OF THE ENCHANTED ISLAND is B. Mercedes Koen, and she is single. Miss Koen is about 23 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. She has appeared in movie shorts. (Cynthia L., Sylvia G., Rosemary J., N. Y. C.)

GRACE AND EDDIE ALBERT are not related. (P. X., Bronx, N. Y.)

BILL AND GINGER are not married to each other in real life. (Grace B. Dougal, Torrington, Conn.)

LAZY DAISY is Alice Twing. She is a trained concert singer, is 5 feet 6 inches in height, has grey-green eyes and light brown hair. (Hannah M., Taylor, Edina, Pa.)

JIMMY DURANTE is of Italian parentage. (Robert Bartlett, Stamford, Conn.)
HUNDREDS HAVE ALREADY WON BIG CASH PRIZES

Don Parmelee
PRIZE MANAGER

Now HUNDREDS MORE Cash Prizes To Be Awarded! Would YOU, TOO, Like to WIN $500.00 or BUICK and $1,000 Cash

A Sensational advertising campaign. Do you want $2,500.00? We want people acquainted with our Company. We will award 100 Grand Prizes to go in this advertising and to extend our business everywhere. Besides, there will be thousands of dollars more in cash prize rewards. Would you, too, like to win a brand new latest model Buick 8 Sedan delivered by the nearest dealer and $1,000 extra for premiums (or $2,500.00 all cash if preferred)?

Maybe this grand opportunity sounds like a dream to you. But hundreds of folks have already won big cash prizes in similar friendship campaigns conducted by men now in this Company. See pictures of a few winners—send for pictures, names and addresses of winners. Now comes your chance to go after big prizes. 100 Grand Prizes.

Can You Find 5 Movie Star Faces in Picture?

The Stars who were riding got out of the car. See if you can find their faces in the picture. Look sharply. Some look straight at you, some are upside down, some are sideways. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you find 5, or more? Just necessary to name them. Mark the pictures you find quick, or just send coupon below and I will tell you how you may win. In case of final ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Get started quick by marking the Movie Stars you find.

Not a Penny of Your Own Money Needed On Our Movie Star Plan

No indeed! By our plan you need not put in a penny of your own money to go after this $2,500.00 First Prize or one of the other 99 Grand Prizes. This is not a lottery—no luck needed—no service to write—no subscriptions to buy or sell—no more puzzles. Someone will be the happy winner of $2,500.00. Will it be you?

I promise you, a cash prize reward if you take an active part in my campaign. I don’t care how many—the more the merrier. Just think what it would mean to you and your loved ones, if you should suddenly find you were millionaires. Somewhere, there is a great prize for someone near you. Why not look and see? It’s all free. No chance to win money to the tune of $2,500.00. Start today, a new year. Travel. Education. Marriage, perhaps! We will pay $10,000.00 to any worthy charity if anyone can prove we do not really award all these thousands of dollars in Grand Prizes. Some people prefer if $2,500.00 cash. Send the coupon now—before you miss this opportunity.

The first thing to do is to Send the Coupon Today. Many of the biggest prize winners in previous campaigns like ours probably thought they could not win. Imagine their surprise when they did. Mark the Movie Stars you find, clip picture and mail with coupon. Or write pen or pencil card how many Stars you find. Don’t send a penny. For replying I will tell you how you may share in the $2,500.00 Grand Prize. Tell me what you want if you should win. If you should win you would prefer $2,500.00 cash, if you would prefer $2,500.00 in cash. Send the coupon now—before you miss this opportunity.

DON PARMEELE, Prize Manager
112 E. Eleventh Street
Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City_________________________ State ___________
Mark in squares below which you would prefer if you should become the First Prize winner.

[ ] BUICK and $1,000.00 OR [ ] $2,500.00 CASH

No Connection With Any Other Firm Offering Prizes