The Truth about the "Do You Want to be an Actor?" Auditions!
Seven Full Days of Complete and Detailed Program Listings!
YOUR FAVORITE CAN BE STAR OF STARS!

THE government's "bright young men" are those who frame laws so they'll pass Congress—who hope to phrase them so they'll pass the Supreme Court. Radio's "bright young men" are those who piece together broadcasting schedules and music will be on the air when we're all hungry for it, so comedy will be broadcast when most of us want to laugh, so talks will be available to us when we dawdle are in the mood to listen and to learn.

There is a remarkably tough assignment, remarkably well done. But for all their talent and hard work, most of the credit for the fine schedules they produce is not theirs. That credit goes to the listeners who make their de- sires known—who let the "bright young men" know what to do. You can tell them what you want to hear during 1937 by voting in the great Radio Guide Star of Star's Election now in progress. From the results of this poll, from the stars' fan letters, and from their own mail, the networks and stations learn what we listeners want to hear.

This week we can see where your favorites rank in the early voting. Turn to page 18 for the early returns. But at this time, do not be misled. No star is far enough ahead to be certain of victory; few are too far behind to have a chance.

To vote in this election, just fill in the name of the entertainer whose work you have enjoyed most, under the classification "Star of Stars." Then, in the other groups, fill in the name of the star in that group who has pleased you most. Then sign your name and address—the ballot is not official unless you do—and mail it to the Star of Stars Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. It's simple to vote! Do it today!

(See Star of Stars standings on page 18)
WHEN ALEXANDER WOOLLCCOTT TELLS A TALE,
AMERICA STOPS TO LISTEN—AND TO MARVEL,
TO APPLAUD—OR TO DENOUNCE HIM. BUT
NO MAN MAY LISTEN AND REMAIN UNMOVED!

IN PHALANX, New Jersey, there was born exactly fifty years ago a male child: Alex Woollcott: the only thing which could be pointed out as unusual was his last name, spelt with a double O, double L, and a double T. And as a matter of fact he was considerably too young to spell it, right then. The name was Woollcott and the thing which is different about Alexander Woollcott today, the thing which sets him off from other people, is a most extraordinary gift. That gift has been best characterized perhaps by James Hilton, who once heard him tell a story in a serene drawing-room about a Christmas Day in the trenches, when the German soldiers laid down their guns and our Scottish Highlanders, alfie, repaired them for their friendly gesture with murderous rifle-fire. The thing which struck James Hilton, author of the beloved "Good-By, Mr. Chips," was that the extremely wellbred hostess leant to her feet and cried: "It’s a lie. I don’t believe it!"

As no other American citizen alive today, Alexander Humphries Woollcott can tell a story and cram it with such compelling emotional stuffing that no one who hears him is able to remain unaffected. You have to feel something, one way or the other. And for that reason he is one of two men in America—the other being Boske Carter—who can chatter away about anything which interests him, from books to begonias, and grip, interest, fascinate and infuriate every one of us who sits by a loudspeaker listening to him.

Phalanx, N.J., did not acquire its odd name by chance. Alex Woollcott’s equally odd grandpa founded the town and named it Phalanx because he believed that people ought to live in self-supporting groups like the old Roman legions, which were called phalanxes—raise all their own garden trucks, weave all their own woolens and so on. Ten years ago, when everybody believed Russians were horrible creatures with beards who went around throwing bombs, we used to say to such people, "If you have theories like that, go back to Europe where you came from." What we forgot—and what a lot of people don’t know today—is that most of the early colonies experimenting with such schemes of collective living were founded right here in America. There were a dozen of them along the Ohio and the Mississippi, to say nothing of those in California and Utah. Alexander Woollcott’s grandpa was merely one of the first men to get the idea. Henry Ford is doing the same thing now with his garden villages, but he is fifty years late. So are the Russians.

But in those days, although the colony was a complete success, people said mean things about it. Awfully mean things. There was one old gentleman in Phalanx, for instance, who took daily sand baths, and the neighbors—whose personal familiarity with baths of any description is dubious, since in 1867 there were scarcely a thousand bath-tubs in the United States—were impolite enough to chuckle. That hurt Alex’ grandpa’s feelings, so he ran off. He was always moving. The family retreated to Kansas City and then to Philadelphia. By this time young Alex was old enough for high school. He lived alone all the time he was in school. Not only that, but he supported himself as well. All of us know boys who work their way through school peddling newspapers and mowing lawns. Alex went them one better. Young though he was, he earned his living reviewing books, much as he earns it today. When he finished reviewing them he dashed around the corner to a second-hand store and sold them for fifty cents.

DOROTHY PARKER, one of Woollcott’s closest friends, reports that during this juvenile delinquent era he also won a gold medal in an essay contest. He ran around the corner and sold that, too.

When the War came he rolled valiantly off to France, looking considerably like an inflated porpoise in the unbecoming olive-drab suit of clothes with which Uncle Sam provided him, and was promptly jerked out of the trenches to edit the Stars and Stripes, the A.E.F. newspaper. Then, rolling home again with

(Continued on Page 45)
HIGHLIGHTS OF RADIO GUIDE'S AMATEUR ACTOR INVESTIGATION

Q—How many amateurs have auditions weekly for the MacQuarrie program?
A—Average about seventy-five a week.
Q—What are the auditions consist of?
A—Consists of reading lines of a part in a script through a mike...a genuine test to prove that a person either can or cannot be an actor or actress. The main thing is to prove that the person does not have mike fright. If they can go through with their lines it proves that they can stand the gaff and have a system that will help carry them along to success.
Q—How many winners are there each week?
A—Boy and girl are selected each week. It has happened that way so far. The number that can win is unlimited.
Q—What does the screen test consist of?
A—They go to the studio and there they are submitted to make-up men that handle the big stars handle the boys and girls. They are taken before the sound camera and photographed.
Q—Has anything come of the screen tests?
A—One boy has received a contract with the Warner Brothers studios thus far.
Q—Is MacQuarrie's attitude that of just making a show or does he feel that he will discover someone?
A—He feels that is the medium by which the curious people who have invaded Hollywood with talent at their disposal can be given a chance on the air. They have a chance to display their ability and win fame in the movies...perhaps. Then too, the agency handling the program may always use some of the contestants on air shows.

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

FIND out what people want. Give it to them or make them think you are giving it to them and you'll make a fortune. That's how amateurs are born—that's how Haven MacQuarrie, the 1937 model Major Bowes, rose to fame in radio network overnight with his Sunday night program over the NBC network.

This writer has no quarrel with Mr. MacQuarrie, no bone to pick for the amateurs. His is simply a task of answering questions that have been bulging Rano Gunk mail-bags for weeks. For instance—"If I am one of the winners in the Do You Want To Be An Actor show, will my screen test bring me a genuine chance in the movies? Am I a plain "sucker" to think that such is the case? What sort of competition am I up against? Is this a program to amuse the public, pour money into the purse of the sponsor and leave the amateur holding the bag?"

Mighty pointed, these questions. They deserve to have frank answers—If you win in the Do You Want To Be an Actor show, you get a screen test, and possibly a chance in the movies.

You are not a "sucker" to believe in the sincerity of those sponsoring this nationwide show. The day has passed when radio programs can get away with cut-and-cut radio-entertainment.

YES, this program was created largely to amuse the public. They all are, or they couldn't exist. This program is designed to pour money into the pockets of the sponsor. If such were not the case with programs, listening to them would be as dull as a weather report. A really entertaining program was never built up on a shoestring. And as for the amateurs holding the bag, look up the definition of that word amateur in Webster's. Never mind...here it is: "Am-a-tour. n. One who cultivates an art or pursues a study from love or attachment, and without reference to gain or emolument." So—if you should be left holding the bag after an encounter with Mr. MacQuarrie's show, it really doesn't matter. Because if you were looking for anything but sport when you went into it, you are not an amateur in the strict sense of the word and had no business at all around the radio studio.

Still, Haven MacQuarrie himself intimates that this is a grand chance for all comes to find out whether or not they can act and—perhaps—to win a screen test. Since this is an age during which plenty of liberties are taken with words, we won't ask him to rename his show Do You Want To Be A Professional Actor?

But we will call Mr. MacQuarrie into this searching Court of Inquiry.
and turn the merciless spotlight on the activities of his program. Take the stand, Mr. MacQuarrie!

Question: Will the first witness tell us his intentions with regard to Do You Want To Be An Actor?

Answer: Entertainment first. The success of the show is my success. Then, too, having been in show business for a good many years I am interested in those youngsters who want to make good. I was one myself once.

Question: Is it true that a good many of the hundreds who apply for a place on your program are disappointed?

Answer: Yes. We couldn't possibly give everyone a screen test who asks to appear on the program. If we were to put everybody on the air whom we audition it would take from now until doomsday. If a talented person escapes our notice it must be remembered that experts in entertainment have failed to notice the gifts of some of today's most important radio and screen stars.

THANK you, Mr. MacQuarrie. The witness may step down while the court reads into the record the brief procedure all who join your show must follow.

Contestants who wish to try out must write to Haven MacQuarrie, Di-

Test and gain a chance to broadcast. At the studio in Hollywood, the con-
testants who are about to go on the air are seated in a semi-circle on the stage. The numbers ... six for the girls and six for the boys. MacQuarrie gives an outline of the sketch and the audience chooses the type of characters for him.

THOSE selected step forward and are coached in their lines. When they are finished with their part on the air, they step back and new contestants fill the places vacated. If there are any present who, through lack of time, are unable to get on the air, they are requested to appear the following Sunday and will be given the first chance. Before going off the air, MacQuarrie receives a slip of paper from a casting-director in the audience. On that paper are written the names of the winners. The winners are announced and told when to appear for their screen tests.

Although the screen test is not exactly on a par with the kind of test a promising actor or actress in New York, it is the first and, it nevertheless is enough to show whether or not the individual has any stage sense. The heads of each are the test at the same time. They are made up by the same man who make up the stars. It is no hasty process and sometimes takes as long as twenty-five to thirty-five minutes. The "lucy" people are then placed before a camera and posed to the best advantage. Two to five hundred feet of film are exposed.

Now the court is pleased to announce the presence of surprise wit-
nesses. First is Mr. Geert Hulsboff, 721 MacDonnell Ave., Los Angeles, California.

Question: Mr. Hulsboff, will you tell us briefly of your experience in the Do You Want To Be An Actor show?

Answer: I wrote to KFWB saying I would like to appear in the Do You Want To Be An Actor show. I was called by phone to come to the studio on the following Tuesday for the screen test.

I received a call from Benny Warner Bros. studio in Hollywood and was asked to come to Warner Bros. studio on Fernwood Ave that same evening, at 7:30 p.m. until 8:30 p.m., when the interview finally got under way. We read a few lines into the microphone then were told whether we belonged to group No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3. I surmised that the No. 3 group were the "culls" of the eliminating process. The No. 1 and No. 2 groups were to report the following evening at the NBC studios, so all in those groups registered at the studio before we left.

The following evening, New Year's eve, at the NBC studio, another eliminating process was in order, and again we were either "called," or told to report to Warner Bros. studio the following evening or report for the NBC the next Sunday at 4 p.m.

Next Sunday at 4 p.m., about 50 contestants were on hand. Some 30 were chosen for the evening and the rest were to come back the following Sunday. And I was one of them. But before the next Sunday rolled around I was called by phone to come to NBC studios for another try-out. So another trip to Hollywood. About 40 of us there. Some "called," others didn't. The rest I don't know about because I left early.

THE next Sunday I reported at NBC. Some 50 contestants were there. We were all to sign a write up, and given a name and a big screen test. We were divided into two groups and taken to the studio. We were all to go in on the air and each time had a chance to show what was in us and how we would hold a character. I was among those 30 chosen for the evening's broadcast.

Next comes the case of Carol Martens. Take the stand, Miss Martens. Question: How did you first become interested in the Do You Want To Be An Actor show?

Answer: A friend told me about it and I tuned it in.

Question: Tell us in your own words what happened after that broadcast.

I got a Warner Bros. contract! Next post: Mr. MacQuarrie and amateur actors on the air!
RADIO AND THE YOUNG

IT IS amusing—to look back a decade in order to gauge the steps by which the radio gained its hold on our attention, and the position it occupies in our lives today. At first it was the expensive novelty of the moneymakers—the one to a household—like the automobile. But like the automobile, it became cheaper and cheaper, until anybody not actually on relief could own one. Presently, one radio was not enough for a single household, and before we knew it there were several. Small shops installed the new contraption, then hotels.

It took the middle-aged some time to accustom themselves to this strange, versatile toy. Often, opening the door of my upstairs living-room, I have found myself suddenly startled because apparently a terrific fight was going on, just as the radio downstems. Even yet, I experience starts and surprises as my home seems suddenly to have sprouted hordes of loud-mouthed strangers.

How often have I sat in one room of the house of this friend or that, where the young fry were gathered, a melee of scuffles, shrieks, screams, shouts, groans and threats. "Betty," or "Harry," the mother would call, "turn that dreadful thing off. Can you listen to such trash?"

Always, incidentally, I appeared to be the only one who understood why Betty or Harry listened to such trash—the reason being youth's perennial enjoyment of terror and horrid stories.

Likewise the movies, the radio is here and it is here to stay. And as long as it is here to stay, let us look at it dispassionately while we ask ourselves two questions. What are young people listening to and what are the things they listen to doing to them? Curiously enough, what they hear over the radio parallels in many ways what they see in the movies. Difficult

as it is to classify exhaustively the streams of entertainment that the moving-picture offers, it is doubly, trebly, quadruply difficult to classify the floods of one.

There are news flashes of local, national and international happenings, including the broadcasting of all kinds of sports events. There are foreign-language lessons, book-reviews, talks in general on all kinds of "isms," "ologies," and politics. There are programs on cooking, cosmetics, dressing, interior decoration. There are humorous dialogues—condensed plays from the theater, playlets written especially for radio, serial melodramas.

Then music—and what music!

Music deserves a section by itself, for here radio offers us what the moving-pictures can not give. On the radio, we can hear singers from the most popular current crooners to the most eminent grand opera stars. We can hear instrumental music from the most popular dance orchestras to the Philharmonic. Perhaps the most marvelous thing about all this—and it concerns children quite as much as adults—is that one can hear it in one's own home.

That ease in listening is, in my opinion, the greatest extension of enjoyment that radio has offered society. However, I am not here primarily concerned with what the radio does to or for grown people; it is what it does to or for the young.

Radio is training the first generation of this country which has developed real musical appreciation. And creation will ultimately follow. Up to the era of the radio, we were the least musical of all peoples. We had produced painters. We had created a style in architecture. Since the World War, the American drama has stepped into the front rank. But as for worthy and original music, we had little more than the simple folk-songs of the Negro and of their followers, Stephen C. Foster. Youngsters with their ears pressed to the radio listen at first, doubtless, only to the shallowest popular music. But they can not help overhearing snatches of the very best, like the performances of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Some day, when they are ready for it, some strain will catch these youngsters' attention, touch in some of them a deep chord of response. There, real musical appreciation is born. Since radio came soaring through the ether, this appreciation has been increased among the American people, especially the younger generation. And against that background will grow our creative giants. I will be disappointed indeed if,

LIKE moving-pictures, radio offers something for every taste. Not enough, perhaps, for the best—but that is only because it is so young.

We see our children sitting quietly, for long intervals, their ears plastered to the magic orifice which emits so much vocal wonder. And
In minor ways, the radio has quickened powerfully the young mentality. Like the moving-picture, it has increased their vocabulary, sharpened their sense of humor, added liberally—though here, it must give place to the cinema—to their store of information.

But there are other and more important effects on the juvenile mind and they demand our profound attention.

The impact upon the imagination has been terrific—much greater, for instance, than that of the moving-pictures. The moving-pictures, it is true, stir and thrill the imagination. The radio churns, gyrates, oscillates and explodes it. Remember that in the radio drama, to which the young listen, they must imaginatively create the stage-setting, the faces, figures and the personalities of the actors. The young who surround me tell me that they always see a scene, some sort of scene at least, when they listen to drama on the radio. The adults tell me that they see only a group of people clustered around a microphone reading from manuscripts.

Also, radio is producing, or rather, redeveloping ear-mindedness. Ear-mindedness was perhaps at its height among the early Greeks, who carried Homer in their heads for centuries before anyone wrote down his lines. But we were scarcely less ear-minded a century ago when the intellectual-longing for ear-mindedness was ever so much more fresh, tender and delicate! Especially, in the rural districts, made most of their contacts with the outside world by means of sermons, lectures or conversation. It decreased as newspapers, magazines and floods of books came in and the human voice went out.

I am sure no generation was ever so eye-minded as mine. We got the best and the most of our education out of the printed word. The result on us was curious. It was astonishing how few words spoken in our presence were held accurately by the memory.

Now, happily, the younger generation is growing ear-minded again. Perhaps we shall reach the ideal condition when eye-mindedness and ear-mindedness stand at balance. If that ever happens, radio will have done more than any other force to achieve it.

But most important of all is—radio pronunciations and radio enunciation become more natural they will set the fashion for English speech. Radio will perfect pronunciation and enunciation. It will help to keep the language pure, to eradicate slang, vulgarism, elisions, slurred pronunciation, jumbled speech—ever, perhaps, jumbled thinking.

In 1930, I was in Paris. We were dining with friends. They turned on what Great Britain calls the wireless to get the news from England. Suddenly there came a signal over the radio. "Oh, it's the nightingale!" our hostess exclaimed joyfully. "They have discovered a roost somewhere in England," she explained rapidly to us, "and arranged radio connections so that, if the nightingale sings, they can transmit it over the wireless. Whenever the nightingale starts, they interrupt any program—no matter what it is—to broadcast his song."

And we heard the sweet song of the nightingale! Moments like that dot life, alas, only too sparsely. I want that one to show that whatever radio has done for me, it is doing more to imaginations infinitely more fresh, tender and delicate!
BY
CARL WENTWORTH

HE IS Hollywood's luckiest guy, this Tony Martin! With a fat contract in his pocket to sing and clown on the George Burns and Gracie Allen show every Wednesday night. A big job in the movies, too. Lucky, indeed, with a nice little home on the edge of Beverly Hills, a sleek Packard at his door and Alice Faye for a sweetheart!

But let me tell you the other side of the story—a story that all the Tony Martins in the world should read. Not just "lucky" Tony, whose first interview this is, but all the rest of us who know what it means to suffer humiliation and despair that comes with failure. There are a lot of us in this world. Some of us have great talents to bring to big business, to radio, to acting or a dozen different professions. Still, we can't crash the gates.

Tony Martin has crashed in with a bang and the dramatic account of his experiences holds promise of a gilt-edged future for the rest of us.

To begin with, Tony Martin was born Alvin Morris, the son of a monument manufacturer in Oakland, California. He never knew his father. The elder Morris died when his son was two years old, and he was laid to rest beneath a monument, the epitaph for which he had carved himself.

In the care of his mother, Tony developed into a semi-child prodigy. The lack of a father's companionship was some years later partially made up by his beloved stepfather, but the lad suffered a gap in his early childhood that could never be filled. Before he had reached the age of twelve, Tony, or Alvin Morris, as he was then, was a child wizard with the saxophone and clarinet. In his scrap-book today is evidence of his astonishing talent—a bit of paper on which is written in boyish scratch:


There's a start for you! Why, a boy like 'Leader Alvin Morris' should be one of the greatest musicians in the country today! And indeed it looked as though he would be. At fourteen he played with the Five Red Peppers, a jazz orchestra of such fame that its members had an offer to go on tour abroad. But Tony's mother objected to his leaving school. So he remained dutifully at home.

HE BECAME sports editor of his high-school paper, played baseball and ran low hurdles in fast time. That shows you there was nothing weak about him. At this time, however, he did suffer his first disappointment. He couldn't win a berth on the football team. To a lot of people that might mean nothing, but to those of us who have had the same experience it has a mighty significance. This was Tony's first setback and one that was to stick with him subconsciously for years.

In other words the lad was going great guns. At 16 he played saxophone and clarinet at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco $102 a week, a munificent sum for a boy that age. Other triumphs came his way as he stepped into college. On March 28, 1932, he sang over a national network on the Lucky Strike hour when that program was featuring Walter Winchell and picking up bands all over the country.

THE day after this event a prominent radio columnist wrote about him: "The lad who stirred you with 'That's Why Darkies Were Born' is Al Morris (Tony Martin), a member of the sophomore class at St. Mary's college, a kid of eighteen. Some day when Morris is known from Coast to Coast throughout this broad land of ours you'll be able to sit back and remind your friends that you heard him hold that last note so long and so true when he was a mere youngster making his debut."

This made Tony more anxious than ever to get going in a musical career. He quit college and joined Tom Coakley's orchestra at the Athens Athletic Club in San Francisco. But the fever to get out in the world was too strong to be denied. In 1933 he tried open his savings account, climbed into an open roadster, drove thru Chicago to take a job playing in the World's Fair.

He was riding the crest of the wave now, highly elated at this new opportunity, thrilled over his first trip across country. On the way, he deluged his mother with telegrams. A typical one reads: "Dearest Mother arrived at Reno eight twenty went through my first snow storm everything okay stay Salt Lake or bust."

And "bust" it was! "A few hours after I sent that telegram," Tony recalls, "I was hammering along the highway for all I was worth. Suddenly I saw a corner loom up and the next thing I knew I woke up with a gashed head and a cut in one hand that took five stitches to close."

Shaken over the accident that might have ended everything then and there,
Tony proceeded to Chicago keyed to a high pitch. He had everything in his favor: youth, enthusiasm, good looks and talent. He had valuable friends, too. Dozens of them.

But now a curious thing happened. Tony began to suffer a severe attack of homesickness. The news spread, as it has a way of doing, with the result that one day he received a telegram from the owner of a Chinese restaurant in Oakland where he had once played. It read: "Hear you want to come back to Oakland stop Jack Crook leaves for Denver in three weeks if you want to come back the job is yours."

Tony swallowed a huge lump in his throat. "Go back to Oakland? That's one thing he wanted more than anything else right then. But suddenly he knew that he couldn't quit and go home a failure. That telegram cured his homesickness. He'd stick it out a while longer.

When his band switched to the Chez Paree, a Chicago nightclub, he felt things were looking up. There he met Frances Langford and immediately they became fast friends. She was in the floor show doing a torch-song spot. After work they frequently stopped at all-night sandwich shops before going home. Perhaps that's where the talk of romance between the two started, but there's nothing to it.

There is something to the prophetic words Frances uttered when he finally did leave for San Francisco on a visit. "So long, pal—see you in pictures!"

A short time later Tony did have a chance at the movies. Hollywood needed a new leading man for Joan Crawford. Tony was tested, but Gene Raymond got the role. That put Hollywood out of his mind for a time. Before long, however, an executive heard him sing over the air and he was immediately signed with RKO.

Now, after his whirlwind start as a musician and his success with famous orchestras, Tony tasted the bitterness of first defeat. "It's pretty hard to explain," he'll tell you, "but I had a lack of confidence that completely whipped me. With an orchestra I was sure of myself. Audiences didn't scare me, but every time I was tested in front of a camera, I couldn't seem to make an impression. My knees buckled, my voice failed and my manager said more than once, 'Tony, what's gotten into you? I've never seen you care in this before.'"

The result of Tony's first stab at pictures was one short reel called "Foolish Hearts." After that he was forgotten. Executives were convinced that they had made a mistake. During that six months of idleness around a movie studio, Tony nursed the growing hunch that he was never destined to be anything more than a small-time orchestra player and singer.

He learned that George Burns and Gracie Allen planned to bring their show to the Coast and needed a vocalist. So he made recordings of his best song. You know how they do it—in three "takies," A, B and C. Then the artist sends the best of the three to the agency. Tony, more hard luck, sent his worst one by mistake and received this message back: "What's the idea of wasting our time—it's terrible!"

With many another singer that message would have bounced harmlessly off a hard shell of ego. Not so with Tony. He took it hard. Even signing a new contract with 20th Century-Fox didn't do much to revive his spirits.

Then they threw Tony to the lions in a gangster epic called "Back to Nature." The picture was frankly bad, and Tony as a gangster was a joke. Ironically, he finally was given a break, but someone else was given credit! It happened like this: A singer had recorded a song for Shirley Temple's "Poor Little Girl." For some reason or other this particular one didn't film quite right. Tony was given the job of "singing" the song in front of the cameras in a silent "take" and on the screen the audiences heard the other fellow's voice. "Dubbing," they call it. For Tony it was drabbing. He found that out when he read a critic's notice: "A real personality possibility is Dick Webster, vocalist," the reviewer said, "who does a mile soloing of 'When I'm With You' in a radio station. He has a Gabesque front!"

That would have been splendid if Tony's name had appeared, but the studio hadn't changed the credit sheets and his screen debut was a flop. Tony is frank about the heartache of that experience. "I thought I was washed up. My confidence was gone."

While Tony was still in this state of doomsday, he was assigned to a small role in "Sing, Baby, Sing." When he showed up the first day on the set he was as nervous as a cat and showed it. As he was pacing about, trying to hang onto his nerves, he heard someone call out, "Hey, Tony, over to my dressing-room. I want to see you a minute." It was Alice Faye.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"You look scared." Tony admitted he was frightened.

"That's nothing, listen—" and Alice told him of her own first day in movies, painting the picture purposely gloomy. "But there's really nothing to it. Just walk up there and sing—don't frown—hold yourself erect and let the music pour out. You'll knock them cold!"

Tony did, and for that boost in the nick of time he became Alice Faye's friend for life.

Out of this first triumph over his inward feeling of inferiority, Tony Martin began to develop his philosophy. "I said to myself: You're here, aren't you? You have a job. You've always had one. You can't be so bad. Get a grip on yourself and keep going!"

With this in mind he did a small bit in "Pigskin Parade"—made it stand out. The song he sang in that film won him his place with the Burns and Allen show. He made his own terms, too, despite the fact that the producers of this program once laughed at him.

Now, all you Tony Martin's who can't get a job, who have failed once, twice or three times. Don't hang your head when the going is tough. Do what one just like you has done—get a grip on yourself and keep going!

Tony Martin may be heard Wednesdays on the Burns and Allen program over a CBS network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST) and later for the West Coast at 9:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MST).
Leaving little Donna at home in her grandmother’s loving care, Minetta Ellen and Father Spencer went off to New York for a much-needed vacation. This time it was Minetta’s young husband, with an intuitive knowledge of what the trip might mean, who expected a promise... that Minetta would come back and pick up the threads of her life where it would be momentarily interrupted by the trip. Minetta gave her promise freely, loyally, as she gave everything.

So she and Father Spencer went to New York, and for a month they traveled up and down Manhattan, seeing everything the big city had to offer. They stayed at a hotel belonging to one of Spencer’s good friends, Warren Leland, head of a famous and wealthy family whose various members have remained friends of Minetta’s throughout the years which have followed. Of course they went to the theater. They saw E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned; they saw Lily Langtry; they saw Weber and Fields, Nat Goodwin, and Lilian Russell. They met celebrities—Diamond Jim Brady and Gentleman Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan. Father Spencer was busy by way of being a celebrity himself, remember; he was an important figure in Ohio political affairs, how important Minetta discovered for the first time on this visit.

It was all a dazzle of color, bright lights, sometimes famous hotels, with friendly words and handclasps from persons whose names spelled awe to the young woman from Cleveland. But being Minetta, she didn’t let the folks she met know that Corbett as she remembers him was just a shy, friendly, young man with a face that she vaguely classified as “Irish.” Sothern was a glamorous, handsome figure; Diamond Jim Brady, she is chagrined to recall, didn’t blaze in diamonds at all the night she met him; he just seemed a big, hearty, commonplace person. Lilian Russell: “She was like a queen—a real queen,” Minetta says. “We went back to her dressing-room after the performance, and something seemed to flash between her and myself when Father Spencer introduced us. I always shall think of her as the most womanly person, in the best sense of the word, it will ever be my good fortune to meet. She was so beautiful, so clear-eyed. I talked to her about Donna, about the most intimate things—I tried to tell her, stumblingly, what it meant to meet her, who had lived such an interesting and successful public and private life.

“You’ll have one just as interesting!” she told me suddenly, turning those close blue eyes on me. “I can tell things about people, my dear. You want to act... well, you WILL act... perhaps not now... perhaps you will have to wait a long while. But there are big things ahead of you even if you don’t begin experiencing them right away... You be patient, do the things you have to do... some day you’ll get what you want. Why, you may be a grandmother before it comes—but you’ll be famous, my dear!”

The words of the beautiful actress rang in Minetta’s ears for many days, even after she returned to Cleveland back to being a mother and a wife. She never dreamed how true they were—how they foretold her future.

Left: Secure now, and confident, Minetta Ellen looks back on a life of adventure! Above: Four generations! Minetta’s mother, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Spencer, Minetta (standing), Donna Smith Maillard, her daughter, and Granddaughter Marcia Smith

The Only Authorized Life Story of “Fanny Barbour”

IN HER GREAT HEART, SORROW FASHIONED A LASTING SYMPATHY FOR THE HURT AND UNHAPPY PEOPLE WHO CROSSED HER PATH!

BY LOUISE LANDIS

She and Donna and her husband went back to Lorain, Ohio, and established themselves there. A few months later there was a sudden message from Catsarat House: Father Spencer was very ill.

Minetta rushed his side just before he died. With his last breath he told her he had divided his estate between her mother and herself.

“Use the money for yourself, child.”

he whispered. “I kept you from the stage... I’m leaving you this so that you can do what you’ve always wanted to do... Don’t let anything stand in your way... anything—”

Anything! There was a tiny, blue-eyed girl named Donna, and a marriage vow. Minetta wanted to act. She knew she could, because Donna and her husband came first. She was ill for a long while after Father Spencer died, so she and the baby went to Ashevile, North Carolina, in order that the two women might regain strength after the ordeal of sorrow through which they had passed. There, when she began to feel better, Minetta attended the Asheville College for Young Women, using the money her stepfather had left to her to finance a course in vocal expression.

When they returned to Ohio, Minetta put grief behind her, as her beloved Father Spencer would have preferred. She and her husband kept constant open house; took part in all the town’s goings and still found time for a happy existence of their own. But once a day, Minetta took a lesson in acting, and for years she continued to do so. She wouldn’t have left Donna and her husband for a fortune. But some day, she felt, she was going to need to know how to use her voice, read lines.

She was one of the founders of the Sorois Club, an organization which took care of countless poor children in Ohio. For years the club maintained a home and a day nursery for youngsters on a month-to-month basis.

“We got funds to continue for two months longer—we’ll give a play or a bazaar and take care of the next two months!” Minetta would say gaily.

Somehow, the money always came in. Whether as an individual or as a member of the group, Minetta always had unflagging faith that money to help a good cause will arrive, and so far she’s been justified in the belief. But best of all Minetta lived a bit more than half a century!

Aside from her community life, she still continued her private interest in stray animals of all kinds. They didn’t have to be poor in worldly goods, but they were welcome to her house and her heart no matter what their circumstances—as long as they needed her.

Once she lived next door to a lonely little boy whose parents were away much of the time, who ran into the next garden to visit “Aunt Lollie” many times a day, secure in the knowledge that there were always cookies or tiny lemon-meringue tarts (she still makes them for the members of “One Man’s Family”) awaiting him. There was a time when the little boy didn’t come to call on “Aunt Lollie,” and Minetta was dreadful of the situation next door, didn’t like to ring the bell and ask why.

“Would you please step out here, madam?” he pleaded. “Facing the window, if you please? Tommy—he’s dying, mother, asking for you!”

Minetta dashed for the door of Tommy’s house, only to find it locked.
Then back to the butler, helpless.

"It's scarlet fever, madam, we're forbidden to come in," he said.

"But if the boy could see you—"

Minetta looked up where he pointed, saw a line of sight that went up to the window. He was being wheeled by a nurse. It was her little friend, smiling wanly, and his "Aunt Lottie," fighting shock and grief, waved at him. He died before he was back in bed; a maid finally opened the door to Minetta's frantic rings, to tell her he had died with that smile on his face because he had seen his friend.

That was years ago, but Minetta's eyes still fill with tears when she speaks of it.

But the most of the heart-hungry, life-battered folk who came to the door of her heart and found it open, had happy endings to their stories.

And there were the hoboes—how Minetta enjoyed them!

"I mean real hoboes," she protests, when the members of her radio family laugh. In the old days the hobo had a definite caste of his own. He had no ill-feelings; he didn't know what class-consciousness meant because he was as good as anybody else in his own mind.

"He loved to keep on the move; he had to! Automobiles hadn't driven him off the roads and he didn't expect to hitch-hike. He walked or rode freight trains from one small town to another, from farm to farm. Sometimes he mowed a lawn for his lunch, sometimes he hoed a field. But he was trustworthy, courteous and reasonably entertaining, and he came in droves, with the birds, every spring.

"Once a thin, starved-looking tramp came to my door with his pockets bulging.

"'I'm hungry, ma'am, and so are these little fellows,' he said, apologetically, pulling four tiny kittens, one by one, out of the pockets.

"He had found them by the roadside, the mother cat dead of exhaustion. He was pretty tired himself, poor fellow, but he picked up the kittens, and before he ate a bite himself, although his plate was waiting, he helped me feed the tiny things with warm milk.

My husband said he could stay in a small building at the back of the house and he remained for several months, tending care of the garden and doing odd jobs for us in true hobo style. Then May came and he was off. The last time I saw of him, he was waving to us as he started down the road, the four kittens, grown big now, crowded back into his pockets.

There is another of the hoboes Minetta befriended, one named Rodmond Dunlevy. He was a tall, lanky chap with a scarred face and the most beautiful manners in the world. Not until he had visited her door several years in succession did Minetta learn his story. He had been a chemist, and his face had been terribly scarred in an explosion; he left the hospital broken and desperate, and started to walk... now he was no longer desperate but he had to go walking... somewhere... all the time. He always had a volume of poetry with him, and year after year he stopped at Minetta's door, bowed, and accepted a meal, then passed on after a long discussion about the "dark lady" in Shakespeare's sonnets or some similar topic.

There were other strays, too, a succession of them. There was a girl who came to Minetta's back door, desperation as bad as had been the German girl of her childhood, with a tiny boy in her arms. Minetta took them in, and when the girl disappeared she kept the baby for two years, treating him as if he were her own. Then suddenly, the girl appeared again and demanded her child. But the little fellow, years later, came back... today he's one of Minetta's "chicks" as she calls the multitude of people who write to her from all over the world: grown-up youngsters whom once she befriended for an hour, a year or a lifetime.

Minetta isn't the mothering type who goes out of her way to manage folks. Come to her and she'll help you, with affection, advice, all she has to give in the way of worldly goods. Go your own way and she thinks it's right. She likes to help people but she believes in helping them to stand on their own feet, and she never intrudes.

Once a friend of hers entered a Los Angeles restaurant for lunch, saw a boy come in, stagger and fall. She telephoned Minetta while the manager called an emergency hospital. Minetta was there first. The boy was sixteen years old, a homeless orphan, suffering from cold and exposure, so Minetta took him home, nursed him and kept him for several months, then helped him find a job. Later he joined the Marines; now he has a commission—also a fine family of his own, and he's one of "Mother Barbour's" countless chicks who listen to her once a week and write to her from all over the world.

No need has ever been too great, no needy person too low in the social scale for Minetta to help. Unwanted babies have been taken into her generous arms time and again while girl mothers adjusted themselves to motherhood.

There's only one thing she won't stand—that's "illegitimate babies."

"There is no such thing as an 'illegitimate' baby," she exclaims hotly. "If I ever got elected to Congress I'd frame a law to eliminate that word, make it a crime to apply it to a helpless little visitor on this planet."

"There never was a baby who didn't have a legitimate right to live in this world and it will be a better place as soon as we get rid of that nasty word, that relic of the Dark Ages."

This is the generous, gallant lady you know as Panny Barbour of One Man's Family. She made a home for her daughter, her husband and herself, filled it with love and good deeds, radiated warmth and good- ness, humor and heart-warming kindness to everybody, from tramps to her husband's business associates. But she never had that big family she had hoped to give her husband... unless you count her "chicks" here and there and everywhere... And before her daughter was grown she knew the bitter experience any wife can know... of having another woman preferred before her. She took it as Minetta Ellen has taken all the things which have befallen her—without courage. And later, she even managed a smile.

Earlier in their marriage, before Donna's birth, she and her husband had almost parted. It was Minetta who had agreed to forget her own hurt and start over again because her husband needed her.

This time it was he who wanted freedom. She was approaching middle age and—well, he needed somebody else more than he needed Minetta.

Follow Minetta Ellen as she meets and conquers——this new crisis in her life! Read Part IV of this moving life story—next week in Radio Guide!

One Man's Family may be heard on Wednesdays over an NBC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST) and on Sundays for the West Coast at 9:30 p.m. PST (10:30 MST).
DEATH paused at the sick woman’s bedside.
Her face reddened with the labor of drawing each lungful of air, and in her eyes shone terror.
“Quick!” the nurse cried, “call Dr. Wiener! If he isn’t here in a few minutes it will be too late!”

That was at 1:05 on the afternoon of Sunday, November 13th. And at 1:03—just two little minutes before—Dr. Morris P. Wiener had left his office at 130 Prospect Park in Southwest Brooklyn. At the very instant the nurse was running out of the sick-room, Dr. Wiener was heading towards Manhattan. It looked very much as if Death, already pausing at that bedside, would remain there.

When the telephone rang in Dr. Wiener’s office, it was Max Wiener who answered it.

“Hello! No, this is his brother. No, he just left the office. I’m sorry, I can’t possibly locate him. Can’t you get another doctor for the emergency? I just don’t know where he is.”

As he hung up the receiver, Max Wiener was thinking hard. Another doctor wouldn’t do, the nurse had told him. This was a difficult case—an abscessed throat, and only his brother Morris knew the intricate details—knew just what to do in time to save the woman’s life.

AND then, suddenly, Max’s furrowed brow smoothed and he picked up the telephone again. He had often thrilled to read accounts of the masterly way in which police radio aided in the capture of crooks. Why couldn’t this same great voice of the other be invoked to call home a doctor? Why couldn’t the voice which brought down to criminals help bring life to a dying woman?

Wisely, Max gambled that it could.

“Hello? Operator! Give me police headquarters at once! It’s a matter of life and death! Please hurry!”

“Police headquarters, Patrolman Camden!” The brisk voice spoke in Max’s ear before his excited plea was ended. And now Max poured out the story. A woman was dying. Could police radio save her?

On the other end of the wire, the officer quickly took the facts.

“Stand by,” he said then. “Hang up, but keep your line clear. If we locate the doctor, we’ll tell him to talk to you.”

“Okay,” said Max. “But hurry, hurry!” Hanging up, he darted across the room to the radio, switched it on and dialed to the police waveband. Often he whiled away an idle moment, listening to the police calls. Now as the radio tubes warmed, he heard:

“... New York license. The name, Dr. Morris Wiener. Watch both ends of the Manhattan Bridge and both ends of the Brooklyn Bridge... The doctor is heading towards Manhattan... Bridge attendants, please co-operate... Dr. Wiener is at telephone his office right away... Calling all cars...”

Max Wiener gasped. Quickly as he had left the telephone to turn on the radio, he had not managed to hear the first part of the flash. The police broadcaster had gone on the air before the radio tubes had had a chance to warm up!

Alone in his car, dark, young Dr. Wiener was driving at a good clip towards the East River. He was relaxed, happy, after a good midday dinner. He was happy that it was Sunday, and that he had a few hours to himself. Married success was sweet to the soul, but such rare moments of relaxation were almost as sweet, in the crowded life of a busy doctor.

In this mood of contentment, Dr. Wiener speedily and skillfully guided his car towards the entrance to the Manhattan Bridge.

Blocks away, coming closer, he heard the wail of a radio car. Why, he wondered if there had been another hold-up. Louder and shriller came the siren’s blast, second by second. Startled, Dr. Wiener looked around.

And at that instant the radio car flashed up alongside, slowed with a jerk.

“Oh, oh!” murmured Dr. Wiener, as he pulled to the curb. “Too fast, I guess...”

“Dr. Wiener!” The ruddy-faced officer who leaned out of the radio car was not scowling. He looked anxious, and friendly. The doctor’s eyes snapped as he realized that this use of his name meant that the police wanted him for something more serious than speeding. Having a clear conscience and a quick mind, he jumped to the correct conclusion:

“Somebody, sick?”

“Yes, doctor. We just got a radio call to stop you at the bridge. It’s an emergency case. Phone your office. There’s a telephone in that drug store over there.”

When Dr. Wiener came out of that telephone booth, he was running.

“I’ve got to go to my office first,” he panted. “Get supplies—woman dying—minutes count!”

“Yessir!” snapped the ruddy patrolman. “You just follow us. We’ll clear a path for you. How fast will that car of yours go?”

“About 85,” said the doctor, stepping on the throttle.

“Then we go 85,” said the radio cop. “Let’s go!”

AND they went! Afterwards Dr. Wiener admitted that if he had not been so intent on his professional job of saving a life, nothing could have induced him to drive the way he did—even with a screaming radio car splitting the wind and clearing traffic ahead of him. It was just like a movie thriller—buses and street-cars looming up and miraculously blowing past without the crash that threatened moment by moment. Buildings on either side flashed past like scenery on a rapidly moving scroll. People pointed or gaped open-mouthed in the tiny instant before they, too, were swallowed up by speed.

A dozen times, those cops and the medico risked life to beat death.

As his car was turned on front of an apartment house—seventy minutes after Brother Max had phoned the police—Dr. Wiener grabbed that bag and sprinted from the apartment steps three at a time.

A door swung open... a tear-stained face...

The doctor brushed past the weeping woman, dashed into the bedroom. “She’s there,” he said. The woman’s face was almost black. But the doctor went efficiently to work.

“Abscess... broken in the throat,” he murmured.

For a moment that stretched into timelessness, there was no sound in that sick-room but the tense sounds of speedy, trained movements as doctor and nurse fought for a human life. From somewhere in the apartment the muffled sounds of sobbing came—subdued and rhythmical.

And then the woman on the bed gave a little convulsive gasp. She was breathing.

The doctor sighed, and straightened.

“Well, she’ll live.” He said wearily. And later, in a letter to the police commissioner, Dr. Morris Wiener warmly praised quick-thinking Radio Patrolman Edward Schultz and Alfred Zimmerman.

But even more, he praised the flashing speed of radio, invoked by his brother Max.

“If it hasn’t been for that radio message…” Wiener said, “the patient would have died.”

DEATH-BED VICTORY
DEATH HOVERED OVER THE HELP-LESS WOMAN, POISED TO STRIKE.
—BUT RADIO WAS READY, WAITING TO SAVE YET ANOTHER LIFE!

A CALLING ALL CARS STORY—BY ARTHUR KENT
Bandman Emery Deutsch chats with Singer Jerry Cooper in Radio City

PLUMS AND PRUNES

BY EVANS PLUMMER

CHICAGO.—Milton Berle and wife, Wendell Hall and wife and two young sons, handsome young Dan Seymour and wife and ten-months-old Nancy Seymour, Judge Hugo Straith, "Folly," and the entire Community Committee panel and cast came through here on their way to Hollywood last week and honored the Windy City with a three-hour stopover, which, despite its brevity, earned the key to the city from Mayor Kelly. Your reporter enjoyed breakfast with the likeable young comedian who proved just as plumply entertaining as a tablemate as he is on his Sunday night program. The show, now passing the six-month mark, has been renewed for at least another thirteen weeks and Berle has a new two-year contract with the sponsor. Clear voiced Dan Seymour, act, comedian for the troupe, may not be that much longer. From the bassoon player in Dr. Frank Black's Carneval ork comes data which no doubt will amaze Fiddlers Jack Benny and Ben Bernie (and be used against them by Messrs. Winchell and Allen). The bassoon notes are played by a violinist in the three minutes required for a performance of Franz Rs. "Perpetual Motion." The same bassoonist also tells of another instrument he was imported from New York to Portland, Ore., to play in an opera. The score, however, called for but one bassoon note—and when the performance was given, the bassooner forgot it!

All of which reminds me of the definition of a bassoon as "an ill-woodwind that nobody blows good."

Night from the floor of Chi's Chez Paree is coming Ventriquesque Edgar Bergen's five-minute contribution to Vaude's ile. Bergen thus has his own private audience of smart cafegoers while the rest of the show is played in NY's wack by Radio City sitters. Here's a secret: The voice-trouver admits he's got two Charlie McCarthy dummies, a refined one for radio and appearances requiring conversation chiefly, the other a sturdier robot for rougher occasions.

Podium Pothooks: Jane Pickens is doubling between the Follies and Chi's Drake Hotel floor show which also features songs by Donald Novis to music by Clyde Lucas.

Live Mikings: Little Jackie Heller sails for home on February 28. True man (Ford Sunday Hour mimkeman) Bradley was observed four times last week, squiring a no less well-known figure than Gypsy Rose Lee of the Follies. His alibi was that he was arranging an interview broadcast with the lady. March should increase the Phil Baker family from four to five . . . It is said that Major Bowes' sponsor is looking for program ideas.

Romance Corner: Luise Blocki, "Modern Cinderella" lead, has crossed off the Mrs. tag and resumed her maiden name of Barkie . . . The Don ("Helen Trent" love interest) Goathood Hollywood wooing trip was premature. His best girl is out there—but she's his mother! . . . Among those recently engaged are Margaret "Detroit" (Honolulu) and Bob Casey, bass viol player of the King's Jesters.

When there's comedy in the script, Mary Berman gets the laughs. She recently guested for Ben Bernie.

Philip Morris' Johnny Roventi goes up to the mike with Russ Morgan.

INSIDE STUFF

BY MARTIN LEWIS

AFTER Nelson Eddy vacates his Sunday night berth March 21, it will be occupied the following week by Victor Moore and Helen Breck- erick, who shift over from their Fri- day night spot on NBC.

Other shows to fade are the three-weekly "Payday, The Sailor," series which leaves in a few days and "Five Star Jones," which is also scheduled to go before long.

More fortunate is Erno R ape who has been renewed by his auto sponsor for the 1937-38 season. The "Musical Camera" program has also been awarded a renewal, while Nick La- cum, the crooning troubadour, has been signed for an extended series of guest appearances on the Al Pearce airings.

When Walter O'Keefe recently appeared as guest on the Valois hour, he hinted gently that he was looking for a sponsor. Now rumors have it he will replace Floyd Gibbons on the Saturday Night Speed Show.

A refrigerator manufacturer has purchased time on both NBC and CBS for programs to start the first part of next month. Prof. Quizz will be on the CBS program and the NBC spot will be dramatic and this week is still to be announced.

Howard Barlow is back at his desk and baton at CBS after an illness of six weeks during which he underwent an operation for mastoiditis. During his absence from the studios, he directed his work by telephone. Victor Day visited the baton during the absence of Barlow.

For a dandy good reason that Mary Livingston—Jack Benny's wife—is taking a vacation from the program. It's not generally known that Mary has fainted more than once following the completion of the program. The strain of the work and her ill health has been the cause, so she is taking a much-deserved rest.

If you have thought you recognized the voice of Clare Whitney, the fashon stylist on the "Morning Matinee" on the Mutual network Thursdays, then let us put your mind at ease. Clare is none other than Roseline Greene, famed radio actress.

"It was first told by radio scribe Dinty Doyle, but the story is so good it's hardly kidding. Just before Walter Winchell's broadcast a couple of Sundays ago, phone rang in the control room of the studio and a voice in Greek dialect insisted on speaking to Winchell. It was none other than Paraskarakis, who had just married a few hours before. He called up to deny they were to be separated!"

Harry (Gobby) Savoy, the stooge comedian Edgar caster has been using for the past year, has been signed permanently to the show. The new twist on Eddie's show, last Sunday (Feb. 21), is a Negro elevator op- erator. Eddie believes the boy is an other outstanding singing discovery of the present season.

Bobby Breen has been signed by the NBC Artists Bureau and may soon be in a network commercial all his own. Gerdie Berg, author of the "Goldbergs," has gone to Hollywood to write Bobby's next movie.

The Al Jolson show hasn't been going along so well. So it is being re- sumed. Now half will be the usual comic potter while the other half will be a dramatization of a song which, Al Jolson has made famous. This will take a load off the joke-writers' shoulders, not to mention those who listened and suffered like me.

Phillips H. Lord has left the air for a vacation—overwork on his two shows having taxed his strength and nerves to the near breakdown point. He will be off "We the People" February 28, March 7 and March 14. His substitute has not been announced. During his absence from "Gang Busters" on Feb- ruary 24, March 5, March 10 and March 17, Col. Schwartzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, will substitute. You will recall Col. Schwartzkopf as one of the central figures in the case of the late Bruno Hauptmann, convicted Lindbergh baby kidnapper. Col. Schwartzkopf undoubtedly be interested in hearing Schwartzkopf on the air.
Would you take $1000 offered you for saving a man's life—or would you let professional ethics force you to refuse the reward?

That's the question on which "Internes Can't Take Money," to be presented on the Hollywood Hotel Show Friday, February 26, is hinged. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, both frequent visitors to the "Hotel," broadcasts, will appear together for the first time in the radio version of the picture in which they co-star.

From the short story by well-known fictionist Max Brand, "Internes Can't Take Money" deals with the challenges of interne life from the viewpoint of a young woman, a laundry worker, who comes to him for emergency treatment.

They meet again, and the intern's learning that his new patient-friend has become innately entangled with a mob of gangsters, who are holding her baby for ransom. A shooting occurs, and the young doctor is forced to treat a wounded gangster—who sends him $1000! He says, of course, despite the girl's pleas that he must return it—internes can't take money! What then? From here on, the story would you take it—or wouldn't you?
Gene Arnold Back With Minstrel Program

Gene Arnold, veteran radio entertainer who built a vast audience as star of the NBC Greater Minstrels, will return to the airwaves in his old role with that show on Wednesday, March 13, at 10 p.m. EST.

One of the most popular variety shows on the air, The Greater Minstrels, under Arnold's guidance, came very near the top of the heap. Arnold, however, left the show not long after 1928, and moved to Chicago for study. His singing led him to the stage and then into radio, but it was not until he entered theater work before he lost his self-confidence.

The new minstrel show, a half-hour offering, will be entirely new in cast with the exception of comic Emery, who was present. At the moment, new end-men and variety acts are being auditioned for the March 3 premiere.

Wednesday, March 3 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) NBC

Harry Savoy Joins Eddie Cantor Show

Eddie Cantor, one of whose specialties is finding new faces and voices for radio, introduced Harry Savoy to his Sunday night audience recently. Savoy clicked, and will appear regularly on the Cantor show starting Sunday, February 28.

Veteran member of the palmy days of vaudeville, Savoy is an expert ad-libber, knows the entertainment field up and down and can use his language of called "Gabby," and he has every right to the title of "hot.

When he joins Cantor's staff of hecklers, Savoy takes place with Burns and Allen, Parkyakarkus and Bally, Bert Gordon, Lionel Stander, Deanna Durbin, Rubinstein and Bobby Breen—all of whom Eddie Cantor has featured as regular stars of his network series.

Sunday, February 28 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST) CBS

Baritone Joins "Pick & Pat" Show Monday

"In my opinion, Edward Ricketts is the greatest baritone to be introduced to the radio audience in recent years." So says Frank A. McMahon, producer and director of the "Pick and Pat" program of the dramatic baritone who joins the show's cast on Monday.

Ricketts, appearing for the first time on a network show, has been compared to Lawrence Tibbett. His voice has striking similarity to the latter's.

A Philadelphia product, Ricketts' remarkable talent was first noticed by officials of the RCA company, his employers, who were so impressed that they had him go to New York, where they installed an orchestra and speaker in his office, over which he was able to talk. The program is only 22—gave noon-hour concerts.

Ricketts' first network appearance was on NBC's "Pick and Pat" program, later he sang with Paul Whiteman and with Roxy and His Gang.

Monday, March 1 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST) CBS

The musical directors of three of the top radio shows, all in one picture! Left to right: Phil Harris, of the Jack Benny show, and vocalist Judy Janis; Jimmie Grier, music-maker for Joe Penner; Jimmy Dorsey, Bing Crosby's maestro.

Maestros' Convention!

Iowa Baritone Will Celebrate His 92nd Birthday With Broadcast Next Sunday

Baritone soloist—at 92! That's the claim advanced by George Woodruff, independence, Iowa, nonagenarian, and he's going to prove it on his 92nd birthday, Sunday, February 28, by offering a program of solos over the NBC-Blue network.

Woodruff, born in Connecticut in 1845, has sung regularly in church choirs for more than 74 years. Still active, Mr. Woodruff rides a bicycle occasionally, works regularly in his garden—he's an authority on gloxinias—and takes long walks during which he enjoys getting strangers to guess his age. Inevitably, he says, they place it between 65 and 75.

Singing, apparently, is only a sideline for Woodruff. He has been, at various times in a busy life, operator of a book store, insurance salesman, and agent for a sewing machine company. He is also known for his feet in opening the Red River to navigation after it had been closed for 29 years by an obstruction known as "the great Red River rift."

He attributes his longevity chiefly to the fact that he "lives one day at a time." But he has never used liquor, and sticks to a diet consisting mainly of fruit juices and raw salads.

Sunday, February 28 11:15 p.m. EST (10:15 CST) NBC

Mischa Auer Bing Crosby's Next Guest

Mischa Auer, wild-eyed film player who bounced to fame practically overnight, will be featured as guest star on the Bing Crosby show Thursday, March 4.

Auer, fast becoming recognized as one of the best and most original supporting players in pictures, will be interviewed by Crosby on an unannounced subject.

Bob Burns and barouche plus Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra will appear as usual.

Thursday, March 4 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) CBS

Yehudi Menuhin And Sister Together On Ford Hour

Playing together for the first time on the air and in their only joint radio appearance to date, Yehudi Menuhin, violin prodigy, and his sister Myra, a 16-year-old pianist, will be guests on the Ford Sunday Evening hour March 1.

Originating in the Mason Temple Auditorium in Detroit, the program will be broadcast over the entire Coast-to-Coast Columbia network.

Appearance of the two gifted musicians is the result of a considerable concession on the part of their father, who has strenuously avoided the danger of overwork. Yehudi and Hephzibah have played together only three times a year for the past three years, and then only in London, Paris, and New York. Yehudi has already refused all but 30 of 300 concert requests for near.

Two Chopin compositions, the "Etude in F Minor" and the "Prelude in D Minor" will be Hephzibah's contribution to the program.

Yehudi will play Maurice Ravel's "Shéhérazade" for violin and orchestra, "Tzigane," with accompanying her. He will also present the "Presto" from Mozart's "Sonata in A Major." "Moderato" and "Allegro" from Cesar Franck's "Sonata for Violin and Piano."

Victor Ford will conduct.

Sunday, February 28 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) CBS

McLaglen, June Lang, Lorre Star in Preview

Victor McLaglen, June Lang and Peter Lorre take the spotlight at Hollywood Hotel Friday, March 5, in a presentation of scenes from "Nancy Steele Is Missing."

The film, in which the trio is costarred, was released February 26. A story of prison life, "Nancy Steele Is Missing" deals with the kidnapping of a little girl by McLaglen, who places strikers in an underground prison, imprisons, but his release is given work by the girl's father, and it is found the girl has remained unimpressed, plus the fact that McLaglen has confessed his crimes to the district attorney, that the girl, now grown, and her father at last reunited.

Backed up the prison angles of the show will be the guest appearance of Ward Lewis E. Lawes, famed for the book and radio program, "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

Friday, March 5 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) CBS

Schallert Interviews Morris

Chester Morris—and his wife and children—will be the subjects of an "at home" program by NBC's Elza Schallert on March 5.

Not only Morris himself, Miss Schallert learned members of his family as well, will be put on the air.

Friday, March 5 10:45 p.m. EST (9:45 CST) NBC

Carole Lombard on 'Hit' Show

It wasn't Carole Lombard's singing voice that brought her to the top in the glamorous world of Hollywood star and does sing. "Maybe Helen Morgan will prove that and maybe she won't," Saturday night, when she appears as guest star on the "Hit."
LETTERS
OF S T E A M
WITH
K A Y K Y S E R

STIPPOSE, for the sake of argument, you don't like the way your boss is running his business. Suppose he says something that makes you sore. What do you do about it?

Regardless of how you feel—if you played in Kay Kyser's band you'd step right up and tell Kay what it was you didn't like—and why you didn't like it. That is, you would, if you valued your job. If you didn't think whether you worked for him or not, you'd say, "Yes, Mr. Kyser! No, Mr. Kyser," as the occasion demanded.

The finest musician in the world isn't a place in the Kyser organization unless he has a mind and a tongue, and isn't afraid to use them both. Once a month, once in six months—when this strikes him—the boys in Kay Kyser's band sit down and verbally tear one another to pieces. Kay Kyser himself may be the target.

Kay Kyser can (and does) absorb criticism like a sponge. He profits from it. At the same time he can find no fault, on occasion, than a newlywed's mother-in-law. It is his ability to "take it" as well as "dish it out" that has brought Kay Kyser's band to the forefront. And if his theory—that it pays to "let off steam"—works as well in the future as it has in the past, music "in the Kyser style" will be on the networks for a long time to come.

You know Kay Kyser best, probably, for his genial "Evenin' folks—how y'all?" and for his broadcast's soft, spoken close, "So long, ever-body!"

True, Kay Kyser is a southerner—and a gentleman. He is a personality. He is a dreamer, but he knows where he is going. And if he was born lucky, or was baked in his own oven, he was baked with a driving, get-to-the-top ambition.

Kay Kyser has faults. His band has its weak points, at least to Kay. And if you want to be a friend of his, you'll have to tell him what these weak points are and what to do about them—if you can!

"Constructive criticism," says Kay Kyser, "is one of the most adhesive qualities in a friend. You can't cement a real, lasting friendship with sugary words and pats on the back!"

Kay Kyser's first strides toward becoming a musical "somebody" were fostered by more than his inherent, driving ambition, a headlong attack on a far-away goal. To attack anything in this world with closed eyes is to invite criticism. Kay asked for it. He got it. And it helped him to his enviable place in today's radio and entertainment world.

It helped him because, strangely enough, he took criticism when he got it—whether he had asked for it or not! As he was having breakfast for lunch the other afternoon (two fried eggs—sunny side up—toast, milk, and ice cream!), Kay got down to cases: "My aim in life has always been to create something," he said. "To get there. When I was very young, I was consumed with a burning ambition. With that ambition I had the attitude: 'I can take it—why can't you?'"

"If I saw a characteristic in some friend of mine that I felt might keep him from doing his best work, or from getting to whatever place in life I knew he wanted to reach, I told him what was wrong with him. I believe that a friend's a real friend only when he or she will take the trouble to help you—to tell you what's wrong—and what you ought to do about it. I'll grant I lost some friendships-of-a-sort that I might otherwise have had by following that idea, but I've made friends that counted, too!"

Kay was in college, on the threshold of the career that was to make him famous, when he got a jolt that jarred his teeth and taught him to listen to the other fellow's side of things. There was an unusual young lady at the University of North Carolina where Kay was studying law. Kay, with his characteristic singleness of purpose, was extremely busy being a big-man-on-the-campus. He wasn't too busy, however, not to be impressed by a warm smile and a sparkling personality.

He became acquainted with the young lady, made a date with her.

When the decided-upon-Saturday evening the date rolled around, big things were afoot at NCU. There were some plans to be made concerning a particular class office, and Kay, one of the master minds who were running things, became embroiled in plot and counterplot in a fraternity-house room.

It wasn't until the next day that he realized he had had a date—and that he had forgotten all about it! His arguments were sound enough to convince him that she was right and he was wrong. He told her so and they later became good friends.

About the end of his junior year at the University of North Carolina, Kay Kyser decided to quit school. He had been taking the easiest courses he could find. What good was more college education going to do him when he was interested in music?

He had relatives on the faculty at NCU and they didn't take kindly to the way in which Kay was shirking his college work.

Kay didn't pay a bit of attention to any of them. He went ahead with his plan—to take his band on the road.

Evidently, the Kyser clan knew their man. As a last resort, they ganged up on Kay and gave him a verbal going-over. They told him that he didn't have the nerve to stick—that he couldn't get a diploma if he wanted one. They picked him to pieces, put him back together again.

Kay didn't "show em'" by pulling out in the night. He didn't flunk out. "Just to get even."

The next thing he knew, a year had passed and he was a college graduate!

Skip now to a Fourth of July, some eight years later. Kay Kyser is an orchestra leader. His dreamforming tour across the country is a huge success. Radio listeners and dancers are talking about "the Kyser style."

THREE THOUSAND people are waiting in the hall at White City Park, Herrin, Illinois. They're waiting to dance to Kay Kyser's music. Kay is there—but he has a band!

The bus on which the band is traveling has broken down. Kay, who has driven on ahead in his own car, is doing what he can to hold the holiday crowd. He's up on the platform telling jokes, urging patience, promising the biggest night everybody in the pavilion has ever seen if they'll wait a while longer, if they'll just stick around until his band arrives.

The bus finally pulls up to the pavilion. The men are tired. Kay's nerves are raw from waiting for them. The band is short tempered from what they've been through. Kay has plenty of waiting dancers so much that he isn't satisfied with the job the boys are doing.

It's nice by nothing more than the first chance the men have had to get a bite to eat. They know there's a storm brewing. (Continued on Page 47)
You Can Be Vitamin Starved At Mealtim

You Don’t Realize Whether You’re Getting Enough Vitamins in Your Meals—Until Loss of Health Shows It. But—by Adding ONE FOOD to Your Diet, You Can Be Sure of an ADDITIONAL Daily Supply of These 4 VITAMINS

Deficient in Vitamin D
SOFT BONES which bend under weight of body and result in bowlegs and knock-knees can come from too little Vitamin D. To give her child the foundation for strong, straight bones and sound teeth, the mother should make sure she gets plenty of Vitamin D during pregnancy and while nursing. Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast provides a rich supply of Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN.

A WEAK, sagging stomach (see picture above), poor digestion and intestinal disorders can all come from an insufficient supply of Vitamin B—THE NERVE VITAMIN.

A STRONG, well stomach (see above) and normal, healthy intestinal tract require an ample supply of Vitamin B. Add Fleischmann’s Yeast to your regular diet to increase your supply of this essential NERVE VITAMIN. It is one of the richest natural foods in Vitamin B.

Diet Lacks Vitamin A
INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY TO Colds can occur if your diet is short in Vitamin A. An undersupply of this vitamin leads to lowered general resistance and weakness of the membranes lining nose and throat. Tests have shown many people are not getting enough Vitamin A with their everyday meals. Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast daily and you will add to your supply of this important vitamin.

Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth
UNDERNOURISHED, underdeveloped body are often signs a child is not getting enough Vitamin G. Rapidly growing children, especially, need a generous supply of this important GROWTH VITAMIN to assist in proper growth and all-round development. Fleischmann’s Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years old can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

No FEELING of hunger lets you know if your meals are short in vitamins. Yet—a shortage of just one of these essential food elements can result in impaired health—even serious illness.

That’s the reason it’s so important to make sure you have enough vitamins every day!

By adding one food—FLEISCHMANN’S fresh YEAST—to your regular diet, you can be sure of getting an extra daily supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is the only natural food that furnishes such a rich supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—one cake about 1½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start now to improve your vitamin health! Order two or three days’ supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann’s Yeast will keep perfectly in your icebox.

THE STRONG, WELL-BUILT BODY, perfect nerve control and radiant good health of Georgia Coleman, famous American Diving Champion, is proof she gets a full supply of all 4 of these essential health-building vitamins, A, B, D and G.
ST LOUIS BOY MAKES GOOD
BY JOHN GORDON

BEN FELD, law student at Washington University, had ambitions of becoming a very fine musician. But he played the violin for relaxation and for his own amusement.

So it was he fiddled his way right out of a law career and into the future as a professional musician.

After interviewing orchestra leaders from the youngest section of the country, CBS chose a St. Louis boy—Ben Feld—to become musical director of KMOX.

So—it's ex-lawyer makes good, and good that makes good!

Ben Feld started at Washington University, as we have explained before, to become a lawyer. But after two years with the law books, he decided that he'd rather be a musician. He auditioned for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and that audition brought him an appointment to the violin section of this organization.

After moving to Chicago with the St. Louis Symphony for several seasons, Gene Rodemick, the orchestra's leader, heard of Feld, listened to him and liked his work. He persuaded the Rodemick organization to assist conductor and first violinist. This was a decision made at the Grand Central Theater, St. Louis.

After a thrilling association with Rodemick, Feld organized a band of his own, and played a winter engagement in Chicago. He appeared on the CBS network, and was brought to New York, where he was heard by leaders of the St. Louis Symphony for a second engagement.

Two years ago, Al Roth, at that time musical director for KMOX, engaged Feld as concert master and assistant conductor of the KMOX orchestra.

During the past seasons, Feld has presented many CBS programs from the St. Louis studios, among them “Sunset Serenade,” a half-hour program of strings and woodwinds, with Dick Potter, conductor and soloist.

If the profession of law lost a good man, the law profession gained one of its greatest. Ben Feld retired from the law, and went into music, and has never looked back.

THERE'S an old gag that if you stand on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, streets in Hollywood long enough, you'll see everybody you ever knew. Now there's another. Stop to jog the memory on that assertion, but if you hang around the NBC studios in New York long enough, you're pretty apt to bump into all the radio stars you know.

A walk around the radio headquarters of New York, recently, and gander at who was there, garners the following:

Phil Porterfield, former WBBM baritone, auditioning for supporting roles on the “Hollywood Hotel,” quite elated because he had landed a place in the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company for this Summer. In 1930 Paul King, who announces “Myrt and Maggie,” the “Beauty Bar Theater,” and “Floyd Gibbons.” (Before landing his commentator's job on the “News of the Week” and a bunch of NBC New York commercials, Jeans used to handle a good many radio broadcasts.]

Ben Feld, baritone member of several WBBM quartets, auditioning at Radio City Music Hall. Incidentally, whether it's the Chicago influx or not, CBS’ New York music department is so crowded that a new set of studios on Seventeenth Avenue has been leased to handle overflow work and rehearsals for the new broadcasting center is completed in 1939.

WGN Thumbails

Now that the genial Kay Kyser’s “evenin’ folks,” is being heard again on the west coast—so you might be interested in the additions to the Kyser organization.

Nancy Nelson, formerly seen in the hard-embroidered in red or gold silk blouse designed to match him, until the show was sold, has now been signed by showman Hal Speed and the price to be paid for Miss Nelson is beyond knowledge of this writer.

James C. Shaffer, reported to be the first radio singer to draw a regular $5,000 a week when he appeared, with the “Smile Four” in 1923, recently made a guest appearance on WCFL’s “Voice of Cookery” show.

It may seem strange to readers today—both salaries for radio singers often running into thousands per week—that performers on the air were paid nothing—nor were they even given free radio licenses—and not so long ago, either!
The “Voice of the Listener” letter-forum is a regular feature in Radio Guide each week. Letters from listeners, of various vocations, are offered to the readers as a means for expressing and exchanging opinions about radio.

Radio Guide will pay prizes for fine letters as follows: $10 for the best letter each week; $5 for the next best, and $1 for all other letters printed.

But don’t forget to tell us what you think of the program on your radio, too—let us know who are the favorite characters of others—and perhaps profitable to you.

PUBLISHERS’ PROGRAM
($10 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: A leading publisher presented an enactment of an important new book recently on an NBC Sunday spot. It was staged rather poorly, with the acting a “little cliche,” I believe. And the good scenes from the best fiction?...—Kenneth R. Kise, York, Pa.

MORNING MUSIC
($5 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: I am a more unknown housewife, whose opinion, of itself, would be of interest to no one—but I believe there are thousands of other housewives all over the land who would join me in expressing my wish that the radio station, rather than talking programs, would follow me about the house as I flit from room to room, and do my housekeeping tasks.

You see, I like most other women, I doze mornings to housework, afternoons to “gudding,” and evenings to reading or social pursuits. So mornings are, of all times, the time I can—or rather could—enjoy my radio. But what happens? Optimistically, I tune in at eight. We are in the breakfast alcove, and the radio is in the music room at the front of the house—but our breakfast is covered by the radio’s chatter. There is, however, a possibility. I have kissed the husband good-by and packed the warm-off-safe food and my busy morning begins. Hopefully I scan Radio Guide for the station offering the best musical programs possible. Alas, there isn’t any! There are dramatic skits, talking commercials, and services, marketing suggestions. But because I want music with my work, and want it fervently, I tune in where I can hear music. It’s not so good—hillbilly stuff—but it’s better than nothing. But scarcely have I got to work before even that changes and I hear an effulgent voice effusing over something or other. I leave my bed-making and doze down to tune in again. In a few minutes, the same thing happens. But the radio is off and we are. Can you blame me?

—Mrs. A. R. Newton, Jr., Emdeleton, Pa.

TEAR-FLOOD

Voice of the Listener: It seems that lately whenever we tune in our favorite radio serial, some of which we have been watching for years, it starts—the flood of tears, weeping, sobbing, wailing. Can you believe it?—E. C. Goodwin, Kearney, Neb.

VOL:—There are times when I could chose from the leading heroine or heartless hero or broken-hearted mother dipped in soda and laid out to dry...—Mrs. Leah Freedman, Fremont, Ohio.

MISSED: NOTHING

Voice of the Listener: I have discovered a way Andy, and his boys stay at home on the air so many years. It’s because they keep their good scenes from the boys out from under foot, while mother does up the suitework in the kitchen. A good knowledge of that for once she is not missing anywhere...—Mrs. H. J. Knorr, Honolulu, Hawaii.

HAPPY DAY

Editor, Radio Guide: Loo king through back issues of Radio Guide, I was prompted to send in this little poem.

From picture Ben Bernie talking fast—or Wintchell talking slow?
Can you picture Portland Hofa without her “Tally-ho!”
Or where Club Counicy without his “Hey-de-dey”?
That’s the day!...What about you?
Or Bing Crosby saying twang “Bing” and “Bang”?
What? You say all this may happen some day?
Yes—Well—helped me finish this anyway.

—Mary Sara, Westfield, Mass.

FUN ON THE FARM

Editor, Radio Guide: Until two years ago, I was a very definite part of the rural and the excitement of life in a large city, feeling that only by constant going and coming could I find in the city the pleasures life had to offer. Now, I live on a farm top of a beautiful mountain, far away from the noise and confusion...At last, I have come to realize that right in my own home I found the greatest pleasures—in particular, in my radio...—Mrs. Richard Sewell, Penacoe, Vt.

Voice of the Listener: It’s tough to live in an old farm house in a one-horse town where nothing ever happens but you can be so touchy without that grand invention, radio—and that grand publication, Radio Guide...—Jane Beam, H. C. 24, Portland, Ore.

Voice of the Listener: Some time ago, my family and I moved to this small town from a large city. At first my family and I made the adjustment, but then the city terried, and was so lonely I wanted to die. That’s when I turned to my radio for solace. I found music, companionship, such as I never had before, and learned so much more than I had from my friends in the city...—Mrs. W. W. Ellis, Box 266, Brooksville, Fla.

CANADIAN COMPLAINT

Editor, Radio Guide: A fine station is one which can design its broad cascades with an alibi of balance. There are no flat notes in the harmonic. The announcer, artists, music, etc., are all blended to make a perfect whole.

I am not sure that such stations do not exist in Canada. The United States are playing rounds among our stations, not dramatized, but dramatically educationally. Approximately fifty percent of the television programs are educational. I am a shut-in, and therefore interested in daytime programs, which consists mainly of educational programs. While I realize that a station’s very existence is dependent upon its income derived from sponsored programs, nevertheless it appears to me that some of these programs might be managed in a more dignified and entertaining manner...—George Ranger, Montreal, Canada.
February 27, 155 p.m. EST
NBC Blue Network
LUCIA
By Gaetano Donizetti

LUCIA: Lily Pons, soprano
Alfina: Thelma Votava, soprano
Edgardo: Frederick Jagel, tenor
John: Lawrence Brownlee, baritone
Raimondo: Ennio Pini, basso
Arturo: Nicholas Masson, tenor
Norman: John Carroll, tenor
Conductor: Gennaro Papi

Lily Pons will return to the operas that she first sang in her native land when she takes the title role of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in the Metropolitan performance to be broadcast Saturday. Miss Pons will be supported by Frederick Jagel in the principal male lead.

LUCIA'S brother Henry, in desper- ate straits because of political dis- allegiance, wishes to marry his sis- ter to Lord Arthur Bucklaw, under whose domination he lives. He forges a letter in Edgardo's writing which pur- ports to prove that Lucia has been de- serted by her lover, and then tells her that he, Arturo, will be rescued and disgraced if she does not marry Buck- law.

The Philadelphia Symphony's Friday evening concert broadcasts are bright- ened by overtures by the baton of Eugene Ormandy, regular conductor.

Frederick Jagel: Death at his own dagger's point is Edgar of Ravens- wood when he is wounded in "Lammermoor."
For many years Hollywood cast Andy Devine as a villain. Then his aptitude for comedy was discovered. Now he's Jack Benny's air comic.
This Sabbath morn, I bide a time abed. . . . and in time, mine ear is struck by a voice swelling from the good wife's loudspeaker, in the next room. And inquiring, I learn from her that this is MORTON BOWE. "A handsome lad," she says, "and possessed of a hearty voice." "A right remark that," I agree. Later, when I am about my trifling holiday duties, I hear him again, and so it is since, on four days a week . . .

Meditate much of late that in these times old truths are forgotten. . . . and in this mood turn the dial to "One Man's Family," which mends my spirits. And harkening to this continued tale, I pay strictest heed to KATHLEEN WILSON, who is "Claudia," and take heart that youth is still good and fine. Must remember to mark calendar so next week's installment may bolster my thoughts again . . .

Wearying of the argument in the next dwelling, it is in the radio I seek respite of a Thursday evening. And there an entertainment worthy of the volume required to drown out near-by sounds is found. LANNY ROSS this night captains "Show Boat," and to these ears seems good enough to hear again next week, even if there is no loud dispute!
At this Sabbath sundown, I am
cantering lightly through an
orchard near by, when through
an open lattice I find myself
beckoned into a neighbor's lodge.
And soon inside, I am scarce
seated and at my ease before my
pleasantries are hushed. "Hark!"
says this impetuous host. "It's
NADINE CONNOR. The song car-
ries me away!" Giving ear, I con-
tinue, and gain advice she is Nelson
Eddy's "Open House" nightingale,
blessed with an angel's voice—
and beauty. Perhaps soon I shall
return to this lodge, and audit
this syphilitic damsel again....

Up from my couch earlier than
usual this Sunday evening,
and search high and low for
slippers and smoking pipe... But
then find them on a chair
by the bed. So turn to dialing
one place and another to quiet
my passion—finding in time
"Dreak Rehearsal!" with Master
JOE RINES leading Sunday mu-
cical men... Merriment and
music soothing, find this worth
remembering for future Sundays

This Tuesday eventide I am
above stairs, reading mine
Bible, when below I hear a
strange knocking, as hail on
the panes, rush down, think-
ing to close the house, then
realize it is FRED ASTAIRE
on the radio, tapping his feet
... and curious, tap my own,
but without rhythm. This is
excellent fare—and I shall
hear it more—and very soon
Radio Guide Presents
GIANT-GRAVURE

GUY LOMBARDO

With his three brothers and the kid next door, GUY LOMBARDO organized the "Royal Canadians" in 1918. Soft rhythms resulted when neighbors shouted "Quiet down!" But one day that subtle syncopation brought fame—made Guy the ace leader he is today!
You wouldn't think there was hard work connected with Jane Froman's singing when you hear her, but—here she is in action. You can see for yourself that, in radio, you have to work—to succeed!

Wendell Hall, the "Red-Headed Music Maker," turns on his high-voltage personality when he faces the mike.

Hildegarde, the Milwaukee beauty who charmed European royalty and returned to America to enthrall radio listeners, doesn't hesitate to "turn it on" when she wants to achieve an effect.

Wendell Hall sets a good example for studio audiences to follow when he directs them in the "Community Sing."
Jessica Dragonette has been thrilling radio listeners for years, but each new song is better than the last—perhaps that helps explain her popularity.

Action—"from the top of his head to the tip of his toes"—that's the "Red-Headed Music Maker's" microphone credo!

Virginia Rea knows that a microphone projects her personality, and that in order to entertain an audience she has to "sell" herself to the "mike" first. She's doing a good job of it, too.

Never a let-down! Old-timer Wendell Hall sings his own number, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"—and "sells" it!
Freddie Rich taught many present-day stars how to swing it! Andre Kostelanetz once worked with him, so did Johnny Green, Lennie Hayton, Benny Goodman, and Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey.

Benny Goodman gets off! Probably the best all-around clarinetist in the world, Goodman started when he was ten, played with Ted Lewis and Whiteman before organizing his own band.

Harry Salter wanted to be a chemical engineer, but he wanted more to be a violinist! He led his first band at the old Waldorf-Astoria in 1926, and you've heard him swinging ever since!

Shirt-sleeved Raymond Paige, musical director of Columbia's "Hollywood Hotel" program, tells his bandmen what's what. Announcer Ken Niles is at the microphone in the left background.
Sunday, February 28

2:30 a.m.—English programs from Siberia: RVT1
4:30 a.m.—Million Church of the Air; CDQX
7:30 a.m.—Variety program: DJL
7:35 a.m.—Concert: OLH (11:58)
8:00 a.m.—Overseas hour: ZB 271
9:30 a.m.—Vatican City: BTT
11:15 a.m.—Calderone's Senior band: GSB GSD
1:25 p.m.—Topical program: ORK (6.01)
3:00 p.m.—Listed war news from Spain and France: GSB GSD
5:55 p.m.—Listener program: GSC DDC
7:40 p.m.—Variety: GSC GSB
9:00 p.m.—Our Sunday concert: DJC DDC
5:30 p.m.—Children's programs: GSB GSD
6:00 p.m.—Marching band: RAN
6:10 p.m.—Round-trip reports: DDD GSD
7:20 p.m.—Two Hours with Cuba: COCQ
7:30 p.m.—ROYAL HAWAIIAN BAND: KKP
8:30 p.m.—Dance music: LIX
9:00 p.m.—This is England: GSB GSD
11:00 p.m.—Overseas hour (Pacific coast): ZBS
1:50 a.m.—With cricket test news: England vs. Australia: GSB GSD

Key to Symbols Used: Daily (Days of the Week) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Thursday

Monday, March 1

5:56 a.m.—English program: HSBO (192)
5:30 a.m.—English program: HSBO (192)
12:20 a.m.—English lecture: LBQ
1:30 p.m.—Polish program: GSB GSD
1:35 p.m.—URSULANS, scientific data: WIXL (17.9)
4:50 p.m.—Argentine hour: LSS
4:50 p.m.—Brazilian hour: PFS
5:30 p.m.—Training hour: PFS
5:55 p.m.—P.E.W.: "The Singing Priests": GSB GSD
15:30 p.m. (as Sat.)—Peanut ALERT: Spanish commentator: WUXE (12.52)
5:30 p.m.—PLAY: "The Singing Priests": GSB GSD
15:30 p.m.—P.E.W.: "The Singing Priests": GSB GSD
16:30 p.m.—Radio Guadiana: "Radio Guadiana": RUX (17.9)
17:00 p.m.—Domestic news: LOK
17:30 p.m.—Little German reader: DDC DDC
17:40 p.m.—BBC East: GSB GSD

(Continued on Column Four)
THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMS

LOG OF STATIONS
LISTED IN EDITION—MIDWESTERN

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PLEASE NOTE: Symbol in parentheses, such as (sw-9.53), appears after a program listing indicates that this program may be heard by tuning in 9.53 megacycles frequency on your short-wave dial. For foreign programs, see page 29.
**MR. FAIRFAX KNOWS ALL**

**Sunday, February 28**

**Step Fates**

See 8:15 p.m.

**WLW**

Orchestra & Pops

KWMX-Knight's Orch.

KWWL-Knight's Orch.

**KMOX**

KMOX-Knight's Orch.

KWWL-Bob Hope's Orch.

**WLW**

KWWL-Orchestra

**WLW**

KWWL-Knight's Orch.

**KMOX**

KMOX-Knight's Orch.

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<td>ESB-Jack Benny's Escape</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS-Stars in Your Life</td>
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<td>WBBM-TV News</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS-Your Favorite</td>
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<td>CBS-Your Hit</td>
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**Thursday, March 4**

**MORNING**

**6:00 a.m. CST**

**Home Businessmen's Club:** WBWN KMOX

**7:15 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**7:20 a.m. CST**

**WBWN**

- **KMOX**

**7:30 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**7:45 a.m. CST**

**WBWN**

- **KMOX**

**8:00 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**8:15 a.m. CST**

**WBWN**

- **KMOX**

**8:30 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**8:45 a.m. CST**

**WBWN**

- **KMOX**

**9:00 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**9:15 a.m. CST**

**WBWN**

- **KMOX**

**9:30 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**9:45 a.m. CST**

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- **KMOX**

**10:00 a.m. CST**

**KMOX**

- **WBWN**

**10:15 a.m. CST**

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**11:00 a.m. CST**

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March 4

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LUCY -Hornel Folks Hymn Hour
WIBA’s Social Committee Conv.:
Miss Helen Ross, pres.; Mrs. Mary
Hartman, pianist.

WEDNESDAY, March 4

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The text contains a schedule of radio programs and events for a specific date, March 5. It lists various stations and times for different types of programming, including news, music, and drama. The content is formatted in a tabular structure, with columns for station name, program title, and time. The text is dense and requires careful reading to understand the schedule.
Saturday
March 6

7:30
CBS Ray Burns, pianist (sw-21.52)

MORNING

7:45
WBC-Dundies, Host: WBBM (sw-21.52)

7:55
KMOX's Let's Compare Notes

8:05
WBBM Chicago, Harbour Beach

8:15
KDKR-TV's News

8:30
WHO-News

8:55
WMAQ Chicago, Bobby Newman

9:00
WBBM Chicago, Arthur Sketchin

9:10
WBBM Chicago, Commander in Chief

9:15
CBS News

9:25
KMOX Chicago, Rev. Gene & Gloria

9:30
WBBM Chicago, Pianist

9:35
WBBM Chicago, Victor Darby

9:45
WCFL Chicago, Jack Storm

9:50
KMOX Chicago, Reily's Sportslight

10:00
KDKR-TV's News

10:15
WBBM Chicago, Arthur Sketchin

10:30
WBBM Chicago, Louis D'Angelo

10:45
WBBM Chicago, Dr. J. R. Pit

10:55
KMOX Chicago, Rev. Gene & Gloria

11:00
KMOX Chicago, Tri Cities Radio Network

11:15
KMOX Chicago, Joe Dowd

11:30
WBBM Chicago, Art People's Series

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CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SUNDAY
2 p.m. EST (1 CST), NBC network. Landmark presents a brand new prize for competition about product. Grand prize awarded at frequent intervals. Contest closes Thursday following broadcast.

6:30 p.m. EST (5 CST), NBC network. Your True Adventures story contributed by listeners and used on program.

8:15 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC network. Singing Sam. Automobile, 4 cash, and 200 merlot bottles awarded each week to persons who vote on product and come closest to the winning total. Contest closes Friday following week.

WIBAI-AM, November 7, 1937

THURSDAY
8:05 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC network. Great American Comedy. Hourly comedy programs hosted by various comedians.

8:15 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC network. Wind in the Embers. Hourly comedy programs.
DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR?

"Are you interested in the acting field? Do you have a flair for the dramatic? Do you have the ability to make the audience laugh or cry? Do you have the desire to work in the entertainment industry? Then we want to hear from you!"

"We are looking for talented actors to join our team! Whether you are just starting out or have years of experience, we are interested in hearing from you. We are looking for actors of all ages and backgrounds. We are looking for actors to work in all areas of entertainment, including film, television, theater, and voice-over."

"We offer competitive compensation and benefits. We are committed to providing a supportive and inclusive environment. We are looking for actors who are passionate about their craft and committed to excellence."

"Submit your resume and headshot to info@actingagency.com. We look forward to hearing from you!"
AND thus he reaches out into the surging river of life around him and draws to himself, as into a quiet backwater, his stories and his friends—many stories and many friends; for they are the two great loves, the two great needs of his existence. His favorite story is Harpo Marx's, after whom he named his French poodle because of the similarity of their haircuts. But others push him closely for first place. He has managed somehow to keep straight all five years, he combs straight back from his forehead, and looks like F. Scott Fitzgerald. His hands and feet are almost babyishly small.

He is rather a tyrant, if the truth be told, but it is the tyranny of a com- mercially-skilled in drawing velvet gloves over his iron hands that few people ever realize they have been snubbed. What he really thinks of you is doubly hard to learn in view of the fact that he converses with his dearest friends chiefly by means of insults. If he insults you only occasionally, you are in the happy position of being able to assume that he doesn't like you very much. If on the other hand he insults you constantly he is crazy about you. He can tie a nettle to the simplest of phrases. He can make you with flattery, or he can endeavor himself to you with an insult. In either case, you'll love it.

On the other hand, this aloof tel ler of tall marauding tales—"more than twice," he says, disarming any-body who might say it for him—is capable of saying to any length to play practical jokes on himself. Told by friends of Cott Smith of the Demo cratic National Committee had a voice which could not be distinguished from his own over the air, he locked him up in Washington. It turned out that both of them had always longed to act in Shakespeare, so Alex took Mr. Smith on the air and they played a dramatic scene between Brutus and Cassius. To a listener-in it sounded like two bad actors from a second -rate melodrama.

All in all he is a mass of contradictions which can be understood only when you unwind the riddle of his outlook upon life. To Alexander Humphries this affair called life is a weird, hodge-podge, gorgeous, beautiful, ugly collection of fragments, resembling nothing so much as anything else in a trash box full of broken bottles, bits of paper, discarded shoes and shining strands of tinsel from last year's Christmas trees. He sees it as a vast swirl of trash, of new and then falling into debris, and life is the flame that dances between them before they are consumed. He is no deep thinker able to tu mulate a theory which binds all the fragments together, and the result is that for all his sophistication he is a confused, frightened man. He feels frightened. He struggles to find something, a pillar or post standing up from the churning, which is secure, to which he can cling. And he finds this

The Armistice, he went back to his book-report and took up play reviewing on the side. He was all ready for the radio when it came.

He lends himself. Why shouldn't he? The great passion of his life is to sit down and tell his stories to an audience. In a private house someone can always add in and say, "Dinner is served."

But on the air those fifteen minutes are wholly Woolcott's, the door of the studio is closed, there is a dead quiet, no one can interrupt—until what audience he has for himself! Millions! No wonder he likes it! Would the town gossip in your town like it? So does Alex.

TODAY, to dispel reluctantly a prevalent superstition, it is not so far painted. He loves to speak of himself as a fat man, and the walls of his luxurious New York apartment overlook the floating cabbages and apple-boxes of the East River are practically papered with hideous caricatures of himself. The hideousness the better. But in actual fact is a simple man with a tummy. His face lends itself so well to caricature because his small features are squeezed together in such a fashion as to give him a slight, but melancholy, resemblance to a puppy. He has extremely small lips; and his light -brown eyes, which he has managed somehow to keep despite the last fifteen years, he combs straight back from his forehead, and looking like F. Scott Fitzgerald. His hands and feet are almost babyishly small.

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Radio Guide Program Locators will soon be mailed to the many thousands of readers who responded to the questionnaires recently printed in Radio Guide. In the meantime, the editors thank you for your interest, and ask that you be patient with us.

Part IV (Conclusion) of the Log will Appear in Next Issue!
LETTING OFF STEAM WITH KAY KYSER

(Continued from Page 16)

As they gulp coffee and sandwiches in an ante-room, Kay starts to give them a talk. Perhaps it's one of the things he says aren't justified, under the circumstances.

But Kay is the bass player objects.

"You talk about drive," he shouts in answer to Kay's question. "You say you can't hit the ball, given a show! Instead of trying to drive us like a bunch of check, don't you just let those of us who can, keep up with you. If we can't keep up, we'll quit!"

The band resolves itself into little groups, each musician telling the other just what good he is. The coffee and sandwiches give them new pep. No broken bus is going to keep them from putting on a real show.

When the band returns to the platform, Kay's words of encouragement sound like the healthiest sound to Kay. He relaxes a little.

And when a completely exhausted group of musicians climbs into the bus that's caromed for Colorado, the secret grudge. The world that's important human-made grudge becomes the grudge of a band.

"If that grudge is stumped out in some way, it grows and grows. The musician who's been the center of interest before, he becomes listless. He's too busy thinking about what a no-good somebody is, or what a mean break he's getting, to do his job. One man's secret grudge can ruin a whole band."

"When a dozen men work together as closely as the members of a dance band do, they have to be 'in tune' with each other, just as their instruments have to be in tune."

"If one man starts to neglect his work for some reason or another, you can bet your bottom dollar that, for a little while, there'll be two men laying down on the job, then three—and if it isn't stopped, everybody loses interest. When that happens, you've 'just another band' on your hands. If something isn't done then, in very short order, you're out of a job."

"YOU can tell when a blow-up is coming," Kay Kyser explained.

"Usually, to tell the truth, nobody's in the wrong and nobody's in the right—which is the only good news in me. Nothing ever goes as bad as a man with a grudge goes. That's it. There's something's there that's certain.

"Whether they're right or wrong, with the majority or against it, after one of these get-it-off-your-chest sessions, every man in the band goes over what has been said. He thinks about it. As a result, he's on his toes the next day. The chances are, too, that he'll stay there quite a while. Driven to his heart, he doesn't believe he has been in the wrong, but he's out-banned everybody's doubts about it!"

"It's in this way that Kay Kyser has taught us the game of running a dance band. He has taught that the man in the world to get action is to say something if you think you have something to say. If you listen to something that you have to say about you or to you. That's when he has a band that's gone places and is going further!"

It will, at least, if Kay Kyser has anything to say about it. Let's have a final figure right now that if he has something to say, he's going to say it!
My compliments on your very good taste, sir

for the good things smoking can give you

Chesterfield Wins

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.