

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR RADIO LISTENERS

# Radio Guide

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Vol. III.  
No. 44

Week Ending  
August 25, 1934

North Atlantic

*In This Issue:*

FRANK BUCK'S  
LIFE - FROM  
BUTTERFLIES  
TO TIGERS

TWICE A STAR:  
BUDDY ROGERS'  
OWN STORY

THE HARD WAY  
TO EASY MONEY:  
ANNOUNCING

COMPLETE RADIO  
PROGRAMS  
START ON PAGE 12

Lee Wiley



# Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOL editor, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago III. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph.

## Tuan, and Nobody Out

Dear VOL: Gary, Ind.  
In one of the columns of your Chicago edition you called attention to a very interesting fact which I had noticed myself, about the Frank Buck programs. They certainly do clear the streets. From the first "Yes, Tuan," our neighborhood is as quiet as the grave. But then I don't wonder as I am far past childhood myself and I certainly get a big thrill out of his amazing adventures. I wonder if they are all built on fact or if some clever script writer hasn't added the suspense element just to live up to radio tradition. Marilyn Engel

## A Gross Insult

Dear VOL: Paterson, New Jersey  
Can you imagine a radio fan writing to a performer and telling him something he said he couldn't find out, and then never getting a word of thanks?  
Sid Silvers had a piece in a recent Herald-Tribune saying he could not find any meaning for the word stogger. I took the trouble to look it up in the Oxford dictionary. I found where I believe the word originates and sent him a descriptive copy just asking for a reply to know that he received it, as no doubt he gets many fan letters.  
This has certainly cured me of taking the trouble of writing any more letters and I am sure there are a great many more listeners who feel the same as I do. Mary K. Gross

## Forward, Baker Fans

Dear VOL: Brooklyn, New York  
May I have the opportunity of telling you some of my favorites? Well, here goes!  
Joe Penner is my favorite comedian and the reward for listening to him is a hearty laugh. No matter how gloomy I feel, I am always sure to find relief by listening to the duck salesman. Alonzo Deen Cole, actor and author of the Witch's Tale, is one of the most talented actors on the air. Frank Prince, Bing Crosby and Jerry Baker are my favorite vocalists. Jerry Baker is an artist who certainly deserves praise. Everyone I know thinks he has an exquisitely beautiful voice. He's actually the talk of the town. Come on, Jerry Baker fans, let's hear from you. Sylvia Schwartz



Sylvia Schwartz

## Demand the Original

Dear VOL: Manchester, N. H.  
There is no artist on the air who can bring to her audience what Jessica Dragonette has brought: The indescribable loveliness of her own personality as well as the superb artistry of her singing. Many singers, like Jessica's present substitute, do a creditable job of just singing—but none has succeeded in giving us the delicate, intangible beauty which is a part of Jessica Dragonette herself. And if you will look back, you will realize that none has succeeded in holding the public interest and love as long as the only—Jessica Dragonette!  
Marjorie L. Goetschius

## For the Long, Tall Gal

Dear VOL: Warners, New York  
I heartily concur with Paige Arbogast, "a bushel of peaches to Miss Beasley. She really is a peach."  
I think so, too. I have been listening to her as long as we have had a radio. She is the first person I ever listened to regularly. She was the first singer on the air who attracted my attention and my interest. That was about four years ago and I have been listening to her regularly ever since. Irene Beasley is now my favorite star. Let's hear how many would like to join an Irene Beasley club. Irwin Armstrong

## In Rebuttal

Dear VOL: Racine, Wis.  
Recently in your column Mrs. F. I. Davis complained of the sameness the announcers have in programs like the Sinclair Minstrels—the Little Chocolate Drop and Radio's Gift to the Ladies. Just think for a moment; what would the program be like without those two? It would lose its spice. And what do you listen to the Keystone Barn Dance for, besides the music? Why, to hear why Uncle Ezra is late, of course. And to Seymour Gilman and his idea that the prizes of contests should be awarded to people in New York City just because there are six and one-half million persons living there; did it ever occur to him that there are many other people in the United States who possess just as much reasoning power as the persons in New York City? Jeanne Stauss

## The Beacon Light

"Give Light and the Public Will Find Its Own Way"

The tremendous influence of radio broadcasting, and its strategic importance to a community, recently were indicated by the seizing of the Vienna superpower broadcasting station during the ill-starred uprising in Austria. Possession of the radio system was the first consideration of the revolting faction. With radio under their control, the rebels could offset the effectiveness of every other instrumentality which might be used for the spreading of information and propaganda detrimental to their cause.

It was a bold and long-headed piece of planning—and had the revolt been as well organized in other departments, there is no telling what the outcome might have been. It should be remembered that the German Nazis' first act upon coming into power was to take control of the German Broadcasting System.

A harassed and uncertain public, thirsting for the latest news and information, will turn naturally to a radio as a matter of habit. For years the receiving set has been bringing into the sanctity of the home the news of the day and the messages of the parties in power. It has been the one sure avenue over which a message to the people would reach them without benefit of journalistic interpretation, changes or omissions.

In Europe, furthermore, radio has been used as a double-edged sword. Officially its purpose has been to carry entertainment, enlightenment, education, and governmental propaganda to the folks at home. But statesmen have not overlooked its potentialities for impressing and warning neighboring countries of their activities and intentions.

Radio has made diplomacy a rather difficult game in recent years. The public has been let in on many angles of international negotiation that in the past were half-told stories—told the way the diplomats wanted them to be. This is just one more reason why the public has come to look to radio for guidance.

We need not go abroad to find examples of radio's power to sway public opinion. It was used most effectively by officials in settling the recent San Francisco strike. A great American journalist, Edward Willis Scripps, once wrote, "Give light and the public will find its own way." During the San Francisco strike the public, led into a sympathetic attitude by misinformation and the irregular methods used by the strike organizers, were in ignorance of the actual state of affairs. It was not until Governor Mirrian of California, Mayor Rossi of San Francisco and Archbishop Hanna went on the air over the combined NBC and CBS networks, that the strikers and public obtained a clear understanding of the trouble. The moment broadcasting entered the picture on the side of reason, law and order, the strike ended. Radio was the beacon light.

Radio, going into the home, finds an entirely different atmosphere and reception for its speakers than can be encountered anywhere else. There are no mob reactions to offset and to nullify logic and reason. Hence, if the facts are right and clear, one can expect the listener to act according to his best judgment, and his decision is usually in the right direction.

Radio is one of the greatest forces at the command of man today—far more effective than guns and bayonets—if its recent uses, both abroad and at home, are a true gauge of its value.

## Comparing Songbirds

Dear VOL: Naperville, Ill.  
So many write in about Jessica Dragonette and so few about Alice Mock, yet in my opinion and that of many others, Alice Mock is the greatest artist on the air and far outranks Dragonette and other songbirds. Not only her voice, which is divinely beautiful, but her interpretations and her personality make NBC's Musical Memory Hour on Tuesday evenings the high spot of the radio week for me. Incidentally, I think this program deserving of a star as one of the high spot selections of Tuesday not only because of Miss Mock but because of Eddie Guest and his matchless poetry, the orchestral numbers, and the singing of Charlie Sears and that superb harmony team, Tom, Dick and Harry. Clifford Brier

## Hoyle, Hoyle, Gags All Here

Dear VOL: St. Louis, Mo.  
I'm putting my cards on the table to fellow listeners, concerning my favorite radio artist, Ed Lowry, star of the "Going to Town" hour. He is the "ace" of entertainers and knows all the "tricks" of the trade. He is the "king" of comedians and has won the "hearts" of St. Louisans who have organized several "clubs" in his honor and will raise the "deuce" if NBC doesn't keep him on "deck."  
Take a tip from me and acquire the Lowry habit. I've had it for years. Merry Cass

## From Abram's Bosom

Dear VOL: East Orange, N. J.  
In a recent issue of RADIO GUIDE I read the letter of Mr. Andrew Phillips who is of the opinion that George Givot's program "is the poorest and least entertaining program I have ever listened to." I heartily disagree. Every Tuesday evening finds the entire family gathered around the radio awaiting this program.  
Givot's Greek characterization is first rate. Not only do I back him up on this but also on the humorous puns and jokes he puts across. If Mr. Phillips does not believe in the Greek characterization let him hearken to the delightful music of the orchestra. Let me say that this is one hour that I recommend to either young or old. George J. Abrams



George J. Abrams

## Who'll Crown Gertrude?

Dear VOL: Rahway, N. J.  
What is wrong with you Gertrude Niesen fans? You were loyal to her during the recent RADIO GUIDE popularity contest and caused her to receive the highest number of votes of any female star, and now during the current RADIO GUIDE vote for the Radio Queen, you are not as loyal to her.  
Let's all give her a vote and send her over the top—with honors which she so richly deserves. Anton Amon

## Choice of the Listener

Dear VOL: Ironton, Ohio  
My orchids to Lanny Ross, Joe Penner and Wayne King. I enjoy all these programs.  
I wonder why none of your writers ever praise the Betty and Bob programs. I enjoy Don Ameche as Bob and think Betty is portrayed very nicely by Beatrice Churchill.  
Hope Amos and Andy will return to the air soon. M. L. N.

## They Don't Diadem

Dear VOL: Argentine, Kan.  
Well, my only worry now is that the winners of your recent contests will be so affected by their popularity that it will kill their appeal. It's well to win a crown, but to wear it too conspicuously can mean downfall. Jerry Means

# My First Thirty Years

By Buddy Rogers

With the Youthful Maestro and Former Movie Star Leaping to the Fore in a New CBS Sponsored Hour, Redoubled Interest Focuses Upon His Aladdin Career



Buddy Rogers doesn't believe in "the ideal" woman for any man—nor does he believe that a man should have a career thrust upon him. His beliefs have made amazing changes in his successful career

I used to think I'd get married by the time I was thirty. Now that I'm past thirty, I've pushed the date ahead again ten years, maybe more, maybe less. It all depends.

It's not that I'm waiting for my ideal girl to come along. That sort of thing is all right in a popular song. But in real life it's all wrong. I've known lots of ideal girls, girls of unusual talent and beauty, girls who were good companions and who, I could feel, were real friends. But when it comes to marriage, it's a matter of finding the *right* girl. I don't know whether she'll be blonde or brunette, or a red head, or tall or short, or even if she'll be one of the girls I meet professionally or socially. I only know that she will be the right girl for me. Perhaps then I'll be able to talk as well as sing of my particular ideal!

That seems to be the way things break, for me. I'm with music now, and with music I intend to stay. It's not that I have abandoned pictures. Pictures are in many ways an ideal profession. I shall continue to make one or two pictures a year as long as the talkies want me. I was scheduled to make a musical picture in London this fall for the British International Film Company. Along came the opportunity to take my band on to the air for Ward's Bread. So the London trip is off, at least until after the first of the year. Music is, after all, the right profession for me.

At one time I thought it would be right to be a journalist. I was practically raised in the back end of a print shop. My father is owner and editor of the Olathe *Mirror* back in Olathe, Kansas, where I was born and where my parents still live. He used to put up with a lot of interference from my brother and sister and me. As the eldest, I was permitted privileges. I got to know a good deal about type and printer's ink and how copy is handled before I was very old. It seemed only natural to go on with it. But I spent more time organizing a band and playing dances and entertainments than I did writing headlines and leads during my freshman year at the University of Kansas.

Olathe is a good place in which to be brought up. It's a town of about 3,000 in a pleasant, farming community. A boy can have a grand time in a town like that, and more opportunity than is often conceded.

When I was only eight years old, Ralph Ott, who had taught music thereabouts for many years, conceived the idea of organizing a boy's band. He called on all the leading citizens and the fathers of prospective members, argued well and convincingly and secured a \$25 donation from each of them. Then he sent to Sears Roebuck for instruments.

I had always had sort of a yen for music. Somehow, I don't know just why, I wanted to play the flute. I had a mental picture of my eight-year-old self standing up before an audience and completely overwhelming it with my astounding skill on this instrument. It never occurred to me that my part in the new band might be anything else.

When the eagerly awaited package arrived, however, it turned out to be enormous, much too long and

wide to be a flute. I unwrapped it almost in despair. It was a baritone horn. I suppose that was one of the major griefs of my childhood.

I didn't stay with that horn altogether, though. There were many experiments and exchanges of instruments before Ralph Ott got that raw outfit into shape. I tried all of them before I got through. I know I was pretty bad on all of them.

As a musician I'm what they call a faker. I play by ear and by instinct. A tune once heard sticks in my head, all set for me to reproduce when I need it. I've had little formal training beyond that I got in the Olathe boy's band. But that training was invaluable. Without it I would never have the confidence now to submit solo parts on different instruments.

We were some organization. We had khaki uniforms with brass buttons and puttees, and we played an occasional concert in the down-town district, which the good citizens of Olathe were good enough to proclaim as marvelous. On those concert nights we got to stay out until after ten!

I don't know how it happened, but by the time I was eleven I was playing baritone horn in the regular men's band. Perhaps it was because baritones were scarce. We put on a weekly concert all summer on Main Street. I remember being terribly thrilled with the lights and the crowds and the pretty girls sitting close to the platform in their light summer dresses. But the biggest thrill to me was the music itself. I loved it, and I loved making it.

By the time I was in high school I was the busiest person in Olathe. It's easy to be that way in a small town high school. Show the slightest prowess along any given line and you're immediately in demand for contests, exhibitions, games without end. There was considerable social life, too. My mother and father

were strict about hours and company. But you can have lots of fun before midnight if you have to, and doing perfectly unobjectionable things.

I did break out once, though. I had a history teacher, a girl just out of college, who I thought was the prettiest, smartest and most alluring creature imaginable. I suppose she had for me also the attraction of the forbidden. High school boys simply don't date their teachers, especially in a small town. But every young fellow gets to the place where the girls he has grown up with seem unexciting in comparison to someone less familiar. Unfortunately, in a case like that, it is the teacher who is held to blame, not the pupil. My little history teacher finished out her one year at Olathe and was not invited to return.

I had an open Ford. It cost \$40 and was the pride of my heart. It was just the sort of contraption that would cost \$40. We used to drive to dances in it. When there were no dances, we just drove. But riding up and down roads already familiar loses its appeal after a while. We had to think up something more exciting. Something positively devilish. We took to stealing milk bottles from back porches. We had no use for the milk, of course. But we waxed hilarious just imagining the expression on Mrs. So-and-So's face when she confronted her empty doorstep the next morning, what with the Mr. already growling for his breakfast inside.

I don't know what happened to that little history teacher, whether or not she found another school in another town and settled down, a chastened and wiser girl. Anyway, I hope she thought it was worth it. I got into plenty of hot water over the scandal at home, but I had no regrets.

Even with all the lessons and parties, I found time for music. I suppose I would have found time for it even if it had meant dropping everything else. As it was I practiced assiduously. I had a set of drums, I remember, and every night, with the victrola turned on as loud as it would go, I would practice. The same old record over and over, shrieking out into the night, with a thunderous accompaniment of amateur drumming. The neighbors complained. My folks did what they could to quiet me. But you can't squelch a thing like that. I had to learn the drums, didn't I?

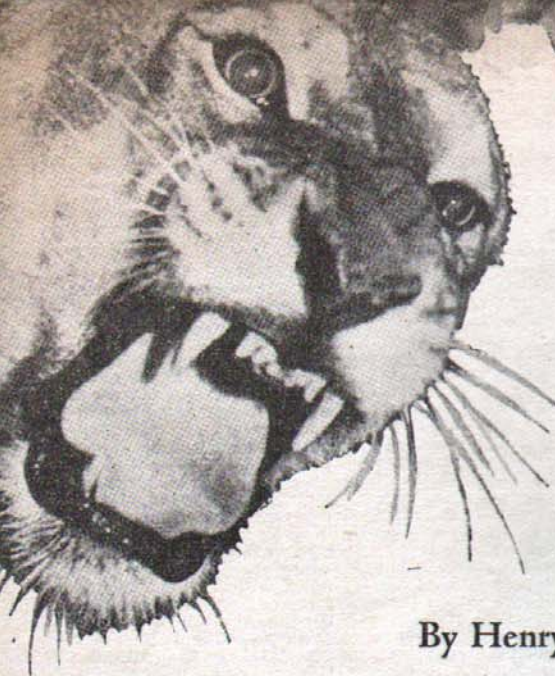
One of those neighbors read recently in a Hollywood fan magazine that Buddy Rogers used to practice until late at night. "Well," she remarked acidly, "that's the first thing I've read in one of those magazines that I had any reason to believe was true!"

I got together my first band while I was in high school. It was a four-piece band, not very good I am afraid, but we played local dances for \$2 and \$3 a night each and thought we were pretty hot.

It's strange that I didn't see then the possibilities that kind of thing held for me. Those trips around the country to furnish music at this and that dance were more of a lark to us than anything else, I guess. You don't think of music in professional terms in a place like Olathe.

In fact, when outsiders did take a hand at planning my future, it was dramatics for which they destined me. It used to irritate me at the time. I wanted something big and bold and daring, like being a star reporter or an international correspondent, digging out big stories in remote, dangerous places. But when I was a senior in high school they gave me the leading part in the senior class play, *Clarence*. I don't remember that I even took the part very seriously. A senior is an important (Continued on Page 23)

RADIO GUIDE, Volume III, Number 44, Week Ending August 25, 1934. Issued Weekly by RADIO GUIDE, Inc., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., February 24, 1932, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1934 by RADIO GUIDE, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive, Editorial, Advertising, Circulation and Business offices, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Eastern advertising office, 112 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. M. L. Annonberg, President and Publisher; Herbert Kraemer, 1st. V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; R. S. Wood, Editor; Saul Plam, V. P. and Adv. Mgr. Unsolicited manuscripts received only at owner's risk and should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Five Cents per copy in United States. Subscription rates in U. S.: six months, \$1.25; one year, \$2.00. Subscription rates in Canada: six months, \$2.00; one year, \$3.00. Subscription rates in foreign countries: six months, \$2.50; one year, \$4.00.



From His Early Boyhood Interest in Birds, to the Capture of the Wildest of Africa's Wild Animals, Frank Buck's Life Has Been Packed with Romance and Thrills. Now His Tingling Adventures May Be Heard on the Air, Bringing to Listeners' Homes His Amazing Experiences in Jungle, on Trek and in "Safe" Civilization

By Henry Bentinck

It was a strange struggle, there on the after-deck of a ship in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. All because Frank Buck tried to put a collar on an ape! Buck wanted the ape alive, but the ape wanted Buck dead—so they fought it out, hand-to-hand, while wild animals all around them snarled in their crates, and elephants shifted their shackled feet uneasily with the rolling of the ship.

What made this dawn-age encounter between man and beast all the more unreal—the more nightmarish—were the peace and quietness of the scene. On all sides of the sunlit ship serene sky met the ocean. Except for the throbbing of the engines and the slow roll of the Pacific, the vessel seemed to hang unmoving in a timeless haze of blue and gold.

Big Frank Buck pried the iron bars from the ape's cage with a crowbar. "While we hold him, Lal," said Buck to his Malay boy, "you slip the collar around his neck." The orang-outang squeezed out, grunting. Instantly, Buck and another big man grabbed the creature by the wrists—stretched its arms to the fullest extent of their nine-foot spread. Little brown Lal struggled with the collar.

"Hold on, Chips!" Buck yelled to the ship's big carpenter, who was holding the other wrist—but Chips couldn't hold on. He let go, and the brute came at Buck. Its great teeth were bared. Its arms stretched wide to seize the man and drag him into those rending fangs.

It was a desperate moment. Big cages hemmed the animal trader in on three sides. The lumbering ape guarded the fourth side. The man was unarmed. There was only one thing to do, and Buck did it. With a wordless prayer, he swung his right fist from away down low—snapped it in with all the weight and power of his 225-pound body. There was a solid thud as human flesh and brawn struck simian jaw—and the ape hit the deck, knocked out cold. When he came to, he was chained to a stanchion—the collar in place. Before the ship docked, he and the "Bring-em-back-alive" man were the best of friends.

If this adventure might be thought to strain credibility, it must be remembered that Frank Buck once was cornered by a king cobra; he saved himself by throwing his body upon the huge snake. Unable to raise its head, the cobra remained powerless until Buck had taken hold of the snake's belly and worked his grip (beneath his body) upward until he had hold of the "neck."—At another time a boa constrictor, out "hunting," had sunk its fangs into his arm—and he saved himself by shooting the snake dead.

This is the Frank Buck who now is heard every evening except Saturday and Sunday over an NBC-WJZ network. It is the same Frank Buck who started a career of handling wild animals as a boy of six when—on the banks of Turtle Creek, a little stream near Dallas, Texas—he began to catch frogs and snakes and lizards and butterflies and birds. It is the Frank Buck who kept a menagerie in his back yard, the despair of his parents and the pet peeve of their neighbors. How could they know they were witnessing the beginnings of a career destined to make "that Buck kid" the world's leading trapper and trader of live wild animals?

But it was useless for his harassed parents to say: "Frank, you have too many pets now—don't bring any more home!" Aflame in the veins of this six-year-

old was the fever of the true collector. Pushing his way through the thickets in the marshy lowlands, he discovered the wonders of animal life. And it was life that interested him—not death. Where the average youngster pursues tiny wild things with a catapult, and with a pagan lust to kill, little Frank hunted with nets and harmless traps, and with a consuming desire to understand and possess these quick, mysterious creatures of the swamp.

During the next three years, Frank's collection grew amazingly. Larger and larger became the animals and snakes snared by the young naturalist. By the time he was nine, that parental back yard was like a circus. Frank even had several young coyotes which he had taken from their dens when the older ones weren't near. There were snakes, lizards, racoons, possums, wild geese and ducks and—prize possession of the lot—an antelope that the boy had reared himself. Around this time, the lad began to sell a few animals to pet shops—the first taste of profit from his hobby.

The age of nine was a very important age indeed in the career of Frank Buck. It was marked by two developments which were to affect his future life profoundly. In the first place, he began to give little shows and exhibitions in his back yard, to which both children and grownups were admitted. One pin let a child in—two pins, an adult. And little Frank was impressed and gratified to discover how many, both of children and adults, were glad to examine his collection. This turned the youngster's mind to thoughts of showmanship, and long years before radio was conceived he began to develop that talent for entertainment which, today, thrills listeners big and small, in thousands of homes.

But of even greater importance, perhaps, was Frank's first capture of a death-dealing, live creature. This was a diamond-backed rattler—a lusty, full-grown snake equipped with a complete armament of poison-

fangs! The neighborhood was agog with excitement when young Frank brought this reptile back alive. And considering that the lad was then at an age when little boys usually are satisfied to frighten girls with big angle-worms, it is no wonder there was much head-wagging, and many sage predictions that "Mrs. Buck would never raise that young'un."

Frank couldn't understand what all the shouting was about. He had just been walking through the swamp, armed with a gunny-sack and forked stick with which he was hunting smaller snakes. Suddenly he heard the sharp, warning buzz of a rattler. The kid jumped just in time to get his legs out of striking distance.

At a safe distance, he thought it over. He had come out to collect snakes. A rattler was a snake, wasn't it. It was—Frank went into action. After a few maneuvers, he pinned the ugly head down with the forked stick. The big body writhed. The rattling tail thrashed through the air; but even a rattler can't hurt a boy with its tail, and in a few moments this one was safely bundled up in the gunny-sack, on the way to a place of honor in that back-yard menagerie which was the small town's one and only zoo.

It will be seen that from an early age Frank Buck's peculiar talent made itself very plain. But as it developed, came conflict. For this boy who loved animals and the outdoors, grew to hate teachers and school-rooms. He detested anything that kept him from the



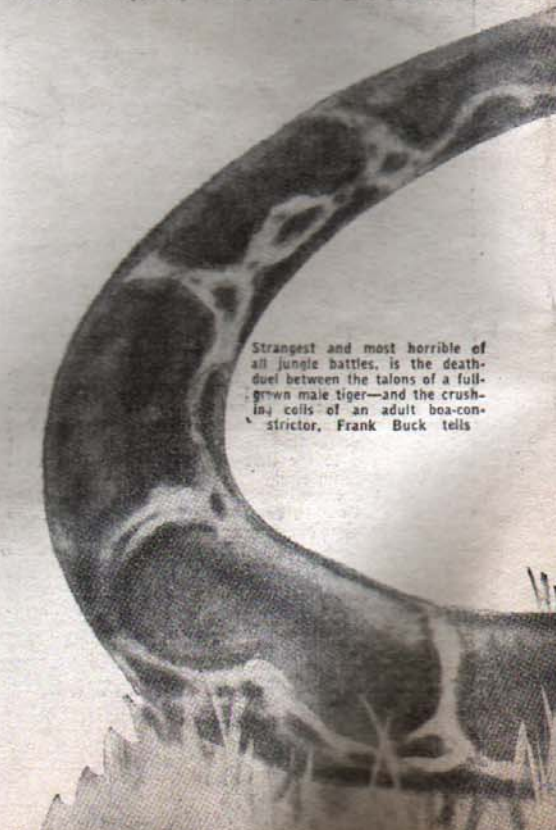
pursuit of the hobby which was to become his life work—and when he grew a little older, still another conflict arose.

For the Buck family was poor, and Frank was pressed into service to work after school hours to augment the family income. Young Frank didn't mind working to help his family, for he was neither lazy nor stingy. But he did abhor this further encroachment upon his time. It had been bad enough when only school kept him within the confines of civilization's narrow streets; now this work after school hours was the last straw. He couldn't stand it. He ran away, to Chicago.

He worked at every kind of job. Quickly, the lad discovered he had made a mistake in running away from school—for without education he found making more than five or six dollars a week impossible. And without money, how was he ever going to achieve the



Frank Buck as he looks today. Note the keenness of his eye—and the general evidence of intrepid strength



Strangest and most horrible of all jungle battles, is the death-duel between the talons of a full-grown male tiger—and the crushing coils of an adult boa-constrictor, Frank Buck tells



he went to South America to collect wild birds. Imagine the thrill with which this young traveler must have set foot upon a new continent! Imagine his joy in trapping birds which—until then—he had seen only in photographs!

This trip was not a financial success, since young Buck was obliged to conduct it without any commissions from zoos, museums or animal traders. But it served to show what this "amateur" could do—with the result that the following year he was able to return to South America with better backing. He executed several commissions, and sold many specimens which he captured on his own. Frank Buck was launched in his life work of bringing 'em back alive! Some months later he went to Asia where, within the next few years, he built his famous compound at Singapore, which frequently has housed more strange animals than most of the great zoos of the world.

"For eighteen exciting years . . . I have had more

Finally, he made a bet with his friend, the Sultan of Johore. Next time the Sultan's subjects were annoyed by a man-eater the ruler was to give Buck the chance to capture the animal alive. If Buck failed, he was to forfeit a bottle of champagne—provided he lived. If he captured the tiger, the ceremonial drinks were to be on the Sultan.

In time, the call came—and Buck hastened to a village where fear-paralyzed natives clustered around the mangled body of a coolie. Buck surveyed the scene carefully. Then he caused a deep pit to be dug—a pit with a narrow opening and spreading sides—right in the track of the man-slayer. Days passed, and it seemed that the tiger was too wary to be caught.

But at last, in a blinding rain-storm, came word that the striped terror had crashed through the cover of the pit and was leaping madly up and down in an unceasing attempt to get out. Buck and his helpers hastened to the spot.

Then for an hour Buck leaned over the wet, slippery edge of that pit, and tried to lasso the tiger! One rope was bitten clear through, before the big man got the rope-hold he wanted. Soon they had eight ropes around the animal, and pulled him almost to the mouth of the pit. There they attempted the almost superhuman task of forcing this colossal engine of fighting fury into a box Buck had prepared for him. It was almost impossible. The coolies were tiring. Defeat stared Buck in the face.

"I let myself down into the pit," he relates, "dodging the flying back feet. Covered with mud from head to foot . . . I grabbed the tiger by the tail, swung him directly over the opening of the box and fairly roared: 'Let go! Let go they did, with me leaning on the box to help steady it.

"The man-eater of Johore dropped with a bang to the bottom of the box." Probably if he hadn't, they'd have had to use that same box for Buck's coffin. As it was, he brought back America's first authentic man-eating tiger—alive.

But in spite of such hectic adventures as that one—and the hand-to-hand encounter with the ape—if you ask Frank Buck what animals he considers most dangerous, he will reply: "Taxicabs!" This intrepid adventurer admits quite frankly that the traffic in Chicago and other big American cities is far more dangerous to life and limb than any stampede of elephants he has ever witnessed; and adds that he is afraid of traffic.

"I can prove it, too!" — he exclaims, blue eyes a-twinkle. "Just examine the appalling statistics that show how many people are killed by automobiles in this country every year. Why, in all the years I have been visiting the jungle, I have never heard of a death-toll anything like it! Me for the jungle—and safety!"

Yet Buck is as much a creature of civilization as of the wilderness. The education (Continued on Page 19)

# The Saga of Frank Buck



ambition which, by now, was burning white hot in his soul? That ambition was to travel to strange lands, and capture strange and dangerous animals.

And so, the boy who had run away from school, went back to schoolbooks — to acquire the education which would enable him to make enough money to realize, some day, his dream of adventure. While working as a

bell-boy in a Chicago hotel, he hired an impoverished professor to come to his room and teach him! During this same period he read all the books on animals and birds he could unearth in the public library, and still found time to catch muskrats in marshy Chicago land which long since that time has been built up into residential districts.

Buck was in his early twenties before he managed to accumulate the money and the assistance necessary to the making of his first trip. This was in 1911, and

than my share of thrills, including narrow escapes," Buck says. "Yet I am frank to say that these close calls do not represent a love of looking Death in the eye. I am not that kind of adventurer. I take no unnecessary risks. When a man operates on as big a scale as I do—" (Buck has brought back over 100,000 birds, alone)—"he doesn't have to look for trouble. No matter how careful one is, something is bound to go wrong when live animals and reptiles are handled wholesale. It is then that experience counts."

Experience! Sometimes courage is even more important, as is illustrated by the story of how Buck stepped into the orang-outang and slammed him to the deck with an uppercut—but Frank Buck certainly has had more experience in handling live wild animals than any other man in the world.

Who but he, for example, has ever pushed a raging, man-eating tiger into a cage with naked hands? True, the tiger was roped — only a madman would have tackled him, otherwise—but just a few moments before Buck's attack, the brute had bitten through one stout rope with a single slash of his razor teeth.

"I had always dreamed of capturing a man-eating tiger alive," Buck says. He had caught many tigers, but few of these great cats eat the flesh of man, and it was a genuine man-eater that the great trader wanted.



# Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

Whom should I run into upon returning from my holiday, but *Roxy*! I was on my way to make a round of the studios. It seems that we radio fellows in New York, with the exception of *Marty Lewis*, all went on vacation at the same time, and the lads who supply us with dayta promptly went to sleep. So it was necessary to make the tour and shout "Boo!" at them to get going again. And so it was while on this trip that I met *Roxy*.

He was all ashiver. You wouldn't think it to hear him on the radio, that *Roxy* is scared to death of the microphone—just as scared of it as he was on the occasion of his first broadcast about thirteen years ago. And now that he's got a new chore in the shape of a series at CBS, beginning September 15, he is frightened stiff.

"I admit it," says *Roxy*, sheepish-like. "I admit that a microphone just makes me tremble and then get cold all over. One of the first rules I lay down for a novice in radio is 'don't be afraid,' but I can't practice what I preach. And I don't really think anybody can—that is, anybody with imagination. A person who is not sensitive to the fact that millions are alert and listening, must surely feel a bit of awe in front of a mike. And to tell you the truth, I wouldn't give two cents for an artist who doesn't respect the number of his listeners enough to be scared."

And from these sage remarks we learn why so many artists go sour. They haven't proper appreciation of the critical aspects of the audience. They regard their work as a task, and not as artistic effort. Real artists, I am inclined to agree with *Roxy*, "must get some kind of a fright, or something is wrong with them."

All you customers know and love *Frank Luther*—the guy who ought to have been a columnist, but turned out to be a tenor and a composer. It is *Frank* who has forsaken his real tag and become the anonymous character known as "Your Lover." You people outside of New York are soon to hear him in this somewhat silly program, which for several weeks now has been on a try-out basis at WEA.

In this program *Frank* sings to the ladies, as if he were singing to each individual. And between songs he murmurs sweet, loving and provocative nothings. The effect of this upon the ladies within hearing distance of



Even the higher-ups indulge in a bit of "star-gazing," so Ruth Etting, open-mouthed, takes a seerious view of Phil Baker's accordion skill

WEAF, is astounding. Most of the fan-letters, of which there are 1,500 odd each week, come from maiden girls or love-starved femmes, but a lot of them come from married women, too. And I sincerely hope that none of their husbands ever get a slant at the ardent missives which *Frank* receives. The letters are numerically astonishing, hence *Frank* will soon be making love to the dames from coast to coast.

The ascetically inclined listener may feel a bit churlish when he realizes that an admittedly inane feature as typified by "Your Lover" attracts a hundred fan letters, whereas a full symphony series attracts one. At first blush, a person would interpret this as a sad condition. But in all fairness we must consider the difficulties of the fan-letter writer. It is much easier for a lady in Chipewawa Falls, for instance, to write to "Your Lover," than it is for her to address a letter to *Mr. Gabrilowitsch*, conductor of the Detroit Symphony. You may realize that *Mr. G.*'s name holds terror for such folks as address letters to *Tony Once* and *Comrade Teaball*—meant for *Tony Wons* and *Conrad Thibault*.

at all—*Edwin Leopold!*

It seems to me the fan mail of "Your Lover" ought to be a lesson to the artists with jaw-breaking labels.

The auditions indicate that Chase and Sanborn, after having worked *Eddie Cantor* eight more weeks beginning October 2, plan to stage a series of one-hour operas, with Met stars—the operas to be cut within the time limit and edited and narrated by *Deems Taylor*. This program is calculated to crush *Eddie Cantor*, when he bobs up at WABC in February, to compete with the Chase and Sanborn hour.

I don't think the plan will work, and I believe that the NBC has done a high-pressure job in promoting the opera idea. The NBC is eager to sell the opera because it has a contract to handle it. Opera is a class feature, *Cantor* is a mass attraction. So if the plot goes through, I would guess that the advantage would be on *Cantor's* side.

My prediction is that Chase and Sanborn won't go through with the notion.

## Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

No wonder rehearsals are strenuous. The other afternoon I was lounging in the eighth floor lobby of Radio City, outside the studio where *Al Jolson* was rehearsing for the program to be put on that same night. The telephone on the receptionist's desk buzzed. The alert, uniformed young man answered, and sprang to rigid attention. I heard him politely request the caller to wait a moment, while he arose and hurried into the studio.

A moment later *Jolson* emerged from the rehearsal and picked up the receiver. I was not eavesdropping—far be it from a columnist to eavesdrop or keyhole-peep. But I couldn't help overhearing one side of the conversation.

"Yes... yes... I see... oh, yes..." *Jolson* spoke into the instrument. "All right, then. Buy me a thousand shares."

The telephone clicked back onto the hook, and the star hurriedly returned to the interrupted rehearsal. A few minutes later the procedure was repeated. *Jolson* came out once more, again picked up the phone. Again a staccato conversation in monosyllables:

"Okay. Okay. Sell me a thousand." And again the receiver clicked back into place, and the rehearsal resumed.

**Kilocycle Chatter.** *Harry Horlick* may enjoy his first vacation since the A & P Gypsy program first went on the air. He will try to spend a week in Maine during September... *Ed Lowry* has just completed a new script and is using it on his 7:30 p. m. spot in series form... What's in a name?—Plenty!—Take for instance, *Ray Heatberton*, songster on the NBC skit "The Wife Saver". Actually he is a wife saver—he refuses to get married... "*Buzz*" *Adlam*, the sax tooter with the *Phil Harris* crew, has turned out another swell tune called "Say It," which will undoubtedly be as big a hit as his last effort "The House Is Haunted," featured in the Ziegfeld Follies... *Rudy Vallee* reports out on the Warner Brothers lot on October 1 to star in "Say It with Music"... *Carol Deis*, who did a few guest appearances on the "Spotlight Revue" went over so big she will remain on the show indefinitely... *Lud Glushkin's* music has attracted such wide attention in the short time he has been on the CBS airlines, conducting his orchestra on the "Summer Interlude" program, that another

sponsor is greatly interested in his continental strains. By the time you read this he will probably have put his signature on the dotted line for a second commercial program to start next month... *Martha Mears*, they tell me, turned down an offer to go into the movies and on the musical comedy stage, preferring to stick to radio... *Everett Marshall's* contract for the "Broadway Vanities" show has been renewed for another twelve weeks... *Dick Himer* also was handed another renewal by his auto sponsor... *Ed Wynn* journeys to Milwaukee without his horse on August 22 to be made an honorary member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, at their annual convention... *Shirley Howard* was never presented on the *Rudy Vallee* "Variety Show" because her *Molle* program almost immediately preceded *Rudy's* show on NBC every Thursday evening. Now that she is on vacation you can take the prediction of the writer of "Along the Airialto" as fact that she will star on that show in the near future... Like some other wives of radio artists, *Mrs. Tito Guizar* has gone into the management business with a vengeance. She is drawing on her glamorous background as a one-time Mexican stage star, and is imparting all of her managerial ideas to husband *Tito*, who has been given three spots on CBS.

I think it would simplify the whole problem and satisfy sponsors a lot more, if all the ladies and gentlemen of the air were to adopt simpler names than those ending in "sky" "ovitz" "off" and "nini". I imagine that if *Leopold Stokowski* tapered his tag down to *Lee Stoke*, he would get as much mail as *Cbeerio*. Even *Rubinnoff* might do well by rubbing off the "off" and playing around the kilocycles as plain *Dave Rubin*.

You can understand what difficulties beset the would-be fan letter writer when he comes across such names as *Compinsky*, *Mische Lvitski*, *Braggiotti*, *Toscanini*, etc. Of course, you may reply that these names can be copied from newspapers and magazines, but that entails a task and an effort not conducive to letter writing. Letter writers like to be spontaneous.

The need for this simplification and, incidentally, Americanization of names, was realized long ago by *Ben Bernie*, who never could have swung a successful baton under his real tag of *Anselowitz*. What romance could be found in the voice of *Arthur Tracy*, if he had remained *Mr. Rosenberg*? *Eddie Cantor* might have got by with *Izzy Ishowitz*, but he preferred not to. *Ed Wynn* admits that he might never have gone anywhere with his real monicker, which was not bad

# The Campus Queen?

**Sensational Spurts Place New Leaders to the Fore in the Race for Queen of Radio to Be Crowned in Madison Square Garden at Radio Exposition Next Month**

She's collegiate—the Queen who leads the field according to last-minute tabulation of votes. Sweet and winsome Rosemary Lane, the idol of the fraternity boys, is looking at the world through rose colored glasses this week as she breathlessly contemplates her dizzy rise from seventh place to first in RADIO GUIDE's search for a Radio Queen for 1934. Practically every college campus in the country contributed to her sensational spurt.

The University of Pennsylvania, Fred Waring's Alma Mater, sent more than 800 votes to the RADIO GUIDE office during the past week. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, N. Y. U., Columbia, Rutgers, Georgetown, Duke, Vanderbilt, Iowa, U. of Chicago and the California Bears jointly contributed another 500 ballots. Other scattered seats of learning boosted her sum total to 1,779 votes for the week.

Oddly enough, a direct antithesis of Rosemary, the sophisticated and glamorous Gertrude Niesen, also staged a great spurt and chugged into the runner-up position, with a total of 4,616 votes. A new menace in the person of Mona Van, of Chicago, practically unheard of two weeks ago, slips into the ninth spot with a total of 3,712 ballots, marking the most phenomenal rise in the contest to date.

Due to a typographical error, Connie Boswell last week was listed with a total of 203 votes instead of her correct total, 1803. Her week's advance makes this 1987.

It's the greatest Radio Queen election in history, and YOU, the listeners and fans, are making it so. It's the supreme test of the bond of loyalty and affection existing between artists and fans. Radio listeners have answered the call eagerly, and the Editors of RADIO GUIDE are in a position to announce that the stars are overwhelmed and gratified by the manifestation of this spirit of loyalty.

The prize is worth the fight so many are making. During the annual National Electrical and Radio Exposition, September 19-29, the victor will be escorted to Madison Square Garden and crowned with a golden circlet, symbolizing the fact that she has been selected as the ruler of the radio realm by the direct vote of the citizens of that vast empire.

While the actual coronation will be the high spot of the election, many other interesting and exciting events have been mapped out by the Editors of RADIO GUIDE and the officials of the Exposition. The week will be a dizzy succession of events consisting of visits to theaters, night clubs and triumphal receptions. All expenses for her and a traveling companion will be paid.



Mona Van, Chicago songstress, has made the most sensational leap of all Queen entrants. She may be heard any Tuesday evening over Station WCFL

Get into the spirit of the contest and mail your ballot at once. Your radio favorite, who has contributed many pleasant hours to you, needs you to help boost her to the top. She's depending on you. Without your ballot she may lose out. The time is getting short—remember, voting closes on September 8.

The radio newspaper columnists are submitting the names of radio artists on stations in their vicinity. Each columnist may submit as many names as he desires, the only restriction being that each nominee must have been a regular performer on a radio station for three months prior to June 1, 1934.

In addition, individual balloting on the part of radio listeners and readers of RADIO GUIDE will constitute a nomination. But every candidate so nominated must receive at least ten listener—reader votes, cast on the ballot provided on this page. No candidate will be considered a nominee until ten votes have been cast in her behalf. These votes will be counted in her total.

At this point individual nomination ceases. From here on the selection of the Radio Queen rests solely on the collective shoulders of the RADIO GUIDE audience.

Hundreds of votes for "Lena" are still arriving, as well as indignant letters from the fans, but "Lena" will have to remain out of the contest. Lena, you know, is the imaginary character portrayed by Gene and Glenn.

Fill in the coupon printed herewith. If one of the candidates nominated by the columnists meets with your conception of a radio queen, write her name in the ballot and send it to the Radio Exposition Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Remember, you may cast as many ballots as you wish, providing they bear your authentic name and address.

## STANDING OF ENTRANTS

Name	Votes	Name	Votes
Rosemary Lane	4,754	Linda Parker	1,186
Gertrude Niesen	4,616	Sandra (Dixie) Deb	1,113
Leah Ray	4,492	Alice Faye	1,032
Jessica Dragonette	4,373	Virginia Rea	1,058
Olga Albani	4,114	Priscilla Lane	989
Harriet Hilliard	4,067	Lulu Belle	923
Ruth Etting	3,982	Irma Glen	915
Rosa Ponselle	3,915	Marge (Myrt and Marge)	911
Mona Van	3,712	Lillian Roth	859
Annette Hanshaw	3,689	Mary McCoy	845
Edith Murray	3,220	Mary Meredith	749
Ethel Shutta	3,156	Gale Page	730
Dorothy Page	2,981	Gladys Swarthout	712
Loretta Lee	2,810	Mary Eastman	683
Muriel Wilson	2,783		
Irene Beasley	2,558		
Sylvia Froos	2,366		
Jane Froman	2,342		
Babs Ryan	2,312		
Doris Shumate	2,297		
Vera Van	2,285		
Shirley Howard	2,161		
Connie Boswell	1,987		
Joy Hodges	1,986		
Marion McAfee	1,938		
Ruth Lee	1,852		
Mary Barclay	1,803		
Mary Rooney	1,770		
Dorothy Adams	1,729		
Kate Smith	1,565		
Julia Sanderson	1,512		
Grace Albert	1,488		
Rosaline Greene	1,369		
Lee Wiley	1,358		
Gracie Allen	1,327		
Ramona	1,304		
Irene Pickens	1,282		
Joey Lynne	1,275		
Bretchen Davidson	1,259		



Harriet Hilliard, who is spending a vacation from the air by taking a tour with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra

Frances Langford	646	Beatrice Churchill	116
Alice Joy	617	Florence Case	115
Elsie Hiltz	548	Ruby Keeler	112
Louise Massey	543	Lucille Hall	107
Virginia Hamilton	538	Dorothy Hicks	97
Mary Livingstone	502	Mother Moran	94
Maxine Gray	495	Louise Sanders	88
Grace Hayes	487	Jane Ace	73
Mickey Greener	432	Marian Jordan	69
Myrt (Myrt and Marge)	414	Ruby Wright	52
Honey Sinclair	409	Fannie Cavanaugh	49
Mary Steele	407	Grace Donaldson	32
Peggy Healy	371	Joanne	31
Irene Rich	363	Ruth Russell	31
Schumann-Heink	315	Nan Johnson	30
Irene Wiekler	298	Frances Baldwin	28
Judy Talbot	254	Lilian Bucknam	28
Alice Remsen	254	Mary Small	21
Anna Melba	213	Martha Mears	20
Emmie Ann Lincoln	206	Patti Pickens	20
Roxanne Wallace	193	Josephine Loone	18
Arlene Jackson	175	Betty Winkler	12
Vet Boswell	148	Mabel Todd	12
		Dale Nash	10

## Radio Queen Ballot

Joint Sponsorship of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition and Radio Guide

My choice is .....

My name is .....

I live at .....  
(street and number)

.....  
(city and state)

My favorite radio stations, in order of preference, are:

1 ..... 2 ..... 3 ..... 4 ..... 5 .....

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard. Mail to Radio Exposition Editor—RADIO GUIDE, 112 Fourth Ave., New York City 8-25-34

**Only Two More Weeks to Vote for Your Queen. Send in Your Ballot NOW!**

# Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

This is the story of the middle-sized sister, the star of the Boswell Clan. Vet, the youngest, is just leaving her teens. Connie is about a year and a half older, and Martha is the same number of months older than Connie.

The Boswell Sisters are three-quarters French, the rest Italian. They were born and raised in old New Orleans. Always they're petite, dark and brimming full of life and fun.

When they were very young, their parents started their musical education. The teacher was a serious-minded Frenchman who found it difficult to keep up with the antics of his three lively pupils. Music has been an enjoyable part of their existence as far back as they can remember. The first Boswell trio was instrumental. At the age of four Connie began to take lessons on the cello, while the piano and violin fell to the respective lots of Martha and Vet. Their neighborhood appearances created a mild sensation, and soon the fire of their stage ambition was ignited. The girls rounded out their accomplishments with singing.

Connie was offered more than one opportunity to appear as a radio soloist before she finally consented to desert her sisters. When she did, and always afterward, it has been with the understanding that such work would not prevent her from carrying on with the labor and the pleasure of the famous trio.

No character analyst would guess from the high imagination, splendid invention and mental and mechanical versatility so evident in the face of Connie Boswell, that this young lady specializes in "torch" songs or lamentations, when she appears as a soloist. They would never supply the wailings of any kind of a job or the predictions of an Ezekiel.

Her vividness, sparkle and alertness to the various good things of life, seem to be in direct contradiction to any pessimistic song. She may sing deep indigo, but her disposition is a pure and optimistic hue of sunshine every day in the week.

In the forehead we find creative ability, while the lower jaw tells of hardihood, fortitude and the ability to take hard knocks with a smile. Connie Boswell is aggressive in a pleasant manner, and is admirably endowed with managerial ability. She is mobile mentally, and has large opportunities aside from her voice.

I can easily see her superintending a large group of girls in a business office or, with the correct preparation, in a girls' academy. She would not have enjoyed this as much as she does making entertainment for millions

## By "The Doctor"

Connie Boswell Proves to Be An Amazing Collection of Several Persons in One—and All Capable of Outstanding Success



Connie Boswell, just now enjoying a period of leisure from the air, affords the character student unusual material for analysis

of people, especially when she can hide mischief behind the mike and find added enjoyment in knowing she possesses more than her listeners realize.

The orchestra leader should have little difficulty in

accompanying Connie, for she can grasp the sentiment of a selection immediately. The indicators of time, rhythm and motion in her forehead are prominent.

Miss Boswell's excellent sense of motion would have made a good baseball player, had she been of the masculine gender. This faculty is so well developed that I imagine she can keep time with other singers without hearing their voices. Their lips and expressions would be sufficient.

Although I never have heard this lady sing, I know that her voice isn't in sympathy with the high tones of an oboe, but that she doesn't mind raising it to synchronism with an English horn or blending it with the mellow tones of the cello. We know that the local regions of the face are under a constant mental influence, which controls their size and form. Where these regions are strongly marked, the corresponding mental forces are most active, and Miss Boswell's face gives a clear story.

Her friendships are high and selective. Her ability to analyze associates and choose wisely, is found in the nose. She has many acquaintances and few intimate friends. Connie will accept your criticism, because she is tactful, sensible and capable of seeing the value of doing this; but she seldom lets criticism worry her and seldom exercises a critical disposition.

An acute observation would have helped Miss Boswell to become an expert purchaser of fine fabrics. She could have done idealistic painting. The fullness, where her nose blends into her eyebrows, indicates form appreciation, while a color perception is found over the eyes. As Connie Boswell holds her place in public acclaim, I would like to advise that she exercise great caution in caring for her voice, especially in the bronchial and digestive phases of her constitution. She is susceptible to illness originating in these regions.

## Bulls and Boners

Announcer: "There will be a big floor show, and dancing by a fifteen-piece orchestra."—Betty Bonham, Evansville, Ind. (July 30; WGBF; 7:00 p. m.)

Announcer: "Mr. —, cashier, has gone to Canada for his annual vacation and honeymoon."—G. H. Darling, Tacoma, Wash. (August 1; KVI; 9:36 p. m.)

Announcer: "The White Dot Restaurant will sell you a barbecued plate for twenty-five cents."—Harriet Miller, Atlanta, Ga. (July 28; WJTL; 5 p. m.)

News Reporter: "Cremation, it is understood, will follow for members of the immediate family."—Milford R. Pribble, Sacramento, Cal. (June 8; KNX; 9:10 p. m.)

Jean Paul King: "My son is a better man than I am. What mother, bending over her baby's crib, has not voiced the same opinion?"—Laura Maschmeyer, Dayton, O. (July 16; WLW; 9:20 p. m.)

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

## Flashes of Best Fun

Portland Hoffa: Momma had a century plant on the radio, and the old jokes made it bloom in six months! —Hour of Smiles

Jack Pearl: I was sailing on the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Borneo when suddenly—

Sharlie: Pardon me, Baron, but Borneo is off the South China Sea.

Baron: This was before they moved it! Anyway, suddenly we ran into poultry weather—

Sharlie: Poultry weather, Baron?

Baron: Yah, fowl weather! —Tender Tea Leaf Program

Jimmy Durante: Miss Spelling, I am a man who knows no fear—and fears no nose! Only last year at the battle of Pagonia I was standing in the front line trenches—bullets were flying all about me! One bullet hit me right in the chest and went out through my back!

Miss Spelling: I'm surprised it didn't go through your heart!

Durante: That's because my heart was in my mouth! —Chase and Sanborn Hour

# Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

The Director of the Beauty Guild of the Air Discusses the Most Perplexing of All Beauty Problems

While the beauty problems of women are legion, the most common complaint centers about blackheads, large pores and pimples. Yet each individual seems to think her problem is entirely different and unique. Allow me to quote from a typical letter which comes from a woman in Iowa:

"Dear Mr. Meadows: my cheeks have large blackheads. The pores are quite coarse, too, and I have tried everything possible to correct this condition. The only thing that seems to help is when I pinch a patch of them out. But when I do this I bruise the underskin and leave dark, red blotches on my face. The matter that comes out of the pores seems to be a hard material that resembles caked powder."

Now let's discuss the cause of such skin conditions. To start with, you have three layers of skin—the dermis, the epidermis and the corium. You have approximately 2780 pores per square inch all over the body. These pores are tiny tubes three-quarters of an inch in length, and are coiled upon themselves in the same manner in which you would coil a hose. The valve at the bottom of each pore opens and closes. The only manner in which a pore will open at the surface is when a layer of foreign material—dirt, rouge or powder—penetrates the pore and holds it open. If this dirt can be removed, the pore will close itself.

Large pores are caused by exposure. By this I mean that dust and grime settle on a face unprotected by cosmetics, and subsequently are rubbed into the pores with a handkerchief or powder puff. Another dangerous skin practice is rubbing dry powder on a dry face which has not been prepared with a suitable

base. Never squeeze a pimple, enlarged pore or blackhead. You may scar your face permanently.

In treating such facial disorders it must be remembered that the substance concealed in the pores must be reduced to a semi-liquid state. Therefore, in your cleansing routine it is necessary to use a cream which can be absorbed, and which will mix with the foreign material in the pores. To prevent getting any further blackheads and pimples, it is necessary that you apply a film of protection when you go outdoors.

There are two natural types of skin. One is a skin affected with oiliness, large pores and blackheads. The other is the dry or normal skin. For either type the proper time to cleanse is at night, preferably before retiring. First apply just enough of a liquid cleansing cream to cover the face and neck. Get the cream on the face as evenly and as thinly as possible, and remove it with a soft cloth or tissue. Next wash the face with tepid water and an endorsed brand of soap. Then rinse the face carefully with clean water.

For the excessively oily skin the following mixture is recommended: Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in a quart of distilled water. Pour out a small quantity each evening and heat. Keep the solution warm while applying. Pat the solution over the parts affected with oiliness, blackheads or large pores, using a piece of absorbent cotton. Repeat this action five or six times. Then rinse your face in tepid soft water and dry. Apply a liquid cleansing cream, leaving it on overnight. Upon arising in the morning wash the face with luke-warm water and soap.



# The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

While most children are more or less irresponsible, many wander beyond the path of propriety. Parental over-indulgence is the cause. It is always possible to track the path of an irresponsible child through the house. If he has changed his clothes after his play, one can find the articles on the floor where he dropped them; when he goes to the pantry he consumes everything he can find; he becomes absorbed in his play and forgets all about his studies, and his teacher reports him as negligent; when he takes a tool to fix a plaything he drops the tool into some obscure corner where it cannot be seen—and so on indefinitely.

An irresponsible child must not be ignored. The parents should insist upon a certain amount of responsibility, for if he isn't checked in the early stages he will grow into a careless, irresponsible man. The parent must start early to teach him to be neat and clean, to be prompt at meals, to replace things where he found them and to be considerate of others.

He must be made to suffer the consequences of his irresponsibility. If he cannot behave himself properly at the table, he should be denied the right to dine with the family. If he is careless about tracking dirt into the house, he should be forced to clean up the rugs or articles he's soiled.

Of course, the parent must not be too harsh with this type of child. Neither must the parent be too tender. Firmness coupled with justice will bear the best fruit.

Many parents employ weak methods in dealing with their child. They must remember one thing: Mere complaining, scolding or spankings will accomplish little good.

They simply won't or cannot realize that a child denied one or many privileges will shed his recalcitrant

**What Is to Be Done with the Irresponsible Child? Miss Mack, Director of All Children's Programs for CBS, Gives Pertinent Advice**



Well-organized youngsters such as this show that they have been trained out of irresponsible habits—undoubtedly by methods similar to Miss Mack's

possesses normal intelligence he will improve his ways in order to regain these lost pleasantries.

Some time ago a mother brought her six-year old son to me and explained that his irresponsible ways worried her. I made a quick mental analysis of the mother and her boy, and decided that nothing was the matter with the youngster. The fault lay entirely with the mother.

In the course of the discussion I gathered that the mother's method of handling her boy was entirely too fickle.

Her formula was based upon the age-old method of scolding, spanking and pleading.

I enrolled the lad in my dramatic troupe and watched his reactions. He ran true to form. He was lazy, wouldn't learn his small parts; he was untidy, and left a sloppy trail of paper, pencil shavings and pieces of candy wherever he went. It mattered little to him that the other children were working earnestly in an effort to make the forthcoming show a success.

I realized that it would be foolish to deny him a part in the show, as he evinced little interest in dramatics.

So I determined on another method. I decided to appeal to his inherent better nature by pointing out a few salient facts.

I told him that life thus far had been very good and kind to him, due to the fact that somewhere someone was laboring and sacrificing to make this condition possible.

I awakened him to the fact that his parents were laboring and denying themselves many things in order to provide for him. In simple, understandable language I pointed out that a group of children were outside in the rehearsal room working and striving to put something over, not for themselves, but for me. I proved to his entire satisfaction that many of the youngsters would rather be out playing, but that a sense of responsibility and loyalty was driving them on to bigger and better deeds.

The talk was the tonic the youngster needed. He had been utterly unconscious of the fact that the things he was consuming and enjoying, cost some one labor and self-denial.

Today he is one of my star subjects.

He is alert, considerate, and sensitive to the rights and privileges of the people with whom he mingles and lives.

## Your Grouch Box

The right of free speech is written into the American constitution—and "Your Grouch Box" is the free speech department of RADIO GUIDE. Here you are free to unburden yourself—to get your radio grouches off your chest. Nothing of general interest is barred, so long as it isn't libelous. So when one of radio's sins of omission or commission really gets under your skin—just sit down—take pen in hand—and boil the bile out of your system! You may help radio to improve, by doing so.

**A roar of royal rage from the South, suh!**

Dear Editor: If there is one thing that makes me sore, it is to have to listen, week after week, to a group of actors and actresses (who speak through their noses) trying to imitate the Southern style of speech or, as many like to say, the "Southern drawl." I have yet to hear for the first time a Southern character part that does not give the impression to the radio audience that Southerners are a bunch of illiterate, ignorant animals, who never have seen the inside of primary school. Good English never is heard in one of these scripts.

May I ask why Southern actors are not used to play Southern characters? Well, I'll tell you why! The reason is that there would be very little difference between the voices of the cultured Southerners and the Northerners on the same program. I consider the above practice an insult to the intelligence of Southern people. I'm sure that many others feel the same way. How about it?

Augusta, Georgia

P. R. N.

**Against affected speech:**

Dear Editor: The affected speech of some announcers gripes me. You can even sense that they know that it is affected. The thing to do is to employ those people who speak naturally. Milton J. Cross' affected speech should be eliminated from the radio.

Flint, Michigan

EDWARD BARATY

**Why "Ladies and Gentlemen"?**

Dear Editor: Why does every mother's son of an announcer waste so much time beginning every speech with the threadbare "Ladies 'n' Gennelmen"? Much time is taken up needlessly.

Minneapolis, Minn. THOMAS ELMORE LUCY

Have you a radio grouch? Does something on the air get "under your skin" and give you a pet peeve? If so, give yourself a treat by writing it in a letter to Your Grouch Box, RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

ways eagerly in order to regain these precious privileges.

A child knows and recognizes the things and conditions that make life pleasant for him. If the child

## Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

**Preventing and Curing Stomach Disorder Brought on By Summer Heat, Receives Doctor Wynne's Consideration**

Summer heat is at its worst in the middle stages of August and September, and it is during this trying period that one must exercise great care against overeating and overdrinking. One of the most distressing conditions arising through this superabundance of heat, drink and food is gastritis.

That term gastritis is very much abused. It is usually confounded with indigestion. Other erroneous names for this ailment are "heartburn," "dyspepsia," "acid"—and "sour stomach."

Gastritis is a definite inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach. It has absolutely nothing to do with gas.

The distension of the stomach with gas is called "flatulence," and this symptom is a common indication of indigestion. Other indications of indigestion are heartburn, acid stomach and gas on the stomach.

Many persons experience a peculiar burning in the stomach and near the vicinity of the heart after indulging in some peculiar form of drink or food. It is not only an annoyance, causing intense discomfort, but it is also a danger signal. The person thus afflicted regularly should seek a physician at once and should, above all, shun patent medicines and quack remedies.

Heartburn is usually due to pressure following overeating, too rapid eating, or the selection of the wrong types of food. The weather, of course, should indicate the type of food one selects. It is common with business and professional men who do not take sufficient time to eat their meals. A few crackers, chewed thoroughly, and a glass of milk, slowly sipped, would better benefit the health of the stomach than a sandwich hastily bolted with a highly sugared cup of coffee.

Much can be done to reduce the many cases of stomach trouble by a sane and proper approach to all foods, in addition to periodic health examinations.

In all cases of persistent dyspepsia, consult your doctor. Overacidity of the stomach is more uncomfortable than dangerous, naturally; but remember also that if it persists it may indicate a more serious condition in the ordinary form of hyperacidity. The appetite, weight and strength remain good; vomiting rarely occurs. The discomfort is relieved easily by eating more good food, especially vegetables and milk.

Dyspepsia occasionally is due to ulcers of the stomach. In the ulcer cases the person is usually between 20 and 40 years of age. He may have attacks of sour stomach, with consequent pain, soreness and fullness coming at regular intervals; but he may be perfectly well between times. If there is real pain, sore spots, blood vomiting or sudden weakness, ulcers are undoubtedly present. A doctor should be consulted.

When one cannot check his stomach trouble or dyspepsia in a short time by proper food and drink, he should see a doctor and be examined thoroughly. He should relate his habits of living, his past diseases, and other necessary information so that a proper diagnosis can be made. Let me say that with all the scientific appliances at our command, it is sometimes extremely difficult to make a correct diagnosis of dyspepsia. For this reason it requires patience. It may require many visits to your doctor or clinic to ascertain exactly what is wrong. So be patient with your doctor, and soon you will be no doctor's patient, but a person with a strong, active digestion and happy disposition.



Left to right: Howard Clancy of NBC; Arthur Q. Bryan, sports announcer for WOR; George Hicks, of the NBC staff; Ted Husing, CBS sports specialist; and John S. Young, also of NBC

# The Announcers' 3rd Degree

By Howard Wilcox

**If You Think That It's Easy to Become a Radio Announcer, Read These Audition Tests—and If You Wish to Note the Effect of These Tests, Tune in on the Four Diction-Award Winners, Milton J. Cross, Alywn W. Bach, John Holbrook and James Wallington—Hear Their "Battle of Words" over an NBC-WEAF Network Friday, August 17**

**S**o you're gonna become a radio announcer! Sez you! Like fun you are, sez a dozen other guys. And now that we've added this dash of Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt reparatee, the curtain should be drawn to reveal a few blood-curdling scenes which are calculated to throw cold water on your garbling propensities, for the path of the embryonic announcer, like the course of true love, is never smooth and unruffled.

A self-confident young man approaches A. L. Alexander, Supervisor of Announcers of WMCA and the American Broadcasting System, and describes his fitness in glowing terms. Alexander listens silently and then gravely leads the aspirant to a microphone and hands him a script with the command to read it. Listen: "Among the great Russian composers to be mentioned," reads the tyro, "are Glinka, Cesar Cui, Rimsky-Korsakof, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Glazounov, Tschai-kovsky, Scriabine, Ippolitov-Ivanov. Among the most frequently encountered Scandinavians are Jarnefelt, Sibelius, Sinding, Grieg.

"One of the most musical countries of Europe is considered to be Czecho-Slovakia, and the father of all Czecho-Slovakian or Bohemian composers is Smetena. The greatest of all is Dvorak. To think of the great composers of France is to think of Berlioz, Debussy, Charpienter, Delibes and Saint-Saens.

"In the announcing of Spanish music the most familiar names are those of Valverde, Padilla, Yradier, Granados and Albeniz. No mention of great composers is in any way authentic without including the Hungarian Lizst and the Polish master Moszkowski."

In addition to reading the above, one must remember that the correct pronunciation of the composers' difficult names is absolutely imperative. One or two slips mean instant disqualification. However, let us assume that the candidate acquitted himself nobly and didn't garble one syllable.

Mr. Alexander, with a gentle gleam in his eye, then bobs up with his literary masterpiece and commands an instant audible perusal of the script. Here, selected at random, are a few of the passages:

"Under the azure crouched an indisputable Indian. His forehead was bedizened with herbage, and he wore a scarlet belt around his abdomen. Though his conduct was exemplary and decorous, he lived in extraordinary squalor.

"He knew nothing of calligraphy, and very little about finance. He was not an aspirant for Parliament, but he hoped to exorcise evil spirits from the epoch by the advertisement of an Indian sacrifice. When granted a favor, he sought the apotheosis of his patron.

"A piquant matron by his side was his housewife, to whom he gave alternately a meager maintenance and peremptory commands, for he considered the position irrefragable, that to perfect a woman she must be isolated and made to obey. On this point he considered his arguments irrefutable. He appeared to care little for hymeneal harmony.

"This antique girl sat often by the road, eating Italian almonds and musing over esoteric vagaries. Her temper was as changeable as the hues of a chameleon. An attitude of languor indicated a need of condolence, or of allopathy, and her hair, worn in pyramidal style, made her the cynosure of the tribe. Her tatterdemalion husband would lounge through the livelong day and at nightfall begin an address to her, with the grimaces and gibberish of a ruffian."

As Jimmy Durante would say—it's colossal! It's unexampled! It's redundant! And it's nutty!

It may be nutty, but here are Mr. Alexander's whys and wherefores for the pot-pourri of words: "In the course of the broadcasting day," he says, "the radio announcer is repeatedly confronted with a very grave responsibility. There is no medium that begins to compare with radio in its capacity for influencing the speech in the American home. The well-equipped radio announcer by splendid example is in a position to exert a tremendous influence for good. On the other hand, inaccurate pronunciation and incomplete knowledge on the part of the announcer misleads impressionable listeners and causes them to cultivate unfortunate habits of speech.

"Unlike the pioneer days of radio, a near perfection in the treatment of cultural subjects is now considered a necessity by all accredited radio stations, and there must be no possibility of offending sensitive and discriminating listeners, because of lack of announcerial qualifications. While the candidate is not expected to pass perfectly such a test, the manner in which he handles it provides an insight into his cultural background, and is a fair indication as to whether he is at all familiar with the subjects at hand."

**M**r. Pat Kelly, Announcing Supervisor at NBC, has a comparatively simple formula. He does not believe in lengthy and difficult test scripts. First he searches into the cultural background of the prospective microphone master of ceremonies. An appropriate background is a highly necessary requisite with the National Broadcasting Company.

For example, John Young, one of NBC's ace announcers, was and is a member of the Faculty of New York University. Ford Bond, Milton Cross, Alois Havrilla, Alvin Bach and Howard Clancy, other high ranking announcers, are all accomplished musicians and operatic and concert masters. Jimmy Wallington not only studied for the clergy but also was a member of the American Opera Company. Ben Grauer was a child motion picture prodigy and scored a sensational hit in "The Town That God Forgot" when he was but fourteen years old.

Mr. Kelly then utilizes a simple commercial script

and keeps a sharp ear cocked for diction, adaptability to the smooth-running commercial continuity, the selling force of the announcer's voice as it comes over the mike, and finally his powers of extemporaneous speech.

Language requirements are judged by the expertness in which the following names are pronounced: Arrigo Boito, Modeste Moussorgsky, Louis Boisselot, Josef Haydn, Ottorino Respighi, Giovanni Bononcini, Ruggiero Leoncavallo, Giovanni Sgambati, Pietro Mascagni, Luigi Mancinelli, "Die Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss, and finally "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti.

If the candidate comes through this test with flying colors, he is then shipped to one of the smaller affiliated stations for a few years' training, WBZ, affiliated Boston station, thus supplied Alvin Bach, Chas. O'Connor, John Young, Howard Petrie, John Holbrook and Don Lowe to the parent National Broadcasting stations in New York.

I asked Mr. Kelly what percentage of candidate were successful in obtaining jobs as announcers. His reply was illuminating. "Less than one per cent out of a possible thousand per cent," was his terse comment.

WABC provides a thorny and torturous path in the way of the announcing novice. They were reluctant to release a transcript of the actual test, yet one gathers that the script runs more than five solidly typed pages, full of impossible and tricky phrases, and that at the conclusion of the larynx-wrenching recital one of the supervisors pounces into the room and excitedly demands that the unlucky victim begin an extemporaneous speech at once.

The nerve shock attached to such an unexpected and violent demand and entrance usually suffices to ruin completely the chances of a flawless extemporaneous recital. One plucky candidate was forced to speak for almost forty minutes without the benefit of a script before he ran out of words and started to "er" and "ah." A few hesitant slips like that write an unfortunate finis to the test.

An undercurrent of comedy and pathos run hand in hand with the ordeals. There have been several instances where overwrought aspirants collapsed in a dead faint and had to be revived with the aid of smelling salts and cold water.

At WABC they cherish a letter that was received some time ago. The missive bears a Southern postmark and reads as follows:

Dear Gentlemen: I am a big yung feller 25 years old and I haint never hadda job so I thot I like to getta job up too yure place as a announcer. I know how ta tell folks whut ta buy cause my mom and pop onct hadda butter and egg business and I shure cud talk them inter buying butter and eggs, even wen they didn't wanta buy butter and eggs.

Our neighbors bout here says I am loosing a lot of time here in this township round here. Mom sed I ought to get a job up  
(Continued on Page 21)

By Arthur Kent

**A Desperate Killer and His Partner in Crime Didn't Count on Radio, the Defender of Law, That Night in Los Angeles Last July When—**

Three o'clock on the morning of July 24, 1934—and row upon row of Los Angeles houses were dark, their occupants sleeping in security. Officer Merle Parmele yawned, and turned into Smith's Restaurant on South Pedro street. Hardly anybody in the place, he noticed. Smith mumbled a greeting, slid a cup of coffee under the policeman's nose, and went back to leaning against the counter. Everything was quiet. A heavy pall seemed to hang over the place, disturbed only by the coffee-urn, hissing gently.

So Dillinger was dead. But suppose . . . Officer Parmele sipped his coffee. He was tired, off duty and out of harness. Lazy thoughts drifted through his mind . . . Dillinger was dead.

But suppose that Fate had placed *him* on the death end of Dillinger's gat. Suppose he had the drop on you. Would you lift your hands, or jerk at your gun? . . .

Into the restaurant, out of the soft night, two men stepped. Parmele's police brain registered them mechanically. The first was a big, swaggering youth with crinkly hair and a cruel face. Behind him was a slight, fairer man, and older, but very nervous. They sat down at the counter. "Coffee!" the big fellow blustered. "And make it snappy."

The two men drank their coffee. Parmele sipped his, still thinking. He had just decided that, if a killer had the drop on him, he would pretend to obey orders while watching for a one-chance-in-ten break to shoot it out, when the big youth with the little eyes put down his coffee cup, empty. And the hand which he suddenly pulled out of his pocket had a gun in it.

"Up with your hands!" he shouted. His eyes gleamed, and

Those who survive to suffer: Mrs. Lillian Leidy and her two-year-old daughter, Joan



Left to right (above) Officer Ohen N. Tucker, J. P. McDonald and Harry Wilson, victim and destroyers and (left) the second victim who didn't live to accuse: Officer Russell A. Leidy

# "Calling All Cars"

## One-Crime Dillinger

teeth showed clinched through his slit of a mouth. "Give us the dough! They say Dillinger's dead. Well, I'm the new Dillinger. Get 'em up!"

Quickly the scattering of men at the counter turned startled faces, raised startled hands, froze. Merle Parmele's hands raised with the rest. But his eyes were taking in every detail, his brain keenly alert. Wooden-faced, he watched for the one chance in ten which would send his hand darting down for his service gun.

Behind the counter, Smith, the proprietor, was almost as pale as his apron. His hands stuck over his head like a pair of antlers. He said nothing.

"Come on, mug!" snarled the big guy. "We ain't got all night to waste on this joint."

Smith opened up. The cash register's bell sounded like an alarm in that tense stillness.

The bandit grabbed the money, only \$25. Seeing this, the lithe youth mouthed curses. "I gotta good mind to let you have it" he cried.

Now the smaller bandit walked behind the counter, and winked at the men in front of it.

"What'll you have, boys?" he asked, imitating the proprietor.

"I'll take some wine—sherry," said the man with the gun, grinning wolfishly.

The thug behind the counter placed six bottles of California sherry in a row. Then he came around and scooped them up.

"Come on," he said. The man with the gun looked at each one in the restaurant, in turn. Parmele knew by the cold gleam in those small eyes that the man was keyed to kill.

"Now if you boys know what's good for you," the thin lips said stiffly, "you'll just sit there with your hands on the counter till we're gone. We're tough. Just as soon shoot as not."

Beneath his civilian clothes, Parmele's muscles tensed. The smaller man had just slipped out into the night; his big partner was backing to the door. He turned. Parmele's hand slid under his coat with the

speed of a striking snake. The gun came out spitting fire just as that broad back melted into the night.

Parmele ran forward. The thunder of his shots peering and firing at two fleeing figures which stopped beside a parked car, and turned. Two flashes of flame filled the little restaurant. He was in the doorway now, licked out in the darkness. Lead slugs buzzed past Parmele's head and shoulders. He stood, deliberately emptying his gun. Bullets struck all around him.

But help was at hand. Down the dark street came Police Sergeant B. M. Edwards, shooting as he ran. There was a tinkle of glass and rending of fabric as police slugs tore into the parked coupe. The two bandits wavered, hesitated, and ran. They were looking for easy pickings, not an equal, man-to-man, stand-up fight. In their frantic haste, they collided with a pedestrian, knocked him down and trampled him. Police guns blazed again as the would-be Dillinger and his slender pal fled around the corner into Thirty-Third Street, with Edwards in hot pursuit.

Not many minutes before those two thugs entered Smith's restaurant, Radio Police Car No. 32 had been rolling peacefully along its beat.

"Well, Russ, another night shift just about over," observed Officer Tucker.

"Uh-huh!" agreed Officer Leidy, yawning. "Be glad to get home to bed."

"How's the missus?"

"Fine!" Leidy's strong face softened in a grin of pleasure. "And say—Joan's got another tooth." Both men laughed.

But their laughter was broken off short and sharp. For inside their little car a voice spoke to them—a voice originating many miles away in the police radio room in the tower of the City Hall:

"Calling Car 32—calling car 32—two men in a hold-up at 5600 South Broadway. Calling Car 32 . . . two men . . ."

The voice was lost in the roar of the engine as Tucker stepped on the accelerator. Then a warning wail—starting low and climbing to a quick shriek—sprang from the siren of the police car and split the night, as the cruiser spun around a corner on two wheels, forgotten in an instant

(Continued on Page 25)



# New Programs, Changes

(Time Shown Is Eastern Daylight)

## Sunday, August 19

**G**uy Rennie, the young American singer who found fame in Paris and recently returned to capture New York as well, will make his radio debut as the guest of Little Miss Bab-o at her "Surprise Party" at 1:30 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

The All-American Soap Box Derby, the world's greatest juvenile racing event, will be described over an NBC-WEAF network at 3:30 p. m. with *Graham McNamee* at the microphone, when it is run off in Dayton, Ohio. Youngsters from all over the east and middle west, seated in their home-made racing cars, will speed down the half mile of Burkhardt Hill in Dayton, as thousands of spectators line the street, and *McNamee* describes the event for listeners. While arrangements for broadcasting the speed tests have not been entirely completed, it is probable that *McNamee*, equipped with a portable pack-transmitter, will take the spin down the hill during trial runs, and describe the thrill as he goes. Grandstands are being built along the whole length of the half-mile hill to accommodate spectators, and it is expected that from 50,000 to 75,000 will attend.

*Shura Cherkassky*, eminent concert pianist, will be heard in a series of three piano recitals starting today at 5:45 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

"The Eagle of the Black Sea," a story of Russian and Turkish intrigue along the coast of the Black Sea, with a thrilling battle between a submarine and an airplane as a climax to the episode, will be the K-7 spy story heard at 7 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

The Massed Bands of the Brigade of Guards, most famous of all British military musical units, will introduce a new series of Gulf Headliners programs in an

international broadcast from London at 9 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network. On subsequent Sunday evenings the Gulf Headliners will feature famous bands or noted performers from either American or European cities.

*Frederic Worlock*, noted actor of the London and New York stages, will come to the microphone as a guest performer of the Tastyest Theater when *Robert Garland's* one-act play, "At Night All Cats Are Gray," is presented over an NBC-WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.

*Duke Ellington* and his famous orchestra, exponents of torrid Harlem tunes, will be the "Hall of Fame" guest orchestra at 10 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

## Monday, August 20

*Margaret West* and her "Rafter 5 Riders" will be presented in a new series of weekly programs at 5:30 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

## Tuesday, August 21

*Danny Malone*, the young Irish tenor, is now scheduled for a twice-weekly series of song programs presented every Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

The Mountaineers, a new hillbilly group, will be heard at a new spot, 10:15 to 10:30 p. m. over a Columbia network.

## Wednesday, August 22

*Abel Wolman*, Chief Engineer, State of Maryland Department of Health, will be heard over the WABC-Columbia network today at 4:30 p. m. *Mr. Abel's* subject will be, "Can You Live Without Water?"

*James Melton*, tenor, who came to *Fred Allen's* first "Town Hall Tonight" program as a guest artist, has scored such a hit that he is retained as a regular feature

of the Wednesday night broadcasts over an NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.

*Dennis King*, star of stage and screen, and *Louis Katzman's* orchestra, will inaugurate a weekly series of musical and dramatic programs at 10 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ coast-to-coast network.

*Daniel C. Roper*, Secretary of Commerce, will be National Radio Forum's guest speaker tonight. "Alaska and the Government's Activities There," is *Mr. Roper's* subject and will be heard at 11:30 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network.

## Thursday, August 23

*Ray Heatherton*, young baritone, has added another spot to his many programs, and is heard every Thursday at 12 noon over an NBC-WJZ network.

An orchestral program of famous and modern compositions conducted by *Arturo Toscanini* from the Salzburg Music Festival will be relayed to American listeners in an international broadcast from Austria at 3:15 p. m. over an NBC-WEAF network. Next Thursday, August 30, the concluding program also will be broadcast at the same time over WEAF and associated stations.

## Saturday, August 25

*Ted Husing's* new program feature entitled "Believe You Me," will be heard tonight and every subsequent Saturday over the WABC-CBS network from 6:15 to 6:30 p. m. *Husing* will offer comments, features and gossip pertaining to the sport-world.

*Isam Jones* and his orchestra will be heard at a new time over the WABC-Columbia network—7:15 to 7:30 p. m.

Alaska, land of mystery, adventure, romance and legend, is the locale for a new series of "Northern Lights" dramas being broadcast to an NBC-WJZ audience each Saturday at 8:30 p. m.

Don't forget

**JULIA SANDERSON** **FRANK CRUMIT**

with Jack Shilkret's Orchestra

Every Sunday, 5:30 p.m. E.D.T.

COLUMBIA NETWORK

sponsored by

**Bond**

the finest tasting bread

**HEAR**  
**Smilin' Ed McConnell**  
and his  
**ACME QUALITY**  
**Paint and**  
**PROGRAM**  
over  
**The Columbia Broadcasting System**  
Beginning Sunday Evening, Sept. 9th  
**6:30 P.M., E. S. T.**  
on the following stations  
**WABC WAAB WDRC WCAU WEAN**  
**WJSV WHP WFEA WJAS**

**SUBSCRIBE TO**  
**RADIO GUIDE**

## Hours to Come

The American Bosch Corporation inaugurates a weekly series over an NBC-WJZ coast-to-coast hookup on Sunday, August 19, 5:30 to 5:45 p. m. EDT. The program will feature dramatic talks by noted explorers of the American Museum of Natural History. . . . *Dennis King*, dramatic singer and actor, will be featured on a series of musical programs with dramatic scenes from famous plays over an NBC-WJZ national hookup each Wednesday from 10 to 10:15 p. m. *Enna Jettick Shoes* will sponsor the show. . . . "The House by the Side of the Road," a musical and dramatic program featuring *Tony Wons*, takes the airwaves September 2. A nationwide NBC-WEAF network will carry the program each Sunday from 5:30 to 6 p. m. *S. C. Johnson and Son* is paying for the time. . . . The *Jergens* program returns with *Walter Winchell* September 2 over the NBC-WJZ network. The time will be the same as heretofore—9:30 to 9:45 p. m. . . . "Buck Rogers," the popular CBS hour, returns to the airwaves September 2. *Cocomalt* again will sponsor the series. The programs will be heard on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays from 6 to 6:15 p. m.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt resumes her

events for the Simmons Company over the NBC-WBZ network on September 4. The time: 9:30 to 10 p. m. . . . "The Mohawk Treasure Chest" returns to the air September 6 over an NBC-WEAF hookup each Thursday from 12 to 12:15 noon, and each Sunday from 2:30 to 3 p. m. *Mohawk Carpet Mills* will sponsor. . . . The Union Central Life Insurance Company resumes its "Roses and Drums" series on September 9, and weekly thereafter, over an NBC-WJZ network from 5 to 5:30 p. m. . . . *Wasey Products* resumes presentation of the popular human relations counsel, "The Voice of Experience," on September 10, over the Columbia System. He will be heard from 12 noon to 12:15 p. m. Mondays through Fridays, and also each Sunday from 6:45 to 7 p. m.

Whispering Jack Smith and Arnold Johnson's orchestra will be presented in a series of programs from 7:30 to 7:45 p. m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday over the Columbia network. *Ironized Yeast* will sponsor the show. . . . *Shell Eastern Petroleum Products* returns to the air with the usual sports program, devoted to football, on September 13, from 6:30 to 6:45 p. m. on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. . . . *Roxy fans* will be listening in over a nationwide CBS hookup on September 15, when the noted radio showman participates in his first sponsored appearance. He will be presented weekly in an elaborate 45-minute program at 8 p. m. each Saturday.

*Fletcher's Castoria* is sponsoring the series. . . . A musical series featuring soloists and guest motion picture star appearances gets under way from Hollywood over an NBC-WEAF hookup on September 16, and weekly thereafter from 3:30 to 4 p. m., sponsored by the *Maybelline Company*. . . . The *Pontiac Motor Company* resumes broadcasting on September 16, over a coast-to-coast NBC-WEAF network. Details on this program will be forthcoming shortly.

**NEW LOW PRICES ON**  
**GOODRICH-Firestone**  
**GOOD YEAR**  
**U.S., FISK and OTHERS**

**2.15**  
29 x 4.40 - 21

**YOU CAN'T BEAT OUR PRICES**  
And we defy anyone to excel our quality. Every standard brand tire reconstructed by our superior, modern method is positively guaranteed to give full 12 months' service under severest road conditions. This guarantee is backed by the entire financial resources of an old, reliable company. Here are today's lowest tire prices.

BALLOON TIRES				Regular Cord Tires			
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	
20 x 4.00-21		\$2.15	.85	30x3 1/2	2.25	.65	
20 x 4.50-20		2.35	.85	30x4	2.55	.75	
30 x 4.50-21		2.40	.85	31 x 4	2.95	.85	
28 x 4.75-19		2.45	.85	32 x 4	2.95	.85	
20 x 4.75-20		2.50	.95	33 x 4	3.35	.95	
20 x 5.00-19		2.65	1.05	34 x 4	3.55	1.15	
30 x 5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32 x 4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
28 x 5.25-18		2.90	1.15	34 x 4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
20 x 5.25-19		2.95	1.15	30 x 5	3.65	1.25	
31 x 5.25-21		3.25	1.15	33 x 5	3.75	1.45	
28 x 5.50-18		3.35	1.15	35 x 5	3.95	1.55	
20 x 5.50-19		3.45	1.15				
30 x 6.00-18		3.40	1.15				
31 x 6.00-19		3.40	1.15				
32 x 6.00-20		3.45	1.25				
33 x 6.00-21		3.65	1.25				
32 x 6.50-20		3.75	1.35				

TRUCK BALLOONS		
Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	\$3.75	.85
7.00-20	5.95	1.05
7.50-20	6.95	1.25
8.50-20	8.95	1.75

**HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES**

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x6	4.25	1.95
32x6	5.95	2.15
34x7	10.95	3.95
36x6	9.95	3.95
26x8	12.45	4.25
18x7	15.95	4.95

**ALL OTHER TRUCK SIZES WE WANT DEALERS**  
**ALL TUBES ARE GUARANTEED BRAND NEW**  
**Send Only \$1 Deposit** on each tire. (On each Truck Tire send a \$4 deposit) cash with order. We ship balance C. O. D. 6 per cent discount for full term. Any tire failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

**GOODWIN TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2133**  
**1840 South Michigan Ave. - CHICAGO, ILL.**

**12 MONTHS WRITTEN BOND GIVEN WITH EVERY TIRE**

**FREE** BRAND NEW TUBE RAY-O-VAC LANTERN with each ORDER FOR 2 TIRES

## Notice

### To Mail Subscribers

Should you anticipate going on a vacation, or otherwise making a change of address, please notify **RADIO GUIDE** two weeks in advance of your contemplated change so that our circulation department will have ample time to carry out your request. Address: Subscription Dept., 423 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, Ill.









# Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

Chicago Symphony at Swift Bridge the week of August 6, may claim a new first. His Chicago premiere was rained out and the start delayed more than an hour—and this was the first time the Swift musicles have been delayed at the start... Charles Previn, the Silken Strings maestro, has been signed for two years with instructions to build a really big show. Countess Albani is his first acquisition.

troubles, stratosphere explorer Capt. Albert W. Stevens, in motoring east from Nebraska, got lost, ran out of gas and had to walk a mile for more... Henry Hadley, associate director of the N. Y. Philharmonic and guest conductor of the

steam roller. Can't you find a smarter credit writer, Mr. Sponsor?

Plums to the entire Family Theater group, including Bert Lytell, Walter Kinsella and Eunice Howard, for their performance of "The Front Page" on Sunday, Aug. 5. Pasternack and Melton are likewise invited to the feast.

WHILE THIS pillar's chief interest is outside the sustaining pickups of the hundred odd bands wafted the country over by the two major networks, we pause to hand a basket of plums to one Jack Berger, New York maestro. An earful will prove to you that his rhythms are pleasingly danceable, and not obstructed by those musicianly flourishes called "arrangements."

APPRECIATIONS... for the Sinclair Greater Minstrels of Monday, August 6, or almost any other Monday, in fact... For the continued excellence of selection of operettas and operas and their rendition by the Beauty Box Theater. Did you hear Swarthout and John Barclay in "The Red Mill"?... For the NBC Breakfast Club, although early riser Marty Lewis beat this writer to the draw and may be consistently found in the a.m. bleachers tuning to Don McNeil and his colleagues.

Adding to his catch, the vacationing Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) reports the snaring of 300 trout and three more porpoises... which begins to look as if Amos is fishing on porpoise... Whoa, Mr. Wynn.

## Radio a la Nudist Benny

"I FIND," says Jack Benny in guest columning on the west coast, "that I like radio best among all branches of the show business because your radio audiences can only hear you and that saves shaving expense and tailor bills. I've done some of my best broadcasts in a bath-robe. "The stage is different from both radio and the screen. You must dress well, although I've seen many actors get plenty of mileage out of a full dress suit (thought I'd say General Tires, didn't you?) by using the right spotlights. For instance, if the trousers can't stand inspection, you have the spotlight put on the coat, etc. "Radio's a great business... But if the jokes aren't funny, it's awful!"

## Inside Pickups

ARMAND GIRARD, California's next great voice, is bound for NBC's Radio City whence he'll sing... Gertrude Nielsen is road touring and will vaudeville shortly in Chicago... Edwin C. Hill is slated to emerge from the Maine woods long enough to do a one-time show on August 20 over NBC from the Windy City... As if he didn't have enough

Filling the spot vacated by a team that has been on top for years and years isn't the easiest thing to do, yet Frank Buck is succeeding admirably in the Amos n' Andy void. Not only has he won over the juvenile audience with his tales of the jungle, but the adults likewise. And who hasn't, in his more restless moments, wished that he might have been an explorer or a wild animal trainer?

PLUMS ARE ACCORDED the Maple City Four for their regularly satisfactory performances and in particular their last Saturday's (Aug. 4) contribution to the National Barn Dance, a novelty interpretation of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Of course, we'd give plums to anyone singing the O'Keefe trade mark, but subtracting the prejudice, the quartet is still number one in the midwest.

Which brings up the question, "Why does the National (WLS) Barn Dance continue a perennial favorite?" Perhaps it's the fact that there's a whole lot of rural rhythm and mountain music in the most lognetted of us.

Generally speaking, the Press-Radio bulletins over NBC and CBS are pruned anemic. Perhaps the newspaper interests are keeping them thin and watery in order to sell tonight's and tomorrow morning's paper?

HEINIE and his Grenadiers, Milwaukee's ace contribution to NBC's sustaining program structure, are popularly symbolic of the great Wisconsin city. They, too, know the art of retaining audiences.

BETTY AND BOB, it seems to us, would enjoy even larger audience appreciation were it not for the verbose commercial credits that take practically all the pleasure from twisting the dial to this NBC mid-afternoon attraction. Don Ameche and Beatrice Churchill do a beautiful piece of work, only to have it crushed to lifelessness by the ponderous sales

## SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST

NEW WRITERS INVITED

Cash payments will be advanced to writers of songs, if used and published in "The Orchestra World." Send us any of your material (words or music) likely to be found suitable for radio entertainment. RADIO MUSIC GUILD, 1650 Broadway, New York. Tune In Every Sunday at 3:45 P. M. Sta. WINS.

# WHAT RADIO STATIONS

Do You Enjoy Most in Your Locality?  
**VOTE! Send This Ballot!**

Paste on Post Card—Mail for 1c

RADIO GUIDE is anxious to publish the news about all the stations to which you listen regularly—wherever they may be.

We ask our readers to help us. Tell us which radio stations you enjoy most in your locality—which you prefer. Name them in the order of your preference.

Paste the ballot on a post card and mail it for one cent.

We will endeavor to follow this Poll of YOUR VOTES and publish as much information as possible about the stations which this Poll indicates are the most popular.

In this way our readers can help us make Radio Guide what we want it to be—the most complete and most interesting weekly magazine of programs and personalities in America.

Please send your ballot today

—THE EDITOR

## BALLOT

Editor, Radio Guide,  
423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.  
Below I have written the Call Letters of the Radio Stations I listen to in this locality, named in the order of my preference, day and night.

Before 6 p. m.:	After 6 p. m.:
1. _____	1. _____
2. _____	2. _____
3. _____	3. _____

My Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## Wayne King's

### Medal Presentation

Presentation to Wayne King of the RADIO GUIDE gold medal—symbolic of supreme popularity among orchestras—will be made on August 21, on one of the regular Lady Esther programs.

Not only was the Waltz King selected by listeners everywhere as the most popular bandleader; in addition, he secured a larger number of votes than any other radio performer or team of any kind. The tremendous number of fans who voted for Wayne now will be able to hear the ceremonies of presentation, and to enjoy the gratification of realizing that their votes made possible this great triumph of an outstanding popular star of the air.

Programs to  
Be Heard

## Tuesday, August 21

Continued from  
Preceding Page

8:30 p.m. EDT 7:30 EST  
\* NBC—Wayne King's Orchestra: WEAF WEEI WWSH WFI WGY WRC WTC  
\* CBS—"Accordiana": WABC WOKO WDRS WCAU WNAC WJVS  
NBC—Henry King's Orchestra: WJZ WHAM WBZ WBAL KDKA WMAL  
WLW—Elliott Brock's Band  
WOR—Roeper van Duzer's Orchestra  
WRVA—Evening Musicale  
8:45 p.m. EDT 7:45 EST  
WLW—Monkey Hollow, comedy  
WRVA—Vin Lindhe (NBC)  
9:00 p.m. EDT 8:00 EST  
\* CBS—George Glivot, comedian: WABC WDRS WNAC WJVS WCAU WJAS WLBZ WOKO  
NBC—Musical Memories: WJZ WBZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WEEI WRVA WOR—Dave Vine, comedian  
9:30 p.m. EDT 8:30 EST  
\* NBC—Soconyland Sketches: WEAF WTC WFI WGY WWSH WEEI  
CBS—STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS: Richard Himber's Orchestra; Joey Nash, vocalist: WABC WOKO WDRS WJAS WCAU WJVS WNAC  
\* NBC—Symphony Orchestra: WJZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WMAL

WLW—The Herald  
WOR—Michael Bartlett and Trio  
WRC—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten (NBC)  
WRVA—Fred Waring's Orchestra  
9:45 p.m. EDT 8:45 EST  
WOR—Eddy Brown, violinist  
10:00 p.m. EDT 9:00 EST  
\* NBC—Beauty Box Theater: WEAF WEEI WRC WGY WWSH WRVA WLW WFI  
CBS—The Troopers: WABC WOKO WDRS WCAU WJAS WAAB WLBZ WJVS  
ABS—Broadway Revue: WIP  
WNAC—Hughie Connor's Orchestra  
WOR—Harlan Read, current events  
10:15 p.m. EDT 9:15 EST  
CBS—Modern Mountaineers: WABC WCAU WDRS WOKO WLBZ WJAS WJVS WAAB  
ABS—Milton Kellm's Orchestra: WIP  
10:30 p.m. EDT 9:30 EST  
\* NBC—Tim Ryan's Rendezvous: WJZ WMAL WBZ WBAL WHAM

CBS—Melodic Strings: WABC WOKO WAAB WDRS WLBZ WCAU WJAS WJVS  
ABS—Eli Dantzig's Orchestra: WIP  
KDKA—Squire Hawkins  
WNAC—Ranny Weeks' Orchestra  
WOR—Eddie Lane's Orchestra  
10:45 p.m. EDT 9:45 EST  
WNAC—Sport Page; Musical  
11:00 p.m. EDT 10:00 EST  
NBC—Orlando's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL WHAM  
\* CBS—The Party Issues: WABC WDRS WJVS WJAS WAAB  
NBC—Q. S. T.; dramatization: WEAF WTC WFI WRC WRVA  
KDKA—Sports Slants  
WBZ—Old Farmers' Almanac  
WCAU—Alan Scott  
WCSH—Dance Orchestra  
WEEI—Baseball Scores; Current Events  
WGY—Phil Emmerton's Orchestra  
WLW—Cotton Queen Minstrels  
WNAC—News

WOR—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra  
11:15 p.m. EDT 10:15 EST  
NBC—Jack Berger's Orchestra: WEAF WRC WEEI WFI WWSH WTC WRVA  
CBS—Isham Jones' Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRS WJVS WCAU WLBZ  
NBC—Robert Royce, tenor: WJZ WMAL KDKA WBZ WBAL  
ABS—Lido's Orchestra: WIP WHAM—News  
11:30 p.m. EDT 10:30 EST  
NBC—Leo Reisman's Orchestra with Phil Ducey, baritone: WLW  
\* NBC—Rudy Vallee's Orchestra: WJZ WHAM WBZ WBAL  
CBS—Isham Jones' Orchestra: WABC WOKO  
NBC—Carl Hoff's Orchestra: WEAF WFI WTC WEEI WRC WWSH  
ABS—Blue Rhythm Band: WIP  
KDKA—Dance Orchestra  
WGY—Ray Nichols' Orchestra  
WOR—Eli Dantzig's Orchestra  
WRVA—Concert Orchestra

11:45 p.m. EDT 10:45 EST  
CBS—Joe Reichman's Orchestra: WABC WOKO WNAC WDRS WLBZ  
12:00 Mid. EDT 11:00 p.m. EST  
\* NBC—Postmaster General Jas. A. Farley, address: WJZ WMAL WBZ KDKA WHAM WBAL  
NBC—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra: WEAF WFI WGY WEEI  
\* CBS—Postmaster General Jas. A. Farley, address: WABC WNAC WOKO WJAS WJVS WCAU  
ABS—Bob Fallon's Orchestra: WIP  
WLW—News; Dance Orchestra  
WOR—Frank Stuart's Orchestra  
12:15 a.m. EDT 11:15 p.m. EST  
ABS—Johnny Johnson's Orch.: WIP  
12:30 a.m. EDT 11:30 p.m. EST  
NBC—Harold Stern's Orchestra: WEAF WLW WEEI WGY WFI  
CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC WJVS WCAU WNAC WOKO  
NBC—Jimmy Carrigan's Orchestra: WJZ KDKA WBZ WHAM WBAL WRVA WMAL  
ABS—Benny Goodman's Orch.: WIP  
12:45 a.m. EDT 11:45 p.m. EST  
NBC—Pete Smythe's Orchestra: WJZ KDKA WBZ WHAM WBAL WRVA  
ABS—Chick Webb's Orchestra: WIP



# Peeping into the Local Studios

By Murray Arnold

Two new men have joined the ranks of the WTIC announcers, Charles Pearson, bass soloist for NBC, and Tom Paradine, former announcer at WLWL, New York. . . . Phil Emmerton's Orchestra has been engaged for a run at the La Casa Ballroom in Philly, which opens September 15 with a WIP wire. . . . Tom Lewis, announcer, leading man of the WGY Players and continuity writer, is vacationing at Cape Cod. . . . Paul Pendarvis' Orchestra playing currently at the Wm. Penn Hotel over KDKA, includes a unique unit called "The Waltz Group," which consists of five of his regular men who specialize in soft, sweet music. . . . Oliver Naylor writes from Virginia that his one-week engagement at the exclusive Cavalier Hotel Beach Club has been extended for the entire season, so well liked has the Naylor music been by the blueblooded Southerners. . . . The new "Sooney Pleasure Cruise" show on WHAM will be pumped from the Rochester station to WSYR, Syracuse, every Friday and Saturday; program, featuring Charles Silvertson's band, Jack Driscoll, mimic, Connie Gangi and Ken Loysen, vocalists, and Jack Foy, guitarist, airs over WHAM every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday night at 6:30.

The City Symphony Orchestra of Philadelphia, the main unit of the L. W. D. Musician's project, will broadcast an hour-and-a-half concert every Sunday evening at 8:30 p. m. over the American chain, with WIP doing the local pick-up. Plans are now being formulated to broadcast also three pro-

grams weekly directly from the Gimbel Auditorium, these to feature both the concert and jazz units of the orchestra.

Joseph Nassau, well-liked chief of WLIT, is enjoying a vacation holiday at the shore. . . . Catch that new WPEN show spotlighting Helen Hughes, contralto, and Sandy Guyer, baritone, heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p. m. . . . Harold Knight and the orchestra cut their Southern road tour short to open the new "Old Madrid" (formerly the Deauville Casino). . . . Jim Feltis and his orchestra, formerly of the La Casa Ballroom and now playing at the Hollywood Hotel, near Asbury Park, is understood to have the choice Hotel Ritz-Carlton spot in Philly all sewed up. Now that Guy Lombardo's band is on NBC, we are given to believe that Columbia has instructed WCAU to push the Feltis crew as Quakertown's number one band. Reason for the forthcoming build-up is that Feltis has the Lombardo style down pat in good imitation.

Martba and Hal, WGY song and patter act, both are recovering from auto accident. Hal escaped practically unscathed, but Martba is still ailing from painful bruises. Their air shows went on as usual, for which a lusty bravo. . . . Directly from the console of the Uptown Theater, Margaret Collins plays each day at noon over WLIT on the Philadelphia Chamber

of Commerce program. . . . Carl Davis, who will be remembered as the vocalist with Tommy Williams' band when they played the Orient, has won a scholarship at one of New England's better music colleges and is now studying sharps and flats in Massachusetts.

To celebrate "Rochester's Century on Parade," NBC is taking the 60 piece Rochester Civic Orchestra, with Guy Fraser Harrison conducting, every Saturday at 7 p. m., EST. On Sept. 22 the program will also present a talk by Fred Weber, president of the American Federation of Musicians, to be aired at 7:30 p. m. over NBC-WJZ. All programs are originating thru WHAM, Rochester.

Inside tip to Philly band leaders: Tendler's and Walter's on South Broad Street are both intending to blossom out with music this fall. . . . Howard Wheeler, WGY engineer, back at his post after a "postman's vacation," having visited stations in Cleveland and Buffalo. . . . Starting next Wednesday, WIP will broadcast auditions directly from the Gimbel Auditorium weekly from 2 to 3 p. m.

Del Lee and his orchestra, formerly of the Silver Grille, now are playing at the "Hedges," on Philadelphia's City Line. . . . By the time you read this, Karen Fladoes, conductor of KDKA's "Utility Hall" programs, will be setting foot on American soil after a trip to Norway. . . . The Gimbel Boys' Club, aired over WIP each Friday at 6 p. m., graduates to the

American network next Friday. . . . The "Colonials," which WGY airs from the Club Palorama in Schenectady, is one of the two successful national co-operative bands. Buddy Welcome is now leader and vocalist, Abe Pardoll is managing, and Eddie Ryan, known as the "Irish Ambassador of Song," assists with the singing. . . . Florence Hallman, runner-up in the local "Miss Hollywood Hotel," is now appearing at the Anchorage.



**LEARN to DRAW**

STUDYING WITH ARTISTS AND MODELS for pleasure and profit—most fascinating and highly paid branch of the art profession. If you like to draw you can learn to draw—at home—by mail. In our amazing new easy course we use the methods of the large art academies at less than one-tenth the cost—you study directly from beautiful photographs of models. This is a real opportunity for those who can not afford the great expense of going to large cities to develop their talent. No experience necessary. Artists make big money at home. Complete course of 11 lessons consisting of simple instructions, comprehensive charts and pictures of beautiful artists' models ready to draw, now offered at very low price and on easy terms.

**First Lesson FREE**

Start your art career today by sending your name and address and only ten cents to cover mailing cost and we will send you the first lesson—try it free. You will be delighted with the quick progress you make from the start. Send today for free lesson and special offer.

TOVRETTOWN STUDIOS Dept. 808  
1000 N. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

## The Saga of Frank Buck

(Continued from Page 5)

he has obtained through tutors, through reading, and through his associations with persons of culture, has made him a truly civilized man. And, ironically, real fame and fortune did not come to him directly from his jungle exploits, but indirectly—through that sense of showmanship he developed back in Texas, when as a boy he exhibited his living trophies to children and grown-ups for pins.

He turned showman again back in 1929, when the *Saturday Evening Post* carried two articles about his work. In 1930 his book, "Bring 'em Back Alive," appeared. In a few months the book was a best seller in every part of the country. Buck's eighteen years of heartbreaking labor—a labor of love, to be sure, but heartbreaking as love's labor so often is—at last began to bear financial fruit. Then came magazine articles, and the two motion pictures, "Bring 'em Back Alive" and "Wild Cargo." And finally, radio came to this super-trapper and super-showman—giving him perhaps the greatest regular audience the world has ever known.

Today, Buck doesn't need to go back to the jungle, ever. But try to keep him away from it! Already he is planning another bloodless raid on the animal kingdom. Orders for wild animals and snakes are piling up.

And when he does go—he hopes to carry out a brand-new dream! This time he dreams of taking all the millions of his radio audience to the jungle with him! Just as Byrd has taken the stay-at-homes with him to the Antarctic, so Buck hopes to carry them along to the native lair of the tiger and the paths of the elephant-herd.

He is almost certain that short wave won't be sufficiently developed by the time he makes his next trip, so that he may tote a set both small enough, yet powerful enough, to carry the screams of the jungle into the drawing-rooms of America. But who knows? Buck is still a young man, and he has seen all his dreams come true, so far. Who knows but that this one will do the same—and that all listeners may not soon turn their dials and hear Buck's jungle roar, half-way around the world!

## There Is Only ONE RADIO GUIDE

The yearly subscription price is \$2.00

(\$3.00 yearly in Canada; \$4.00 yearly in foreign countries)

RADIO GUIDE  
423 Plymouth Court  
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which send RADIO GUIDE to me for (six months) (one year)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Wednesday, Aug. 22

Programs to Be Heard

Continued from Preceding Page

8:15 p.m. EDT 7:15 EST  
CBS—Emery Deutsch's Gypsy Violin  
WABC WNAC WOKO WCAU WJAS  
WJSV WDRC

ABS—Meyer Davis' Orchestra: WIP

8:30 p.m. EDT 7:30 EST  
\* NBC—Wayne King's Orchestra:  
WEAF WWSH WLIT WGY WTIC  
WRC

\* CBS—Everett Marshall's Broadway  
Vanities: WABC WJSV WJAS  
WCAU WNAC

NBC—Igor Gorin, baritone: WJZ  
KDKA WBAL WHAM

ABS—U. S. Marine Band: WIP  
WEEI—Musical Program  
WLW—Unbroken Melodies  
WOR—"The Lone Ranger," sketch  
WRVA—Souvenirs

8:45 p.m. EDT 7:45 EST  
NBC—Sport Stories Off the Record:  
WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAL KDKA  
WBZ

WLW—Monkey Hollow, comedy  
WRVA—History of Virginia

9:00 p.m. EDT 8:00 EST  
\* NBC—Town Hall Tonight; Fred Allen:  
WEAF WWSH WLIT WGY  
WRVA WTIC WRC WEEI WLW

\* CBS—Detroit Symphony Orchestra:  
WABC WNAC WDRC WOKO WJAS  
WCAU WLBZ

NBC—Music Magic: WJZ WBZ WMAL  
WBAL WHAM KDKA  
WOR—"Footlight Echoes"; Soloists:  
9:30 p.m. EDT 8:30 EST

CBS—Detroit Symphony Orchestra:  
WJSV

WOR—Cal Tinney's Shindig  
9:45 p.m. EDT 8:45 EST  
WOR—That's Life, dramatized news  
10:00 p.m. EDT 9:00 EST

\* NBC—Dennis King, baritone; Orchestra:  
WJZ WMAL WBAL WHAM  
KDKA

\* CBS—Byrd Expedition: WABC  
WOKO WCAU WJSV WJAS WLBZ  
WDRC WNAC

\* NBC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra:  
WEAF WTIC WEEI WWSH WLIT  
WGY WRVA WLW WRC

10:15 p.m. EDT 9:15 EST  
NBC—Eddy Duchin's Orchestra: WJZ  
WHAM KDKA

ABS—Milton Kellern's Orchestra: WIP  
WOR—Harlan Read, current events  
10:30 p.m. EDT 9:30 EST  
NBC—The Other Americans: WEAF  
WWSH WRC WGY WLIT WEEI

CBS—Melody Masterpieces; Mary  
Eastman, soprano: WABC WLBZ  
WOKO WDRC WJSV WJAS WAAB  
WCAU

NBC—Jack Denny's Orchestra; Harry  
Richman: WJZ WHAM WMAL  
WBAL WRVA

KDKA—The Old Observer  
WBZ—Radianna  
WBZ—Henry Thies' Orchestra  
WNAC—Melody Cruisers

WOR—Willard Robinson's Orchestra  
10:45 p.m. EDT 9:45 EST  
WLW—Rep. Finlay Gray  
WNAC—Musical Rhymer

11:00 p.m. EDT 10:00 EST  
NBC—Harry Meyer's Orchestra: WEAF  
WTIC WLIT WRC WGY

CBS—Nick Lucas, songs: WABC WJAS  
WAAB WDRC WOKO

NBC—Pickens Sisters: WJZ WBAL  
WHAM  
KDKA—Sport Slants  
WBZ—Weather; Sports Review  
WCAU—Alan Scott  
WWSH—Dance Orchestra  
WLW—Cosmopolitan Serenade

WNAC—News  
WOR—Jimmie Carr's Orchestra  
WRVA—Smoky and Poky

11:15 p.m. EDT 10:15 EST  
CBS—Little Jack Little's Orchestra:  
WABC WDRC WLBZ WNAC WJAS  
WOKO

NBC—Robert Rovee, tenor: WJZ  
WBAL KDKA WMAL  
NBC—Harry Meyers' Orchestra: WEEI  
WWSH

WBZ—Male Quartet  
WCAU—Billy Hays' Orchestra  
WGY—Bob Grant's Orchestra  
WHAM—News; Dance Music  
WRVA—Chandu, the Magician

11:30 p.m. EDT 10:30 EST  
NBC—Don Bestor's Orchestra: WJZ  
WHAM WBAL WBS WMAL

\* NBC—National Radio Forum: WEAF  
WEEI WGY WTIC WLIT WRC  
WRVA WWSH

ABS—Blue Rhythm Band: WIP  
KDKA—Dance Orchestra  
WCAU—Little Jack Little Orch. (CBS)  
WLW—Theater of the Air  
WOR—Eddie Lane's Orchestra

11:45 p.m. EDT 10:45 EST  
CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC  
WNAC WOKO WLBZ WDRC WCAU

12:00 Mid. EDT 11:00 p.m. EST  
CBS—Red Nichols' Orchestra: WABC  
WNAC WOKO WJAS WCAU

NBC—Sammy Watkins' Orchestra:  
WJZ WHAM KDKA WMAL WBAL  
NBC—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra:  
WEAF WEEI WLW

ABS—Bob Fallon's Orchestra: WIP  
WGY—Phil Emmerton's Orchestra  
WLW—Larry Lee's Orchestra  
WOR—Anthony Trini's Orchestra

12:15 a.m. EDT 11:15 p.m. EST  
ABS—Johnny Johnson's Orch.: WIP  
WJSV—Red Nichols' Orchestra (CBS)  
12:30 a.m. EDT 11:30 p.m. EST

CBS—Al Kavelin's Orchestra: WABC  
WNAC WOKO WJSV WCAU  
NBC—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra: WEAF  
WEEI WLIT WRC

NBC—Jack Berger's Orchestra: WJZ  
KDKA WBZ WRVA WHAM WBAL  
WLW

ABS—Benny Goodman's Orch.: WIP  
WGY—Ray Nichols' Orchestra  
12:45 a.m. EDT 11:45 p.m. EST  
ABS—Willie Bryant's Orch.: WIP

1:00 a.m. EDT 12 Mid. EST  
CBS—Gene Kardos' Orchestra: WABC  
WCAU—Missing Persons Report



# Bandstand and Baton

THURSDAY NIGHT, AUG. 23rd

9:00 E.S.T. \* 10:00 E.D.T.

Columbia Network\*

## "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Borden's sensational program

★ IT'S HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE!

Previews of the best current pictures

- ✓ Famous Stars in Person
- ✓ Studio Gossip by Cal York
- ✓ Music by Mark Warnow

\*For stations—see Radio Guide Listings

## Public Speaking - Has Its Rewards

**HOW TO WORK WONDERS WITH WORDS**

**NOW SENT FREE**

If you are interested—  
to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

**NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE**  
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 262-C, Chicago, Illinois.

## — TYPISTS —

Extra Money for your spare time copying Radio Scripts, others. Interesting work. Good Pay. Experience unnecessary. Free Particulars. Write enclosing stamp to

**TYPISTS' ASS'N, 1719 Hunter Bldg., CHICAGO**

## Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

and RADIO BROADCASTING Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera, Stock Theatre training appearances while learning. For catalog write Sec'y Wayne 66½ W. 85 St., N. Y., N. Y.

For eight years Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians have been the toast of the nation. For eight years fans throughout the country have sworn fealty to this prince of harmonists and to "the sweetest music this side of heaven." And for many more years to come, the Lombardo brothers and their assisting musicians will reign first in the hearts of millions of Americans.

Most people are acquainted with the rise of the Lombardos; their start with a neighborhood band in London, Ontario, their first big job in Cleveland, and their immediate acclaim in *Al Quodbach's* now extinct Granada Cafe, Chicago. But how many fans know who is responsible for this wonderful music; who comprises the orchestra?

Four saxophones, one piano, cornet, trombone, tuba, banjo, and drums and traps are the actual instruments. *Carmen* and *Victor Lombardo*, *Larry Owen* and *Fred Higman* play the saxes. *Fred Kreitzer* is the pianist, *Lebert Lombardo* and *James Dillon*, the cornetist and trombonist respectively. *Ben Davies* wraps the tuba around himself, *Francis Henry* strums the banjo, and *George Gowans* plays the drums. Guy waves a violin bow in lieu of a baton, but if you have heard him play the fiddle, you are one in a million.

*Carmen Lombardo* has composed that beautiful tune of not so many years ago, "Sweethearts on Parade," among others. He does most of the vocal solos, and, together with *Fred Higman* and *Larry Owen*, sings the trio's numbers.

HOP ON THE *Fiorito* band-wagon if you're not on already. Ted didn't withdraw *Fred Waring* this last week in their Chicago vaudeville appearances, but he

did gross so high in the face of stiff competition that the management of the Palace theater is already angling for a return.

DUKE ELLINGTON bows again before the ether audience this Sunday, August 19, with a one-time appearance on the Hall of Fame, NBC-WEAF. . . . Duke will be at the Toronto exposition next week. . . . *Cab Calloway* begins a seven-week tour of Texas at the Majestic in Houston, September 21, and will return

to the Cotton Club, in New York's Harlem in the middle of November.

BIG CHANGES in Chicago this coming month will bring *Herbie Kay* back to the Windy City and WBBM-Columbia wires via the Edgewater Beach hotel, opening September 8. Herbie will be followed by *Clyde Lucas* on Columbus Day, for most of the winter season. . . . *Harry Sosnik* does theater work for several weeks then fills a St. Louis engagement. He plans to be back in Chicago this winter.

## The Announcers' 3rd Degree

(Continued from Page 10)

Philadelphia way sellin' them there vacuum cleaner aperatures and kitchen utensil things, but Mrs. Jones she one of our neighbors tho I don't gess you know her do yo? Well she's the new preacher wife and she's the woman what told me to drop you a line. Our town clerk told my pop that Frank (meanin me) had to gud a education to grow up on this place on a farm, he said a new \$10 suit would make Frank look right smart and that I cud get a good speakers job on the radio in New Yawk.

Then Aunt Susan, who happen in just at that time heared them mention does, and sed a new suit would ruin me she sez I'd get smitten by one of them fancy female radio singers and then I wudn't be worth my salt. But thats a falsehood mister cause I mean bizness and would like to larn radio bizness. From the descriptshun I wrote of myself I think you will think I am a bright young man—I'll work for anything at the start if yo let me board at yer house free for awhile, else I wud have to get about three or four dollars a week, cause I reckon it costs a deal

of money to keep a yung-feller in New Yawk.

I think this is all I kin think of this time. Hope to here from you soon.

R. F. D. No. 15, Frank—  
P. S.—He didn't get the job.

Joseph Bier, head of WOR's announcing staff, probably is the most lenient taskmaker of them all. Bier's experience at WABC many years ago still lives vividly in his memory. "I know how I felt," he said grimly, "and I wouldn't try that dose on any of my boys." (Incidentally, Mr. Bier passed his Columbia test.)

The Bamberger Broadcasting Company's announcing chief contents himself with a few simple scripts. While these tests are important, he also seeks cultural background, showmanship, the timbre of the voice, the ability to sound convincing, and appearance.

Here is a sample of a musical script he employs in his test; the script reads: Suite No. 3, in D Major of Bach, is one of the four greatest orchestral works of this great composer. The suite consists of five movements, the first of which, the Overture, is constructed on an old pattern beginning with a slow introduction, grave, followed by a rapid fugue, vivace.

The second movement is the famous Air, which is one of the most beautiful melodies ever written. It was transposed by the great violinist, Wilhelmj.

The third movement is a simple and beautiful Gavotte. The fourth movement in this D Major Suite of Bach is a Bourree. The finale of the suite is the customary Gigue, a rollicking dance which carries to a climax the merry geniality of the work.

A few other short scripts and the rendition of a commercial plug conclude the test. If the candidate is successful, his name is placed on file. When a staff opening presents itself, the successful candidate is notified to report at the station.

Thus, fond mothers, keep your talented son at home if he aspires to become a radio announcer. The difficulties and qualifications are almost insurmountable, as can be seen in the perusal of this tale of announcerial woe.

## Wave Marks

**Hookup.** No family of mutes is likely to result from the union—just a few days ago—of William J. Andrews, chief announcer of the NBC coast studios and Helen Musselman, NBC dramatic actress.

**Hookup.** Another announcer fulfilled honorable intentions the other day when James Begley, of WCAU-CBS, wed the winsome Sally Sickles, in Philadelphia.

**Coming Up.** Neal Barrett of KOMA, Oklahoma, has recovered from a minor operation.

**Meter.** Another year has just been added by Bernard Garland, announcer with the Mason-Dixon station WGAL.

**Meter.** Modest Harry Steele, the newscaster, cast no news about his August 12

birthday. All five of his swell daughters spread the word, however.

**Meter.** John Fogarty, the ether-singer whose rich voice rattles the chandeliers, ages it one year more on August 19. He is a horse-and-dog man, who loves to lope virilely over the wildwood with a gun, looking for birds to shoot.

**Meter.** Eddie Guest, mellowing his muse another year on August 20, is quiet and popular around the studios.

**Meter.** Billy Idelson of the "Vic and Sade" programs greets another year—on August 21—without having to worry with television, which he fears. Says he'll have to memorize his lines when television comes, and he dreads this. Yet he wants to be a movie star. He's another outdoor gent who rides, fishes and hunts.

Programs to Be Heard

## Thursday, August 23

Continued from Preceding Page

8:30 p.m. EDT 7:30 EST  
CBS—Leith Stevens' Harmonies; WABC WOKO WNAC WDRC WLBZ WCAU WJAS WJSV  
NBC—Melodies Romanticque; WJZ KDKA WBAL  
WBZ—Edmond Boucher, basso  
WHAM—Behind the Headlines  
8:45 p.m. EDT 7:45 EST  
KDKA—Al and Pete  
WHAM—Melodies Romanticque (NBC)  
9:00 p.m. EDT 8:00 EST  
★ NBC—Captain Henry's Show Boat; Lanny Ross, tenor; WEAF WEEL WRC WGY WRVA WCHS WFI WTIC  
CBS—Bar X Days and Nights; WABC WNAC WDRC WCAU WLBZ WJSV WJAS  
★ NBC—Death Valley Days, dramat; WJZ WMAL KDKA WBAL WHAM WBZ WLW  
WOR—Rod and Gun Club  
9:15 p.m. EDT 8:15 EST  
WOR—Pauline Alpert, pianist  
9:30 p.m. EDT 8:30 EST  
★ CBS—Tite Guizar, tenor; WABC WNAC WDRC WJAS WOKO WJSV WCAU WLBZ  
KDKA—Squire Hawkins  
WLW—Show Boat (NBC)

WOR—Cal Tinney's Shindig  
9:45 p.m. EDT 8:45 EST  
CBS—"Fats" Waller's Rhythm Club; WABC WCAU WOKO WLBZ WJAS WNAC WJSV WDRC  
WOR—Willard Robison, Nocturne  
10:00 p.m. EDT 9:00 EST  
NBC—Parade of the Provinces; WJZ WMAL WBAL WHAM WBZ KDKA  
★ NBC—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra; Al Jolson; WEAF WCHS WFI WGY WLW WRC WEEL WTIC  
CBS—BORDEN'S PRESENTS FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD; Previews of Best Current Pictures; Screen Stars in Person; Hollywood Music by Mark Warnow; Gossip by Cal York; WABC WCAU WJAS WOKO WDRC WNAC WJSV  
ABS—Archie Bleyer's Orch.; WIP WRVA—Mirth Parade  
10:15 p.m. EDT 9:15 EST  
ABS—Milton Kellon's Orchestra; WIP WOR—Harlan Read, Current Events  
WRVA—Evening Musicales

10:30 p.m. EDT 9:30 EST  
NBC—Echoes of the Palisades; WJZ WMAL WBAL WBZ KDKA WHAM  
ABS—Eli Dantzig's Orch.; WIP WOR—Frank Stuart's Orchestra  
WRVA—Dance Orchestra  
10:45 p.m. EDT 9:45 EST  
CBS—The Playboys; WABC WOKO WAAB WLW WCAU WJAS WDRC WJSV  
WNAC—Sports; Musical Rhymester  
11:00 p.m. EDT 10:00 EST  
NBC—Your Lover, songs; WEAF  
NBC—Jack Berger's Orchestra; WFI WTIC WRC WCHS  
CBS—Vera Van, songs; WABC WAAB WDRC WOKO WJAS WJSV  
NBC—Don Bestor's Orchestra; WJZ WBAL WRVA WHAM  
KDKA—Sports Slants  
WBZ—Old Farmers' Almanac  
WCAU—Alan Scott  
WEEL—Baseball Scores; Current Events  
WGY—Bob Grant's Orchestra

WLW—Larry Lee's Orchestra  
WNAC—News  
WOR—Eli Dantzig's Orchestra  
11:15 p.m. EDT 10:15 EST  
NBC—Don Bestor's Orchestra; WJZ WMAL KDKA  
CBS—Ferde Grofe's Orchestra; WABC WDRC WLBZ WNAC WJAS WOKO WJSV  
NBC—Jack Berger's Orchestra; WEAF WEEL  
WCAU—Jan Savitt's Orchestra  
WGY—Musical Program  
WHAM—News  
11:30 p.m. EDT 10:30 EST  
NBC—Freddie Berrens' Orchestra; WEAF WFI WTIC WEEL WCHS  
NBC—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra; WJZ WHAM WBAL WMAL WRVA WBZ  
ABS—Blue Rhythm Band; WIP KDKA—Dance Orchestra  
WCAU—Ferde Grofe's Orchestra  
WGY—Ray Nichols' Orchestra  
WLW—Juvenile Experiences  
WOR—Roger van Duzer's Orchestra

11:45 p.m. EDT 10:45 EST  
CBS—Henry Busse's Orchestra; WABC WNAC WOKO WLBZ WDRC WCAU  
12:00 Mid. EDT 11:00 p.m. EST  
NBC—Ralph Kirbery, baritone (5 Min.); WEAF WEEL WFI WGY  
NBC—Mills' Blue Rhythm Band; WEAF WEEL WGY WFI  
CBS—Joe Reichman's Orchestra; WABC WCAU WNAC WOKO WJAS WJSV  
★ NBC—Milwaukee Philharmonic Orchestra; WJZ WRVA WMAL WBAL WBZ KDKA WHAM  
ABS—Bob Fallon's Orchestra; WIP WLW—News; Los Amigos  
WOR—Eddie Lane's Orchestra  
12:15 a.m. EDT 11:15 p.m. EST  
ABS—Johnny Johnson's Orch.; WIP  
12:30 a.m. EDT 11:30 p.m. EST  
CBS—Enoch Light's Orchestra; WABC WJSV WCAU WNAC WOKO  
NBC—Shep Field's Orchestra; WEAF WGY WFI WEEL  
NBC—Dancing in the Twin Cities; WJZ KDKA WBZ WHAM WHAL WRVA WMAL  
ABS—Benny Goodman's Orch.; WIP  
12:45 a.m. EDT 11:45 p.m. EST  
ABS—Sacarras' Orchestra; WIP









# One-Crime Dillinger

(Continued from Page 11)

were Leidy's wife and three children, and all soft thoughts of home and rest.

At 5600 Broadway—a small cafe—they were met at the sidewalk by Henry Ramirez, the proprietor.

"They went north!" he cried. "They took my night's receipts! Two men in a black coupe! My three dollars they got and—"

The man's voice was lost to them as the car tore ahead. Northward, Tucker drove it. He and Leidy were scrutinizing every car when—"Calling Car 32 . . . came the announcer's monotone. "Calling Car 32 . . . Go to 3310 South San Pedro Street. Two bandits in a coupe in a gun-fight with an officer in a restaurant."

"That's Smith's Restaurant!" roared Tucker, as he swung the screaming car through the streets. "And I'll bet they're the same two guys we're looking for—the two who just stuck up Ramirez' place!"

What had happened to the man who wanted to be Dillinger?

"Looks like a car, away up ahead," said Tucker, feeding her all the gas she would take.

"Doesn't look like a coupe to me, though," roared Leidy in reply, as the shadowy form in the road ahead began to take definite shape.

By now the radio car driven by Tucker had come very close. Through their windshield, Leidy and Tucker were scrutinizing the sedan ahead very carefully.

"That can't be our men," said Tucker. "They were in a coupe."

"Yeah," agreed Leidy. "And besides, there are three men in this one—and they don't seem to be in a hurry. I guess they're O.K." And then some police sixth sense must have warned him, for he changed his mind. "I don't know, though," he added. "Somehow they look like wrong guys to me. You can't tell—they may have switched cars. I'm going to shake them down anyway."

"Oke," said Tucker, and expertly he swung Radio Car 32 alongside, forcing the sedan to the curb. Leidy leaped out, sprang to the running-board of the sedan. Tucker covered the driver with his .38.

For a moment there was a pause in which no one said a word—the calm before the storm. Then: "What have you

got there?" Tucker heard Leidy shout.

In the next split-second all hell broke loose, as the big bandit opened fire . . .

The thin-lipped bandit had copied his hero, Dillinger. He had killed a cop. But there were brave men left on the force, and it was this thug's tough luck that one of them faced him now.

Tucker opened fire. The driver jerked. His foot slipped, and spasmodically he kicked the accelerator. The engine in the sedan roared, and the car climbed drunkenly over the curb.

This was enough of a hint for the slim thug in the front seat. He grabbed the wheel.

A moment later the door beside the driver's seat flew open, and a man came tumbling into the road. "Don't shoot!" he cried. "I'm not a bandit!" And the sedan, still spitting lead, lurched back into the road, and roared away through the dark.

Tucker darted to the still form in the road. He listened very briefly to the man's gasped story.

He was a musician named Myers, whose car and services had been commandeered.

Then Tucker sped to the nearest telephone pay station where he reported the shooting to Headquarters and asked for an ambulance. The ambulance was for Myers, whose spine had stopped a police bullet.

About this time Tucker noticed that his own right arm had been hit. But he let that go as just a detail.

Meanwhile, the bandits had escaped. Once again, the night had swallowed them. Had outraged society no weapon which could pierce the darkness and track them down? The answer came swiftly and dramatically—in the form of a general police radio alarm from the tower at City Hall:

"Calling all cars . . . calling all cars in University division. Calling all cars . . . From north, south, east and west they came.

"Calling Car 33—calling Car 33. Go to Thirty-Third and San Pedro."

"Calling Car 34—calling Car 34. Go to Thirty-Third and Main."

Car after car was directed to a definite corner by that calm radio voice . . .

Suddenly the bandit car was spotted in a dark alley at Thirty-Seventh and Main

Streets. Almost instantly the tower voice spoke:

"Calling all cars, calling all cars in the University division. Bandit car located in alley at Thirty-Seventh and Main Streets. Close in."

Like hawks swooping, the police cars surrounded the entire block. Uniformed men leaped out. A house-to-house search began. Scores of policemen swarmed through back-yards, flashed their torches along lanes, under shrubbery. Scores more of patrolmen and detectives, summoned by radio, poured into the district. Not one square inch of that block must be left unsearched.

And then—a patrolman saw something move—high up in a tree.

"I've got one of them!" he shouted. "He's in that tree!"

Out of the darkness a dozen policemen came running. Lights were focussed on the tree; guns pointed at the terror-stricken man who clung there. Then slowly a thin man climbed to the ground.

Scarcely had he been seized when the swaggering, cruel-faced youth who had wanted to be the new Dillinger was Jragged, whining from a clump of weeds behind which he had been skulking.

"What's your name—who are you?" a dozen voices demanded of the two men.

"McDonald," moaned the smaller man. "Jean Paul McDonald." He was 26, the father of two small children. At first he claimed that the bigger thug had compelled him to drive the car, but when a gun was found in the front seat, he broke down and admitted his part in the hold-ups. McDonald had no police record—had not fired the shots which killed Leidy, he said. He was out of work with those two babies to keep. For him, the police had a certain pitying contempt. But for his partner they had a different attitude.

"What's your name?" they barked at him.

"Harry Wilson." The big fellow shrank away from the light of a dozen flashlights focussed on him. He denied any part in the slaying of Leidy—even when a detective recognized him as a paroled convict. But then Tucker, who not long ago had peered at his face through the gloom over gunights, stepped forward. Wilson wilted. He tried to sink to his knees, but half a dozen stout arms forced him to

stand upright and face the sad, stern eyes of the man who had seen his buddy shot dead by his side.

"I did it! I did it!" Wilson broke. "I don't deserve to live. Let the dead officer's partner shoot me!"

Thus came to a close the one-crime-career of the man who wanted to be Dillinger.

Wilson and McDonald were taken before a coroner's jury, where Wilson admitted having shot the officer to escape capture. The formal charges brought against them before trial are: Murder, one count of kidnaping, three of robbery and two of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. For them life is blighted with a terrible stigma—even if they are not called upon to pay the supreme penalty for their crimes.

## In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE On the Trail of Three-Gun Stein

Hold-up was his racket. Adhesive-tape binding upon all his victims was his invariable clue. Murder was his side-line. He flourished—until he was brought short by Radio, the Defender of Law. Read his astounding exploits in Radio Guide, dated Week Ending September 1.

## Uncle Ezra

The Old Jumping Jenny Wren  
—Himself—



The Old Man with the Young Ideas  
Full of Pep—and Rarin' to Go

Every Saturday Nite

## The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Hear it over  
24 NBC STATIONS  
COAST-to-COAST

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Cumberland Ridge Runners, Linda Parker, Maple City Four, Spare Ribs, Lulu Belle, Hoosier Hot Shots, Uncle Ezra, Mac and Bob, Louise Massey and the West-erners. A rollicking program of old time singing, dancing and homespun fun. Brought to you direct from WLS, Chicago every Saturday night over station

WJZ-WBZ

10:30 P.M. E.D.S.T.  
sponsored By Alka Seltzer

## Ask Mr. Fairfax

A RADIO TUBE'S life will be lengthened by having an efficient ground and aerial, as the strain in building up weak signals is lessened. A radio tube of good make should give 1,000 hours' service. (For L. L. B., Estherville, Ia.)

WAYNE KING and his wife are not Jewish. Mrs. King's maiden name was Dorothy Jones, and she is a former movie star. Her picture name was Janis. (For Mrs. A. Winne, Albany, N. Y.)

FRANK PARKER is of Italian-English parentage. (For Margaret Williams, Springdale, Wis.)

PHILLIPS LORD, we understand, will not be on the air for a while. (For James Jones, Quebec, Can.)

FRANK PRINCE is about 26 years old, measures 6 feet 1-inch, weighs about 147 pounds, was born in Oak Park, Ill., and attended the U. of Wis. He is married. (For A. Fan, Wilmington, O.)

NELLIE REVELLE interviews movie and radio stars on Tuesdays at 1:45 p. m. and Fridays at 4:15 p. m. EDT, over the NBC network. (For Mrs. W. A. R.)

DRURY LANE, who sings over station KNX, is married to Doris Malloy, well-known scenario writer. He is about 35 years old. Real name is Drury Lenington. Has a happy-go-lucky disposition. Prefers Irish songs, but can sing anything. Born near Pittsburgh, likes tennis and swimming. Barbara Jo Allen plays the part of Beth Holly in "One Man's Family" and

Winifred Wolfe plays the part of Teddy. (For M. B., Spokane, Wash.)

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE will be back on the air in the fall. No definite date has been set. (For Anne L. Baldwin, West Liberty, Ia.)

RUBE TRONSON is no longer with WLS, and as his personnel changes quite frequently, it would be hard to say who his saxophone player is. (For Mrs. B. O'Brian, Cavour, S. D.)

ROSALINE GREENE is the speaking Mary Lou on the Show Boat program. Allyn Joslyn is not on the air regularly at present. He takes part in different dramas at irregular times. (For M. R. W., Port Washington, N. Y.)

RADIO GUIDE'S first issue appeared on the news-stands October 29, 1931. Eddie Cantor will be sponsored by Lehn and Fink, the makers of Pebecco toothpaste. Joe Penner will be back on the air in the fall. (For Melvin Neiman, Pottstown, Pa.)

COLE COLEMAN—Sorry we don't know whether he used to sing with Charley Boulanger. (For R. C., Fort Pierce, Florida.)

GENE AUSTIN is not at KFI at present. (For S. G., Auburn, Calif.)

RUTH ETTING—The issue in which her picture appeared under the MIKESCOPE can be obtained by sending five cents to our office. (For C. A. J., S. Norwalk, Conn.)

JOHNNY DAVIS and VIRGIL DAVIS of Fred Waring's Band are brothers. Virgil's nickname is "Stinky." (For J. D., Galesburg, Ill.)

BEN BERNIE's theme song is "It's A Lonesome Old Town When You're Not Around." Address him in care of NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. The part of Spencer Dean in the *Eno Crime Clues* stories is taken by Edward Reese, Jack McBryde plays the part of Dan Cassidy. Yes, Fred Waring and his band are all dressed up when they broadcast from the stage. (For Miss Shirley Belfield, Pater-son, N. J.)

TICKETS to broadcasts of programs having audiences may be obtained by writing to the network over which you hear the program. The addresses of NBC in New York and Chicago are 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, and Merchandise Mart, Chicago. The CBS studios are located at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. (For J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

LUTHER OSSENBRINK, better known as the *Arkansas Woodchopper*, is 5 feet 11 inches tall, has wavy blond hair, blue eyes, and is not married. His birthday is March 2, and he is 27 years old. *Baby Rose Marie* will no doubt return to the air in the fall. (For XYZ Listener, Harris-burg, Ill.)

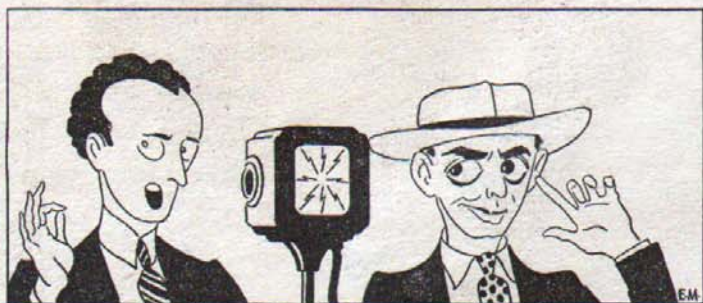
FRED WARING's office is at 1697 Broadway, New York City, and possibly you might obtain pictures of the members of his band by sending 25c for each picture desired. (For J. N., Winona, Minn.)

**RADIO GUIDE** is paying  
**\$100 A WEEK**  
 FOR LAST LINES TO

# RADIO JINGLES

try your skill-it's free!

CAN YOU WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS?



The radio programs have done  
 A great deal to bring folks fine fun,  
 But if asked who did most,  
 I'd say "Cantor" and boast

Write your last line here

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

### Winners of Jingle No. 2

There's a pair on the air we all know,  
 Who spread laughter wherever they go;  
 Burns and Allen's their name,  
 And folks say they're the same

**1st Prize \$25** Miss Selma Tollefson,  
 Minneapolis, Minn.

"Model downs with 'extreme-line' 'air flow'!"

**2nd Prize \$15** Miss Clare Wold,  
 Oak Terrace, Minn.

"As the crazy-bone in your elbow!"

**3rd Prize \$10** R. V. Brown, R. R. 9,  
 Rockford, Ill.

"Though Gracie's brains  
 are incognito."

### \$5.00 Prizes:

Mrs. Chas. Bedford  
 Lithia Springs, Ga.  
 E. E. Meyers  
 Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Miss M. E. Claxton  
 New York, N. Y.  
 Laura A. Thomas  
 Waltham, Mass.  
 Bernard H. Levy  
 New Orleans, La.

Wouldn't you like to win some of this easy money! Just write a last line to the Jingle No. 4 printed above. Send it to "Jingles," Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. You can write it on the coupon or on a separate piece of paper or a post card. One hundred dollars goes to the winners!

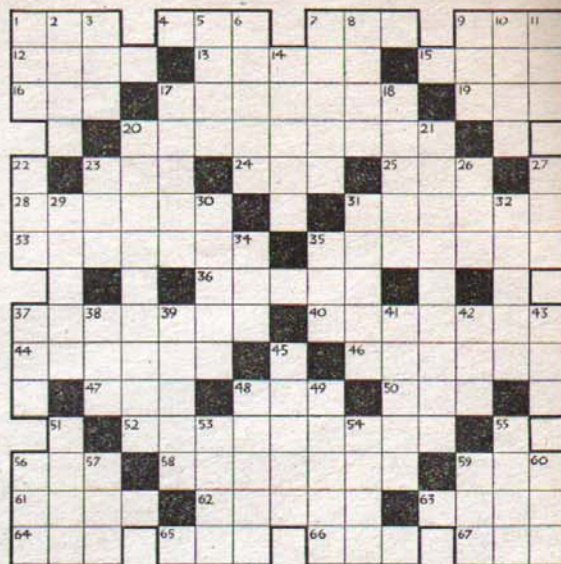
### THE RULES:

- Each week until further notice, Radio Guide will print an unfinished "Radio Jingle." You are invited to write the last line for the Jingle. Write anything you wish. The last line must rhyme with the first two lines.
- Radio Guide will pay \$100.00 in cash prizes each week for the best last lines submitted for the Jingle published that week. (See Prize List below.)
- You may send in as many answers as you wish. Try to be clever. Originality will count. Neatness will count.
- Mail your answers to "Jingles," Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. Answers for this week's Jingle must be in by 10 A.M., Friday, August 24th. Winners will be announced in Radio Guide as soon thereafter as possible.
- This offer is open to everyone except employees of Radio Guide and their families. Answers will be judged by a committee appointed by Radio Guide. The committee's judgement will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be given.
- The use of the coupon in Radio Guide is suggested but not required. You may write your last line on the coupon or on a post card or on any other piece of paper. Radio Guide may be examined at its offices or at public libraries free.

### THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize ..... \$25.00  
 2nd Prize ..... 15.00  
 3rd Prize ..... 10.00  
 Next 10 Prizes \$5.00 each ..... 50.00  
 Total ..... \$100.00

## Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle



### DEFINITIONS

- HORIZONTAL**
- One of the nationwide broadcasting systems
  - United States Mail (abbrev.)
  - Secret agent
  - The Spider's "parlor"
  - Horse feed
  - General Station term for spaghetti, noodles, etc.
  - Song by one voice
  - The other nationwide broadcasting system
  - A dance sensation
  - Last name is Perkins
  - Rendered fertile
  - Claire
  - A busy insect
  - Corrupt Spanish for aunt; as — Juana
  - Bends low
  - Also spelt Cashmere and Kashmir; the flowery country
  - Routes
  - One of Ben Bernie's double superlatives
  - Softest of down
  - Assaults
  - You need a chauffeur with this car
  - Keyed musical instruments
  - The town where Bing Crosby was born
  - Nervous ailment
  - Royal Air Force
  - Still
  - Funny fellows
  - False hair
  - Quiet
  - A yard and a quarter
  - Girl's name
  - Morning devotion
- VERTICAL**
- Look over
  - Infant
  - Student Training Corps
  - Piece of Timber
  - Cap'n Henry's wife
  - Ill-smelling animal
  - Agreement
  - Newark broadcasting station
  - Spirit
  - Male child
  - Omens

### SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD PUZZLE



The solution to this puzzle will be published in next week's issue, in which you will find another absorbing puzzle

## The Cover Girl

Lee Wiley had a hunch, so she hopped aboard a nonstop rattler from Fort Gibson to New York. All she possessed was a small grip containing an extra set of "unmentionables" and a tooth brush, but she still retained the feeling that she could become a radio singer. Her portrait on the cover of this week's Radio Guide bears testimony to the fact that the lass has cashed in on her belief. Lee's plaintive voice intrigued the broadcasting moguls, and in less than two years she became a featured radio entertainer. Her deep tones are heard every Friday at 10:30 p. m. EDT, over an NBC-WFAF network. Her mother and dad taught in the Oklahoma State Normal College, and Lee

was scheduled to follow in their footsteps —until fate took a hand and altered her destiny. She graduated from the Muskogee high school and entered the University of Oklahoma, where she took a teaching course. Suddenly Lee discovered that she could sing! Lee's greatest thrill since becoming a radio star was broadcasting with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the course of a series terminated by Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration to the Presidency. Lee writes musical compositions of her own. "South in My Soul" is one of hers, also "Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere." Another composition, "My Indian Love Song," has been adopted by the Campfire Girls of America.

# Radio Guide

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRAMS and PERSONALITIES

# KATE SMITH

*As She Appears Under the*

## MIKEroscope

*By Lee Mortimer*



KATE SMITH

RADIO GUIDE will place some celebrity *Under the MIKEroscope* every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the nineteenth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to RADIO GUIDE a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish. Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity *Under the MIKEroscope* in RADIO GUIDE next week.

**K**ate Smith, the Songbird of the South, celebrated her 25th birthday this year, and in starting her second quarter-century she declared that she intends to go even further than heretofore in show business. Kate has been singing ever since she was a baby although she did not become a professional until eight years ago. She never practised, never had a lesson, but that enormous chest and lungs of hers provided from the start a voice of unusual power and sweetness.

Kate is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs well over 200 pounds. Just how much more, is a matter of conjecture, because the press and public never has been let in on that secret. Like most stoutish people, Kate is forever in a good humor.

She was christened Kathryn Elizabeth, and always called Kathryn until a show-manager cut it down to Kate to save electric light bulbs on the marquee.

Her fair hair is permanently waved. She wears tortoise shell rest glasses away from the stage. Her eyes are small, her teeth lovely and white. She owns seven different kinds of tooth-brushes, one for each day of the week. They are kept in a sterilizer in her bathroom.

Kate's father was a doctor. The family expected her to be a nurse. She was in training for two years in a Washington Hospital.

While she sang for the patients at one of the hospital benefits, Eddie Dowling, the actor-producer, heard her. He went wildly enthusiastic about her voice and put her in his show, "Honeymoon Lane." She clicked.

Kate doesn't believe in early marriages. That's why she's single. Early marriages fill the divorce courts, she says. Her life's ambition is to own a house complete with a piano, electric ice-box, garden, husband and a few kids.

She keeps regular hours, getting into bed every night by two and sleeping eight hours—lying on her stomach. In winter she wears satin nighties, but during the sultry summers she leaves everything off. That's why she usually comes down with a summer cold, she says.

Kate bites her finger-nails, adores frosted chocolates, and never eats green vegetables or fish. She's never tasted liquor or smoked.

For relaxation she goes to ball games and prize fights. She plays tennis, despite her weight—and loves it. Backgammon also is an enthusiasm of hers; she finds the game more suitable to her. She drives her own car, and swims.

Kate developed the fan-mail business to a science. She was one of the first radio stars to encourage it by making public comments concerning the requests sent her. She gets thousands of letters, and reads them all. She is very sincere. Always she means every word she says over the mike.

All of Kate's clothes are ready-made, except her evening dresses. These are produced for her from special designs. She likes black and white.

Kate is active in NRA work, serving as chairman of the National NRA radio, stage and screen division.

She seldom gets angry, but it is true she rose in righteous indignation at the picture of her published in a New York daily, captioned "from left to right, Kate Smith."

## Flying Stars

By Charles Remson

**I**t seems only fitting that stars who are on the air should spend some of their time *in* the air, and perhaps that is why so many top-flight radio performers have learned how to pilot their own planes. As a consequence, radio has a flying aristocracy.

From the whir of a propeller, and the whistle of the upper winds, the great Paul Whiteman has learned to find inspiration for conducting the more modern, machine-age type of new music.

At Chicago, Noble Cain flies regularly across the lower end of Lake Michigan, to and from his summer home at Hastings, Michigan. Cain is a real, air-scarred warrior, too—for just about a year ago he wrecked his machine and broke his leg.

Whether Richard Crooks likes to sing in his bath is a secret he will not divulge—but rich-toned Richard

does admit that the high altitudes in which he pilots his plane fill him with an exhilaration that bursts forth in spontaneous song—even when he can't hear his own voice above the roar of the motor!

Buddy Rogers is another aeronaut who has enjoyed the thrill of managing the controls—though Buddy hasn't made a constant practice of it. Harry Richman, William Daly, Andy Sanella—all can bring 'em up and put 'em down again, safe on terra firma.

Edna Kellogg, NBC soprano and former Metropolitan Opera star, is a pilot, and so are Gene Austin, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Frank Gill, William Demling, John Holbrook, James Wallington, Frank Parker, Countess Olga Albani, Will Rogers, Frank Trumbauer, Jane Froman and Gene Kretzinger (husband of Marge of "Myrt and Marge") who once landed in a Kansas cyclone.

### In Next Week's Issue: Children of the Air

*The Truth About Radio's Future Greats*  
By Milton J. Cross  
(Famous NBC Announcer)

### A Comedian Takes a Holiday

*What Really Happens When a Funny Man  
Takes Time Off—Funnier Adventures  
Than Most Since These Are the  
Revelations of Jack Pearl*



*The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves*

*They Taste Better!*

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company