RADIO VARIETIES

MAY-1940 THE MIDWEST EDITION TEN CENTS

Chuck Acree, who conducts "Everybody's Hour" on WLS each Sunday at 8:00 A. M.

IN THIS ISSUE: A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS

One of the most amazing stars to flash across the radio firmament is America's Hope for Hilarity, that laugh-a-line star of vaudeville days—Bob Hope. He has become one of the leading gagsters on the air in such an unbelievably short time that old-timers like Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Fibber McGee are already looking to their laurels. A big thrill is in store for all Bob Hope fans starting May 17th for one week as he will appear on the stage of the Chicago Theatre with Professor Colonna, The Men Hunters "Brenda and Cobina" and Bob's wife Dolores Reed. This is "undubitably" the greatest array of stars ever to be presented on the stage of the Chicago Theatre.

An outstanding torch singer and one slated for the top is lovely blond Armide who warbles with Ben Pollack's Band, now appearing at the Hotel Sherman in Chi. Her arrangements on "All of Me" and "Spanish Town" are definitely out of this world.

Paramount signs NBC Stars: Bob Burns and Uncle Ezra have the top roles in Paramount's forthcoming picture "Comin' Round the Mountain" with Bill Thompson in his "Old Timer" character he does on the Fibber McGee radio show and Harold Peary cast in his radio portrayal of "Gildersleeve."

Arturo Toscanini will conduct a special concert with the NBC Symphony Orchestra in Constitution Hall, Washington, D. C., Tuesday, May 14, in honor of delegates attending the Eight American Scientific Congress. On May 31, the orchestra will sail from New York for a series of 16 concerts in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay.

Louise Massey and the Westerners, heard on Plantation Party, took their first vacation in three years early in May. Louise and husband, Milt Mabie, went to Hot Springs, Ark. Larry Wellington packed up and headed for New York and Broadway. Curt and Allen Massey grabbed a fishing rod and went to the wilds of Wisconsin.

Keep your ears open for the melodious melodies that'll be pouring out of NBC transmitters as soon as that new discovery, Lee Childs, makes her debut. She's James Stirton's discovery and he swears by her—says she's definitely a movie possibility because she's tops as actress and singer.

RANSOM SHERMAN

In the spring an NBC comedian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of gardening, but Ransom Sherman's so busy writing three NBC Club Matinee shows a week, m.c.'ing the same and preparing for his first golf game on June 15, that he hasn't time for a full-size garden. Consequently, he satisfies the primeval urge by concentrating on one sprout. With the aid of a water dropper for a sprinkling can and a reading glass, he manages to farm without too much exertion. Many a time and oft he may be heard giving garden hints during the coming spring season during his 3:00 to 4:00 p.m. CDST appearances over the NBC—Blue network.

Advice from Kitty Keene; Gail Henshaw, star of Kitty Keene recently spoke to a group of high school girls and was confronted with the question, "How can I get into Radio?" Her advice was: Just because someone says you have a lovely voice don't leap for an audition when they say you should be on the air. Stop and think about your personality, forgetting about your voice. Can you be natural and talk from the heart—rather than from the script? Can you convince yourself that voice is not the important thing, but that simplicity and naturalness are vital to a radio actress?"

Newest member of Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten class is the phenomenally torchy songster, Betty Barrett. Coming to NBC from St. Louis several months ago, Betty's 14-year-old voice has been a near sensation in NBC program department circles. She will play the role of Gloriana Pemberton in Prof. August (Bruce Kamman) Kaltenmeyer's class.

And speaking of youngsters, reminds us that NBC Director George Voutsas' discoveries—the Dinning Sisters—are also going up the radio ladder at a rapid clip. Two of the sisters—Jean and Ginger—are 15-year-old twins. The third is 17-year-old Lou. All three are special students with Miss Barrett at the University School for Girls in Chicago.

Marvel Maxwell, one of the sweetest girls Radio Varieties knows, has just been named "America's Ideal Granddaughter" by the Grandmothers' Club of America. She's that "Beat the Band" singer with Ted Weems' orchestra.

Babies galore arrived at NBC in recent weeks. "Beat the Band" cast members alone were responsible for three—M. C. Garry Moore, Perry Como and Elmo Tanner all bragging about new arrivals. Then DeWitt McBride of Affairs of Anthony and Tom Mix passed out cigars while bragging about the fact that there is now a DeWitt McBride, Jr. Floyd Holm of the Escorts and Betty is walking the floors nights with a new daughter, too.

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MAY, 1940

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THE LOMBARDO BROTHERS — Liebert, Guy, Carmen and Victor.

THE LOMBARDOS STICK TOGETHER

Guy Lombardo's sensational success can be traced to three beliefs. First of all, in the musical ability of his family; second, in the possibilities of radio; and finally, in sweet music.

From the very beginning, his brothers were members of his band. The Lombardo orchestra made its debut when Guy was 12 years old. It wasn't a large band — in fact, it had only three members. Carmen who was 11 played the flute and Fritz Kreitzer, a neighbor kid played the piano. This initial public appearance was merely playing at the Mother's Club back in London, Ontario where the Lombardos were born. Even at that novice stage there must have been happy indications of the band that was to hit the top and stay there for nine consecutive years because the club members who had invited them to play was later instrumental in arranging the offer at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York, the engagement that firmly established them.

After this first effort, Guy augmented his musical forces with brother Liebert on drums and Victor on the saxophone. The Lombardos were soon playing local dates at $15.00 a night. Their first regular engagement was in 1918 at a park five miles from London and the following summer they played at Port Stangley Casino on Lake Erie.

It is a matter of record that an orchestra leader offered Guy a trumpet player and two saxophones for Liebert. But Guy's loyality is steadfast. He even admits that there are better voices in radio than Carmen's but his singing as well as his sax playing has the Lombardo rhythm.

For a number of years, Guy has held fast to his belief that radio is THE medium as far as establishing a band is concerned. The Lombardo band made its debut over a Cleveland station, WTAM. The boys had been playing the Keith and Pantages circuit but when they reached Cleveland, the act folded. There was just cause for panic among the Lombardo forces for parental pressure to return home was becoming more and more insistant. There had been threats of coming after them and with this mishap, it was inevitable. It was time for strategy and true leader that he is, Guy conceived a line of action.

He went to the good natured, understanding manager of WTAM and asked to go on the air — without pay. It is easy to guess the answer and Guy wired home a rather ambiguous message along these lines. "Listen in for we are radio artists now." Mother and Dad were pleased and impressed — agreeable and convinced.

When the boys got a job at the Claremont, a Cleveland night club, Guy remembered what one radio broadcast had done for them, so he went back to WTAM and inquired the cost of running a wire to the Claremont and broadcasting his music from there. The answer was a simple and emphatic: "Never will you live to see the day when WTAM broadcasts from a night club."

Undaunted, Guy and the Royal Canadians added an hour to their 12 hour schedule and went to the station to broadcast.

Carmen says "Every musician in town laughed at us for appearing on the radio every day for nothing but there was no intimidating Guy; he made us stick it out all winter."

Slowly the boys began to click. Dancers who had originally turned away from the Claremont because they could not possibly understand or dance to the Royal Canadians' rhythm were being educated via the radio to this new, haunting music and business increased night after night.

Just how many radio fans they had was proved that spring. A dance committee from a small town near Cleveland offered Guy $200 and 60% of the gate receipts for an evening's engagement. Guy wanted to be safe and sure; he asked for $250 in cash and settled for $225. People who had been hearing his music on the radio swarmed to hear and see the boys; the receipts were overwhelming. The band's cut would have been $2,100.

After the Claremont, the boys went to the Lake Road Inn and followed this with a successful run at the Music Box. They were now Cleveland's leading dance band.

The Granada in Chicago was the next stop on the Lombardo trip to fame and fortune. The club was almost broke and music played by an unknown orchestra did not help matters any. But Guy was resourceful. He remembered what radio had done on former occasions. He confided in the boss, with whom he had become very friendly, and persuaded him to approach the station there with the proposition of their broadcasting from the restaurant. The station manager consented with reluctance; it was an unknown band and might be pretty bad. He need not have worried. Almost overnight, the Royal Canadians became famous; and the Granada prosperous — as a result of radio.

Word of their Chicago successes was spread to New York and the Hotel Roosevelt offer resulted. Guy and the boys were elated and scared. They did not know just how New York would accept their brand of music. There was just cause for anxiety. The New York dance crowd could not dance to this new brand of rhythm. But the haunting, lifting cadences intrigued them and history slowly

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A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS

(Amateur announcers and entertainers get a real chance, a guaranteed appearance over a 50,000 watt radio station, through this unique plan of Prairie Farmer-WLS Community Service—and incidentally, clubs, lodges and churches make money on the idea.)

PHIL KALAR

Phil Kalar manages Prairie Farmer-WLS Community Service, Inc., non-profit corporation staging home talent imitations of the famous WLS National Barn Dance for local organizations wanting to make money for community purposes.

Nobody is asked for any contributions; yet organizations throughout the Mid-West are daily raising money for building funds, milk funds, hospital equipment, band uniforms, Boy Scouts and other community activities. Raising these funds is not work, but a lot of fun — and in the past five years, more than 2,000,000 Midwesterners have had a part in this fun. How do they do it?

They raise their money by staging an imitation of America's oldest, continuous radio program, the WLS National Barn Dance.

Five years ago, Prairie Farmer-WLS Community Service was incorporated as a non-profit organization by Prairie Farmer and radio station WLS, Chicago, to help local groups sponsor community talent performances patterned after the WLS National Barn Dance.

In the five years the WLS Home Talent Department has been aiding the fund-raising campaigns of local organizations, there have been over 2,000 WLS Home Talent shows in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Kentucky and Ohio. Each show usually runs three nights, and more than 2,000,000 people have seen them.

One of the first purposes of Prairie-Farmer-WLS Community Service is to get country folk and city folk better acquainted and working together. How well this Home Talent show plan has succeeded in this can be seen in the attendance at the shows, attendance far in excess of the town's population. In Lowell, Illinois, for example, the Lundy Memorial Association produced a WLS Home Talent show in a tent. For three nights they sold every seat in the tent and every bit of standing room to a total attendance of more than 1,000—yet the population of Lowell is a mere 76 people! Lake Zurich, Illinois, with a population of 368, turned out an attendance of 2,000 people in three nights.

The principal reason for this excess of attendance over population, of course, is that the country people for miles around drive in to see the imitations of their radio favorites, stars of the WLS National Barn Dance. But another reason lies in the fact that so many people want to take part in these Home Talent shows that all three nights of the show are different, thus giving everyone a chance. Some people attend the shows all three nights. Frequently as many as 50% of the last-night audience have seen the show one or both nights previously.

Amateur entertainers, too, make a practice joining these Home Talent Show casts time after time. The cast in each town runs from about 75 to 150, which means that about 200,000 individuals have been given a chance to show their abilities in WLS shows. Practically every kind of talent is included. Square dance groups, string bands, guitar players, singers, yodelers and imitators of popular WLS artists are standard, of course.

Some of these entertainers drive as much as 100 miles to take part as a "guest" in a favorite director's show. Some have appeared in more than 200 Prairie Farmer-WLS Home Talent shows, having driven 7,000 to 8,000 miles at their own expense to do so. One couple in Madison, Wisconsin, drove their six-year-old twin daughters clear to Barrington, Illinois, paying board and room for three days, just so the twins might get the experience of appearing in the Barrington show.

One of the chief incentives for participating is that one act from each show is guaranteed an opportunity to broadcast over WLS, Chicago — and the opportunity to be heard on a 50,000-watt radio station is not to be taken lightly. In the five years of the WLS Home Talent shows, more than 4,000 individuals have been given an opportunity to broadcast over WLS. Some of them have gone on to professional careers in radio and vaudeville.

A typical cast from a typical Prairie Farmer-WLS Home Talent show, massed against a stage backdrop hung with corn and harness, the stage itself trimmed with baled hay, straw and kegs. This is a show at Homewood, Illinois, sponsored by the Rotary Club. Note the Uncle Ezra imitator at the front of the stage (left).

Rusty Gill, vocal soloist and guitar player with the Hoosier Sodbusters on WLS, was discovered through Home Talent shows. Cowboy Bill Newcomb, formerly on WLS, is another, as is Essie Martin, of the Prairie Sweethearts, currently on WLS. "Little Alfalfa," of the Our Gang comedies, starred in WLS Home Talent shows before going to Hollywood and the screen.

The calibre of the winning entertainers selected for appearances on the Home Talent programs over WLS Saturday afternoons has been so high that Prairie Farmer-WLS Community Service now has an additional half hour on the Famous WLS National Barn Dance, 7 to 7:30 p. m. Saturdays. Four Home Talent acts from some one county are selected for each show. A leading citizen is called on to tell briefly about the farming, civic and business interests of the honored county. This is an all-Home Talent program, with only one regular WLS act on the show as guests of the amateurs.

The really unusual thing about the 2,000 Home Talent shows staged by Prairie Farmer-WLS Community Service is that no organizations are solicited to put on the shows. There are no booking agents. Each organization comes to WLS and asks for the show. Thus Prairie Farmer--WLS Community Service is one of few, if not the only organization, staging fun-raising performances from a purely service angle, with no profit to themselves.

Another novel feature of the WLS Home Talent shows is that no merchant is asked nor allowed to contribute money or merchandise. Neither is any merchant solicited for printed advertising on handbills, programs or tickets. WLS Home Talent shows have a novel merchant participation plan whereby the merchant receives more than advertising. An announcers contest is a part of the show. Merchants are allowed to enter announcers, giving their own commercial copy at the show. The merchant pays so much per word, but he receives full value in tickets to the show, tickets which he may resell, give to his employes or use as premiums to stimulate merchandise sales. If he sells his tickets, his announcement has cost him nothing. The winner announcer in each show also broadcasts over WLS, telling about his sponsor's store. Thus one merchant in each town where the merchant participation plan is used gets recognition over WLS, a 50,000 watt radio station, at no cost.

After an organization has contracted for a WLS Home Talent show and set the dates, one of the 16 WLS directors is assigned to that town. The director conducts auditions about a week before the show, then spends the rest of the time rehearsing the cast.

These directors are trained to enter into the community life. Frequently they report factional dissention in an organization at the start, but before the show is over, the whole group is working together as a single unit — and still unified a year later when the director may return to stage another show. For there are a lot of repeat engagements. Dozens of towns have had a WLS Home Talent program five years in a row — one a year since the plan was started — and several have already contracted for their sixth shows next year, in 1941!

POOR LITTLE GENEVIEVE

Poor Little Genevieve! She's only seven years old, but she is five feet four inches tall and weighs 225 pounds! Of course, she's funny to look at and even funnier to hear — for Little Genevieve is one and the same person as Otto, comedian of WLS National Barn Dance fame and a daily performer on WLS, Chicago.

Otto, whose real name is Ted Morse, has never had a last name for either of his two famous characters: Otto, the fat and funny German, nor Genevieve, his coy little miss.

Little Genevieve, in Otto's mind, is a precious seven-year-old youngster, but actually he has been using this creation of his voice for eight years. She was "born" in St. Louis in 1932. Otto was singing a song that called for a little girl to answer two of the lines. So he answered them himself, using his little girl voice. The idea caught on with the audience, and the radio producer asked him to enlarge upon the Little Genevieve character. Her early fan mail was tremendous; so Otto incorporated her as a standard part of his act.

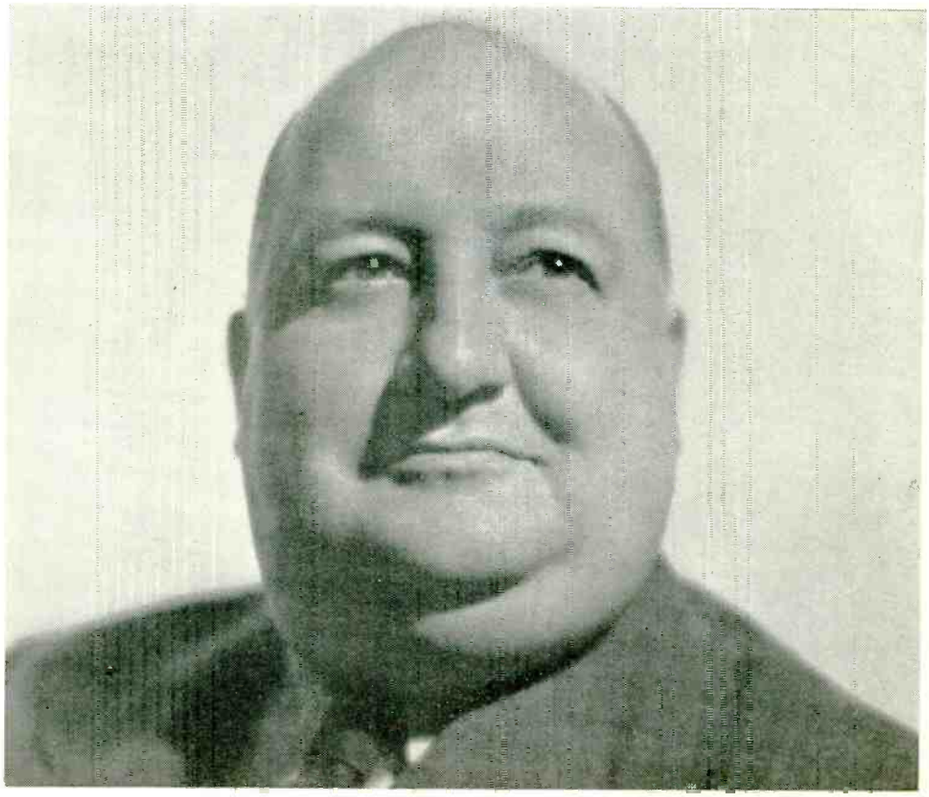
Ted Morse grew up in Kansas, and his first musical instrument was a mail-order trumpet. Trumpet is still his favorite instrument, and he plays one in the WLS orchestra. Along the way, however, he has picked up the violin and bull fiddle. As soon as he received his trumpet, before he had learned to play more than three notes, he joined the town band, later became its leader. The band eventually joined the national guard, and when the war came along, Otto went to France with it, as leader of the 139th Infantry Band, unit of the famous 35th division, A. E. F.

After the war, Otto returned to Topeka, Kansas, then came to Chicago in 1922. He organized a band and went into vaudeville with Tom Brown of the original Six Brown Brothers, saxophone act. At the end of a coast-to-coast tour, the act spent two years on the West Coast. In 1931, Otto first started to work at WLS, Chicago. Then came two years at KMOX, St. Louis, back to Chicago, and in 1935 he rejoined WLS and has been with the station ever since.

Otto is an expert at gold lettering, a trade he learned from his uncle, a lithographer. He is crazy about fires and will get up in the middle of the night anytime to rush off to a fire or watch a circus unload. In the summertime his favorite recreation is baseball games — where he always takes a box seat, for he can't squeeze his 225 pounds into a grandstand seat.

Otto has weighed as much as 265 pounds, but right now, he is back to 225 after a not too strenuous diet. He is not at all sensitive about his short stature or long girth, but wanted to lose weight just because he feels better, sleeps better and enjoys life better when he holds himself to a mere 225 pounds.

Little Genevieve really dresses for the part on the WLS National Barn Dance. "She" is nothing but a voice — the voice of Ted Morse, who is best known as the German comedian, Otto, on the Barn Dance.



This is Little Genevieve as "she" looks in real life — just plain Ted Morse, trumpet player in the WLS Concert Orchestra.

THE AUDIENCE KNOWS ALL

By Arthur C. Page

Editor's Note: Mr. Page, author of this article, is farm program director of WLS, Chicago, a pioneer in farm service broadcasting — a pioneer, too, in radio. As a Kansas City high school boy, he built his first spark radio transmitter, then started tinkering with an original apparatus for sending pictures by wireless. School days over, Mr. Page entered the University of Missouri and invention of wireless picture apparatus was abandoned.

ARTHUR C. PAGE
Farm Program Director, WLS, Chicago

27 years ago he came to Chicago as assistant editor, later editor-in-chief, of the "Orange Judd Farmer," and was with that publication for 14 years. For the past 13 years he has been with "Prairie Farmer" in various editorial and radio capacities. His first farm service broadcast, in 1923, before WLS was in operation, was over KYW, then in Chicago.

"Dinnerbell Time," heard at 12 o'clock noon daily on WLS, is probably the oldest farm service radio program in America — started April 11, 1924 — and Mr. Page has been conducting it for the past 10 years.

Mr. Page, in his lifetime, has known hard work. He practically grew up in a blacksmith shop; he worked on farms, delivered papers, was a lamp lighter, and worked his way through college milking cows. It is character born of this background that has endeared Arthur C. Page to farm people and radio listeners everywhere. "He sounds kind and understanding," they say; "he seems to understand our problems."

A year before the Chicago World's Fair opened, officials were ready to break ground for the agricultural building, and they wanted to find a yoke of oxen for the ceremony. High and low they searched and could find no oxen. The chairman called WLS on the phone. Time was short and he was desperate — maybe we knew where there was a yoke of oxen.

"No," we said, "we don't know, but our audience does."

That same noon on the WLS Dinnerbell program we explained the committee's plight. Did anyone know where we could find a yoke of oxen?

Two days later we handed the committee a list of 44 yokes of oxen to be found in five states, one yoke situated within 15 miles of the World's Fair grounds.

Through the years we have tossed many questions into the air, and we have come to believe that the audience always knows the answer. They have never failed us.

"How can you tell at a glance whether those birds flying high are wild geese or wild ducks?" Twenty or thirty letters volloyed back in the next mail, some with diagrams, some citing experience, but all giving the answer. The geese fly in a "V" formation; they gabble as the fly, and they seem to take orders from the leader who flies at the apex of the "V". he ducks just fly along quietly in a crowd.

"Does anyone remember the two cold winters of the early 80's?"

"Sure do," writes an old timer. "Reason I remember that winter of 83 is because our next neighbor's wife had a baby boy and I had to go to town after a doctor, 'way down below zero. The creek froze clear to the bottom that year."

Another says he can't remember the cold of '83, but he sure remembers about ten years later, when he was a railroad freight engineer, and the journals froze on the flatcars so he dragged a train 20 miles over a frosty track without a single car wheel turning.

In our experience on WLS we have found the listeners quick to respond to a call for help. A few weeks ago a farmer of southern Illinois wrote that the rabbits had girdled a lot of his young apple trees. Was there anything he could do about it? We read his letter, and you would have thought the countryside was turning out en masse to save that brother's apple trees. Thirty or forty letters came in the next mail, giving advice, telling their own experiences. Out of the lot we selected one written by the superintendent of parks at Hammond, Indiana.

"We had some fine trees girdled by vandals," he said. "We thought they were goners, but here is what we did, and you can't find a scar on them today." His method was given in detail. We put it on the air, and the resulting flood of requests required that we put it in type to mail out to folks whose trees had been injured by rabbits or mice.

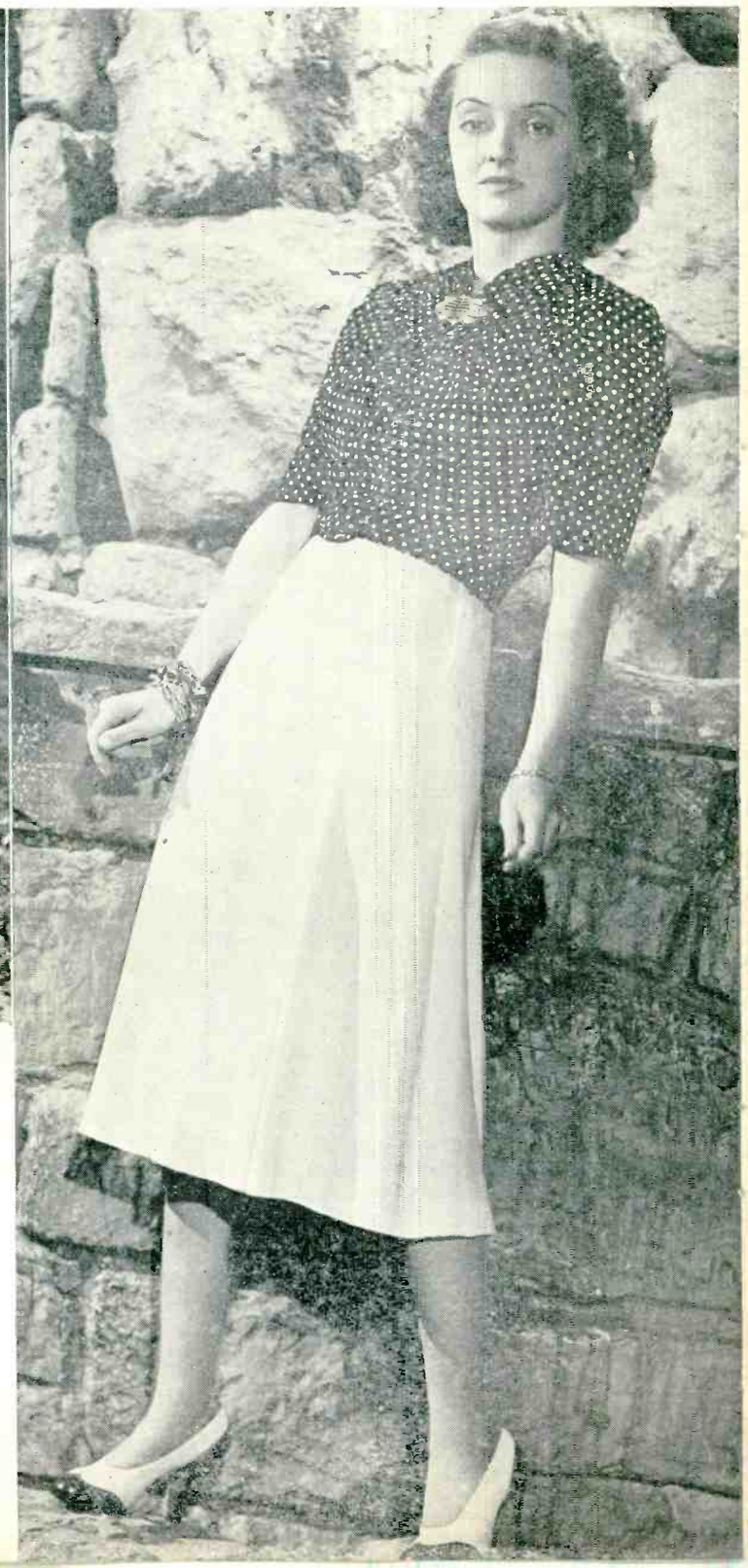
"The oldest twins ever discovered by the big national twin convention are two ladies who celebrate their 85th birthday today," said we one noon. They lived in Indiana.

"Congratulations to the lady twins that are 85 years old," said a letter next day," but out here at Sterling, Illinois, we have two ladies, twins, who are 91 year old." Proving that the first fellow hasn't got a chance, but proving still more, that the audience knows all.

Hundreds of times since the WLS Dinnerbell program came on the air in 1924, we have tossed a question out to the audience. They have never failed us. They seem to take it as a personal responsibility, and they often go to much effort, giving references, offering to help further. We think they're the finest folks in the world, and taken in the aggregate, the wisest folks we know.

Hollywood

PRISCILLA LANE *(Left)*, featured in Warner's THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH, tastefully combines pink and black for her new spring costume. A soft, high throated blouse of dull surfaced black crepe tops off the flared skirt of pink and black print. The natural waistline is finished with a sash of the print which ties at the front, while a touch of the same fabric relieves the neckline. Her gay chapeau of pink straw braid has a rose and veiling trim.



BETTY DAVIS *(Right)*, star of Warner's ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO, models a smart white dress trimmed in navy blue. The blouse of navy surah silk, dotted in white, and flared skirt of white crepe are topped off with a hooded jacket of white lined with navy with the hood backed with the dotted fabric.

Fashions

ROSEMARY LANE *(Right)*, featured Warner Bros. player, models a smart sports costume in one of the new all-over floral prints. Trim shorts of soft white crepe, splashed with white and yellow daisies, scarlet poppies and blue corn flowers, are topped with a circle-necked, brief-sleeved blouse with single row of white buttons at the front closing. The skirt of self fabric fits softly from the waist, where it's finished with a corn flower blue linen belt.

SPRINGTIME IS PLAYTIME . . . And what could be better to play in, asks Ann Sheridan *(Left)*, star of Warner's CASTLE ON THE HUDSON than this aquamarine cotton striped in white. Ann's bodice is cut with an eye toward flattery; the shorts are flared. White pique edges the short, puffed sleeves and the square neckline.

NELSON OLMSTED'S "WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORIES"

By William Jolesch

Princess Scheherazade of Arabia, who thought no more of telling a story than of drinking a glass of whatever the equivalent of water was in her day, didn't have a thing on Nelson Olmsted of WBAP, except age and a head start. Myth hath it she kept going until the thousand and first night, and then her tales were all told. Olmsted has been telling stories at the rate of one a week since February, 1939, and to put it mildly is just warming to his subject.

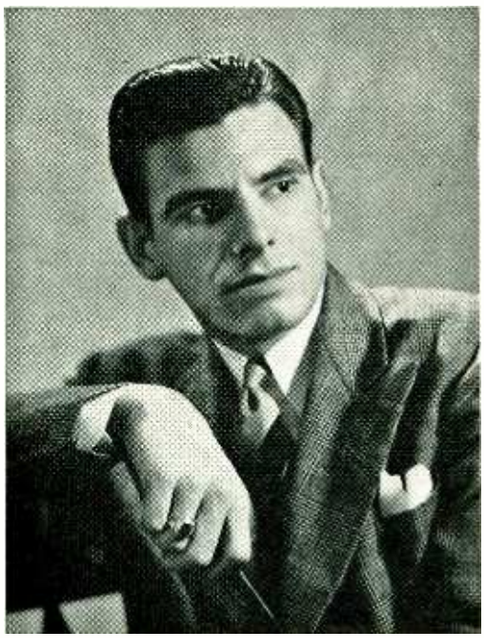
—o—

Every Sunday night over WBAP at 10:15 CST Olmsted takes to the air with one of the "Worlds Greatest Short Stories." The title is completely and obviously arbitrary, and the narrator will cavil with no one who questions his use of superlatives. His object is to present to the listening audience a comprehensive group of entertaining short stories. Since his foremost interest is entertainment, he will go to the ends of literature to find the right story. And the right story is often illusive. For his present collection of 80 tales he has culled the works of approximately 1,000 different American, English, French, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Russian, Italian and German writers, and this entailed reading at least 20 volumes each averaging 100 short stories. So statistically, 2,000 narratives have been sifted through a critical and tireles sieve, and with each story averaging five pages, the total is something like 10,000 pages read to find 80 worthwhile works. "Gone with the Wind" isn't nearly so long, but then it isn't a short story either.

To find a motive for Olmsted's insatiable interest in this type of literature and entertainment you must examine Olmsted himself. It all began in Minneapolis in 1914 when his first remarks probably had more to do with sound effects than with literature. The usual things happened from then until his entry into radio in 1935, such as going to elementary and prep school, moving about the Middle West and living in such places as Dubuque, East Moline and Dallas. Then it was while a student at the University of Texas in Austin that Nelson found one of his life's loves. This was dramatics, and as a member of the Curtain Club on the campus and the Little Theatre in town he acted in such plays as "Craig's Wife," "The Ninth Guest," "The Sacred Flame" and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." The last proved climactic, for in it Ann Holloway, a student in the University, was appearing in a supporting role. The two met, and the rest is romance.

After the University, Nelson stepped into a job at a radio station in Austin where he remained as program director until 1937. Along about that time WBAP needed an announcer and special-events man. Nelson auditioned, got the job and several months later he and Miss Holloway were married. Both are vitally interested in the theatre and are always eager to discuss it, attend it and act in it. During her career at the University she emerged as a star and is remembered in Austin for important roles in "Alison's House," "The Vinegar Tree" and "First Lady." She has a knack of playing anything from a debutante to a dowager and playing it convincingly.

Nelson continually searches for the literary unusual. Failing that, he seeks a story for its own sake: either because it



NELSON OLMSTED

is expressive, a mood picture or highly descriptive. In the realm of the unusual he has reviewed Massimo Bontempelli's "Mirrors," a product of the surrealist school. And for beauty of writing there have been Galsworthy's "Quality" and Katherine Mansfield's "Singing Lesson." The latter starred Mrs. Olmsted, or Miss Holloway. To say he forgets his audience when selecting his stories would not be completely apocryphal. He does, and he admits it. He feels that if the story is of sufficient interest to ensnare him as a dispassionate reader and passionate reviewer, then it will catch on with the audience, at least in part. And to try to appease the tastes of all his audience all the time would be a herculean job bordering on the impossible.

Nelson is such an admirer of Poe that he has been called Edgar Allan Olmsted. Perhaps this is a hangover from his early dramatic days at WBAP when he was the main stay of the "Black Night" series of horror plays many of which were adaptations of Poe's works. An outstanding broadcast of the short story series was the presentation of "The Raven" with a special musical background for orchestra by Don Gillis, composer, conductor and musician. Olmsted plans to make his "Raven" reading a yearly feature, probably to commemorate Poe's birthday. The American mystic's "Pit and the Pendulum" initiated the program, and whenever Nelson feels murky or wishes to vary the fare or yields to the vagaries indulged in by literary savants, he delves into the dank depository of Poe's cerebral phantasmagorias.

Whether the world's greatest short story teller could enter the inner circle of the distinguished company he keeps in his books is still something of a mystery. It is true, however, that at Christmas time, 1939, he needed a story with a religious theme, but nothing banally familiar. So he sat down, trusting to the muses, the spirits of his friends on Parnassus and his typewriter, and turned out "Tommorrow's Paul." Its theme was a story of the rebirth of faith in a land of pagan ideologies. Many commendatory letters followed its presentation, but Olmsted has written nothing since, so it is difficult to estimate his creative literary tendencies.

To celebrate the program's first year, Nelson dramatized and acted in a thirty-minute version of what he considered the best story he had thus far reviewed. It was "The Signal Man" a tale of particular interest to north Texas since a resident of Bowie had actually seen and but for a foible of fate would have met the author, Charles Dickens. This lady, Mrs. W. R. Lamb, consented to an interview, and when Olmsted first presented "The Signal Man" in the summer of 1939, she related her memories of Victorian England.

Ann Holloway frequently appears with her husband. She has been heard in such masterpieces as De Maupassant's "The Necklace" and "The Confession," Mansfield's "The Singing Lession," Barrie's "My Husband's Book" and as Elizabeth Barrett in the program retelling the romantic idyll of the Robert Brownings. This broadcast was of the beaten path in that it consisted principally of poetry. At its conclusion, an offer to send copies of the script to all who requested them was made. When during the following week about 500 letters from 35 States and Mexico were received, the Olmsteds were accused of having more relatives than a rajah. Everybody at WBAP was smilingly happy at the returns, but of course none more so than Nelson Olmsted and Ann Holloway, who have been called the Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne of radio.

"WE, THE PEOPLE"

Over 1000 people have come before "We, the People" microphones. People with exciting stories. People with sad stories. Stories that made the listeners feel happy. Some that were inspiring. They're all heard on this program, a popular feature of CBS every Tuesday night at 8:00 Central Standard Time.

"We, the People" was conceived and originally produced by Phillips H. Lord, who is responsible for many original radio dramas. Lord was sitting in the lobby of a New York hotel talking with a friend of his, Will Yolen. "Will," he proposed "I'll bet there isn't a person in this lobby who hasn't an interesting story to tell, if you asked him."

It wasn't a sudden, idle thought. Lord had been talking to people in hotel lobbies, on trains, busses, ships and street corners for years and he believed what he said. Just for fun, his friend took him up on it.

They made the rounds of the lobby together, approaching everybody who seemed at all friendly, talking freely, informally. They discovered an elderly gentleman who was on his way around the world for the nineteenth time, a woman who had invented a garter that would prevent silk stockings from running, and a mother whose daughter was alone in a New York hospital — seriously injured. Lord proved his point that everybody had a story to tell. But more than that, he had an idea.

Why shouldn't American radio make it possible for people to hear these stories about their fellow Americans? No reason at all, as far as he could see. Result: "We, the People." That was in 1936 and the program has been on the air ever since.

Gabriel Heatter instructs George Lowther 3rd (left) and his bride, Eileen Herrick Lowther, in microphone technique as the principals in New York's most widely publicized romance prepare for their recent appearance on "We, the People". The 1940 "Romeo" and "Juliet," as the newspapers have dubbed them, are shown rehearsing for the broadcast.

"We, the People" receives on an average of 1,000 letters a month from people who think they have an interesting story of tell. When a letter is written to the program asking for the opportunity to tell a true-life story on the air, it passes through an elaborate process.

First, all mail is read by a trained staff which sorts it into such classifications as "Adventure", "Animal Stories", Children, "Unusual Occupations", "War Experiences."

This preliminary staff also weeds out stories which duplicate each other, those which lack originality, or are otherwise unsuitable.

The remaining letters are then read by a special Radio Listeners' Committee, made up of four people who are representatives of the listening audience. It is the business of this committee to choose those stories which they, as the radio listeners, would like to hear dramatized on the air.

Next their choices are investigated for authenticity.

And finally, Gabriel Heatter, host of the program, picks from the committee's selections the half dozen letters that will make the most dramatic and interesting program material.

The writers of those half dozen letters are the lucky ones who are invited to New York to appear on "We, the People."

In addition to the letters he receives each week, Heatter is besieged wherever he goes by those who recognize him and ask him for a chance on his program.

For example, a traffic cop overtook him driving along a country road. "Pull over to the side of the road," said the officer.

"But I wasn't speeding," protested Heatter when his car had come to a stop."

"I know you weren't, sir. But when the hotel-man back there told me who you were, I just had to stop you and ask if I can tell a traffic officer's story on your program."

A few weeks later the policeman was heard coast-to-coast telling about the perils of reckless driving.

Another time, Heatter was sending a telegram in a small country-office. "You ought to have Ed Brewster on your program," said the telegraph operator. "He's a friend of mine who has been sending Major League baseball results over the wires for twenty-five years without ever making an error."

A short time later, Edson Brewster was telling his story over the air.

When a person is lucky enough to be selected for a "WE, the People" broadcast, he can look forward to a wonderful and hectic time in New York.

Gabriel Heatter takes time off from "We, the People" for a little fishing. Heatter and "We, the People" are heard over CBS every Tuesday night at 8:00 CST.

He arrives on Sunday after having been sent a round-trip ticket from his home town. When he arrives, two members of the "We, the People" staff show him the town, after depositing his bags at the Commodore Hotel.

On Sunday, there is an hour's conference to get the facts of his story and have his voice checked for quality. Then two writers sit down to write the script, and the guest checks it for accuracy.

On Monday, there is a rehearsal and at 5:15 in the afternoon all of the guests get together for a timing rehearsal without the orchestra. After this, they have Monday evening to themselves and are usually shown Times Square in all its glory and the town's night clubs.

On Tuesday, there is another rehearsal, and after the dress rehearsal guests are free until air time. After the broadcasting some more sightseeing and back home on Wednesday.

While in New York, guests are afforded the opportunity to visit the Empire State Building, the theatres and other interesting places. In addition to hotel and transportation, each guest is given $5 a day for taxi fare and food.

What is the reaction of the people who see New York for the first time? Some are impressed. Others say that it seems the same as their own home towns. One woman thought New York was no different from her home town, except that it had a few million more inhabitants!

A famous screen writer . . . and inventor who found a "death ray" . . . an author of several best sellers . . . the composer of "St. Louis Blues" . . .a girl from Texas whose "Heart Belongs To Daddy" . . . a 74 year old sea captain . . . these and many more. Real people heard only when "We, the People" speak!

A DISSERTATION ON A "HAM"

Ham, often found between slices of bread, has a traditional way of turning up on theater stages, the screen, in night clubs, and over the air. As a dramatic term it is strictly a mark of opprobium, a label of discredit that rings of artistic ineptitude. A ham, in short is a lousy actor. Yet members of one of the most popular dramatic groups on the air today are self-confessed "hams", and mighty proud of it, too.

THE MIGHTY ALLEN ART PLAYERS
(Left to right) John Brown, Minerva Pious, Charlie Cantor and Eileen Douglas

THERE are, of course, hams **and** hams. To wear that badge of dubious distinction because you don't know any better is one thing, to be a "good" ham is another. For hamdom at its best, take a look at the Mighty Allen Art Players, heard with Fred Allen every Wednesday evening on the "Fred Allen Hour" over the NBC-Red Network.

There is no question but what the Mighty Allen Art Players belong to the group which merits that stamp of porcine perfection. When Allen, himself, introduces their fifteen-minute dramatic sketch he openly refers to them as "the pullets of Pulitzer," the "only group of actors to bring tomato baskets on stage," and "The only thespian troupe ever to play 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and have the blood hounds walk out on them." One is easily misled into thinking that their ludicrous dramatic farces would make the collective Little Theater groups of the country look like a flock of Duses and Drews in comparison. But such, indeed, is far from the case.

Minerva Pious, John Brown, and Charlie Cantor have reached their present positions of first-rate hams only after years of experience and success on the stage and before the microphone.

Take Charlie Cantor who was introduced to grease paint more than twenty years ago when, during high school vacation, he answered an urgent summons to act as "straight" man for his brother, "Rusty" Cantor, then a famous vaudevillian. Save for a few ill-fated years when he decided to settle down and enter the shoe business, Charlie's been trouping either in vaudeville, musical comedy, dramatic stock, or on the air.

A short, butter-ball of a fellow, consistently jolly despite the ever-increasing bald pate that privately causes him much mental anguish, Charlie is starting his 4th year as a member of the Mighty Allen Art Players. During that time he has taken more than 200 different parts in the Allen sketches, ranging from that of trained seal to a mediaeval baliff. He personally favors such characterizations as a cloak-and-suiter, or an harrassed delicatessen proprietor. For Allen, Charlie is always the ham. Yet he is in constant demand for straight dramatic programs.

Commencing his career in vaudeville in 1920 as a black-face comedian and dialectician, Charlie next turned to stock, and then for two and one half years, believe it or not, he played the part of Little Eva's mild-tempered plantation owner father in a road company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Then came the ill-fated shoe venture and Charlie, flat broke, saw desirable coffee and cakes as a radio actor. His first job was at a small Brooklyn station with a banjo-playing partner. They worked sustaining — and gratis — for one week and then went commercial at $15 a pair.

Harry Richman gave Charlie his first real start, and before long he was on constant call by network producers. Currently Cantor may be heard not only with Fred Allen on the "Fred Allen Hour," but on as many as twenty programs throughout the week.

Charlie's voice isn't hard to recognize, once you learn it, but like most character actors his name is rarely mentioned over the air. It's one of the hazards of being a first rate ham.

Minerva Pious, is another Mighty Allen Art Player who arrived at the enviable status of a well-smoked ham only after plenty of seasoning.

"Min" is a veteran of the Mighty Allen Art Players. She has been with Allen since he started his program seven years ago. Only five feet tall she belies her penetrating voice, but she does have that saucy, impertinent appearance you would expect from listening to the parts she plays over the air. Wait for the sharp-tongued shrew; the rasping voice of the chambermaid or spinster of uncertain years and you have Minerva. Pious, incidentally, is her real name.

Born in Moscow on March 5, 1909, Min had her first stage experience as a child walk-on in a production of the Russian Imperial Grand Opera in which her father sang the baritone lead. She was educated in dramatics in Salzburg. Before she arrived in radio she played character bits on the New York stage and did a turn in the editorial department of a nationally known news syndicate.

Minerva broke into radio as an accompanist, and says she wouldn't be the ham she is today if she hadn't been fired early in her career. One night she was playing for a radio singer when she forgot the notes. The singer, Harry Taylor, fired her, but later on, in one of radio's strange twists of fate, he became producer of Fred Allen's show, and remembering the little girl who spoke with a Russian acent, hired her for a Mighty Allen Art Player. The show is now produced by Bob Welch.

John Brown, "the Englishman," as the rest of the troupe refer to him, is a third member of Allen's coterie of hams. Tall, dark, mustached John was born in Hull, England, thirty-four years ago; Most likely because he was hired originally six years ago, to do the part of an English duke, John gets the bulk of the more refined masculine roles, but nevertheless is as versatile a dialectician as Charlie Cantor, and plays with him on several straight dramatic shows.

John's first stage experience came in 1916 when he was in public school in England—a short lived experience since in the play, "Master Skylark," he was always killed in the first act. After a theater venture in Australia, he came to this country in the early twenties and started in stock in upper New York State. For six months he played character parts, acted as stage manager, and painted scenery. Then came Broadway and the legitimate stage, where he is still remembered for his work in "Peace On Earth" and "Milky Way." In fact, if it weren't for a serious shortage of good hams in radio, John would have probably continued his stage career. As it was he was the one man Fred Allen wanted to fill an opening in the "Mighty Allen Art Players," and Fred has a way of having his way.

So, the next time you tune in "Fred Allen Hour" and hear Charlie, Min, and the rest clowning through script, buffooning this line, and muffing that until your own sides are splitting, at their hammy acting, remember, it takes plenty of time to smoke a ham!

CECIL B. DE MILLE
and the
LUX RADIO THEATRE

Headaches, work, plenty of trouble and worry await De Mille each week as producer-director of Lux Radio Theatre. Heard each Monday nite at eight o'clock

Slacks rumpled and shirt open at the neck, Wallace Berry, lovable badman of the films, stood before the microphone at the large CBS Hollywood theatre. It was a Thursday, and rehearsals for Lux Radio Theatre had just begun.

A page boy came on the cluttered stage and whispered to producer Cecil B. De Mille. "Studio wants you on the phone, Wallie. Better take it," said De Mille.

A few minutes later a woebegone Berry returned. There had been a sudden change in studio plans. The film on which he was working had been called on location, and he would have to leave before the broadcast date.

Five days before airtime — and the Lux Radio Theatre was without a star. It had taken weeks to make all arrangements for the Berry appearance. The script had been chosen with him in mind. And a substitute had to be found and rehearsed before Monday.

Such an incident has to be taken with a philosophical shrug by producer De Mille, director Sanford Barnett and the rest of the production staff of the Radio Theatre. There may be a hitch at any time, and even when there isn't, it's job enough to put the hour-long dramatic show on the air each week.

First of all, there's the play. Vehicles are often chosen weeks before a broadcast — but chosen only tentatively. For plays must be cleared with motion picture companies, with authors, with stage producers. And tracking down an author may involve a phone call to an obscure villa in Damascus or a mountain retreat in the Alps.

When rights have been cleared and contracts signed, there's another problem — adapting the play or movie to the medium of radio. It has been written to be seen and run several hours. It must be rewritten for sound alone, and condensed to 43 minutes of playing time. That's the job of script writer George Wells, and he's an expert at it. The full flavor of a popular play or film is miraculously preserved in the condensed radio version.

Then there's what's often the most difficult job of all — selecting the stars for the week's play. It isn't just a matter of telephoning - say-Norma Shearer, and suggesting that if she's free next Monday, perhaps she'd like to do a radio show. Movie companies must be consulted, agents argued with, complex rehearsal schedules shifted around. Perhaps the star is in Hawaii on a vacation. Or busy in a new film. Often the whole play must be postponed for just those reasons.

Then come rehearsals — five days of them, from Thursdays until just before air-time on Monday. And they're a mammoth job for even Cecil B. DeMille, producer of spectacles.

The show is produced on the large stage of CBS's Music Box Theatre, and sometimes it almost isn't big enough. In the production of "The Story of Louis Pasteur," for example, 76 people had to be crowded on stage. In one corner is the stream-lined control room; in another, a special sound-effects booth. Musicians are placed on one side of the stage, and extras and bit actors roam all over. Producer DeMille has substituted earphones and stopwatch for his famous brick-red megaphone. Stars come dressed informally, in slacks or sport clothes.

Cecil B. DeMille, producer of "Radio Theater," shown in the basement of his Los Feliz (Hollywood, California) home with part of his helmet and gun collections. Even between radio and picture activities, DeMille finds time these days to devote to his hobby. He is holding an authentic replica of the headgear worn by Saladin, sultan of Egypt and Syria, who defended Acre against the Crusaders in the 12th Century.

There's a good deal of kidding around, and a good deal more of serious business. Stars trained before the camera sometimes know nothing about microphone technique. Some are even afraid of the little black box. Joan Crawford was so nervous on her first Radio Theatre engagement that she had to do the whole program seated at a table. It wasn't until she had been on the air three times that she had complete confidence. Paul Muni sent off a messenger boy to his home to bring his violin. He spent ten or fifteen minutes in a corner playing softly, and conquered his nervousness.

Then there are problems of music background, in the capable hands of musical conductor Louis Silvers, or sound effects, under Charlie Forsyth. DeMille is a sticker for accuracy in sound, and sometimes poses pretty knotty jobs. There was the time the baying of a beagle hound was needed for a dramatic sequence, and none of the animal imitators on call had a beagle in his repertoire. To make sure of perfection, producer DeMille dispatched six of them out to Lake Arrowhead to study four beagles residing there. Animal imitator Lee Millar walked off with barking honors, and he was chosen to give the beagle call on the broadcast. Millar also played the wire-haired terrier, Mr. Smith, in "The Awful Truth," since it was a little uncertain how Asta, who created the original role, would react in front of the microphone.

Just the presence of filmdom's greatest stars creates problems for the Radio Theatre producers. For one thing, there are their fans. When word gets around that Clark Gable or Myrna Loy is to be rehearsing on a certain day, autograph seekers collect like flies. There are several who insist they are Joan Crawford's father or Spencer's Tracy's nephew, and want to be admitted to their dressing-rooms immediately. Then there was the time Robert Taylor was a Radio Theatre guest. Someone had left an emergency door open leading to the balcony of the theatre. One ingenious fan discovered it, and others followed, until they had jammed the balcony full, leaving no room for ticket holders. After that, stern-faced guards had to be placed at all entrances to the theatre.

Stars are always leaving personal articles behind in their dressing rooms, and it's the job of the page boys to get Clark Gable's favorite pipe and Spencer Tracy's tobacco pouch back to their owners. There's one valuable that stays in theatre, however — sound effects man Charlie Forsyth's famous thunder drum, the envy of all autograph hunters. For on the skin of the drum over 400 famous guests of the Lux Theatre have signed their names. The drum has been valued as high as $9,000 and Forsyth always dreads the times the script calls for a hurricane or an earthquake. For every time he strikes the drum, it blurs another name. So far Marlene Dietrich has been almost obliterated.

Anything can happen around fildom's great, and it often does. Barbara Stanwyck insisted on working in her stocking feet. George Arliss proudly volunteered to imitate a peacock's call in one part of a broadcast. And did very well, too. And once producer De Mille appeared at rehearsal with two carrier pigeons in a cage under his arm. He had to send a very important message to a director who was staying at a ranch house without a telephone forty miles away. And in the middle of rehearsal, De Mille released the carrier pigeons and off they flew, westward. Hollywood's British actors — Madeleine Carol, David Niven, Charles Laughton — have brought the tea habit to Radio Theatre rehearsals.

And so it goes. For producer De Mille, director Sanford Barnett and others of the Radio Theatre, it's like a great jigsaw puzzle. Here a page is being arranged; there, actors are being signed for roles. On the stage of the theatre, parts are being fitted together. And, as the "On The Air" sign flashes at 9:00 P. M., all the pieces miraculously match, and another thrilling Radio Theatre drama comes to life.

And when the hour is over — why, it all begins again in preparation for the next week!

CAMERA

1. Kate Smith and Ted Collins before the CBS
2. Ann Sheridan, the "Oomph Girl," guest starr
April 8. She sang tunes from her new picture
mirror, Brenda La Frenzie and Cobina Fright, fe
show. In real life Brenda is Blanche Stewart an
very fetching looking. 4. Marion Hutton,
5. Fred Allen and his wife Portland Hoffa di
Restaurant in Radio City, New York. 6. Thi
mitigate the vigor and popularity of Francis
serial, "Stepmother." Bushman is cast as Jo
featured Songstress on CBS's Friday night mus
is soloist for both Johnny Green's orchestra
announcer of one of the most popular of all
"Little Orphan Annie," which is now heard ov
thru Friday. 9. Marjorie Hannan is the cha
Children" heard Monday thru Friday at 8:45
Dick Powell and Mary Martin heard on the
Thursday evening at 8 P.M., C.S.T. 11. Betty
and radio, is on Columbia's "It Happened In H
at 4:30 P.M., C.S.T. 12. "The Most Photogenic
famous photographer, shown here with the cast
are: Caroline Fisher, Donna Reade, Virginia Cla
film actress, starring in the "Old Gold Don Ame
NBC-Red network 14. The film favorites, Barbara
Lux Theatre and gave a brilliant performance

CARAVAN

nike in Kate's new 17th story terrace apartment. d on the "Tune Up Time" over CBS on Monday, "It All Came True." 3. Two fugitives from a tured comediennes on the Bob Hope's Pepsodent Cobina is Elvia Allman, both of whom are very, velty vocalist with Glenn Miller and his Orch e between broadcasts at the Rockefeller Plaza ty-five years as an actor has done nothing to . Bushman, leading man of the CBS dramatic n Fairchild in the serial. 7. Audrey Marsh, ical variety show, "Johnny Presents." Audrey and the Swing Fourteen. 8. Pierre Andre, programs for the younger generation, radio's er 84 MBS stations at 5:45 P.M. C.S.T. Monday ming "Ruth Ann" in CBS's serial "Bachelor's .M., C.S.T. 10. Radio's newest singing team, Good News of 1940" program over NBC each ane Rhodes, petite 18 year old singer of screen ollywood" program heard Monday thru Friday Cast In Radio" says Maurice Seymour, world of "The Romance of Helen Trent." Left to right rk and Louise Fitch. 13. Claire Trevor, lovely he Show," new variety program heard over the Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray, appearedon the of their screen success "Remember the Night."

Thanks to You

by Les Tremayne

LES TREMAYNE

TALKING to a big-time radio star one day I was astounded to hear him remark: "Fan letters don't mean a thing, I can't understand anyone sitting down and writing a letter to an actor. I never answer any of the darned things."

It was a shock to hear this coming from a man who is beloved to millions of listeners . . . and I thought of the thousands of letters in my files at home which go back more than ten years. I have read all of these letters and some of them have been an important factor in shaping my career, for it's easy for a person who is in the spotlight constantly to lose his perspective and sense of values. Always being with people in the industry, whether screen or radio, tends to make a person forget things outside of his small world. It is the contact with fans, both through letters and visits, which have helped more than anything to preserve in me the same ideals and ambitions with which I started my career.

Of all the letters written to me there are several that are particularly outstanding. They are letters that arrived when there was a definite crisis in my life and these messages helped me through the tough spots. Looking back in retrospect it seems strange that understanding and sympathy from absolute strangers could have meant so much.

Yet, the sincere loyalty of these people struck a responsive chord in me instantaneously and had more of an effect on me than the efforts of my friends. But let me tell you the four low ebbs in my life and how four strangers living in different parts of the country were instrumental in shaping, or perhaps even saving, my radio career.

Back in 1934 when I was first gaining a foothold in radio, there was a girl living in Indianapolis whom I was very much interested in. Shortly after meeting her I was called back to Chicago, but not before I realized that we were deeply in love. The separation was painful to us both, but we had to be satisfied with a few weekend visits and a day-to-day correspondence. Our plans were pretty well set for the future when one day her regular letter didn't show up. Being terribly busy I didn't think about it particularly for a few days, but at the end of the week there was still no letter. I hurriedly made a plane reservation and was just about to leave when the elevator man came up with a special delivery letter and a telegram.

With a dread feeling . . . a premonition . . . I tore open the telegram and there in cold print was a short message informing me of my beloved's death. Time has healed the wound somewhat, but I can recall too sharply even now, sinking into a chair with the feeling that the bottom had dropped out of the world. I don't know how long it was before I stirred out of the house or even thought of eating. Everybody thought I was in Indianapolis so no one called me. It was the blackest day of my life.

In a trance-like stupor I reported to the studio on Monday morning. The news had gotten out by then, and the glances of sympathy only tended to accentuate my hurt. I couldn't discuss the matter with anyone and immediately after the broadcast I returned home. When I opened the door I saw lying on the floor the letter that had arrived with the telegram. Upon reading it the whole tragedy was made plain to me. Rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation, my fiancee only had time to have a friend write a short note. The letter was addressed incorrectly and so did not reach me when it should have. The thought that I wasn't there when Helen needed me most drove me into an abyss of despair that seemed hopeless.

For weeks I lost interest in people, in my work. Only thought of being alone. Fortunately, long years of training helped me through my lines without any trouble, but my performances were absolutely listless. One rainy day while fingering a pile of fan letters, I happened to open one at random. It didn't seem vital at the moment, but that letter was to be all important in saving me from the grief that was completely upsetting my life. I read the letter and re-read it many times that afternoon. It set the seed for a new trend of thinking and renewed hope. Here is the letter just as I received it:

"I have read an article in a paper recently concerning your personal life. However, I don't want you to consider this an intrusion. The article was in regard to your deceased loved one, and attracted my attention because I have had the same misfortune . . . only a little more tragic as it happened through an automobile accident which I escaped without a scratch. I can readily understand your feelings.

"Since this accident I have never felt the same, but, Mr. Tremayne, it should be much easier for you to forget. You have so many interesting endeavors to keep you occupied as well as the success and popularity of your radio work.

"In my case it's entirely different. I don't have anything to do . . . that is, any work. And I need it. I have had several jobs previous to this time, but now I seem to have lost all ambition and initiative. However, reading the article about you, made me realize that these things happen to many people and they recover from it. Life seems to go on in spite of the worst tragedies. So, I'll make a bargain with you. I'll start out again if you will.

"We'll probably never meet, but let's keep each other posted on how we get along. I'm game for it, how about you?"

That letter made me realize that in spite of my deep personal suffering I must necessarily resume a normal life. Brooding wouldn't help the situation, and so I started to rebuild what I thought was a completely shattered life. After a lengthy correspondence, for several years, I met the writer of that letter and am happy to say that now she's the mother of two cute youngsters. Both of us will never forget the tragedy that struck

so swiftly, but more important, we'll never forget how we helped each other from a seemingly hopeless misfortune.

The next few years passed quickly enough. My star seemed to be in the ascendency after many years of struggling. I was kept busy most of the time. Sculpturing and painting were my main relaxation although I had built up a wide circle of friends. And yet in spite of all this apparent contentment, a gnawing feeling of dissatisfaction wouldn't leave me alone.

There wasn't a thing I could put my finger on, but I felt continuously disgruntled. I imagine most of you have had that feeling at some point in your life. You indulge in a steady flow of self-abasement and general unrest. Nothing you do seems important and you figure to yourself, what's the sense of continuing with the way things are going.

This feeling went on within me for several weeks and I became increasingly morbid. My friends all felt that something was wrong, but it was difficult for me to explain to them. Going down for an early show one morning, I stopped first to pick up my mail. There was one letter in the box postmarked Helena, Montana. It was that short note which helped jerk me out of the unreasonable melancholia which had obsessed me for weeks. My attitude changed immediately and I found a renewed interest in my work. The thought that people were actually interested in what I was doing, made my work seem less trivial. Life itself looked a lot more cheerful to me, but suppose I read to you the letter responsible for the change. Here it is:

"I have never written to a radio actor before. In fact, I have never written a fan letter of any kind. But, I've been listening to you on the radio for many years, and I think it's about time to express my appreciation for what you've done for me.

"I want you to know that never once have I heard you on the air, but what I've been cheered and impressed with the goodness of life. You have a quality in your voice which reminds me of the fine things to be found in everyday living.

"Thanks again for the help you've given me."

This short, courteous note gave me the rock bottom realization that my work was just as important as any man's occupation. Most essential is your own attitude toward what you are doing, . . . for each individual can evaluate his success according to the standards he desires to establish. Again I had learned a valuable lesson through a person unknown to me.

My next experience with fan letters was in a general rather than specific way. Through the years I've been on the radio many is the letter written which expresses someone's opinion of me. People living in lonely, far-off sections of the country and many just as lonely, who live in crowded noisy cities have taken time to write. These letters can't be disregarded because they represent a personal loyalty for which I am deeply grateful. The only thing I can possibly do is to try living up to the opinion that these fans have of me.

My method of doing this is through a self-inventory. I don't even try to lead a prudish, self-exemplary life . . . for no one is without weaknesses. But I do try to observe several precepts of decent living and maintain a pleasant relationship among the people with whom I am associated. I check upon myself fairly regularly and make a conscientious effort to improve if I have fallen down in some respects. It's the least I owe to those who believe in me.

Illness and misfortune are all too familiar to many of us. Most of my life I've been in good health, but an accident caused me to be laid up for many months. While target practicing on a local range, the gun jammed. As I worked over the barrel the gun went off and the bullet pierced my hand. The wound took an unusually long time to heal, and was exceedingly painful. When I was just about fully recovered I stumbled getting out of a cab and slipped on the icy pavement causing a full fracture of the hand. This time they kept me in the hospital for several weeks, and the hand had to be rebroken and the bones set again. The pain and discouragement of the injury was about all I could stand. However, I was finally discharged from the hospital and managed to thank my lucky stars that it wasn't worse.

The old saying that "it never rains, but it pours," was certainly true in my case. Driving along one rainy afternoon after I had the cast removed from my hand, a truck ran into my car and there I was right back in the sick rom for the third time in less than three months. Bad luck seemed to be my fate and I was completely discouraged and down-hearted. I resigned myself to my illness and felt that I should never get out of the hospital.

The letter that helped me now hangs in a prominent spot in the living room of my home. It couldn't have been any shorter and it couldn't have hit home more surely. On a piece of plain white paper were the words:

"Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit."

It was a quotation my father had taught me when I was a child and I've never forgotten. The translation is, "It is part of the cure to wish to be cured."

The little old lady who sent it to me is a constant correspondent although she has been ill for most of her life. Now seventy years old, she still repeats those words to herself every day, and even found time to send them to me. Could anyone stay discouraged after hearing from a person with such amazing courage and faith? I know darned well I snapped out of it pronto.

And so you see why the letters I have received from you have been so important. My life might have been just the same without this help from listeners . . . I don't know. But one thing I do know is that when those letters came to me, things were darkest and in each case they were the most important factor in helping me through my troubles.

So with appreciation and gratitude I say . . . "life is full and rich now — thanks to you!"

JUNE GOES OVER THE WAVES IN MAY

June Travis, lovely star of the movies and radio, helps keep that charming figure by riding surf boards over the bounding waves of Lake Michigan. Currently heard over the NBC-Blue network as Mimsie Lawrence in "Affairs of Anthony," heard at 10:45 Monday thru Friday and as Stormy Wilson in "Girl Alone" on NBC at 4 P.M. Monday thru Friday. Miss Travis still manages to find time to engage in water sports. Her proficiency on the board is testified by the nonchalant pose she assumed for this picture. She likes Lake Michigan and the White Sox better than anything else in Chicago. Maybe one reason for the Sox interest is the fact that her dad, Harry Grabiner, is vice president of the Sox.

SLIPS, QUIPS, AND TRIPS OF THE TONGUE

Unconscious, or automatic, tongue-tripping hounds every man, woman and child who speaks into a microphone. No device, and no amount of preparation or rehearsal can prevent an occasional jewel of wit from escaping the tongue and getting out on the air waves.

●

"A bunch of ragged individualists — ahem, I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, a bunch of rugged individualists . ."

Embarrassing moment number one for radio announcers and artists is the slip, trip, or as tipplers prefer to have it, the quip of the tongue . . . .

According to Radio Row's laughologists, the business is befuddled by a maze of psychology, a queer distortion and unbalancing of words and logic, far too difficult for the average professor to explain.

When a seasoned announcer like Milton Cross, for instance, who has broadcast for NBC more than 15 years, calls the "Prince of Pilsen" the "Pill of Princeton," he merely carries on the good tradition

Milton Cross and Charles Lyon, two ace announcers of Radio. A famous slip of the tongue was once made by Cross when he introduced the Prince of Pilsen as the Pill of Princeton!

of those who have slipped before and after.

Conscious, or self-conscious, radio humor rarely has the spontaneity and punch of an unrehearsed gag such as appears from time to time on the best-rehearsed programs.

The nation had a belly laugh, or a "lily bath," one Sunday night when Jack Benny and Kenny Baker broadcast the following scene over the National Broadcasting Company's network:

HOW TO AVOID SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

Jules Van Item, linguist, rhetorician, and translator, employed by NBC as a language specialist, devotes his spare time to teaching difficult pronunciations to members of the announcing staff. The European war places considerable strain on announcers unfamiliar with Russian, Polish, Finnish, Turkish, and other foreign tongues. Difficult proper names may lead to slips and trips of the tongue, with embarrassing results.

Said Benny to Kenny, who had been appearing nightly at the Cocoanut Grove:

"What have you been doing before this, Kenny?"

"Well, er — I — "

"I know . . . . I know," replied patient Benny, "but what have you been doing?"

"Singing — singing for my cocoanut groves."

Many a serious announcer has gone before the microphone and spoken words which make his listeners howl . . . . The most fatal mistake a broadcaster can make is to stumble, and then pause to correct a boner with "Beg pardon . . . .excuse me please . . . . I mean . my mistake . . ." Quite often he emphasizes the enormity of his faux pas and calls attention to something which might have passed unnoticed.

Such was the announcer who declaimed the merits of a new and wonderful hair brush. Said he: "There are seventeen-thousandths of a hair in this brush." He didn't realize what he had said until the broadcast was over.

The funniest slips, trips, or quips of the tongue that make the rounds of Radio Row are the anatomical boners. Here is one submitted by a connoisseur of such trivia: Speaking of a bad habit, such as mixing beer and ice-cream, he wanted to call it "abominable," but the little devils in his cranium placed "abdominal" on his tongue. "It's an abdominal habit," said he.

A cutie in one of NBC's coast-to-coast serial dramas was riding a ship in a fog one bright afternoon. She said the fog was "as thick as see poop".

In a thundering-hoof story about the romantic days of the Golden West, the narrator placed an original and unflattering description of the first pony express on record. He said: ". . . . the first pony express went from St. Joe, Manuri, to San Francisco."

Once in a while NBC announcers go color-blind, usually in the morning. One day Pat Kelly, NBC's chief announcer, was having breakfast at home when one of his boys pulled this piece de resistance: "This is station WEAF, or WJZ, New York . . . ." This flight of indecision never worried the announcer because Boss Kelly didn't let on that he had heard it. Almost as bad is the color-blind quip like, "This is station WEAF (red) . . . . I beg your pardon, WJZ (blue) New York . . . . Veteran announcers have been known to pull that one.

A number of radio programs have seized upon the unconscious quip as a legitimate comedy device. Here is, for instance, Jane Ace, star of "Easy Aces", forever engaged in a "baffle of wits" with her husband. Jane's malaprops are legion and legendary among her followers. Recently she spoke of "the fly in the oatmeal" . . . and she also told of "looking for a needle in a smokestack" . . . of certain swain, Jane said: "You're just acting hard to take . . . ." and "in words of one cylinder . . . ."

According to psychologists, there is a high incidence of slips, quips, and trips of the tongue among left-handed people who try to become right-handed. In some way, this affects the lobes of the brain, which seem to work at cross-purposes. Prefixes become suffixes and words which ordinarily follow a thought are made to precede. But this is just one phase of an extraordinarily-complicated subject calling for more and more light.

THE ACES AND THEIR PACES

A go-getter who personifies the proverbial entrepreneur of show business called on Goodman Ace, the radio-author-actor-director of Easy Aces, the other day and said:

"Goodie, you've got a pretty nifty program there . . . . are you interested in doubling your contract salary?"

Ace rolled a first-class stogie in the corner of his mouth and eyed the speaker casually. "Well, I'm kinda interested . . . what am I suppose to do?"

"Do? The same program in the same way . . . . that's all."

"H'm! That's simple . . . what time do I take air?"

"Eleven o'clock in the morning."

"That's more than I can stand, said Ace. "At eleven in the morning I've scarcely had time to clear my throat . . . Mister..... I'm awfully sorry to turn down a chance to double my salary . . . . the simple thought of getting up at 8 in the morning bothers me!"

Later, when reproached for turning down this golden proposition, Ace observed, "Well, I guess I could have gotten up that early . . . but the guy was too pompous . . besides, I didn't like his necktie . . . ."

Goodman Ace harbors a suspicion that if he meets a sponsor personally there is likely to be a disappointment and a falling out. His present boss, whom he has served these nine pleasant years, has never seen and never talked with Goodman and Mrs. Ace. But they go on and on, palsy-walsy, signing contract after contract through intermediaries.

To bystanders, this sounds like manna from nowhere, but to Goodman Ace, chief motivator of Easy Aces, it's work work work — no cruises to Rio, no skiing in Sun Valley, etc.

"Someday," Ace opines. "I'm going to loaf — just loaf."

From his skyscrapper pent house on Park Avenue Ace looks down the boulevard studded with classy limousines and dazzling fronts. All about him the world is en marche, but Ace appears to create from a standstill. Thrice a week he wrings a comedy script from his typewriter and thrice a week he goes before the NBC mike and starts the waves of laughter rolling across these states. The oscillations do not stop with the Coast, but travel clear across the Pacific to Hawaii and New Zealand, where the Ace family stops traffic three times a week.

Rounding out ten years on the ether, "Goodie," as he is known on Radio Row, hails from the Corn Belt Capital — Kansas City, a right charming burg on the muddy Missouri River, virtually at the geographic center of America and the National Broadcasting Company networks.

This Corn Belt heritage is important, for here Goodie became saturated with the homey philosophy and wit of Mr. Average Americanus, a small-town guy with a heart overflowing with sympathy and geniality. In Kansas City, Goodie courted and married Jane Ace, his partner in life, whose background somewhat parallels his own. Here, among the midwestern bourgeoisie, Goodie absorbed

Jane and Goodman Ace. The pride of Kansas City and millions of Radio Listeners heard at 6 p. m. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays over NBC.

the substance and understanding for a program which parades the comedy of living.

Some of Ace's material is frankly autobiographical, taken lock, stock, and barrel from his family archives. For instance, Jane once received a letter from her brother who wrote:

"P. S. Guess who died!"

That's one way of working up suspense. So Goodie used it in a script and it fetched many a gasp from his listeners.

Jane Ace resembles Madam Malaprop, and her slips, quips, and trips of the tongue are now legendary. In her semi-southern drawl (Missouri was a Border state in the Civil War) the fictitious Jane Ace talks like a Dumb Dora, or a ballroom belle, and in her wheezy way she says:

"Why, you wouldn't want my $5000 for your business. I've been saving it for a rainy day."

To which Ace replies, "We're in a cloudburst right now."

And how she slays the English language! "Here's the whole thing in a shell-hole." In a moment of weakness, Jane confides that being the wife of a funny man is "a regular baffle of wits," Or . . ."in words of one cylinder, a gag used to be something that kept a person quiet; now it's something that keeps 'em nagging all the time."

Goodie and Jane have not even troubled to take assumed names; for the sake of complete naturalness, they remain themselves — Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace.

Their domestic dilemmas revolve about such earthly situations as Jane being called to jury service; Jane becoming a partner in Goodie's real estate business; Jane's heroic madness for a mink coat . . .

Jane lives in a private world of deep experience, and to herself, at least, she thinks everybody else is eccentric. Always ready with a snappy retort, she manages or mis-manages her easy-going husband with laughable lack of finesse.

In many ways this program is distinctive. First its extreme intimacy makes it virtually impossible for anybody but Ace himself to do the headwork. It takes Goodie from one to five hours to forge a fifteen-minute script. The cast goes through one rehearsal, and that's final. When the gong strikes they plunge in for better or worse. Spontaneity makes for good characterization and natural delivery on this program.

The Aces work in a cozy studio, without an audience, Marge, played by Mary Hunter, serves them a double purpose. First, she completes the human triangle, and secondly, she inspires them with a contagious laugh reaction, a workable substitute for a studio audience. From time to time other characters appear, to wit, Betty, played by Ethel Blume; Laura, the maid, played by Helene Dumas and Mr. Jackson, played by Allan Reed.

The homespun institution called Easy Aces originated in the Kansas City Cornbelt, where Ace worked on a newspaper as reporter, drama and movie-critic. He hobnobbed professionally with the local thespians, with movie satellites en route to Hollywood, and with touring show folk. One day he espied the open-air theater called radio and called to pay his respects at KMBC. On August 1, 1930, he went on that station with a movie-theater gossip column, and at times he read the Sunday funnies to the kiddies.

Inevitably, there comes a day in the life of every radio star, Ace's great moment came one afternoon just after he had completed his scheduled chore. The succeeding program had an audience but lacked an entertainer. Ace looked around for a helpmate and whom should he spot but lovely Jane! (The girl he was trying to promote.) They went on together in a program of informal chit chat, and much to their surprise some appreciative letters came from listeners in the next few days.

That settled everything. A sponsor came across with $30 per week, and Goodie proposed to Jane that they travel through life until death do them part, and so they launched a big-time radio career. At length they struck for a raise; the sponsor said no, so the Aces quit with a determination to starve, rather than work for peanuts. But when a flood of mysterious fan letters from listeners were laid in the sponsor's lap, he called the strike off and raised the Aces $50 a week.

P. S. About this time, Ace developed a gourmet's appetite for stogies. He would have gratified that human whim sooner, but he had to face the milkman and iceman and the landlord without batting an eye. But once he came into green clover,

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FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY CELEBRATE THEIR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY WAXING FACETIOUS FOR JOHNSON'S WAX

When letters, wires and presents began pouring into NBC studios in Hollywood weeks ahead of Fibber McGee and Molly's fifth anniversary on the air, Jim and Marian Jordan, who play the lovable comedy pair, were speechless with astonishment.

"Why Jim," commented Marian, "look at all these nice things. Now who'd have thought we'd get all these."

"Gosh," said Jim, "I never thought we had so many friends."

For the leading citizents of Wistful Vista can never get used to the idea that they have the third largest listening audience in radio. They have the same humility that marked their philosophy in the days when they did daytime serials in Chicago, before the characters, Fibber and Molly, so much as words on a radio script.

Fibber and Molly's rise to fame is as great a tribute to the American people, as it is to the comedy team. The program embodies the finest qualities of American wit. It has never made an attempt to be sensational. It has always steered clear of salacious or risque humor. There has always been a conscious effort on the part of the whole Fibber company to keep the program clean. It has been aimed toward an "ideal American Family" and the show's success has proved that the average American family lives up to its ideal.

Growth of the program has been a constant gradual process. Five years ago when the present sponsor, Johnson's Wax, launched Fibber and Molly on the air, the broadcast caused no stir in radio circles. It was just another new radio program that had promise. At the end of the first year it was apparent that the promise was going to be fulfilled, and on its fifth aniversary, the program has so far surpassed expectations that the original "promise" has been put to shame.

The Fibber company is far from being impressed with its own importance. To watch rehearsals one would suspect the gang was there just for fun. They work together easily, enjoy a lot of sideplay, and on the whole have a good time.

Bill Thompson, who plays the Oldtimer, Horatio K. Boomer, and a variety of other characters, needs no encouragement to bring his accordion or his Scotch bagpipes to entertain the cast between readings. Hal "Gildersleeve" Peary always has a new story to dramatize. Molly and Isabel Randolph, who plays "Mrs. Uppington" are always exchanging ideas for sewing or crocheting patterns.

Members of the cast are as familiar to radio listeners as the comedy stars, themselves. Don Quinn, who writes the original show, is still turning them out, week after week. Two months ago, he added an assistant, Len Levinson. Isabel Randolph has known the Jordans since the days when they all broadcast on Chicago serials. Bill Thompson is another Chicago recruit. Harlow Wilcox is as well identified with Johnson's Wax as is Fibber, himself. In fact, the agency is forever having some fan insist upon talking to Mr. Wilcox "who will know what to do for my special problem of floor waxing." Hal Peary has done his rumbling "Gildersleeve" laugh so many times on the program, he can be in any theater audience and be indentified by his guffaw.

The rise to prominence of Jim and Marian Jordan is the kind of success story to which all Americans warm. Born of modest circumstances, the pair by virtue of hard work, intelligence, and ability, have won a place high in the current firmanent of fame. In a 1940 era, which is supposedly smart and sophisticated, the Jordans and their copy book maxims have arrived at the top of the heap.

How the Jordans started in radio has been told often. They were listening one night at a friend's house to a radio, airing a program consisting mostly of jokes old Joe Miller would have been ashamed to claim. In disgust, Fibber commented:

"I could do a better job of acting than anyone on that program is doing."

"Ten dollars says you can't" shouted the host.

Jim took the dare, and the next morning Marian and he set out for the radio station. They were used to facing vaudeville audiences, but talking into a microphone was something else again. They were scared stiff but braved it through. The audition was successful, and several weeks later, they made their debut as the O'Henry Twins. During their long term of radio apprenticeship they were known as the Smith Family, they did children's programs, a program called Smackouts, and did a variety of other assignments.

There were bleak periods too when radio seemed to feel no need for the Jordans, and the two would pack their bags and set out on a series of one-night stands.

" 'Everything comes to him who waits' may be outmoded," says Fibber, "But we believe it."

"We waited ten years—and waited patiently," continues the comedian, "before anything of any consequence happened to us in radio. We worked and hoped and held tight to our convictions that things would come out all right.

Fibber McGee and Molly

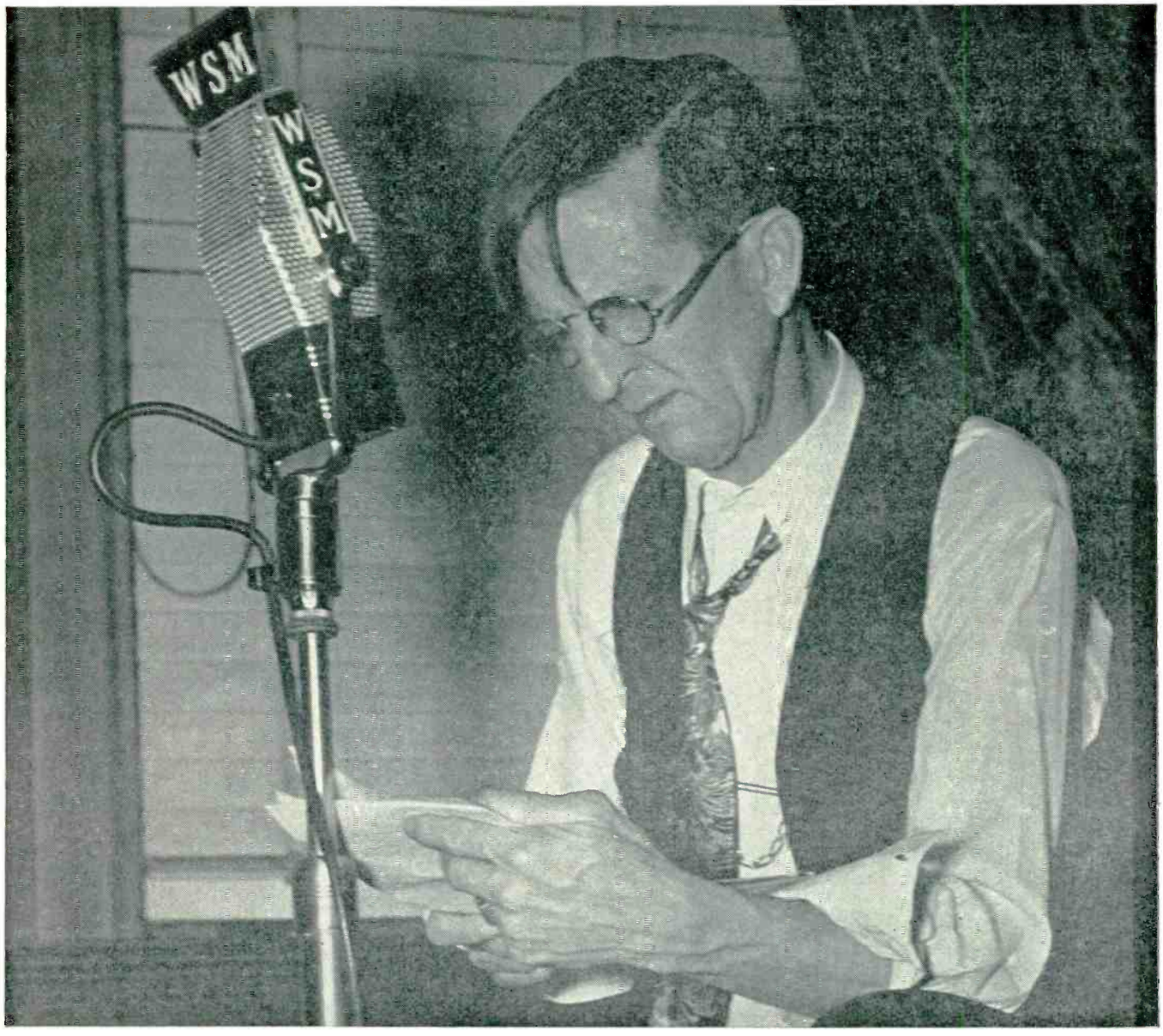
"During that entire ten years, we didn't miss a single week on the air, except when stage engagements interfered. Most of our programs were over small stations with a meager listening audience. There were times without number when I wanted to toss the whole thing overboard and go back to being a machinist, or selling washing machines, or carrying the mail or doing any of the other dozen and one things I had done for a living before the radio bug started persistently nipping at Marian and me."

This anniversary doesn't mean that the two reached their peak. Since taking their broadcast to Hollywood, they have been sought after by picture studios and this Spring signed a three picture contract, with production due to start in June.

Their friends say of them, "hmm, this fifth anniversary is nothing. Wait until they're ready to celebrate their tenth."

But Fibber and Molly can't get over the fact that "all those nice people remembered us on our anniversary."

PHINEAS FRET



THE WORRYIN' MAN FROM STATION WSM

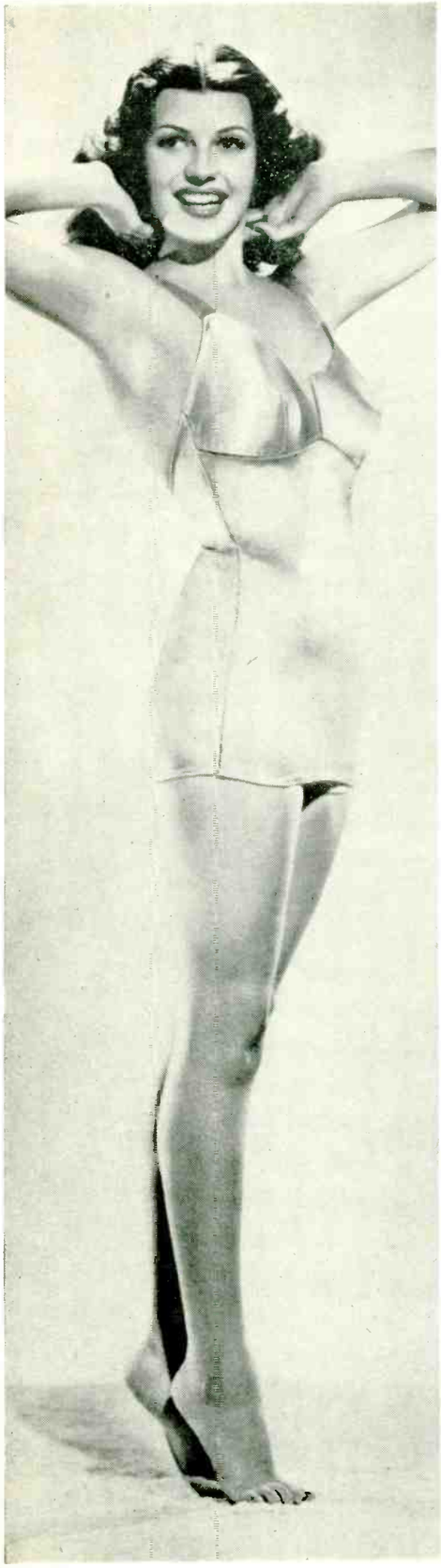
In getting "The Worry Hour" on the air, WSM officials were worried to death trying to find the man with the right worrying technique to master the ceremonies of the program. They auditioned many personalities of radio and elsewhere, but still were stumped. Finally, they found the program's star "Phineas Fret" literally under their noses (proving no one should go around with their noses high in the air). He is Albert Raymond Ackerman, for ten years a frequenter of the WSM studios in the role of patient husband waiting for his wife to finish her program. For Margaret Rich Ackerman has been a singer of the WSM staff for about that long.

Many times in the studio, but never before the business end of a microphone, Mr. Ackerman got the star assignment on "The Worry Hour" because of his sparkling wit at parties. In casting about for "Phineas Fret," someone remembered how he had been the "hit of the party" on numerous occasions, and asked: "Why Not?" Of course, there were such reasons as those that Ackerman had no experience, would probably faint at the sight of a microphone, and might even run the other way. But the audition proved him an instant hit, and now his wife sits around the studio waiting for her old man to finish his radio program, proving perhaps that all things come to those who wait.

Incidentally "Phineas Fret" was born in Yonkers New York, but has been de-Yankeeized through twenty-two years residence in Nashville. Not until they read this will his close friends know his real name. Back in Yonkers he was known by his proper name of Albert Raymond Ackerman. But in Nashville from the beginning, it's been "Ack" Ackerman. His fiancee did not know his full name until she had to put it on the wedding Invitations. Proving herself a good wife, she kept his secret. "Phineas Fret" of the Worry Hour, or Albert Raymond "Ack" Ackerman is a draftsman by trade, and his hobbies range all through interesting pastimes of creative work with one's hands. He admits he was a happy man until radio reached out and snared him. Now, he worries about those "Worry Hour" programs.

Rita Hayworth

★



The lovely and refreshing Hollywood movie star Rita Hayworth prepares her hair for a dive in the pool at Palm Springs. In addition to her guest appearances on Radio she is starred in Columbia's "Blondie on a Budget."

THE GOLDEN WESTERNERS

Those tune-punching Golden Westerners of WFAA, Dallas, can ride cowponies as well as they're riding the bull fiddle in the above photograph. Left to right, they are Smoky Maddux, Curly Hart, Gar Austin, and Tex France, chief wrangler of the outfit.

If the Golden Westerners ever tire of playing, yodeling and singing western ballads, they can always go back to wrangling because, you see, they are all bona fide cowboys, and their hands are just as facile with bridle and lariat as they are with guitar, fiddle or bass.

However, the chances are that the Golden Westerners will never tire of singing the songs they love, and the odds that their listeners won't tire of listening to them are overwhelmingly in their favor.

The first proof that the Golden Westerners are sure 'nough westerners is the fact that the band originated in Arizona. They organized in Phoenix in September, 1938, and one of the first things that happened to them was being chosen official musical representatives of the Junior Chamber of Commerce there. They also had a regular program in connection with the Phoenix Visitors Club.

In November of that year, the Golden Westerners moved into the Arizona Biltmore. Their engagement there was followed by others at such spots as the Wigwam, Camelback Inn, El Chorro Lodge and the Westward Ho.

Trees aren't the only things that bud in the spring, and birds aren't the only things that sing. In the spring of 1939, they went into motion pictures, and have played and sung in several since. Their pictures have included The Gentlemen from Arizona, Stagecoach, and others. Their connection with the cinema doesn't end here, though. At different times, members of the band have made personal appearances with screen cowboys as Gene Autry, Tex Ritter and Bob Baker.

Tex France is the boss wrangler of the Golden Westerners outfit, as they like to call it. Tex plays guitar and bass, and before taking to music was a wrangler and cowpuncher on the Miller and Lux ranches in California, the Antler outfit in Montana, the CBC ranch in Wyoming, and the U-Quarter Circle in Colorado. He also rode the range for Columbia Pictures.

France comes by his name Tex honestly, because he hails originally from Sweetwater, Texas.

Curly Hart, who is from Blackwell, Okla., plays piano, piano accordion, bass and guitar. Smoky Maddux, who also came from Oklahoma - Ardmore - handles guitar, bass and violin with equal facility. Both these members of the band have been wranglers at dude ranches near the Grand Canyon and at several other well-known resorts. Tex, Curly and Smoky have formed a three-part harmony combination inside the Golden Westerners band.

Gar Austin, who is in charge of the violin department of the Golden Westerners, also is a native Texan. He came originally from Dallas, and appeared in the Texas Centennial in 1936. So, coming back to WFAA and Dallas is a real homecoming for him.

The Golden Westerners wrangle their cowboy songs over WFAA, Dallas, at 10:15 p.m. (CST) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Lombardos Stick Together

Continued from Page 3

but surely repeated itself. The crowds paid the Royal Canadians the honor of learning to dance to their style of music. Radio played its usual active part in selling Guy's "sweet" music to his listeners, and pleasure-seekers from far and wide came to dance to the melodic rhythm they had heard via the air waves. Guy still is active in radio, heard on a weekly commercial over CBS in addition to several "remote" broadcast. In a recent poll conducted among the radio editors of America, Guy Lombardo's was chosen as the most popular orchestra on the air.

Guy early realized that to guide his disciples of "sweet" music to any degree of success during an era when jazz had become the by word would require being more than just good. Everyone was dancing to fast rhythm and loud blastant music. He was giving them slow music and muffled brass. In face of all the difficulties the situation presented, Guy had confidence in the Royal Canadian style and decided to stick to it.

It was tough going at first. They got a date in a little town just outside of Cleveland playing at a low calibre night club. The Royal Canadians appeared in white flannels, which was one strike against them. When they launched their typical Lombardo style of rhythm, one of the biggest toughies on the floor stamped over to them and leered, "Hey, when are you guys going to start playing?" Guy told him that they were the orchestra and music was their business. It took a lot of nerve and there followed a few, tense, uneasy moments but Guy lived to have the same boy congrataulate him at the end of the evening.

Guy was not unaware of the hazards of playing sweet. But he had searched long for a style and had found it — a soft legato tempo—and he was not going to give it up. To this day, he and the boys are trying to improve their style but never change it. They strive constantly to attain a pure, fine, mellow quality.

Lombardo points out that every music composition has a melody and it is his aim to give that melody a proper frame. Their arrangements never obliterate the melody with superfluous sounds and rhythm. They attempt to make it interesting from the musical standpoint and yet sufficiently simple so that the average listener can easily understand what the band is doing. Contrary to the usual procedure, Guy never adds to a song. He takes things out, striving constantly for greater simplicity and consequently toward greater beauty.

It is a long established policy that if a musical composition does not lend itself to their style, it is not played. The Lombardo style cannot be adapted to music — the music must be suited to their own peculiar style of playing. It is for this reason that Lombardo fans will never hear a rhumba. Guy says, "When we tried a rhumba, it sounded no different than the way any other orchestra played it so we just don't attempt it."

The Aces and Their Paces

Continued from Page 19

there was no denying that Goodie knew a good cigar when he smoked it. Your reporter knows no radio personality who hands you a better bouquet stogie than Goodman Ace.

Subsequently Goodie attracted the attention of a big guy in Chicago, who imported the team to the Windy City where the Aces broadcast for two years.

The original Easy Aces program exploited the card game of bridge, whence derives the name. In one way or another bridge always crept into the dialogue or into the plot, but after three years of this routine, Ace deserted bridge for the more fertile domestic circus.

Arriving in New York, the Aces made their broadcasting headquarter in NBC's Radio City studios. In 1933, Ace discovered a way of copping a Florida vacation without provoking his followers. He simply wrote himself out of the program for several weeks and let the other characters carry on. Let it be said to his everlasting credit as an honest man (for Goodie admits this) that when he and Jane absented themselves and sunbathed in Florida, their numerical rating jumped one full point; but no sooner than they returned to the program, the rating slumped one point.

The moral of this episode sounded particularly nonsensical to Goodie's invisible, inaudible sponsor, i. e., that Goodie should be assigned exclusively to writing, not acting, in Easy Aces. Said the sponsor through his spokesman: "That's hooey. I'll not plank down cash for Easy Aces unless Goodman and Jane appear IN PERSON." (It was a clean giveway! Evidently, the sponsor listens on the q. t.)

The Ace family lives comfortable and sensibly . . .once a week they keep open house for their friends on Radio Row. They rarely miss a new play on Broadway, and they go to the movies quite regularly. Besides, they listen to radio programs of all sorts.

In summer they find home most enjoyable. They open their pent house doors to the high altitude breezes of Park Avenue and beat the heat. Weekends, they motor to the country and betimes they take a fling at the Saratoga races. In winter they generally hibernate in New York.

Kansas City points with pride to the Aces; one of Goodie's professors at Junior College remembers him as one of the most promising journalism students in the school's history. (He promised for six months to write one story.) As for Jane, she stole the hearts of countless suitors, but Goodie won her in the end. He confides that he fetched her with a couple of passes to a revue starring Al Jolson. Six months later they were married.

Time to time they received offers to go elsewhere and do otherwise, but they remain loyal to Easy Aces and to each other.

From a practical point of view and from a personal interest, your reporter repeats that Ace smokes the finest cigars from Cuba's finest plantations.

Nautical Beauty

★

Brenda Marshall, Warner Brothers' star who is appearing with Errol Flynn in the movie production "The Sea Hawk." She was heard recently over NBC with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Music Hall show.

WHY PLAY AT HOTELS IF....

Here is the inside story why bandleaders play hotel engagements at a loss of money, written by the celebrated orchestra leader, Tommy Dorsey.

TOMMY DORSEY

Perhaps it doesn't make sense when you hear it, but nine times out of ten, when a "name" band plays in a hotel it does so at a loss of money.

"Then why all the excitement about bands trying to land those big hotel jobs? you're probably asking.

True, on the surface, the two items don't add up to make sense. But radio's a funny business. So is music. Put the two together and you practically have an hilarious setup. That's why only in our profession will you find a man fighting for all he's worth to land a job which will lose him a few hundred dollars a week.

Hold on, now. Before you ridicule us, listen to our side of the picture. We're not as crazy as the above sounds. At least, we don't think we are.

Hotels can only pay up to a certain figure without losing money. Unlike the bandleaders, the hotel operators don't figure to operate at a loss, so they work things out on paper and make a top figure of, let's say, twenty-five hundred dollars a week. That's an average top salary for a "name" band in a first class hotel today. We'll say that's the most a band can get at a hotel. But the band's payroll is three thousand. You don't need a pencil and paper to show a loss of five hundred a week for the bandleader.

Then why do all the bandleaders fight to get hotel jobs? I'll tell you why — radio. Charge the weekly loss off to exploitation and promotion if you wish, but the secret behind the loss is the air time and the subsequent buildup the band gets from playing these spots.

A band goes into a hotel, is given several hours of air time a week and in a short time is known throughout the country. If the band has any definite style or appeal, it can become an overnight sensation, just through the radio wire. Let it forsake the hotel job and barnstorm around the country on one-nighters and see how long it would take to establish that same reputation.

The bands that are already established take the hotel jobs for two reasons. The main reason is the continued buildup. A few hundred dollars loss over a period of several weeks can easily be recuped on a tour of one-nighters, but your success on these one-nighters will depend on the success of the radio programs you did from that hotel. The two go hand in hand and thats why you don't hear the leaders squawk about the comparative small loss. Should the hotel pay more, it would definitely lose money with no chance to make it up. The leader loses, but regains that loss, sometimes two and three times over, when he goes out and cashes in on those radio broadcasts.

The second reason behind some bands taking location jobs is for convenience in doing a commercial series. The commercial more than makes up the loss at the hotel, paying in the thousands as it does each week. Often, in advertising contracts, it is stipulated that the band do all its broadcasts from one city, usually a key spot like New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. If the band chooses to barnstorm, it may only do so a few nights a week because of the commercial committments. It's much better, therefore, to take the hotel job, get plenty of air time and concentrate on the commercial without worrying about your one-nighters and theatre dates.

On the surface it sounds pretty silly of the bandleaders to battle for jobs that will lose money for them but, when you dig down under and see what those hotels with their network radio wires mean to the annual income of a name band, you'll have a different prospective of the entire setup.

MY IMPRESSION OF HOLLYWOOD . . . .

But That Ain't The Way I Heerd It

by Bill Thompson

Recently I was asked to put down on paper some of my impressions of Hollywood. It's rather a difficult problem to attempt to solve, but I will try, with the aid of some people I have met, and some I have almost met, to give a very vague impression of this colorful land.

I have heard philosophers call Hollywood "Gaudy, Gay, Garish and Goony." When a visiting Frenchman recently summed up Hollywood, he said, with the characteristic shrug of the shoulders, "Gauché." But when us boys from Indiana first saw it, we cried out in open mouthed amazement, "Gosh!" So the reader may choose the term he prefers.

Many people ask, "What do they wear in Hollywood?", and the answer to that might be a sign over the entrance to the city reading "Through these Portals pass the loudest dressed people in the World." But actually, the men wear generally sport coats of the wide herringbone awning stripe pattern, in hues of Vultures egg Purple, or Belligerent Beige, with trousers (that must not match) of some contrasting color, such as Frightened Faun or Maple Leaf Rag. To complete this costume, a Bare head, with no hair cut, should be worn, and sport shirt, no tie, and Chinese or Japanese (whichever side you favor) sandals.

The women dress more conservatively in various styled slacks, long coats, dark glasses and kerchiefs over their hair, with either low or high heels. (The last named depends upon what kind of heels they are out with). But for evening wear all this is changed for milady. The female of the species emerges from her cocoon, forsaking the long cloth coat and slacks, for a lovely fur coat — and slacks.

Then another question I am commonly asked is "Are the stars very hard to meet?" My answer to this is "No—they are quite easy to meet." Of course, I have never met any myself, except those times by accident, when I have encountered them while I was busy delivering the morning newspaper (you see, I'm learning a trade as we all know radio isn't here to stay, and a chap must have something to fall back on, besides a theatrical background).

Then people inquire "How is Hollywood Hospitality?" My personal answer to this is, the finest in the world. But just so we might have another view on the matter, I asked a friend of mine, who shall be nameless, the same question and he answered, "While attending a large party of movie celebrities recently, I was pleased to note how charming these people can really be when they wish. Some of them went out of their way to be brought over and introduced to me, the chap they did not know, just so they would be sure they weren't snubbing one of their own distant relatives. It really is more fun and quite an honor to be singled out and ignored then it is to just to be ignored casually, with the rest of the mob."

Now, my friend is obviously a little bitter in his reply, as he has only been in Hollywood a few months, but his answer is a good example of the way some people act when first introduced to the cinema capitol.

Personally, I think that Hollywood Boulevard is a street where there are probably more colorful people to be found than on

Bill Thompson, who plays Oldtimer, Horatio K. Boomer and a variety of characters on the Fibber McGee and Molly Show.

any other street in the world. I use the word colorful, advisedly, as I have seen not only all shades of color in clothes, but also in hair. Red, White, Orange, Platinum, Raven Black, etc., and even Lavender Hair!

With it all, the Hollywood Boulevard promenaders never lose their blasé indifference, and never turn to stare at anyone. Except once, and that was some time ago, there was a large crowd gathered, all staring at one girl as she walked along, totally ignorant of the attention she was receiving. She had, believe it if you can, completely natural looking hair!!

But I am digressing from answering the questions I have been asked. A frequent query I get is, "Can you tell us of Hollywood Night Life " Well, to begin with if you are "just folks" and would like to have a good table at a big fashionable night spot, on an opening night, if you are fortunate you will be given a table in Winslow, Arizona. But if you have no connections you probably will get a bad table somewhere on the side in Seattle, Washington.

Still, you can consider yourself lucky, because if you actually get a table in the joint where you are desirous of being taken, about five minutes after you are seated, a blinding Blitzkrieg of Flashlights will go off somewhere near you, and even by the time your consommé arrives, which will be near the end of the evening, you still will not be able to see your consommé (which, of course, will be a good thing for you anyway).

But the real fun comes in the dancing. These Hollywood spots have two kinds of dance floors, small and smaller. In the cozy little places with the smaller dance floor, the moment the band starts to play, everyone rushes to the floor to be able to get in at least three dance steps before they are crushed in the crowd. On a floor of this kind, the younger people, who belong to the leg-kicker-outers, style of dancing, generally lash out with a few preliminary kicks, and catch you and your partner neatly in the calf or shin, promptly blasting any secret hope you might have had to enter the 440 or 100 yd. dash in the Olympics. Because after receiving a wound like that from a jitterbug or a more sedate kicker-outer (especially if the last named get you while executing a ballroom place kick dip) you will be lucky if you are able to limp out to the ambulance.

But if you choose a nitery with a fairly large dance floor, the orchestra immediately starts playing a dance called a La Conga, and all the celebrities jump up and get in the fun right away, thus taking up all the room available. The dancers in this dance, (which is at present a Hollywood favorite), generally end up in a big circle (sort of a Latin Big Apple) while a couple at a time get in the center and make exhibitions of themselves. This, of course, calls for more batteries of Flashlights to open up and you and your partner, by now completely unable to see in the flashing lights, grope your way back to your table, only to find that your table is in the hands of the receivers, and a polite but surly gentleman is there with your statement of bankruptcy.

This ceremony generally ends the evening, and the week too for that matter, and you go home dazed but happy in the knowledge that you have seen celebrities at play.

I wish I had more space to go on and answer the questions I've received about the World Premiers, the supper parties at swank eating places, and many other interesting things, but I've probably been boring you folks anyway. What's that? You say I didn't bore you at all? Well, that's pretty good Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it!

With Rudy Vallee dreaming up another historical fantasy for his Thursday night program (heard 8:30 CST, NBC-Red), Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom sees his opportunity to snatch a copy of RADIO VARIETIES from his boss's pocket. The two fun-makers find time to read RADIO VARIETIES during rehearsal hours and in the words of the intellectual Maxie, "This magazine is beyond compare with other similar publications that are read by followers of the wireless and cinema. We of the intelligensia in Hollywood feel that it offers a great deal to the searching mind. And as soon as I loin to read I'll soitanly subscribe. Tanks."

YOUR FAVORITE NETWORK PROGRAM SCHEDULES

This schedule listed for time, name of program, day broadcast and network outlet. * indicates Monday thru Friday programs.

CENTRAL DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

DRAMATIC SERIALS

8:00 a.m., Woman of Courage,* CBS
8:15 a.m., Meet The Dixons,* CBS
8:45 a.m., Bachelor's Children,* CBS
9:00 a.m., Kitty Kelly,* CBS
9:00 a.m., Man I Married,* NBC-Red
9:15 a.m., Vic and Sade,* NBC-Blue
9:15 a.m., Midstream,* NBC-Red
9:15 a.m., Myrt & Marge,* CBS
9:15 a.m., Houseboat Hannah,* NBC-Blue
9:30 a.m., Ellen Randolph,* NBC-Red
9:30 a.m., Story of Mary Marlin,* NBC-Blue
9:45 a.m., Pepper Young's Family,* NBC-Blue
9:45 a.m., Midstream,* NBC-Blue
9:45 a.m., Stepmother,* CBS
10:00 a.m., Short Short Story, M.W.F., CBS
10:00 a.m., David Harum,* NBC-Red
10:15 a.m., Road of Life,* NBC-Red
10:15 a.m., Life Begins,* CBS
10:30 a.m., Big Sister,* CBS
10:30 a.m., Against the Storm,* NBC-Red
10:45 a.m., Guiding Light,* NBC-Red
10:45 a.m., Affairs of Anthony,* NBC-Blue
10:45 a.m., Aunt Jenny's Stories,* CBS
11:15 a.m., O'Neills,* NBC-Red
11:15 a.m., When A Girl Marries,* CBS
11:30 a.m., Helen Trent,* CBS
11:45 a.m., Our Gal Sunday,* CBS
12:00 noon, The Goldbergs,* CBS
12:15 p.m., Life Can Be Beautiful,* CBS
12:30 p.m., This Day is Ours,* CBS
12:45 p.m., Road of Life,* CBS
1:00 p.m., Light of the World,* NBC-Red
1:00 p.m., Young Dr. Malone,* CBS
1:15 p.m., Joyce Jordan,* CBS
1:15 p.m., Arnold Grimm's Daugh.,* NBC-R
1:30 p.m., Your Family and Mine,* CBS
1:30 p.m., Valiant Lady,* NBC-Red
1:30 p.m., Life Begins,* CBS
1:45 p.m., "My Son & I,"* CBS
2:00 p.m., Society Girl,* CBS
2:00 p.m., Orphans of Divorce,* NBC-Blue
2:00 p.m., Mary Marlin,* NBC-Red
2:15 p.m., Society Girl,* CBS
2:15 p.m., Ma Perkins,* NBC-Red
2:15 p.m., Amanda of Honeymoon Hill,* NBC-Blue
2:30 p.m., John's Other Wife,* NBC-Blue
2:30 p.m., Pepper Young's Family,* NBC-Red
2:45 p.m., Just Plain Bill,* NBC-Blue
2:45 p.m., Vic and Sade,* NBC-Red
3:00 p.m., Kitty Kelly,* CBS
3:00 p.m., Backstage Wife,* NBC-Red
3:15 p.m., Stella Dallas,* NBC-Red
3:30 p.m., Hilltop House,* CBS
3:30 p.m., Lorenzo Jones,* NBC-Red
3:30 p.m., Hilltop House,* Mon. Fri., CBS
3:45 p.m., Stepmother,* CBS
3:45 p.m., Young Widder Brown,* NBC-Red
4:00 p.m., By Kathleen Norris,* CBS
4:00 p.m., Girl Alone,* NBC-Red
4:15 p.m., Kitty Keene,* NBC-Red
4:15 p.m., Caroline's Golden Store,* CBS
4:15 p.m., Dr. Susan,* CBS
4:30 p.m., Crossroads, Sun., NBC-Red
4:45 p.m., Scattergood Baines,* CBS
4:45 p.m., O'Neills,* NBC-Red
5:00 p.m., Li'l Abner,* NBC-Red
5:00 p.m., Billy & Betty,* CBS
5:30 p.m., Joyce Jordan,* CBS
5:30 p.m., Renfrew of Mounted, Sat., NBC-B
5:45 p.m., Bud Barton,* NBC-Blue
6:00 p.m., Easy Aces, TWTh., NBC-Blue
6:00 p.m., Amos and Andy,* CBS
6:15 p.m., Mr. Keen, TWTh., NBC-Blue
6:30 p.m., One of the Finest, M.,Th., NBC-B
6:30 p.m., Blondie, Mon., CBS
6:30 p.m., Brent House, Tues., NBC-Blue
6:30 p.m., Second Husband, Tues.. CBS
7:00 p.m., Mr. District, Thurs., NBC-Red
7:00 p.m., County Seat, Sat.. CBS
7:00 p.m., Aldrich Family, Tues.. NBC-Blue
7:30 p.m., I Love a Mystery, Thurs., NBC-Red
7:30 p.m., One Man's Family, Sun., NBC-R
8:15 p.m., Parker Family, Sun., NBC-Blue
9:00 p.m., Dr. Christian, Wed., CBS
9:30 p.m., Blondie, Mon., CBS
9:30 p.m., Heart of Julia Blake, TThS., CBS
10:00 p.m., Amos and Andy,* CBS

DRAMATIC PLAYS

1:00 p.m., Great Plays, Sun.. NBC-Blue
7:00 p.m., Landmarks of Radio Drama, Sat., NBC-Red
5:00 p.m., Silver Theatre, Sun.. CBS
7:00 p.m., Gang Busters, Sat., CBS
8:00 p.m., The Green Hornet, Mon., Wed., NBC-Blue
7:00 p.m., Hollywood Playhouse, W., NBC-R
7:00 p.m., Big Town. Tues., CBS
7:30 p.m., Death Valley Days, Fri., NBC-Blue
7:30 p.m., Court of Missing Heirs, Tues., CBS
7:30 p.m., Strange as it Seems, Thurs., CBS
8:00 p.m., Lux Theater, Mon., CBS
8:30 p.m., Irene Rich, Sun., NBC-Blue
8:30 p.m., First Nighter, Fri., CBS
9:00 p.m., Don Ameche, Fri., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Columbia Workshop, Thurs., CBS
9:00 p.m., Grand Central Station, Fr., CBS
11:30 p.m., Strange as it Seems, Thurs., CBS

COMEDY AND VARIETY

8:00 a.m., Breakfast Club,** NBC-Blue
8:30 a.m., National Hilibilly Champ, F., CBS
8:30 a.m., Sunday Drivers, Sun., NBC-Red
10:05 a.m., News and Rhythm, Sun., CBS
11:00 a.m., Kate Smith Noon Chat,* CBS
11:45 a.m., Courtney's Gloomchasers, Sat., MBS
12:30 p.m., From Hollywood Today, Sun., NBC--Red
1:30 p.m., News and Rhythm, Sun., CBS
1:30 p.m., Brush Creek Follies, Sat., CBS
1:30 p.m., Fletcher Wiley,* CBS
2:35 p.m., Uncle Jonathan,* CBS
3:00 p.m., Club Matinee,** NBC-Blue
4:30 p.m., Watanabe & Archie,* NBC-Blue
4:30 p.m., Happened in Holly. M.W.F., CBS
4:45 p.m., Smilin' Ed McConnell,* CBS
5:00 p.m., Gay Nineties, Sun., CBS
5:00 p.m., Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, Sat., NBC-Red
5:15 p.m., Hopper's Hollyw'd, M.W.F. CBS
5:30 p.m., Gene Autry Mel. Ranch, Sun., CBS
6:00 p.m., Jack Benny, Sun., NBC-Red
6:30 p.m., Weekend Potpourri, Sun., CBS
6:30 p.m., Burns and Allen, Wed., CBS
6:30 p.m., Al Pearce, Fri., CBS
7:00 p.m., Chase & Sanborn, Sun., NBC-Red
7:00 p.m., Tune Up Time, Mon., CBS
7:00 p.m., Ben Bernie, Wed., CBS
7:00 p.m., Johny Presents, Tues., NBC-RED
7:00 p.m., Kate Smith, Fri., CBS
7:30 p.m., Plantation Party, Wed., NBC-Red
7:30 p.m., Model Minstrels, Mon., CBS
8:00 p.m., We, The People, Tues., CBS
8:00 p.m., Fred Allen Show, Wed., NBC-Red
8:30 p.m., Rudy Vallee, Thurs., NBC-Red
8:00 p.m., Texaco Star Theater, Wed., CBS
8:00 p.m., Good News of 1940, Thur., NBC-R
8:00 p.m., Johnny Presents, Fri., CBS
8:00 p.m., Natl. Barn Dance, Sat., NBC-Blue
8:30 p.m., Alec Templeton, Mon., NBC-Red
8:30 p.m., Fibber McGee, Tues., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Don Ameche Show, Fri., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Bob Hope, Tues., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Kraft Music Hall, Thurs., NBC-R
9:30 p.m., Burns and Allen, Wed., CBS
9:30 p.m., Unc Walt Dog Hse., Tue., NBC-R
10:15 p.m., Jimmie Fidler, Tues., CBS
10:30 p.m., Model Minstrels, Mon., CBS
10:30 p.m., Johnny Presents, Fri., CBS
11:00 p.m., Tune-Up Time, Mon., CBS
11:00 p.m., Kate Smith, Fri., CBS
11:30 p.m., We, The People, Tues., CBS

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

2:00 p.m., I Want a Divorce, Sun., NBC-Red
6:30 p.m., Vox Pop, Thurs., CBS
6:30 p.m., Professor Quiz, Fri., CBS
7:00 p.m., This Amazing America, Fri., NBC-Blue
7:00 p.m., Ask-It-Basket, Thurs., CBS
7:30 p.m., Quicksilver, Wed., NBC-Blue
7:30 p.m., Pot o' Gold, Tues., NBC-Red
7:30 p.m., Information Please, Tues., NBC-B
7:30 p.m., True or False, Mon., NBC-Blue
8:00 p.m., Major Bowes, Thurs., CBS
8:00 p.m., Doctor I. Q., Mon., NBC-Red
8:00 p.m., Professor Quiz, Fri., CBS
8:00 p.m., Battle of Sexes, Tues., NBC-Red
8:30 p.m., What Would You Have Done?, Fri., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Goodwill Hour, Sun., NBC-Blue
9:00 p.m., Take It or Leave It, Sun., CBS
9:00 p.m., Kay Kyser's College, Wed., NBC-R
9:30 p.m., Marathon Melodies, Fri., NBC-B
11:00 p.m., Ask-It-Basket, Thurs., CBS
11:00 p.m., Marriage Club, Wed., NBC-Blue

RELIGIOUS

8:00 a.m., Richard Maxwell,** CBS
8:30 a.m., Wings Over Jordan, Sun., CBS
9:00 a.m., Church of the Air, Sun., CBS
9:00 a.m., Bible Highlights, Sun., NBC-Red
10:45 a.m., Most Out of Life,* NBC-Blue
11:30 a.m., Rel. & New World, Mon., NBC-R
11:30 a.m., Our Spiritual Life, Tues., NBC-R
11:30 a.m., Timeless Truths, Thurs., NBC-R
11:30 a.m., Opportunity, Fri., NBC-Red
11:30 a.m., Call to Youth, Sat., NBC-Red
12:00 noon, Church of the Air, Sun., CBS
1:30 p.m., The Truth, Wed., NBC-Red
1:45 p.m., Hymns All Ch., MTTh., NBC-R
3:00 p.m., National Vespers, Sun., NBC-Blue
5:00 p.m., Catholic Hour, Sun., NBC-Red
5:30 p.m., Religion in News, Sat., NBC-Red
6:00 p.m., Message of Israel, Sat., NBC-Blue

POPULAR MUSIC

7:45 a.m., Melody Time, M., W., F., CBS
7:30 a.m., Tone Pictures, Sun., NBC-Blue
7:30 a.m., Gene and Glenn,* NBC-Red
8:05 a.m., Happy Jack Turner,* NBC-Red
8:15 a.m., Band Goes to Town,* NBC-Red
8:15 a.m., Sunny Melodies, Tues., CBS
8:15 a.m., Fiddlers Fancy, Sat., CBS
8:30 a.m., Fiddlers Fancy, Wed., CBS
8:30 a.m., Sunday Drivers, Sun., NBC-Red
8:45 a.m., Gospel Singer,* NBC-Red
8:45 a.m., Crackerjacks Quartet, Sat., NBC-R
8:45 a.m., Music in the Air, Tues., CBS
9:00 a.m., Organ Moods, Sat., CBS
9:30 a.m., Saturday Serenade, Sat., CBS
9:30 a.m., Charioteers, Sat., NBC-Blue
9:45 a.m., Novelettes,* NBC-Blue
10:00 a.m., Rhythmaires, Tues., CBS
10:00 a.m., Blue Interlude, Wed., CBS
10:30 a.m., Southernaires, Sun., NBC-Blue
11:00 a.m., Console Echoes, Thurs., CBS
11:00 a.m., Charles Paul, Fri., CBS
11:15 a.m., Southernaires, Thurs., NBC-B
11:15 a.m., Dinning Sisters,* NBC-Red
11:30 a.m., Salon Musicale, Mon., CBS
11:30 a.m., Southern Cruise, Wed., CBS
11:30 a.m., Cafe Budapest, Thurs., CBS
12:00 noon Music for Moderns, Sun., NBC-Red
12:30 p.m., Silver Strings, Sun., NBC-Red
12:30 p.m., Matinee in Rhythm, Sat., NBC-R
1:00 p.m., Milton Charles and Edith Hendrick, M., T., Th., CBS
1:15 p.m., Quilting Bee, Wed., NBC-Blue
1:45 p.m., Enoch Light Orch., MWF., CBS
1:45 p.m., Tune Time, Tues., CBS
2:00 p.m., Not So Long Ago, Tues., CBS
2:00 p.m., Sunday Afternoon, Sun., MBS
2:30 p.m., Swing Serenade, Wed., CBS
2:30 p.m., Tapestry Musicale, Sun., NBC-Blue
3:00 p.m., Deep River Boys, Tues., CBS
3:15 p.m., Al Bernard, Tues., CBS
3:15 p.m., Ray Bloch's Varieties, Thurs., CBS
3:30 p.m., Basin Street Music, Sun., NBC-B
3:30 p.m., Lee Childs, Wed., CBS
3:30 p.m., Syncopation Piece, Sun., CBS
3:45 p.m., Blue Streak Rhythm Ens., Tu., CBS
4:00 p.m., Escorts and Betty, Sun., NBC-Blue
4:00 p.m., Ruth Carhart, Songs, Fri., CBS
4:00 p.m., Summer Serenade, Sat., CBS
4:15 p.m., Patterns in Swing, Thurs., CBS
4:30 p.m., From Hollywood Today, Sun., NBC-Red
5:00 p.m., Luther-Layman Singers, W., NBC-R
5:00 p.m., El Chico, Sat., NBC-Red
5:05 p.m., The Troubadors, Mon., Tues., CBS
5:05 p.m., Ballads by Brooks, Wed., CBS
5:15 p.m., Deep River Boys, Mon., CBS
5:15 p.m., Eton Boys, Tues., Wed., Fri., CBS
5:30 p.m., Beat the Band, Sun., NBC-Red
5:30 p.m., Cavalcade of Hits, Sun., NBC-Blue
5:45 p.m., Salon Silhouettes, Tu., Th., NBC-R
5:45 p.m., Judith Arlen,* CBS
6:00 p.m., Fred Waring,* NBC-Red
6:00 p.m., Rhythm Rascals, Wed., CBS
6:15 p.m., Michael Loring, Songs, Th., CBS
6:30 p.m., Fitch Bandwagon, Sun., NBC-Red
7:00 p.m., Johnny Presents, Tues., NBC-Red
7:00 a.m., Earbenders, Mon. thru Fri., NBC-B
7:30 p.m., Wayne King Orch, Sat., CBS
7:30 p.m., Horace Heidt, Tues., NBC-Red
7:30 a.m., Ray Perkins, M., W., Fri., NBC-Blue
7:30 a.m., Vocal Vogues, Tues., Thurs., NBC-B
8:00 p.m., Your Hit Parade. Sat., CBS
8:00 p.m., Your Sunday Date, Sun., MBS
8:00 p.m., Manh. Merry Go R., Sun., NBC-R
8:00 p.m., Waltz Time, Fri., NBC-Red
8:45 p.m., Saturday Night Serenade, Sat., CBS
9:00 p.m., Guy Lombardo's Orch., Mon., CBS
9:00 p.m., Carnation Cont., Mon., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Camel Caravan, Sat., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Kay Kyser, Wed., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Hour of Charm, Sun., NBC-Red
9:00 p.m., Time To Shine, Tues., CBS
9:30 p.m., Romance in Rhythm, Wed., MBS
9:30 p.m., Doris Rhodes, Tues., CBS
9:30 p.m., Young Man With a Band, F., CBS
10:00 p.m., Jack Jenny Orchestra, Sun., CBS
10:00 p.m., Fred Waring,* NBC-Red
10:15 p.m., Larry Ross, M. W. T. F., CBS
10:15 p.m., Dick Stabile Orch., TFrSat., CBS
10:15 p.m., Johnny Long Orch., WTh., CBS
10:30 p.m., Lou Breeze's Orch., NBC
10:30 p.m., Larry Fatin Orchestra, Wed., CBS
10:30 p.m., Paul Whiteman's Orch., Wed., CBS
10:30 p.m., Frankie Masters Or., Sun.,Sat., CBS
11:00 p.m., Woody Herman's Orch., NBC
11:00 p.m., Louis Armstrong Orch., M., CBS
11:00 p.m., Ray Herbeck Orch., Tues., CBS
11:00 p.m., Harry James Orch., W., Fri., CBS
11:00 p.m., Hal Kemp, Sat., CBS
11:00 p.m., Your Hit Parade, Sat., CBS
11:30 p.m., Van Alexander Orch., Sun., CBS
11:30 p.m., Harry James Orchestra, Mon., CBS
11:30 p.m., Larry Clinton Orch., Tues., CBS
11:30 p.m., Glen Gray, Wed., CBS
11:30 p.m., Teddy Powell, Thurs., CBS
11:30 p.m., Jack Jenny Orchestra, Sat., CBS
12:00 a.m., Bobby Peters Orch., Sun., CBS
12:00 a.m., Phil Levant, MTThF., CBS
12:00 a.m., John Kirby's Orch., NBC

POPULAR MUSIC

(Continued)

12:00 a.m., Jerry Livingstone Orch., Wed., CBS
12:00 a.m., Ben Bernie Orchestra, Sat., CBS
12:30 a.m., Harry James Orch., Thurs., CBS
12:30 a.m., Leighton Noble, Sat., CBS

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMS

9:30 a.m., Betty Moore, NBC-Red
10:30 a.m., Traveling Cook, Tues., NBC-Blue
12:15 p.m., Calling Stamp Collectors, Sat., NBC-Red
12:15 p.m., Bet. Bookends, *NBC-Blue
12:30 p.m., Nature Sketches, Tues., NBC-Red
12:30 p.m., On Your Job, Sun., NBC-Red
1:00 p.m., How Do You Know?, Thurs., NBC-Blue
1:00 p.m., Dr. Damrosch, Fri., NBC-Blue
1:00 p.m., Democracy in Action, Sun., CBS
1:00 p.m., Adven. in Reading, Mon., NBC-B
1:30 p.m., U. of Chi. Rd. Table, Su., NBC-R
2:35 p.m., Am. Sch. of Air,* CBS
3:00 p.m., Bull Sessions, Sat., CBS
3:15 p.m., Highways to Health, Wed., CBS
3:15 p.m., Men Behind the Stars, Fri., CBS
3:15 p.m., Adventures in Science, Thur., CBS
3:15 p.m., Of Men and Books, Tues., CBS
3:30 p.m., Medicine in the News, Th., NBC-B
3:30 p.m., World is Yours, Sun., NBC-Red
4:30 p.m., Am. Sch. of Air,* CBS
5:05 p.m., Kitchell's Brief Case, Fri., NBC-B
5:15 p.m., Malcolm Claire,* NBC-Red
5:30 p.m., Guest Book, Thurs., NBC-Red
5:45 p.m., The World Today, MWF., CBS
6:00 p.m., People's Platform, Sat., CBS
6:15 p.m., Youth in the Toils, Mon., NBC-B
6:30 p.m., Pursuit of Happiness, Sun., CBS
7:30 p.m., So You Think You Know Music, Sun., CBS
7:30 p.m., Information Please, Tue., NBC-B
9:15 p.m., Americans at Work, Tues., CBS
9:15 p.m., Public Affairs, Wed. & Sat., CBS
10:15 p.m., Next Step Forward, Wed., NBC-R

AGRICULTURAL

11:30 a.m., Nat. Farm & Home Hr.,** NBC-B
4:00 p.m., Columbia's Country J., Sun., CBS

CLASSICAL AND SEMI-CLASSICAL

7:30 a.m., Poetic Strings, Sun., CBS
7:45 a.m., Maurice Brown, Cellist, Sun., CBS
8:00 a.m., The Organ Loft, Sun., CBS
9:00 a.m., String Symphony, Sun., NBC-Blue
9:30 a.m., Aubade for Strings, Sun., CBS
10:00 a.m., Console Contrasts, Sun., CBS
10:05 a.m., Cincinnati Con. Music, Sat., CBS
10:30 a.m., Major Bowes', Sun., CBS
10:30 a.m., Music & Amer. Youth, Sun., NBC-Red
11:00 a.m., Radio City Mu. Hall, Sun., NBC-B
11:30 a.m., Salt Lake Tabernacle, Sun., CBS
12:00 noon, Enoch Light Orchestra, Sat., CBS
12:30 p.m., Walberg Brown Strings, Sun., CBS
12:45 p.m., Words and Music,* NBC-Red
1:30 p.m., U. S. Army Band, Tues., NBC-B
1:30 p.m., Going South, Sun., CBS
1:45 p.m., Hymns of All Churches, Mon., Tues., Thurs., NBC-Red
2:00 p.m., Symphony, Sun., CBS
2:30 p.m., U. S. Navy Band, Wed., CBS
2:00 p.m., Music Hour, Fri., CBS
2:30 p.m., Tapestry Musicale, Sun., NBC-B
2:30 p.m., Poetic Strings, Mon., CBS
2:30 p.m., Story of the Song, Tues., CBS
2:30 p.m., Clyde Barrie, Thurs., CBS
3:00 p.m., Cleveland Institute of Music, Tues., CBS
3:00 p.m., Leon Goldman, Wed., CBS
3:15 p.m., Ruth Carhart, Mon., CBS
4:00 p.m., Exploring Music, Tues., CBS
4:00 p.m., Genevieve Rowe, Thurs., CBS
4:30 p.m., Choral Program, Sun., CBS
5:05 p.m., Aeolian Ensemble, Fri., CBS
5:15 p.m., Console Reveries, M., Th., CBS
6:00 p.m., Aeolian Ensemble, Thurs., CBS
6:30 p.m., Aeolian Ensemble, Mon., CBS
7:00 p.m., Telephone Hour, Mon., NBC-Red
7:00 p.m., Cities Serv. Conc., Fri., NBC-Red
7:30 p.m., Voice of Firestone, Mon., NBC-R
8:00 p.m., Ford Hour, Sun., CBS
8:30 p.m., Alec Templeton, Mon., NBC-Red
8:30 p.m., Amer. Al. Fam. Mu., Sun., NBC-R
8:30 p.m., Vera Brodsky, Pianist, Tues., CBS
9:00 p.m., Roy Shield Music, Tues., NBC-Blue
8:30 p.m., Roy Shield Revue, Wed., NBC-Blue
9:30 p.m., Columbia Concert, Mon., CBS

There's Never a Dull Moment
when you listen to WLS

If all the many abilities and accomplishments of those who entertain you over WLS could be scheduled for one continuous radio performance, it would not only be one of the most unusual but also one of the most interesting you ever heard.

The WLS Rangers would play for hours on end without repeating a single number — everything from classical to ultra modern tunes — and with a lot of fine harmony singing interspersed.
Salty Holmes, while playing guitar with the Prairie Ramblers, would be doing dance and comedy routines (not to mention jug blowing and novelty singing).
Chuck Acree, with "Something to Talk About" for the listening audience, would be amusing the visible audience with clever magic tricks.

The same holds true for every one else — from the announcers to the sound effects man. For all members of the WLS staff are chosen for just one reason: Their ability to provide wholesome, interesting diversified radio entertainment. That's why there's never a dull moment when you listen to WLS.

Here's part of the WLS National Barn Dance gang, the night they celebrated the eighth anniversary of broadcasting from the Eighth Street Theatre. Grace Wilson is getting ready to cut the birthday cake with Reggie Cross, Arkie, Fritz Meissner and others expectantly waiting.

WLS

The Prairie Farmer Station

870 Kilocycles 50,000 Watts