

# Radio

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# Guide

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Jeannie Lang

JEAN J.  
PASTORET

CLIFF SOUBIER, the Bluebeard of the Air Waves, by Arthur Rhoades

# Freddie Berrens Was Tough Gob

*Successively Infant Prodigy, Child Actor, Female Impersonator, Freddie Bluffed Navy Bully During the War*

WHEN di-minutive By Donald Couper

Freddie Berrens whips up his rhythm makers in syncopation, it is hard to realize he was once one of the toughest gobs who ever stood at attention on a flag-ship. Going back even further, when he was Fritz Bernstein, it is difficult to picture wise-cracking Freddie growing up in the hallowed atmosphere of the Jewish Theater of which his father, Bernard Bernstein, was a distinguished member. Then try to conjure in your mind another contrast in his career—Freddie doing a female impersonation act in vaudeville with his brother manning the piano, listed as "The Berrens."

His father, Bernard Bernstein, one of the founders of the Jewish Art Theater, was one of the greatest Jewish actors of all time. Freddie's childhood was carefully guided and had not "the best laid plans of mice and men" failed, he might today be a great actor or a great violinist. But times changed, the theater failed, the Bernstein bank account dwindled, and Freddie was released from the arms of the classics to win his way through the world somehow.

When Freddie—then Fritz—was hardly six, a violin, discovered dormant in the Bernstein attic, was resurrected and restrung for his first lesson. A small, serious little boy, he inherited a love of music from his parents, and the supple fingers were trained to make the violin sing with amazing rapidity, and the Bernsteins were sure they owned a prodigy.

By the time Freddie was seven, the violin obeyed his fingers faultlessly. Whenever the Bernsteins had guests visit their home, their son played for them, accompanied by his mother on the piano.

Jacob Gordon prepared an adaptation of Tolstoi's novel, "Kruetzer Sonata" for the theater, and when they were casting the play, Freddie's father arranged for him to have the third greatest role, the part of the son. It was necessary for the director to find a boy who could act, and play a violin solo in the last act of the play. Freddie's mother was reluctant to have her young son get his first taste of the footlights so soon, but she consented.

SO Freddie was cast in the role, and at the age of seven he was swelling the family coffers at the rate of \$100 a week. He stayed in "Kruetzer Sonata" during its entire run of four years in the Jewish Theater. So, during those years when most small boys are playing "Cops and Robbers," and "One Ole Cat," Freddie's time was taken up by his theater performances, and violin lessons from Max Bendix, violinist conductor at the old Hammerstein Opera House.

When the play closed, Freddie's mother was determined to have her son focus his attention upon music and school lessons. Shortly afterward, the English version of "Kruetzer Sonata" was produced on Broadway, with Blanche Bates as its star, and Freddie was offered \$150 a week to play in it. But Freddie's mother put her foot down firmly. She did not want Freddie on Broadway—only to be lured further away from his violin. So he was kept at home with a Harvard graduate as his tutor in school lessons, and sent regularly to the Institute of Musical Art, where he won a scholarship and studied under Franz Kneisel.

When Freddie was about sixteen, the affairs of the Bernsteins took an unforeseen turn toward financial calamity. His father bought a theater on Grand Street, in which he invested all their money, hoping to produce some great plays there. But the theater failed—bringing indescribable discouragement and worry to them. Morris Gest, who was

working for Freddie's father, actually made the suggestion which changed the tenor of his life. He said, "Vaudeville is where the money is now, Bernard. Why don't Fritz and Herman team up and make money that way?"

Freddie was aiming for more years of study and struggle to attain the heights of a concert violinist, but necessity spoke louder than his ambition, and he and his brother, Herman, put their heads together to decide what kind of an act they

would present. They both interviewed a booking agent who was a friend of their father's and he informed them that it would be more of a drawing card if it was a boy and girl team, instead of two brothers. Freddie turned to his brother.

"I guess it's a wig and skirts for me, Herman? Re-

ing that vaudeville was profitable, stayed on the road doing a "single."

Came the war, Freddie, with due patriotism, deserted the footlights for a navy blue uniform. Despite his months in skirts, he developed into a wiry gob on the S. S. New Mexico, war-time flagship.

Freddie, in spite of being something of a bantam compared to the brawny gobs collected on the battleship, proved that, though he was sans tattoos, and an ex-violinist, he could use his fists. One day he had a chance to show his mates that beneath a courteous and un-sailor-like exterior, he could hold his own. Another gob, of the Wise Guy variety, tried to start something. In order to ruffle Freddie's feathers, he called him, in none too gentle terms, an Old Softie. Freddie took exception to the statement, and though he had not had many fist fights in his life, and was secretly scared to death at the prospect of fighting his tremendous opponent, he presented an arrogant exterior.

"Just as soon as I roll my sleeves up," said Freddie sinisterly, "I will make you eat those words."

THE day might have ended very sadly for Freddie—for he was as helpless as a mouse in a refuge for homeless cats. However, he had a staunch friend among the gobs who turned the tables in his favor. The friend told Freddie's opponent: "Listen, you ought to look out for that guy, Berrens. He used to be a sparring partner of Benny Leonard's." The gob who had called Freddie an

Old Softie (or words to that effect) altered his opinion, and swiftly lost some of his self-confidence. Fred rolled up his sleeves and disdainfully stepped up to his opponent. A ring of gobs closed in around them. Freddie went straight into the routine of shadow-boxing, dancing around to look professional, and just as the fight was about to begin in earnest, it was stopped by an officer. Thereafter, Freddie was respected whole-heartedly by his mates, and treated with caution by the ship's goliaths.

After the war, Freddie became an orchestra director and in 1928 Al Smith made Freddie the Musical Director of the Democratic National Committee.

When his work in that capacity was concluded, Freddie decided that he wanted to get into radio work. Auditioning was discouraging work. He paid for one right after the other, and it took two years for him to land a commercial program on a network. Two years ago, Freddie heard there was a position open for staff conductor at WABC. He gave an audition one Monday—Tuesday he got the job.

Freddie has been experimenting with novelty jazz types. All of his programs bear the brand of original syncopation.

... A moment of repose ...

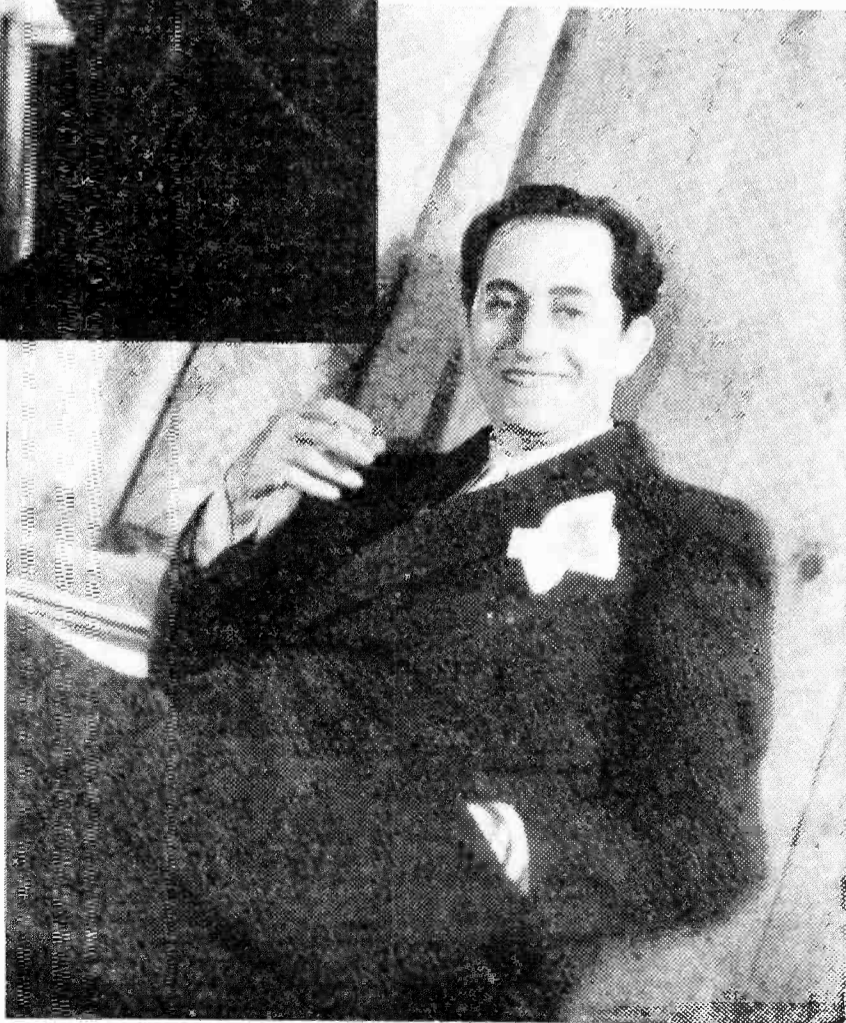


FREDDIE BERRENS ... His telephone is constantly jangling ...

member what a wow I was masquerading as a fair damsel last Halloween?"

Herman made a muffled, deprecatory noise indicating that he thought as a girl Fritz would make a good window-washer. However, Freddie went shopping for a wig and a costume, and the effect was so convincing that they showed the act to Keith as a boy and girl team, and were given forty-eight weeks at \$600 a week. That helped pull the Bernsteins out of their financial difficulties.

In his wig and skirts, Freddie suffered tortures of the damned. His friends flocked to see him and the audience was full of amused guffaws as Freddie minced around the stage. "The Berrens" went over and got a big hand, but the team was dissolved when Herman got married, and had a chance to go into business. Freddie, decid-



# I MEAN, *It's* SO TERRIFIC, *and All*

**J**EANNIE Lang was born in St. Louis. And she loves Maryland fried chicken. She gets a big bang out of it. Maryland fried chicken is ginger peachy. Stoopnocracy is peachy, but ginger peachy is what Jeannie Lang thinks of Maryland fried chicken.

And twelve Harvard boys came into her dressing room in Boston when she was playing there and brought just loads and loads of ice cream. It was vanilla. And Jeannie just ate it and ate it. She thinks she ate a quart. But maybe it was two quarts. She just has nip ups and back bends about ice cream. Nip ups and back bends are what Jeannie Lang has about ice cream.

I have tried to tell you all this as Jeannie Lang told it to me on the twenty-second floor of a big building as we sat and looked out over New York. Or maybe it was New Jersey. And perhaps it was the forty-fourth floor.

Apparently this thing is contagious. I must have caught it, for now and then, I find myself talking as she does. But I can't giggle as she does. When I try, people get frightened. But when she giggles, you laugh.

Interviewing Jeannie Lang is like breaking a little thermometer and then chasing the mercury around the floor while wearing boxing gloves. Have you ever tried that? Or even without wearing boxing gloves. I mean you wind up knowing a lot about mercury, but you can't catch it and put it together.

When you interview a radio star (or any star, for that matter) you usually do it something like this: "Now tell me, Miss Zilch," you ask suavely, "who are your favorite authors?"

And then she tells you who are her favorite authors. I mean Miss Zilch would. Not Jeannie Lang. If you asked Jeannie Lang that, she would tell you about the twelve Harvard boys and the ice cream. Because she got a big bang out of that. And before you are through, you find that you are getting a big bang out of it, too. Of course, it would prove a little difficult if you were to ask Jeannie to tell you the best way to find streets in Greenwich Village. But then, that is a thing I never find occasion to ask people whom I interview, so we got along beautifully.

**I**T IS not very likely that little Jeannie Lang ever did anything calmly and without finding any excitement in it in all her nearly twenty-one years. I mean ANYTHING.

Like the first time she appeared on the stage. She had always wanted to appear on the stage, but her father and mother wouldn't let her. So one afternoon, she played hooky from the Maplewood High School, in St. Louis, where she was a sophomore, and went to the theater where Brooke Johns was playing. She introduced herself, and said she wanted to go on the stage. She sang a number for Johns, and it just happened that he found he could use her. But when it came time for her to go on, she fainted. Johns carried her on stage, and she came to looking out at the crowd.

"I guess I fainted. I don't know," she will tell you. "Anyway, all of a sudden everything went dark, and the next thing I knew there I was out on the stage, looking out over the crowd. I guess I must have fainted."

The presumption would be that Miss Lang DID faint. In the course of interviewing Jeannie, you might ask: "What is your favorite form of relaxation?"

"And let me tell you about the boy who drew my picture," she might respond lucidly enough, if only it had happened to have been the boy who drew her picture that you had asked her about. "Let me tell you about him. I got such a bang out of it. I mean I was so excited."

"I do get so excited. Why I remember one night when we were broadcasting. You know because I'm so small, I have to stand on a box when I broadcast so I can reach the microphone. Well, this night, I was so excited that I fell off three times. Three times. I fell off the box three times."

"But you were speaking about the boy who drew—" "Oh yes. The boy. I mean I DID get a bang out of that. You see this boy is the son of a man who works at

*Jeannie Lang Tells It All, Even Though It Takes Quite a While*

By Lewis Y. Hagy

the Waldorf, where I broadcast with Jack Denny. And he's such a peach. He's ginger peachy. I've been with him all the time ever since eleven months ago when I came to New York. You see he heard me broadcasting from the coast, and wired me to come here right away and join him at the Waldorf." "Who? The boy?" you



JEANNIE LANG

... Sometimes I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's just a fairy tale ...

ask, slightly puzzled, perhaps.

"Oh, no. Oh, no. Not the boy. Not the boy at all, Jack Denny. He's peachy. I mean Jack Denny is peachy. And the boy is peachy, too. Oh, my temperature! You see, this boy is the son of a man who works at the Waldorf, and he asked his father to get him a picture of me, and then he drew one from that. And I mean it was the most exciting thing! He had never seen me. But everyone is so perfectly lovely!"

**I**N RESPONSE to my question about whether she preferred stage appearances to radio, Miss Lang explained that she gets up an hour earlier every day, and takes a sun bath.

"When people ask me if I can sing, I tell 'em I squeak, and then they don't have any comeback," she explained, apropos of sun bathing. "That's what I told Paul Whiteman, and he signed me up right away to do two songs in 'King of Jazz.' That was when I went to the coast with my mother and father. They wanted to get me away from the theater. But they didn't. Because it was from the coast that Jack Denny heard me broadcast."

"And now mother and dad think radio is ginger peachy. But they always used to get nip ups and back bends when I wanted to go on the stage. But I went on



... She has nip ups and back bends ...

the stage, just the same. Sometimes I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's all a fairy tale. It's all so wonderful. And I love it. I mean the radio."

Two points I believe I established definitely, although I cannot be sure that I am correct chronologically. From what Jeannie told me, I gather that after she had done "King of Jazz" with Whiteman she was brought to New York by Hammerstein to play in "Ballyhoo" as her first Broadway appearance. Then she went back to the coast and made some shorts for Warner Brothers.

"Oh, about twenty or maybe thirty-five," she explained.

**Y**OU see, I broadcast six times a week, and sometimes three times a day, and then there are rehearsals, and I have to learn songs, and then I appear every night at the Waldorf with Jack Denny and then on Saturdays. I always attend to my fan mail. And I'm tired every night when I go to bed, because it's so exciting. But I love it."

And speaking of fan mail, Jeannie gets it. Gobs and gobs of it. She doesn't know how much, because you can't count it. I mean she doesn't count. But there's an awful lot of it. And so much from college boys. If Jeannie ever attends an intercollegiate regatta and tries to wear all the colors of the young collegians who have implored her by mail to come up to the next hop, she will look like a barber pole with a Siamese flag draped around it. I mean that's what her color scheme will look like. Not Jeannie. She doesn't look like a barber pole.

Come to think of it, Jeannie typifies the collegiate conception of the Ideal Girl. Maybe that is why the college boys go for her in such wholesale lots. Knowing her, will raise your respect for the American college youth. I mean, you can't help but admit that he has good taste.

Jeannie takes a nap every night before she goes to the Waldorf.

"I have to," she explains. "I'm so tired because it's all so exciting."

She doesn't smoke or drink, and goes to church every Sunday. Her absolutely first appearance on any stage was when the Maplewood High School players presented that tuneful operetta "My Cherry Blossom."

Jeannie never had any stage, voice or musical training. "I just picked it up," she says.

I gathered from various little phrases that Jeannie let drop—I mean, popped up or something—that her most important commercial at the moment is her giggling and singing role in Tom Howard's Musical Grocery Store. She's the cashier, you know, and I can imagine that, if you or I happened to be a customer in a store where Jeannie was cashier we might have nip ups and back bends trying to figure out whether or not we were shortchanged.

Imagine trying to count your change while Jeannie is giggling and cutting loose with such expressions as "Oh, my temperature—I mean my head! Was I ever SO excited? Really! Well!"

And if you get an idea from all this that Jeannie Lang's life is just one long series of exclamation points—screamers, as the printers call them—I'd hardly want to be the one to tell you that it isn't; I mean, my temperature!!!



WALTER WINCHELL

"... Any art, to succeed, must be able to stand the most rigid of criticism . . ."

**A**S A Coast-to-Coaster who rides the skies from the Broadway belt and who is now listening in from the sun-kissed shores of California, your correspondent has a mild squawk to register about radio entertainment as offered to those living west of the Great Divide.

With the exception of a few "name" attractions that go on twice nightly from the East, the rest sounds like the vaudeville I used to play back in those good old days when lunch was free and women wore skirts.

The Native Son has his alibi for everything, whether it be for "the unusual weather for this time of the year," the recent quake or the floperoo of last year's Olympic Games. And in the case of ether entertainment it is the four-hour (daylight saving is taboo out here) difference in time.

As Sir Roger De Coverly, that grand old columnist of other days, had it, "there's a lot in that, old boy!" But not so much that it alibis everything. This pillar didn't even think it *forte* enough to keep him from investigating on his own.

The result of which showed me a lot of things I didn't know till now. For instance, it didn't explain why, if certain programs are reproduced out here with duplicate casts singing the same songs with identical arrangements and orchestrations, sponsors don't take the trouble to get talent worthy of the program.

It doesn't explain either, just why, when the *freres* Marx, Groucho and Chico, started their broadcasting from L. A., the programs which originated on the Pacific Coast could not be heard there. That seems silly, doesn't it?

It showed me one little thing which perhaps is the tip-off on the whole sitcheeshun. A recent popularity contest showed that the second most popular program throughout the Southwest was the Hi-Jinks Hour. Now when you realize that this program, which consists of a sixteen-piece orchestra, half a dozen principals, writers,

# Out Where the BLAH Begins

## I Find West Coast Programs a New Low In Entertainment

By Walter Winchell

arrangers and what nots, only costs its sponsors, TIME INCLUDED, four yards (four hundred dollars to you), weekly, you get some idea of what spells what. The winning program, English Coronets, a dramatic sketch which time, material and players included, costs but \$250 for the half hour. All this would leave conditions here just six miles south of the North Pole. Not so hot? Not so good, either. Just imagine what the rest of the programs must cost.

The eternal beef of the highbrow back East is about the amount of advertising copy used on the air. He should cop a load of what advertisers here think makes for sales!

as—" So he got the hell out of that and comforted himself with a stirring fifteen-minute chat on diseases of the scalp. Since then he has sold his radio and is now a contract bridge fiend.

Among the other nice little gifts coming out of the ether is the comforting knowledge that California is in the hands of the finance companies. At least you would be led to believe so if you heard the number of them that use the air to plug. Oh! What copy!

**N**OW it doesn't require the services of a Babson to tell us that we are going through what is laughingly known as a depression. But there seems to me to be no need to shoot it at us morning, noon and night from the ether. If you listen in out here, you will learn that the Shylocks will "lend you money on your car, your home or household furnishings at very reasonable rates," which only include two pounds of flesh, a yard and a half of skin and your left eye. Just why must we have it rubbed in that we are in hock? We know it without having to get it from the air.

And then you really ought to get a load of the many, many California cultists and faddists who use the air to sell a bill of goods and get away with it. Listen in some time to this and that Spiritual or Occult Church (actually mind readers and crystals gazers at four bits a reading with the swami telling all) getting the locals to shell and shell. (Kick in, dear). Every cult in Kingdom Come has at least one branch in California and they all seem to use the air to peddle. (If only they'd hurry up with television and let the nudists on!)

Only four out of the twelve stations in the City of Los Angeles use "flesh" in the way of entertainment. The rest get along with transcriptions and records, with the latter way out in front. If the records were new or didn't use Ben Bernie's wax so often it wouldn't be half so bad. But imagine getting Ben and his squeaky shoes playing "Broadway Melody" three times a day. That's a fine where-were-you.

And when you don't get Bernie in your coffee you get worse than that . . . if possible. You get political speeches. Honest to goodness you'd never imagine that so many ward heels could run for so few offices. And it is very noticeable that there are many more heels than shoes, especially at election time. And each one insists that his opponent positively reeks of foey. At this writing the ether is just crummy with would-be office holders trying to sell it over the hot air waves.

From all this it would seem as if all I seem to do is to register a rather sad lament without leaving any note of optimism. I don't know whether or not I can but this much I feel about it.

Any art, to succeed, must be able to stand the most rigid of criticism. If it cannot, it must wind up just back of the eight ball. Radio is NOT the Peter Pan of the arts. What a tremendous amount of progress it has made since the days of the silicon and galena detectors! And how those programs have improved! At least they have in the East. And for my dough and most of the doughnuts in coffee, a good deal of it is due to those bad, bad boys, the radio critics.

My tam o'shanter sweeps low to the Jimmy Cannons, Nick Kenneys, Mike Porters and the other gentlemen of the press who hit the ball on the radio page. These boys deserve several kudos for their courage to say in public prints what they think about the programs of the night before. These boys will, if they (Continued on Page 18)



AT THE COCOANUT GROVE

The occasion was Abe Lyman's opening . . . Seated: Walter Winchell, Ruth Etting; Standing: Abe and Edward G. Robinson . . .

A friend of mine told me of a little spiel he heard on Christmas morning that bears chronicling. It seems that his sweetheart had "taken a powder," his wife had suddenly discovered new love, the studio he was scribbling for had decided to limp along without his services, the accordion-pleated bank in which he kept his change had suddenly buckled, and the shellac with which he had mixed his ginger ale the night before would neither stay down nor come up. In other words, although the calendar showed it to be Christmas, his heart told him it was Yom Kippur.

He tuned in hoping to get a Christmas ditty, a merry madrigal or where were we before your wife called you. What he heard was, "Put your loved ones away in the Valhalla Burial Grounds. There they will rest in rich, warm toamy soil."

He turned to another station and learned that "At the Forest Lawn Memorial Park your nearest and dearest can be assured a peaceful rest for eternity for as little

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**I**F ALL of the hisses which audiences of the radio and the stage have hissed at the sinister and villainous activities of Cliff Soubier could be gathered together and stuffed into a large hisser, it would make no difference whatever, for in spite of the fact that during his long dramatic career he has perpetrated probably every crime from murder to mopery, this actor is a most amiable fellow.

Up until the advent of Cliff Soubier in the annals of crime, the redoubtable Bluebeard was leading the field with practically no opposition, but since this National Broadcasting Company dramatic star started in committing crimes of violence in a serious way, poor old Bluebeard, in comparison, is set back in the category of little boys who go around ringing doorbells.

Bluebeard, you will recall, had seven wives, all of whom he slew in a peculiarly sinister manner, and hung their bodies to the rafters of a room which he kept locked at all times. When the eighth Mrs. Bluebeard, prodded by a feminine curiosity, looked into the room, history has it that she immediately called the cops and that ended Bluebeard's career.

But here is a better equipped super-arch-fiend, who has at his command not only more lovely ladies upon whom to wreak his villainous designs, but who can be aided when he will by the most expert sound effects and the best thrilling-provoking script available to a radio network.

So naturally, you could expect Cliff Soubier to do a better and more workmanlike job of wholesale slaughter. His public, for one thing, has come to demand it. They will accept no botched jobs of murder. Soubier probably holds the distinction of having ruthlessly slain more women than any other actor on the air, the screen, or the dramatic stage.

Tall girls, short girls, slim girls, stout girls, blondes and brunettes—by one weapon or another, he has sent them all, at one time or another, in one act or another, to that great bourne. Usually in the end he is caught, and receives his just deserts, following which he hurries out to his lovely home on the North Shore, where his devoted wife awaits him with a before-retiring snack, which he consumes while recounting for her delectation the details of the dastardly night's business.

Whether it had been a good strangling, an artistic piece of poisoning, or merely a crude bullet through the brain, Cliff and Mrs. Soubier go over the perpetration of the affair, and here and there, this charming lady is able to offer a suggestion that might make the next case of someone's sudden taking off a little less messy or a trifle more subtle.

There was one night not long ago when Cliff, as pretty nearly all his victims affectionately call him, was cast in three dramatic plays in one night, in each of which the script called for him to snuff out the lives of as many beautiful young female characters.

First June Meredith, star of the First Nighter production, met her mysterious end in a deserted house toward the close of act three; Joan Blaine, a charming young actress cast as the wife of an unscrupulous banker, was his second victim of the evening, when Cliff, as the banker, later admitted to the district attorney that he had drowned her during the course of act two; and to cap the night's climax, there was the cruel taking off of Bernardine Flynn.

**A**ND even the iron nerved Soubier must have felt a qualm over what the newspapers would have termed the Flynn case, inasmuch as the charming Bernardine and Soubier have combined in a dramatic team which for years has won hosts of friends on various NBC programs.

But duty is duty, so Cliff bumped the lady off regardless.

And not only that, but he even did it in the first act.

Of course, Cliff plays no favorites in the selection of his victims. Let a continuity writer put in a pretty girl, and practically any old kind of weapon whatever, and Cliff will do the rest. Take the petite Loretta Poynton, for instance. There is a girl who, during the past year, has been murdered in no less than six different ways on as many different occasions by this saturnine genius. And Dolores Gillen has fallen victim to his fell machinations twice.

Indeed, as long as plays continue to be written dealing with the sudden and highly illegal taking off of mothers-in-law, sweethearts, wives, and other human impedimenta; as long as audiences continue to demand highly spiced villains of especially sinister characteristics in their dramatic fare, so long will Cliff Soubier continue to have a job with the NBC, for he is recognized as one of the outstandingly fiendish and plausible villains in all villainy. He is a radio "heavy" par excellence, and when there is dirty work afoot, it has become a habit with radio pro-

duction men to call upon Cliff Soubier, and rest assured that someone in the immediate future will be weltering artistically in gore.

But while the concerted hissing of his listeners might sound like a lot of steam escaping in thousands of homes from Maine to California, Cliff Soubier admits that sometimes he gets hungry for a real, sure enough hiss that you can hear—a token that some especially nefarious bit of villainy is really being appreciated.

For Cliff's dramatic education was gained amid hisses which were hisses, hisses that resounded from coast to coast back in the days when one good hiss stamped greater approval on a dramatic production than row upon row of handclapping.

That was during the run of the late James J. Corbett's famous "Pals," and if you recall that show,



BERNARDINE FLYNN  
... Killed in first act ...



JUNE MEREDITH  
... She was first to die ...



CLIFFORD SOUBIER  
... Bluebeard plays second fiddle ...



LORETTA POYNTON  
... Another Soubier victim ...



DOLORES GILLEN  
... The prettier they are, the more he enjoys killing them ...



JOAN BLAINE  
... The unscrupulous banker's wife ...

# He's the Bluebeard Of the Kilocycles

*Cliff Soubier, Arch Villain of Radio, Murders Beautiful Damsels in the Most Fiendish Fashion And Then Hurries Home to Tell His Wife About It*

By Arthur Rhoades

you will remember the diabolical hunch-back. That was Cliff Soubier in his youth. Indeed, it was in "Pals" that Cliff started his climb to the eminence he later achieved of being, as he himself describes it, the most hated man on the American stage. Back before radio had assumed even the proportions of a nebulous idea, Cliff was being trained in the art of bringing to the drama all of the baser emotions.

A role slightly more sympathetic, in which he won considerable reknown, was that of Papa Boule in "Seventh Heaven"—a part which he portrayed on Broadway, and later, for a long while, on tour. Not a thoroughly bad old fellow, but a rogue through and through.

**P**ERHAPS his bloodiest and most thunderous of all the blood-and-thunder plays in which he has taken part was Soubier's interpretation of the scientist Von Helsing in the curdling drama "Dracula."

In an apparent effort to revive the rapidly fading art of skillful and subtle slaying on the silver screen, an art which of late has given way somewhat before the crude onslaughts of the gangster's machine gun, Soubier has been offered a movie contract, and during recent weeks, since the negotiations have been under way, he has spent all of his spare time haunting movie houses to get an idea of what voluptuously beautiful bits of femininity he may be called upon by his new employers to do away with.

But here—just in case the district attorney happens to read this, and decides that before going any further he had better go and bring this fellow in, perhaps we had better mention the other side of Clifford Soubier—the murderer at home, so to speak.

A mild, harmless, genial fellow, he confines his dastardly deeds of skullduggery strictly to working hours. At other times, he is a smiling, likable chap who, if he caught

a fly which had been interfering with his afternoon nap, would open the window and let the little fellow out into the great open spaces where he might have greater freedom.

He is known throughout radio-land as one of the softest touches in the world for chronic borrowers, one unfortunate phase of that situation being that the chronic borrowers themselves are in the know. He just doesn't seem to have the heart to say "no."

His associates of the theater know him as something of a father-confessor, for he always has a ready ear for the other fellow's woes. He is always willing to offer kindly counsel and, if need be, more material assistance, to those in difficulties.

His one hobby is his work.

Cliff Soubier's delight in his work is second only, perhaps, to the delight of the NBC directors.

**I**F THERE is any truth in that old copybook maxim, to the effect that persons who go to bed early and get up early become healthy, wealthy, and also wise, then Fred Feibel ought to be about the healthiest, richest, and wisest man in these United States.

Because he frequently goes to bed as early as 1 a. m., and he always gets up at 4:30 a. m.

He goes to bed at 1 a. m. because most nights he is busy with his duties as organist at the Paramount Theater in New York, and he gets up at 4:30 so he can get back to the Paramount console in time to start off the day for the listeners of the Columbia Broadcasting System whose daily practise it is to tune in the WABC Organ Reveille at 7:30 EDT each morning.

As a matter of fact, while 7:30 is very early indeed for most of his listeners, it is practically midday for Fred, for although he has not yet managed to find time for his breakfast, he already has been up and stirring for three hours, and is about to launch one of the most important tasks of his day.

You now hear the Organ Reveille.

There are many sun dodgers who can't understand how Feibel can get up like that, morning after morning, and how it has happened that during all the four years he has been broadcasting the Organ Reveille he never once has been late at the Paramount console.

The answer is alarm clocks. Not just one alarm clock, mind you, but plural—two alarm clocks. Fred works on the principle that not only would the feeble tinkle of one alarm clock fail to annoy him sufficiently to make him clamber out of the hay at 4:30, but even if it would, he reasons, there is always the chance that an alarm clock might develop paralysis of the mainspring some night, and then where would he be? Certainly not at the Paramount at 6:15 the next morning.

For that is the hour he arrives at work, and if you have ever found yourself wandering home at 6:30, you will understand that while it might be a swell time to be going home to bed, it is certainly an unearthly hour to start work.

When he reaches the Paramount, Fred must go carefully over the morning's program, in order to have it ready to go on the air at 7:30. First, he must man the organ, and, although the program has been outlined and roughly rehearsed the day before, there are a host of other details to be given attention. There are the various combinations to be devised and set on the huge switchboard behind the

# Late to Bed and EARLY to Rise

*Fred Feibel, Who Brings You the "Organ Reveille," Needs Two Alarm Clocks to Awake Him*

By Carl A. Brock

console, so that each combination of stops so set may be controlled by the numbered pistons beneath the keyboard. Then the timing of each number must be checked with a stop watch, and recorded on the program sheet.

After that, if Fred finds time to snatch a few minutes' rest, he considers himself fortunate.

**B**EFORE air time, the sleepy announcer stumbles in, and they check the program together. Then Organ Reveille goes on the air, and the dulcet notes of the giant organ go out into homes where more fortunate souls do not have to get up until 7:30, and brighten their grouchy arisings.

Even after Fred finishes his half-hour program, he does not manage to find time for breakfast until after he has reviewed the program for the next day. Finally, however, he does manage to slip out and have a bite to eat, and he is then ready to begin the day's work.

So, if now and then, you get to thinking that your job is no cinch in the matter of hours, think of Fred Feibel, and you ought to be delighted with the break you're getting.

Another necessary adjunct of the Feibel household is the two-car garage which houses the large family car and Fred's personal flivver, which he uses to make the trip in every morning from his home at Ridgefield Park, N. J. Two cars are a necessity because, in the event Fred found the flivver balky some morning, as has been known to happen, he would be sunk unless he had the other car there handy for an emergency.

Fred can tell you all there is to be told about sunrises, for he has seen every variety, and he can tell you, some time when there are no ladies present, plenty of things about the invigorating properties of the early morning air during the winter, when he makes the motor trip from Ridgefield Park to Manhattan while it is still pitch dark.

An inveterate cigar smoker, Fred has the unique habit of smoking several big black cigars before breakfast. He claims he plays his best while puffing a cigar, and always has one in his mouth when he is at the console. In the event that it goes out, there is always some understanding soul at hand to hold a match to the end while Fred's hands are engaged busily at the keyboards.

If we were to make a rough estimate of the number of hours that Fred Feibel spends each day at the organ, it would seem so far-fetched that you would not believe it anyhow, so what's the use? But in addition to his work at Paramount, much of what little spare time he has at home

FRED FEIBEL  
... He listens to his own program with those ear phones ...

is also spent at the organ, for in his house he has a two-manual organ installed, and there he works out many of the special arrangements for which he is widely known.

Lenore Feibel laughs at her feminine neighbors in Ridgefield Park when they lament that they are golf widows. She can tell them that being a golf widow is pie and ice cream compared to being an organ widow.

Of late, however, she has seen a little more of her busy husband than usual, for this spring he became interested in a rock garden, and since then has managed to snatch a little time out of each day to work with his wife in the garden. He isn't nearly as careful of his hands as most musicians, for he prunes and sods with reckless disregard of what might happen to a finger. So far, he has had the breaks.

This early bird of radio was born twenty-seven years ago in Union City, N. J., and began his musical career at the age of ten, when he took his first violin lesson. Before he finished grammar school, he was a member of the school orchestra, and he continued to play with the high school orchestra after leaving grammar school.

He taught himself to play the piano, and from the very beginning of his experiments with that instrument, made arrangements of popular and classical tunes, as well as improvising and composing.

It was in church, however, that Fred discovered the instrument of his dreams—the organ. He listened to its tones, considered its possibilities, and prevailed upon a sympathetic pastor to permit him to learn to play it. Arrangements were made for him to take lessons after choir practise, and after only a year of study, at the tender age of fifteen, Fred proudly took his place as one of the church organists.

That was his first professional engagement. Others soon followed.

During a school vacation, he dropped into a neighborhood movie one afternoon when on the screen was flashed an advertisement: "Pianist wanted for afternoons only."

Fred didn't wait to see the picture. He hurried around to the manager's office, and persuaded that gentleman to permit him not only to play the piano, but the organ as well. The manager never regretted having given the youngster a trial, although he did so with misgivings because of the applicant's extreme youth.

Fred finished school in 1922, and from that time until he was twenty-one, he played engagements as an organist in local theaters.

**W**HEN he was twenty-one, however, an opportunity presented itself for him to go to the Bronxville Theater in Westchester. Six years ago, a break took him to the Rialto Theater, in New York, and from there his next step took him to the Paramount.

He started the Organ Reveille programs while he was an assistant organist, on September 16, 1929.

One of his greatest gratifications is his fan mail, which he reads carefully, and answers personally.

However, he notes that his correspondents cannot seem to spell his name correctly, although he has not been able to determine whether that is because his name is a difficult one to make clear over the air, or whether persons who listen in at 7:30 in the morning are too sleepy to care much how you spell anything.

But the fact remains that letters reach him addressed variously to Mr. Bible, Mr. Rival, Mr. Bilbo, and other weird arrangement's of vowels and consonants too numerous to record.

So get it straight, if you are going to write to him.

The name is F-E-I-B-E-L, Fred Feibel, and if you forget that, just address your letter to Organ Reveille, in care of Columbia Broadcasting System, because you know how you would feel if people kept mis-spelling your name all the time.

In the nearly four years of broadcasting, Fred has won for himself an ever increasing audience. He believes it is because people not generally familiar with organ music seize upon every opportunity they can find to hear it, even though it be at such an hour as 7:30 a. m.

And after four years, the routine of arising at 4:30 has become such a habit with Feibel that he would feel lost if he tried to sleep until a normal hour. But still he couldn't get by without the two alarm clocks. He needs them to awaken him, but he believes that if some morning, they would double-cross him, he would manage to open his eyes anyhow, just from force of habit.

But he is taking no chances.

And he wouldn't trade places with anyone on the air. He thinks his job is swell. That's the kind of a fellow he is. He thinks a job is swell where you have to get up at 4:30 in the morning.

But then, it takes all sorts of people to make—

If I had finished that last sentence, it would have been what is known as a *cliebe* (pronounced clich-ay).



**I** WAS TOLD to find the key to Fray and Braggiotti.

You know, I think training in Scotland Yard would be invaluable to people like myself. Writing personality stories amounts to putting all kinds of clues together and getting some sort of an answer.

What, for instance, do Jacques and Mario mean when they raise their eyebrows and say "Remember the cigars"? That happens quite often, and I had to follow them about for weeks before I discovered why. It seems that when they first came to New York, they did not realize what innumerable rackets were flourishing to the square inch on Manhattan Island. A man, evidently respectable, came to their studio and talked them into buying some "excellent" cigars at a low price, considering the quality. He allowed them to sniff one, and they bought a box at fifteen or twenty-five dollars. Of course, it turned out that the cigars in the box were not of the same quality as the one they sniffed with such great appreciation. Unknowing, they treasured them and saved them for special guests. One day, a guest ventured to inquire where they found these "special" cigars, and added that they were terrible. When Jacques and Mario explained, the guest, an inveterate New Yorker, burst out laughing.

"That," he said, "is just a racket."

Since then, Jacques and Mario have been on the lookout for rackets, and whenever anything seems too good to be true; someone wants them to sign a contract or make a personal appearance, they snigger and say "Remember the cigars." Now they are on to rackets. They even have one of their own, when it comes to winning over attractive young American ladies. The accent does it.

The key to the personality of Jacques and Mario is actually in their own music. As concert pianists, their technique and knowledge of works of Old Masters is perfect. They will play a work like "Meditation" from "Thais" with complete earnestness, but they always escape from the stolidity and stodginess of musical tradition, and the stuffed shirt classics. They'll refer to the semi-classics, like the beloved "Sylvia" with enormous tenderness—then they'll turn around and kid the ears off of Rachmaninoff by playing "Yes, We Have No Bananas," as he might have played it. Their jazz is irresistible. They like jazz. The average concert pianist turns up his nose at syncopation.

**M**ARIO, particularly, grows pale when he storms against musical tradition, and long haired musicians. "Jazz!" he will exclaim, "Of course we like jazz. I don't think it has been exploited one-tenth as much as it will be. It's important because it comes straight from the people. What is the Italian language? It was evolved from bad Latin spoken by the common people, and jazz is creeping into the classics in the same fashion. It is always something from the masses that brings new blood into anything—the case of thin nosed royalty marrying a peasant girl. Their child is always interesting."

The Fray and Braggiotti music has a sense of humor. What Peter Arno does with pen and ink, Jacques and Mario sketch on the piano keyboard.

They de-bunk composers of revered classics, laughing up their sleeves. Wouldn't old man Bach be uncomfortable if he could hear himself playing "Yankee Doodle"?

Although both were carefully trained in musical tradition, they staged a small revolution when they met in Paris some five or six years ago. They were sick and tired of high brow musicians and music appreciation enthusiasts taking themselves seriously. Snapping their fingers, they gave special concerts of American jazz in hallowed European concert halls. And though the stuffed shirts raised their eyebrows, they liked it.

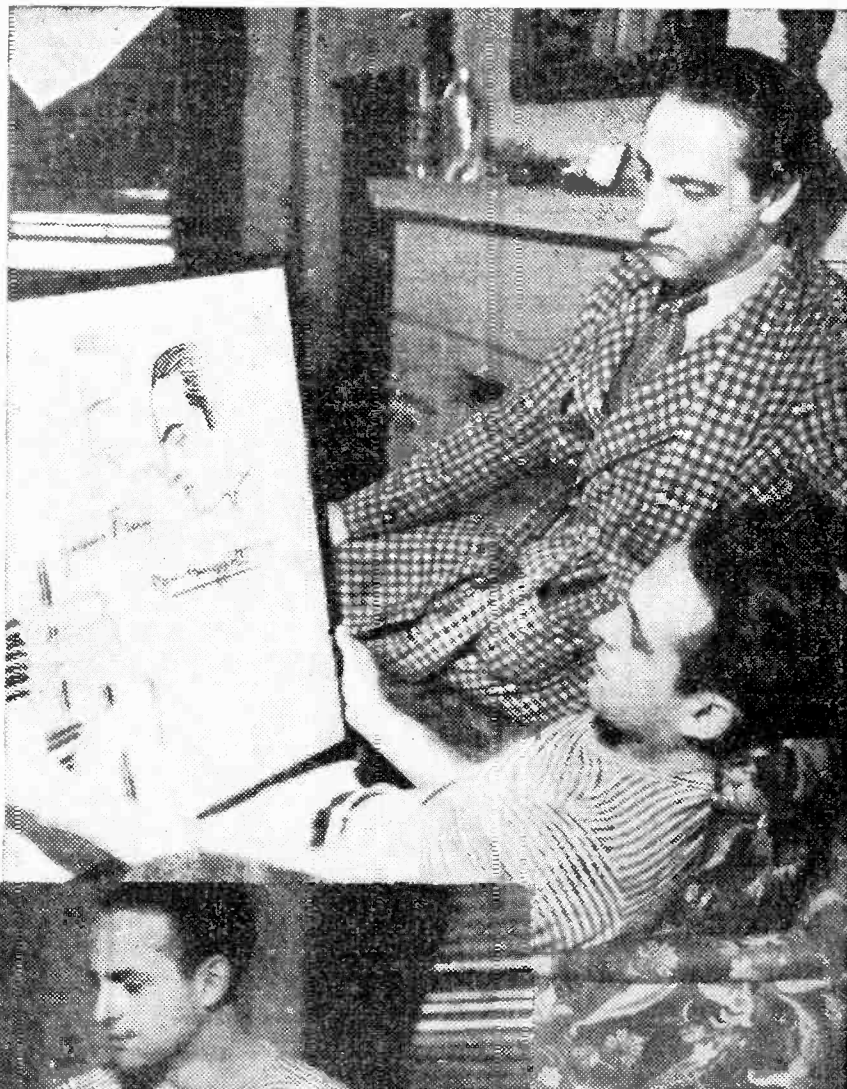
Jacques and Mario are fond of revolution not only in music, but in the tradition of deportment. They are bachelors. Neither of them would be caught being solemn about anything.

Their tastes in music, at least, are mutual. Every afternoon Jacques coaxes Mario to play. It is always a

tremendous effort to get Mario to do anything. They practice in shorts—as if they were off for the Olympics, you know. Their tastes in girls are different. Jacques privately asserts that Mario likes "any attractive girl," and that he himself is more specific. Mario privately offers an identical statement about his partner. Jacques complains that Mario has "violent Italian instincts." Jacques objects to garlic. Mario likes to seek out small Italian restaurants east side, west side, all around the town. Jacques will eat anything, anytime, anywhere, as long as it isn't garlic. As a matter of fact, he once achieved the title of being champion eater of Paris. He downed two turkeys at one sitting. Honest.

Mario never goes to bed before 4 a. m. Jacques rather likes to retire earlier. Mario likes to sleep in the morning, and the ringing of telephones does not penetrate his ears. Jacques wakes up, answers the telephone, feeling martyred, then goes out and takes a walk in the park.

Here is Jacques. He says he is 1 meter, 85 centimeters in height and weighs 77 kilogs (or six feet, one inch, weighing 169 pounds). The eyes are blue, the hair light



... They're not sure they agree with the artist ...



... "Yes," says Braggiotti (left) and "No," says Fray (right). The argument is over an arrangement ...

## Remember the Cigars

*That's What Fray Says to Braggiotti When Somebody Wants Them to Sign Papers*

By Hilda Cole

brown, and brushed into a persistent pompadour, though it tries very hard to part on one side. His clothes are conservative blues and greys, the quiet effect of which is usually ruined by a jubilant tie and a handkerchief of the same substance which drapes itself out of his pocket. He

is manifest by American colloquialisms spoken with a trace of accent.

It was in Paris that Fray and Braggiotti teamed up, and under odd circumstances. They were both visiting a musical publishing house. Jacques, as always, was escorting an attractive American girl—he has always been partial to American girls. Mario noticed them, or to be more accurate, he noticed the American girl, and being one-half Bostonian, saw fit to make her feel at home. He sat down at a piano and, surreptitiously, began to play some good old U. S. jazz. The girl pricked up her ears—which is exactly what Mario had intended her to do—and smiled with delight. Jacques not to be outdone by any means, surprised Mario by joining him in melody at another piano. The result was grand to behold. They introduced each other to themselves, and later discussed the possibility of teaming up.

is the more conservative of the two partners, though he would hate to admit it. He has not Mario's passion for gymnastics and athletics.

He was born in Paris, February 18, 1903. His father was a banker, and Jacques was expected to follow the same profession.

LONG before he became known to American music lovers, Jacques was deep in musical affairs in Paris and London. He composed for the Moulin Rouge, Folies Bergeres, gave recitals, wrote articles on contemporary musicians. Jacques was one of the first European musicians to acknowledge and make known to Paris Bing Crosby, Ohman and Arden and Helen Morgan.

Mario Braggiotti's six foot, two inches of height is dominated by a temperament which is a mixture of the Braggiottis of Florence, and the Chadwicks of Boston, on his mother's side.









Ben Bernie 8:00 P.M. CDT

# PLUMS AND PRUNES

By Evans Plummer

- (TUESDAY CONTINUED)
- 9:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:00 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Globe Trotter, news of the world  
 WBBM—Harriet Cruise, songstress; orchestra  
 WCFL—Seeley Program  
 WENR—"Lives at Stake," drama (NBC)  
 WGN—Frank Westphal's Orchestra; quartet  
 WIND—Three Buddies  
 WJJD—Waste Basket  
 WMAQ—Musical Memories; Edgar A. Guest, Poet (NBC)  
 WSBC—Polish Hour of Music and Song
- 9:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:15 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Jules Stein's Orchestra  
 WBBM—Tom Gerun's Orchestra  
 WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra  
 WGN—Clyde McCoy's Music Box  
 WIND—California Melodies (CBS)  
 WJJD—Popular Dance Music
- 9:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:30 p.m. CST  
 KYW—National Radio Forum (NBC)  
 WBBM—The Norsemen Quartet  
 WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra  
 WENR—Outdoor Girl Program  
 WGN—Tomorrow's News  
 WJJD—Health and Happiness Program  
 WMAQ—Carlos Molina's Tango-Rhumba Orchestra
- 9:35 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:35 p.m. CST  
 WGN—Headlines of Other Days
- 9:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:45 p.m. CST  
 WBBM—Ted Lewis' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Race of Nations  
 WENR—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
 WGN—Light Opera Gems (CBS)  
 WIND—East Chicago Community Program  
 WJJD—All Americans  
 WMAQ—Eddie Makin's Orchestra
- 10:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:00 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Sports Reporter  
 WCFL—School Teachers Talk  
 WENR—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)  
 WGN—Bridge Club of the Air  
 WMAQ—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
- 10:05 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:05 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Mark Fisher's Orchestra
- 10:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:15 p.m. CST  
 WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk  
 WENR—Sports Reporter  
 WGN—Betty Barthell, songstress (CBS)  
 WIND—Gay Mill's Orchestra  
 WMAQ—Dan and Sylvia, dramatic sketch
- 10:20 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:20 p.m. CST  
 WENR—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra (NBC)
- 10:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:30 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra  
 WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra  
 WENR—Talkie Picture Time (NBC)  
 WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra  
 WIND—Jerry Freeman's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WMAQ—Master Singers (NBC)
- 10:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:45 p.m. CST  
 WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organist
- 10:50 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:50 p.m. CST  
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
- 10:55 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:55 p.m. CST  
 WIND—Police Bulletins
- 11:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:00 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Russell Graves' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra  
 WENR—Ben Bernie's Orchestra  
 WIND—Glen Gray's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WMAQ—Mills' Orchestra (NBC)  
 WSBC—The Midnight Review
- 11:10 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:10 p.m. CST  
 WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra
- 11:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:15 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Benny Meroff's Orchestra
- 11:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:30 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Mark Fisher's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organist  
 WENR—Sam Robbin's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WGN—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WIND—Gay Mill's Orchestra  
 WMAQ—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra
- 11:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:45 p.m. CST  
 WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra
- 12:00 Mid. CDT ↔ 11:00 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra  
 WENR—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
 WGN—Late Dance Orchestras  
 WIND—Hits and Bits  
 WMAQ—Billy Grantham's Orchestra (NBC)
- 12:15 a.m. CDT ↔ 11:15 p.m. CST  
 WIND—Henri Gendron's Orchestra (CBS)
- 12:30 a.m. CDT ↔ 11:30 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra  
 WENR—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra  
 WIND—Johnny Hamp's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WMAQ—Benny Meroff's Orchestra
- 12:45 a.m. CDT ↔ 11:45 p.m. CST  
 KYW—Jules Stein's Orchestra  
 WIND—Popular Dance Varieties
- 1:00 a.m. CDT ↔ 12:00 Mid. CST  
 WBBM—Around the Town; Dance Orchestras  
 WIND—Music of All Nations
- 2:00 a.m. CDT ↔ 1:00 a.m. CST  
 WIND—Dance Hits
- 2:15 a.m. CDT ↔ 1:15 a.m. CST  
 WIND—Slim Martins' All Americans
- 2:30 a.m. CDT ↔ 1:30 a.m. CST  
 WIND—Dance Melodies

**H**O HUM! Maybe we do have a World's Fair in Chicago, but still, we'd like to go on a vacation, too . . . Like *Freddie Rich*, bound for Italy . . . *Jacques Fray*, who's planning to visit his family in California this month, or his pal, *Mario Braggiotti*, who returns home to Paris.

Then there's *Bill O'Neal*. He'll commute between mikings to Atlantic City . . . So will *Burns and Allen* . . . *Kate Smith* will do likewise to the home of Mr. and Mrs. *Ted Collins* at Neponsit, L. I. . . . *Little Jack Little*, another commuter, will take his summer fun at his log cabin on a lake near Albany, N. Y.

*Emery Deutsch* is cruising weekends on his motorboat, the *Kangaroo* . . . *Mildred Bailey* hikes with Connecticut friends . . . *Nino Martin* riding horseback . . . *David Ross* planning a five-week rest on the farm near Stamford, Conn. . . . *Louis Dean*, bound in August for his birthplace, Valley Head, Ala., to see Grandfather Dean . . . *Singin' Sam* playing farmer on his own acres near Richmond, Ind. . . .

The two redheads, *Peggy Keenan*, flying to California to see mother; *Sandra Phillips* recuperating in the Pennsylvania mountains.

Comes a telegram from *Myrtle Vail Damerel*: "Sailing July eighth Munson Line from New York for South America with Producer *Bobby Brown* and wife. We'll go by the way of east coast and return west coast through canal. Hope to get lots of new material for *Myrt and Marge*."

Bon voyage, youse guys. Come on, let's go to the ball game!

Speaking of ball games, don't miss that game of a century between all-star teams from both leagues to be aired Thursday, July 6, at 1 p. m. CDT from CBS and NBC stations. *John McGraw* and *Connie Mack* are the team managers; *mikemen Hal Totten* (for NBC), *Johnny O'Hara* and *Pat Flanagan* (both for CBS) will describe it.

### What's What

**J**ACK WHEELER'S (Bell Syndicate) visit with *Amos 'n' Andy* and *Niles Trammell* means nothing. They gave up that idea of a comic strip long ago and it's still dead . . . Opening Friday, June 30, on the Chicago Theater screen, "College Humor," with *Bing Crosby* and *Burns and Allen* on the celluloid and *Harry Richman* in the flesh . . . New use of *Bert Green* permanent recordings: the replacement of announcers and other ballyhoo men at the World's Fair. So goes another colorful tradition the suckers always loved . . . Friday, June 30, is the date of that divot-digging championship match between *Old Maestro Ben Bernie* and *Wayne Waltz King* . . . *Harvey Hays*' little daughter *Mary Jane*, age 10 years, is visiting him and the Fair.

*Fleming Allen*, the WLS pianist who cracked two vertebrae diving into shallow water, cracks again cheerfully that he now has a six-month's engagement as a radio actor—cast in "Plaster of Paris."

Chicago should be proud of *Dorothy Cole*, the singing deb who was discovered by *Nat Brusiloff* at a Junior League function. She's knocking them for a row at WMCA, New York, and expects to return to the home town August 1. Just a tip to the masters of the jaded local lanes . . . *Andrea Marsh* is on the NBC books for a commercial without *Weems*' music . . . WGN will have it's 50,000-watter built soon, and the insiders say it will go independent; drop its CBS affiliation at end of contract . . . Interesting angle: All of WBO's and WPCC's remarks regarding WJKS



JOHNNY O'HARA AND PAT FLANAGAN  
 Two mikemen dress up to give the CBS version of all-star baseball game to be staged in Chicago Thursday, July 6, and aired at 1 p. m. CDT. Hal Totten will be NBC's voice.

the last few days of their existence were put on phonograph records by the WJKS-WIND folk, and these won't sound so nice in Washington when WBO or WPCC have their hearing to get the wave back!

Excerpt from a network press release: "Howard Clancy, already found to be an artist of no mean talent and a dilettante bibliophile, it now turns up that he is an amateur photographer of parts."  
 Of what? Parts of speech?

### Plums and—

**M**AYBE there's supposed to be a slump in entertainment with the heat, but the networks didn't show it last week, to-wit:

Wednesday, June 21: *The Voice of Experience*, a compelling and likable chap, even if you are perfectly healthy, physically and mentally . . . *Fannie Brice* in one of her best; her rural adventures . . . *Countess Albani* singing "La Paloma" with *Belasco* supporting. Then there was *Novis*, too . . . *Street Singer Tracy* with the appealing tenor warble . . . A revised *Corn Cob Pipe Club*; the harmonica ensemble was smooth and different. In fact, the whole program is out of line. Try it.

Thursday, June 22: Formal dedication of the Great Lakes to Gulf Waterway; *Secretary of War Dern* and other bigwigs handled themselves well in one of the few impressive aired affairs of this sort . . . *Mayor T. S. Walmsley*, of good old N'Awlins, proved there are mayors who can speak . . . *Rudy Vallee's* good bill again. Like *Katharine Cornell*, we never miss *Judith Anderson*, and so we are never disappointed. Plums to *Frank Fay*, too . . . Are you following *Wayfaring Men*? It's a good story, unusual, and well played . . . *Pontiac's* last, and we hope you come back soon with the *Colonel and Budd Jeannie*, *Bill and Andre* . . . *Show Boat*, once rated a flop here, is forging steadily ahead. *Tamara* and the *Balaika* music were plumful.

Friday, June 23: *Nino Martin* and *Jessica Dragonette* at conflicting times; can't hear both, and want to . . . *Musical Grocery Store* is getting better. It started out as a flop but is really listenable these nights . . . *Phil Harris* made his first coast-to-coast commercial bow. Sort of a deep-voiced Harry Richman, very pleasing. *Leab Ray* runs to the depths, too, and knows her mike. All okeh. . . *Phil Baker* again and plumful as ever. The Baker challenges Plummer; "I did," he writes "play 'Stormy Weather'. Come up and see us work sometime." All right, Phil, we'll do that very thing, and not let you know when. As an accordion player, we think you are a knockout comedian . . . *Irma Glen's* *Lovable Music*, well named. A good night cap.

Saturday, June 24: *Hamilton Club Male Chorus*, from Fair. Choral numbers clean; duet of "Golden Days" by *Charles Sears* and *Edward Davies* wins plums . . . More bad programming . . . the spotting by NBC of *Harold Sanford's* Gilbert and Sullivan Gems opposite *Ferde Grofe* and *Conrad Thibault*. So to hear Grofe do his "On the Trail" movement of the Grand Canyon Suite, we had to miss part of "Patience" . . . *Dress Rehearsal*, a novel idea, premiered on NBC. Music exceedingly good, but don't kid the public. It sounded just a bit too well rehearsed for a rehearsal.

Sunday, June 25: New setup of *Gulf Headliners* good, except *Walter C. Kelly*, who doesn't hit our fancy. Kelly hasn't effected his transition from stage to microphone as yet.

Monday, June 26: Missed the only thing we should have heard . . . *Potash and Perlmutter* . . . How did you like them?

Tuesday, June 27: Recommended for continued script followers, *Marie, the Little French Princess*, at noon time . . . *California Melodies*, a good show even if the musical arrangements are a bit bizarre.

Probably the most pruned thing about 1933 summer radio is the general run of commercial announcements. These are getting entirely too long, are baiting and generally tread upon the fraudulent with their claims. Please, Mr. Radio Advertiser, don't let the air descend to a racket. Radio brought good returns up to now, because it kept the public confidence . . . But it doesn't take long to lose that. Beware!

**EDDIE AND FANNIE CAVANAUGH**  
 Continue the  
**RADIO GOSSIP CLUB**  
 daily at 1 p.m.  
 (Chicago Daylight Saving Time)  
 over WBBM



Complete overnight execution of engraving jobs is the service Schoenwald renders the advertiser whose plates must be ready "with the rising sun."

Here, waiting your commands, is a corps of expert craftsmen trained for efficiency of production without the minutest loss of quality or detail.

You'll like every part of Schoenwald service . . . from the moment your phone brings our speedy messenger, till you see the perfect reproduction of your copy.

**The Schoenwald Corp.**  
 Photo Engraving - Art for Advertising  
 400 SO. CLINTON ST. CHICAGO

**FOURTH of JULY CELEBRATION**  
 Tuesday Evening July 4, 1933  
 an elaborate display of  
**FIREWORKS**  
 on the  
**BEACH WALK**

Friday, 7th—**FULL MOON NIGHT**—moonrise on the lake at 9:10 p.m.—a never-to-be-forgotten scene of beauty—special musical program.  
 Every Night—Dancing on the **BEACH WALK** (except Sundays when there is a splendid Concert outdoors).  
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Nino Martini 7:00 P.M. CDT

Phil Baker 8:30 P.M. CDT

MUSIC in the AIR

By Carleton Smith

(FRIDAY CONTINUED)

5:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 4:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Adult Education Council Program
WAAF—Frank Baker, the Bookworm
WBBM—Frank Westphal's Orchestra
WCFL—Tony Amedio, accordionist
WENR—Eddie Lane's Orchestra (NBC)
WGES—Poland in Song
WGN—Trainload of Tunes
WIND—Indiana String Trio
WJJD—Bubb Pickard
WMAQ—Viennese Ensemble (NBC)

5:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 4:15 p.m. CST
KYW—Mel Stitzel at the Piano
WAAF—Tea Time Tunes
WBBM—Walkathon News Details
WCFL—John Maxwell, food talk
WENR—Pat Barnes
WGN—George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)
WIND—Lithuanian Program
WJJD—Bobbie Dickson
WMAQ—Virginia in Squibbieland

5:20 p.m. CDT ↔ 4:20 p.m. CST
WBBM—Norm Sherr, pianist

5:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 4:30 p.m. CST
KYW—Uncle Bob's Curb-is-the-Limit Club
WAAF—Gail Bandell
WBBM—Skippy; children's skit (CBS)
WCFL—Orchestral Program
WENR—Major Sharp and Minor (NBC)
WGN—Singing Lady
WIND—Classical Piano Selections
WJJD—Cartoonist of the Air
WMAQ—Scheffter and Gould (NBC)

5:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 4:45 p.m. CST
WAAF—Waltzes
WBBM—Stamp Adventurers Club
WCFL—Race of Nations
WENR—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet
WGN—Little Orphan Annie
WIND—Hot Cha Boy
WJJD—Fred Beck, organ selections
WMAQ—Old Pappy

6:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:00 p.m. CST
KYW—The Rollickers (NBC)
WAAF—Hawaiian Echoes
WBBM—Mitzi Green in Happy Landings
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra
WENR—What's the News?
WGES—Johnny Van, the Melody Man
WGN—Uncle Quin, Donny Dreamer, Jean, and Wishbone; children's program
WIND—German Program
WJJD—Jack Burnett, tenor soloist
WMAQ—News of the Air

6:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:15 p.m. CST
KYW—The Globe Trotter
WAAF—Ray Waldron's Sports Review
WBBM—Dance Time, orchestra (CBS)
WCFL—Avis McDonald, vibraharp
WENR—The Four Horsemen; quartet (NBC)
WGES—Famous Orchestras
WGN—Tarzan of the Apes, children's story
WJJD—Sports Review of the Day
WMAQ—Burton Holmes at the World Fair (NBC)

6:25 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:25 p.m. CST
KYW—Sports Reporter

6:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:30 p.m. CST
KYW—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra
WAAF—Jimmie Kozak at the Piano
WBBM—Henri Gendron's Orchestra
WCFL—Judge Soakum's Court
WENR—Sports Reporter
WGES—International Hour
WGN—Sports Reporter
WIND—Polish Program
WJJD—Mary Williams
WMAQ—Day's Sports Summary
WMBI—Music

6:35 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:35 p.m. CST
WENR—Drifting and Dreaming; Harding Sisters, piano duet (NBC)

6:40 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:40 p.m. CST
WMBI—Stories of Answered Prayer; Howard Hermansen

6:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 5:45 p.m. CST
KYW—Marvelous Melodies
WAAF—Rhythm Kings
WBBM—Boake Carter, news commentator (CBS)
WCFL—Orchestral Program
WENR—The Goldbergs (NBC)
WGN—Concert Orchestra
WJJD—German Hour
WMAQ—Ben Bernie's Orchestra

7:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 6:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Concert; Jessica Dragonette, soprano (NBC)
WAAF—The Symphonic Hour
WBBM—Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon's Orchestra
WCFL—The Irish Minstrel
WGES—Novak Jewish Players, drama
WGN—Nino Martini, tenor, Columbia Symphony Orchestra (CBS)
WJJD—German Hour
WLS—Mark Fisher's Orchestra
WMAQ—Gallicchio's Ensemble
WMBI—Special Features

7:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 6:15 p.m. CST
WBBM—Sports Review of the Day
WCFL—Via Lago Orchestra
WIND—Finance and the Times
WJJD—Winfield H. Caslow
WLS—College Inn Orchestra
WMAQ—Morin Sisters, harmony team
WMBI—Music

7:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 6:30 p.m. CST
WBBM—"The Count of Monte Cristo," drama
WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra
WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
WIND—Bar X Days and Nights (CBS)
WJJD—Judy Rogers
WLS—Potash and Perlmutter, sketch (NBC)
WMAQ—Mark Fisher's Orchestra

7:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 6:45 p.m. CST
WBBM—Ted Lewis' Orchestra
WCFL—American Legion Program
WGN—Big Leaguers and Bushers; skit
WJJD—Viennese Nights
WLS—Phil Cook, impersonations (NBC)
WMAQ—Bavarian Ensemble

8:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 7:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Wendell Hall, Red-Headed Music Maker
WAAF—American Weekly Drama
WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra
WCFL—Victor Olander, talk
WGN—The Troubadours
WIND—Radio Scrap Book
WJJD—Uncle Joe
WLS—Phil Harris' Orchestra; Leah Ray, blues singer (NBC)
WMAQ—Jeannie Lang, vocalist; Tom Howard, comedian (NBC)
WSBC—Songs of Poland

8:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 7:15 p.m. CST
KYW—Echoes of the Palisades (NBC)
WAAF—Sunset Salute
WBBM—Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
WCFL—Vibraharp
WGN—Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer
WIND—Americanization Program
WJJD—Aeolian Quartet

8:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 7:30 p.m. CST
KYW—Jules Stein's Orchestra
WBBM—Jimmy Grier's Orchestra
WCFL—Polish Program
WENR—Victor Young's Orchestra; Ilka Chase, Hugh O'Connell; Lee Wiley, vocalist (NBC)
WGN—Andre Kostelanetz Presents; Mary Eastman, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone; Mixed Chorus (CBS)
WIND—Andre Kostelanetz (CBS)
WJJD—Organ Requests
WMAQ—Phil Baker, comedian; vocalists (NBC)

8:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 7:45 p.m. CST
KYW—Russell Graves' Band
WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra
WIND—Week-End Tourist

9:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Globe Trotter, news of the world
WBBM—Harriet Cruise, songstress
WENR—First Nighter, drama (NBC)
WGN—Lou Holtz, comedian; Grace Moore, soprano; Lennie Hayton's Orchestra (CBS)
WIND—Hungarian Program
WJJD—Waste Basket
WMAQ—Mister Twister; riddles and music
WSBC—Jewish Hour

9:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:15 p.m. CST
KYW—The Cadets, male quartet
WBBM—Tom Gerun's Orchestra
WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra
WJJD—Radio Guide Program
WMAQ—"Joe"

9:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:30 p.m. CST
KYW—"The Flowers Are Not For You to Pick"; drama (NBC)
WBBM—Memory Teasers; Fritz Clark, tenor; Art Kahn, pianist
WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra
WENR—World Economic Conference from London (NBC)
WGN—Tomorrow's News
WIND—Do, Re Mi, trio (CBS)
WJJD—Health and Happiness Program
WMAQ—The Northerners

9:35 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:35 p.m. CST
WGN—Headlines of Other Days

9:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 8:45 p.m. CST
WBBM—Ted Lewis' Orchestra
WCFL—Race of Nations
WENR—Ted Weems' Orchestra
WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra
WIND—Crown Point Community Program
WJJD—All Americans

10:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Sports Reporter
WCFL—School Teachers' Talk
WENR—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
WGN—Bridge Club of the Air
WMAQ—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)

10:05 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:05 p.m. CST
KYW—Don Irwin's Orchestra
10:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:15 p.m. CST
WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk
WENR—Irma Glen's Lovable Music
WGN—The Dream Ship, concert music
WIND—Little Jack Little (CBS)
WMAQ—Dan and Sylvia; drama

10:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:30 p.m. CST
KYW—Mark Fisher's Orchestra (NBC)
WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra
WENR—Echoes of the Palisades (NBC)
WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra
WIND—Isham Jones' Orchestra (CBS)
WMAQ—Leo Reisman's Orchestra

10:45 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:45 p.m. CST
WCFL—Eddie Hanson, organist
10:50 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:50 p.m. CST
WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra

10:55 p.m. CDT ↔ 9:55 p.m. CST
WIND—Police Bulletins
11:00 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra
WCFL—Dave Cunningham's Orchestra
WENR—Ben Bernie's Orchestra
WIND—Freddie Martin's Orchestra (CBS)
WMAQ—Eddie Makin's Orchestra
WSBC—Popular Dance Orchestras

11:10 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:10 p.m. CST
WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra

11:15 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:15 p.m. CST
KYW—Russell Graves' Band
WMAQ—Mills' Playboys (NBC)
11:30 p.m. CDT ↔ 10:30 p.m. CST
KYW—Mark Fisher's Orchestra
WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organist
WGN—Late Dance Orchestras

CAN personality be transmitted by phonograph or by radio-plus-television as completely as by actual physical presence? Opinions differ on this as on most other questions. If the answer is in the affirmative, then concert platforms and opera houses will soon be obsolete. We'll all stay at home and have our emotions stirred there. The ability to project personality is one of the qualities that goes to make up an artist. The warmth and enthusiasm that come from an audience, electrified by the perception of that which the artist is creating, is a psychic entity difficult to analyze. We know its presence and its power. Most artists feel that they can do better before an

audience than before the microphone.

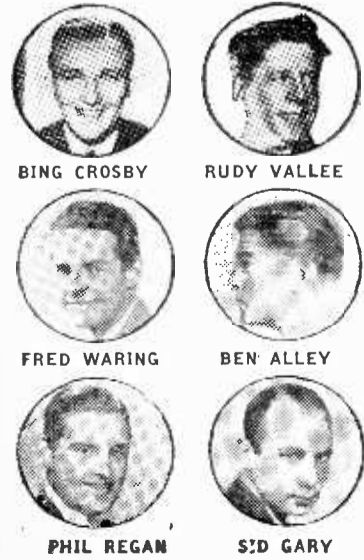
Which would you prefer to hear—the musicians in person or on the radio? If the difficulties and expense involved were comparable, there wouldn't be any question, would there?

Believe-It-or-Not

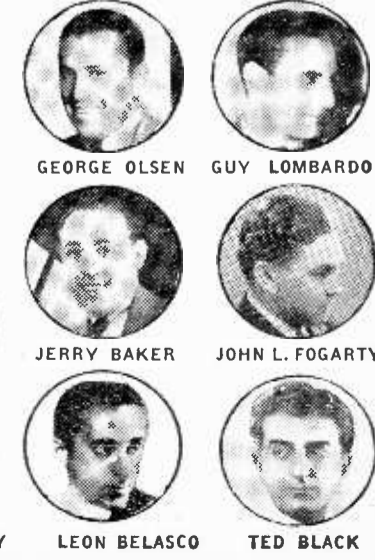
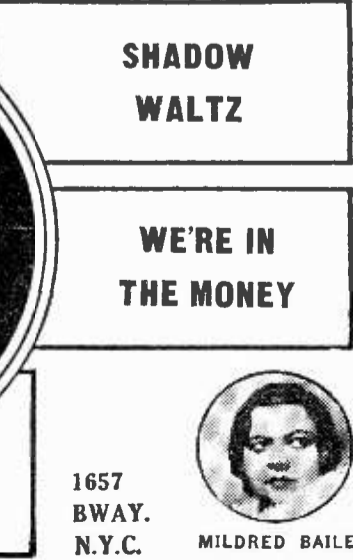
THE world is full of strange facts that bear repeating now and then. Here are a few which may appeal to your sense for phenomena:

The English horn is neither English, nor a horn... Harold Bauer, the fine pianist, took lessons for only a year... Lawrence Tibbett's name was originally spelled Tibbet... One of Europe's greatest living pianists has only one hand... The theme of Brahms' very celebrated Variations on a Theme of Haydn was not composed by Haydn. The theme is an old church chorale used but not composed by Haydn... Felix Mendelssohn was not born a Jew. His father was converted to Christianity before the boy was born... Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Theophilus Amadeus Mozart wrote his first work, a minuet, at the age of three... Wagner composed his famous "Ring des Nibelungen" backwards... Lucrezia Bori lost her voice for several years, and retired from public life. Her voice returned quite suddenly and it proved to be more beautiful than ever before... Arturo Toscanini knows from memory more than one thousand compositions... The arts today are comparatively sexless. Recent musical compositions are noteworthy for their barrenness of a peculiar quality of liveliness, sensuous warmth, enticing tenderness.

FREE SAMPLES to introduce to you the marvelous WARNESON'S BEAUTY PREPARATIONS. Used by radio and stage stars. You will get better effects by using them. Makeup for the street, theatre and studio. Used and endorsed by leading actors and actresses because Warnesson's products are pure, blend easily and never get rancid. Eucalyptus Cold Cream—an excellent cleanser, skin food and massage. Warnesson's Face Powder is especially fine. Stays on beautifully and does not look thick and heavy. Est. 1879—54 Years in Business Write Today for Free Samples to PROF. J. WARNESON Dept. R., 62 W. Washington St., CHICAGO, ILL.



THESE Radio Stars acclaim "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933" Greater than "42nd Street" I'VE GOT TO SING A TORCH SONG







# Chicago Studio PEEPS By Rollin Wood

FOUR prominent network artists are scheduled for RADIO GUIDE Star Interviews over WJJD during the next week. The advance schedule of the program, which is broadcast each Monday, Wednesday and Friday night from 9:15 to 9:30 o'clock Central Daylight Saving Time, follows:

Friday, June 30, *Bess Johnson*; Monday, July 3, *Cliff Soubier*; Wednesday, July 5, *Everett Mitchell*; Friday, July 7, *Joan Kay*.

*Billy* (Jack Owens) *Sunshine*, of WJJD, did his stuff at the *Chicago Boys Club* charity, but he wouldn't have except for *Evans Plummer*. Following Plummer's interview of *Little Jackie Heller* at WJJD that night in which Billy accompanied, the latter remarked that he'd have to buy a belt or he couldn't appear at the revue. Reason: his pants would have embarrassed him, and a pianist has to have two hands; he can't spare one for pants holding. So Billy went shopping for a belt, but all shops were closed. However, Plummer came to the rescue and loaned him his.

N. B.—That's the reason Plummer didn't show at the revue!

*Joe Allabough*, WJJD program director, will spend his vacation in Canada near the radio station he once managed, CKCL, Toronto. Joe plans to take it easy and do nothing except play golf.

*Harold Bean* was a guest soloist on *Dr. Pratt and Sherman's* program last Tuesday over KYW. *Ford and Wallace*, who may possibly go over to KYW, also appeared on the program as guest artists.

*Bill Baar*, WBBM's clever voice-changing actor, is on a mysterious trip to New York and Connecticut. He reports it is a vacation, but those in the know claim it's (1) a sponsor; (2) an Eastern girl.

Other local vacationers include *James Hamilton*, WAAF announcer and singer, who went to Crystal Lake last Monday, June 26. During his two weeks he also expects to visit Burlington, Iowa. WAAF's tenor, *George Taylor*, is absent from that wave preparing for the July 4 speed boat race at Fox Lake.

*Tony Carlo* and "*Joe*" (*Fred*) *Vilani*, better known to you as *Tony and Joe* of WCFL's Monday, Wednesday and Saturday 8:45 p. m. spot, have had an offer to go into business. A brewer with acumen, who has been tuning in the pair's "Brewery Cafe" episodes, offered to finance a real cafe by that name, providing his brew was put on tap!

*Frank Baker*, WAAF's Bookworm will read three widely contrasting short stories during his programs the week of July 2 to July 8, inclusive. Here are the dates upon which the stories will be read and the titles:

Sunday, July 2—"The Pit and the Pendulum" by Edgar Allen Poe.

Thursday, July 6—"A Struggle for Life" by Thomas Aldrich Bailey.

Saturday, July 8—"The Transferred Ghost" by Frank Richard Stockton.

The program is aired from 5 to 5:30 p. m.

Listeners of the *Princess Pat Pageant* will be interested to know that the sponsor of the program has an exhibit at the World's Fair in the "Old London" set located in "Hollywood" where the type of makeup used by movie stars is being demonstrated.

*Cornelia Osgood*, one of the few feminine radio stars who looks as sweet as she sounds, has been selected for a part in the movie short, "The World's Fairest of the Fair" which is being filmed at A Century of Progress in Chicago for Para-



THREE LITTLE MAIDS OF WLS Or the Overstake sisters of Decatur, Ill. Statistics on the bar-momists are: top, Evelyn, 19 years old; left, Eva, 17, and right, Lucille, 18. Lucille plays the guitar for their pleasing folk songs.

mount Pictures by Mel Brown, noted Hollywood film director.

*The Old WLS Hayloft Theater*, with its "meller drammers" based on the stories told in famous mountain ballads has been revived by the Prairie Farmer station on Saturdays at 10 p. m.

"*Check*" *Stafford*, until recently a country newspaper editor, has joined the staff of WLS to assist in the preparation of farm programs and to conduct an air column in which he rambles through interesting news furnished by a rural newspaper exchange. "Check" has served on various country newspapers, coming to WLS from the Northern Illinois Democrat at Rochelle.

*Wayne King*, whose music is heard on the *Lady Esther* program and nightly over WGN, now knows the feeling of writer's cramp, or how a President's arm feels after a long session of handshaking.

Nightly during the past week, hundreds of out-of-town visitors, here for the Fair, gathered at the Aragon to see and hear the famous Waltz King in person. They gather around the bandstand during the broadcasts and ask King for his autograph. Some present business cards, others leaflets of the World's Fair and still others postcards of the Aragon.

Coupled with the autograph, many visitors like to shake hands with the famous maestro. Numbered among those who shook hands with *Wayne* during the week was a lady



JOE PARSONS Radio's distinctive low voice, who's gone foamy these days and sails the low C's for a brewer three times weekly on WMAQ—Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights at 9:15. Basso Joe also alternates Monday nights with *Chauncey Parsons* on the NBC *Minstrel Show*.

from *Havana, Cuba*, the *Mayor of McCook, Nebraska*, and six young ladies from Peoria, Ill.

Popular *Don Ameche*, young Chicago radio actor, has been recruited from radio along with *Cornelia Osgood*, to play in a movie being filmed by a Hollywood company at the Fair. You'll be able to see the picture in about three weeks.

That deep contralto voice you hear on WJJD nightly, except Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays at 7:30 p. m., belongs to *Judy Rogers*, who is the owner of one of the deepest female voices on the air. Judy, although claiming Arkansas for her home state, has sung on most of the country's major stations.

*Mimo Bonaldi*, who was heard over WIBO, has moved to KYW. Mimo sings classical and popular pieces every Tuesday at 2 p. m.

*Irma Glen* reports that the unknown sponsor of her WENR *Lovable Music* organ music program is in Chicago for the World's Fair and will remain a month.

*Harry Sosnik* is wearing those dark glasses while leading his orchestra at the World's Fair A. and P. spot to end strain from the sun, dust and wind . . . not to conceal his identity and duck creditors.

Little Dan Cupid must be taking up temporary living quarters at the NBC studios in the Merch Mart. *Henrietta Roebler* has just returned from a two weeks honeymoon, her shiny, new name is *Mrs. Robert Oakes*. *Halcyon Mitchell*, the nurse, is taking the long, deep jump with *Mr. John Sloss*, Saturday, July 1, at 4:30 p. m. *Eleanor Merit* (they call her *Phoebe*) from the Audience Mail Department, married *Reed Haythorne* of the University of Chicago and *Harriet Thompson* of the same department married *Louis Stiegler*. To climax this we learn that *Edgar Guest*, the poet, is celebrating his twenty-seventh wedding anniversary.

*Bubb Pickard* is feeling pretty good. He was recently given a commercial program over WJJD that wasn't drawing so well previous to his taking it over. After Bubb took the program in hand the mail improved more than 300 percent. The sponsor is satisfied and so is Bubb.

Sport Announcer *Johnny O'Hara* almost suffered a collapse recently. *Jimmy O'Hara*, his son, was the cause when he announced that he was a dyed-in-the-wool Cub fan. O'Hara announces all the Sox games but lives near *Gabby Hartnett*, the Chicago Cubs catcher. Young Gabby and Young Jimmy meet and play ball together, which is probably the reason for the switch.

"Goodbye Applause," the story of a woman who wanted to be a great concert pianist, is the *Princess Pat Pageant* drama of love and romance to be broadcast at 8:30 o'clock Monday night, July 3, by WBBM. She gave a recital, and left her future career—as either musician or wife of the man who loved her—to the famous critic of the great newspaper. What happened? In the cast: *Peg Davis*, the concert pianist; *Dick Wells*, her suitor and a reporter; *Doug Hope*, her manager, and *Frances Woodbury*, maid.

*Mark Fisher*, the orchestra leader and his press representative, *Rhoades Newbell*, challenge any other Chicago orchestra leader and press representative to an 18 hole golf match, the match to be played as a Scotch foursome. Two points at every hole, one point for low total of the two partners and the other point for low ball at each hole.

NEWS from

WJJD

1130 Kilocycles

20,000 Watts

265.3 Meters



Jeanette Barrington

A NEW sketch, *Jane and Jinny*, presenting the *Gordoni Players*, will have its initial program over WJJD at 12 noon Saturday, July 1. *Jeanette Barrington* will direct the show and take one of the ingenue parts later in the skit. The theme centers about *Jane and Jinny*, two middle-aged women who are proprietors of a boarding house in a very small Illinois town. The story is written by *Luella Lyons* who lives in Washington, Ill.

### Mooseheart Merry-Makers

WE HOPE that all WJJD radio fans will be listening for the opening meeting of the "Mooseheart Merry-Makers" Club Monday, July 3. This club meeting will be broadcast each day at 1:15 p. m. to 1:25 p. m., except Saturdays and Sundays. We want all WJJD listeners

(especially the children) to become acquainted with our club members; to hear our tiny president presiding at the meetings, to learn the pledge to "try to make everyone merry and gay." The Mooseheart Merry-Makers say there is *no depression in happiness*.

### EILEEN QUINLAN, former

Chicago newspaperwoman, author of "City Desk" and other radio bits depicting newspaper life, and now writing a new novel to be published this Fall, again lends her personality to radio in presenting various celebrities of the stage Saturdays at 12:45 p. m. on the *Music and Banter* program. Saturday, July 1, Miss Quinlan with Ben Kanter will co-interview *James Hall*, movie star.



Eileen Quinlan

Another new feature, the *Irish Hour*, began over WJJD Wednesday, June 28, 7:30 to 8 p. m. as a regular weekly program.

Beginning July 5, the *Germania Hour* changes its 7 to 7:15 p. m. broadcast period over WJJD to 6:45 to 7:15 p. m., embracing a half hour. This popular German program is one of the oldest on the local air and is directed by *Egmont Sonderling*, veteran foreign program manager.

The *Dixie Cotton Pickers* are heard every morning 7:45 to 8 a. m. as well on the WJJD *Carnival* programs.

### THIS AND THAT

WJJD becomes part of the Columbia network for at least one program on July 6 when *Johnny O'Hara*, WJJD sports mike-man, will broadcast with *Pat Flanagan* the All-Ace game of the century. . . *Joe Allabough*, WJJD program director and beau brummel, is spending his vacation in Canada, thousands of miles from a radio station. . . *Len Carlson*, chief studio engineer, also plans to vacation in Canada and do a lot of fishing. . . *Ben Kanter*, pianist and vocalist, picked *Ross* in the recent embroglio between *Canzoneri* and *Barney*. He wagered bottles of beer with studio attaches and looks forward to a summer of free beer drinking. . . *Julie and Jimmy*, staff members of WJJD, are now featured in a local cabaret where they do their "stuff" nightly.

## REVIEWING RADIO

+ + +

By Mike Porter

**M**R. HENRY FORD, who was reported last week to have overcome his conscientious objections to commercial radio, and to have decided to put a program on the NBC air—is still set against the kilocycles, and in spite of auditions, etc., won't sponsor, personally, any broadcast even though competition is very unpleasant.

But—Ford dealers of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and 16 states in the East, will band together, and within a few weeks, sponsor a show which has done quite a job for Ford dealers, in Cleveland.

The team in question stages what is called a "sociable." You'll recognize them as *Lum and Abner*. Their real tags are *Chester Louck and Norris Goff*. They started their radio careers at KTHS, Hot Springs, in 1931.

It is no secret that the dealers expect Henry Ford to capitulate in the face of increased sales, and join in the sponsorship.

*Lucky Strike, as the customers know, jades this Thursday—leav-*

*ing an aching void of one hour on the red network. It shouldn't be surprising to see an auto tire manufacturer grasp this spot and slip in the Revellers and Ripley, who is a sort of Munchausen, too.*

## Where They've Gone

**R**EPLYING to those who want to know about what happened to the old timers—

Ludwig Laurier is assisting WMCA's music staff . . . He used to have the Slumber hour; remember? . . . Nicholina, the first *La Palina* songstress, is running a restaurant in Gotham's Greenwich . . . Olive Shea, one of the early radio queens, is in the movies as *Gloria Shea* . . . Harry Brown, of the famous *Hank Simmons Shoreboat*, is reading in a Christian Science temple . . . Vaughn De Leath is very likely to stage a comeback at NBC, and so is Harriet Lee . . . Yolande Langworthy, who invented *Arabesque*, is writing radio and movie scripts . . . Frank Knight is

dabbling with drama . . . Major J. Andrew White is recovering from a financial flop which occurred when he went into the musical comedy production business . . . Louis Mason, the *Clem Belts of Moonshine and Honeysuckle*, went to Cleveland and lost his job at WTAM . . . Redjerne Hollinshead, who used to be the big boy of the *Majestic Hour*, is picking up occasional vaudeville dates in Canada . . . Lee Morse is in vaudeville . . . George Frame Brown of the famous rural *Thompkins Corners* sketches, is doing nothing, but lives on his farm in New York State . . . Ray Perkins is idle, although his name is on a door in the headquarters of *Ed Wynni's* new network . . . The *Parnassus Trio* has long been disbanded . . . Virginia Rea (Olive Palmer) has practically retired . . . Adele Vasa and Virginia Gardiner are playing the roles of

housewives . . . Art Gillham is selling hardware in Texas . . . Henry Burbig is picking up occasional stage dates. Living in Connecticut . . . Franklin Baur is singing opera in Germany . . . Wendell Hall, after a recent Midwest CBS commercial, is on the air again at KYW, Chicago . . . Billy Jones and Ernie Hare are making records.

WABC and CBS will feature *Mildred Bailey* hereafter three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, which means that the execs are expecting to make one of those build-ups of her . . . David Ross will do poetry hereafter on the Old Gold half hour . . . Frances Upton will have frequent parts in the *Lou Holtz* shows for Chesterfield.

*The newest build-up at NBC will be the gent who falls into the*

*spot to be vacated shortly by Donald Novis. He is Anthony Donnus, who brings, of all things, virtuosity on the mandolin. They call him the Kreisler of the mandolin.*

*Dominic Savino, who had plenty of trouble with CBS, crashes the WJZ-NBC waves July 19 with a band and trick arrangements . . . Moonshine and Honeysuckle will be revived by a sponsor . . . Ethel Waters, the colored lass, is slaying New York audiences with her fifteen-minute songs from the Cotton Club . . . Famous orchestra leaders are forming their own super-union to blacklist all leaders who work in hotels for cut rates . . . George Olsen will probably follow Harold Stern into New York's Biltmore . . . Plummer is trying to learn to fly a plane. What do YOU hope?*

## The Editor's Mail Box

(Personally directed replies will be made only when subscriber encloses stamped, self-addressed envelope with questions).

C. L. D., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—The role of Lanny Ross is spoken by Allyn Joslyn, who was born in Milford, Pa., July 21, 1901. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has a fair complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes and is still single. He is heard on "Folks from Dixie," Captain Diamond's *Adventures*, *Pages of Romance* and *Radio Guild* dramas. Conrad Thibault's lines are read by Ned Weaver, who was born in New York City April 27, 1902. He is about five feet eleven inches tall, has an olive complexion, sleek black hair and blue eyes. He, too, is still single. Is heard more or less regularly on *Pages of Romance*, *Crime Clues*, *Rex Cole Mountaineers* and *The Orange Lantern*. Conrad Thibault was born in Northbridge, Mass., on November 13, 1905. He has an olive complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes and is not married. Weighs about one hundred and sixty-five pounds and is five feet eleven inches tall. William Lundell announces sustaining programs regularly throughout the day for the NBC. He is married.

R. T., Monmouth, Ill.—The Octopus was played by Arthur Hughes.

In reply to several inquiries we are printing the personnels of some

of the most popular vocal groups: The *Revellers* are James Melton and Louis James, tenors; Elliott Shaw, baritone and Wilfred Glenn, bass; Frank Black, accompanist. The *Cavaliers* are Frank Parker and Henry Shope, tenors; John Seagle, baritone; Elliott Shaw, bass; Lee Montgomery, accompanist. The *Eton Boys* are Charlie and Jack Day, Earl Smith and Art Gentry; Ray Block, accompanist. Ambassadors are Bill Perry, Roger Kinne and Harold Woodward. The *Four Clubmen* are Fred Kuhnley, Claude Reese, Taylor Buckley and Charles Robinson; Leigh Stevens, accompanist. Lon McAdams, bass; Ivan Evans, baritone; Brad Reynolds, first tenor; Carlton Boxill, second tenor and Irving Weill, accompanist, comprise the *Round Towners*. The *Chocolateers* (*Rondoliers*) are Fred Wilson and Roy Hallee, tenors; Hubert Hendrie, baritone; George Gove, bass, and Charles Touchette, accompanist. The *Southern Singers* are all members of one family—Jim, Robert, Owen and Annie Laurie Ward. The *Merrie Men* (*Ambassadors*) are Wesley Summerfield and Elliott Stewart, tenors; Bob Geddes, baritone; Norman Cordon, bass and Earl Lawrence, accompanist. Members of the *Vocal Art Quartet* are Selma Johanson, soprano; Alma Kitchell, contralto; Chester Ewers, tenor, and Earl Waldo, bass.

B. C., Chicago, Ill.—The *Southern Singers* are all Negroes. Pap Jim is played by Jim Ward.

## Out Where the BLAH Begins

By Walter Winchell

(Continued from page 4)

have anything to say, step right up and tell it to an expectant world, whether they take issue with an Eddie Cantor or an NBC official. Their words carry as much weight as do the opinions of Percy Hammond, George Jean Nathan or Bob Benchley in the theater. The air attractions play to them just as an actor does for the death watch. As a result, air entertainment has made tremendous strides forward. In the East, I mean!

On the West Coast the radio columns are just that much fillers. With the possible exception of Ray Dee O'Fan on the Los Angeles "Examiner," none of them seem to have any power, opinions or public. May-

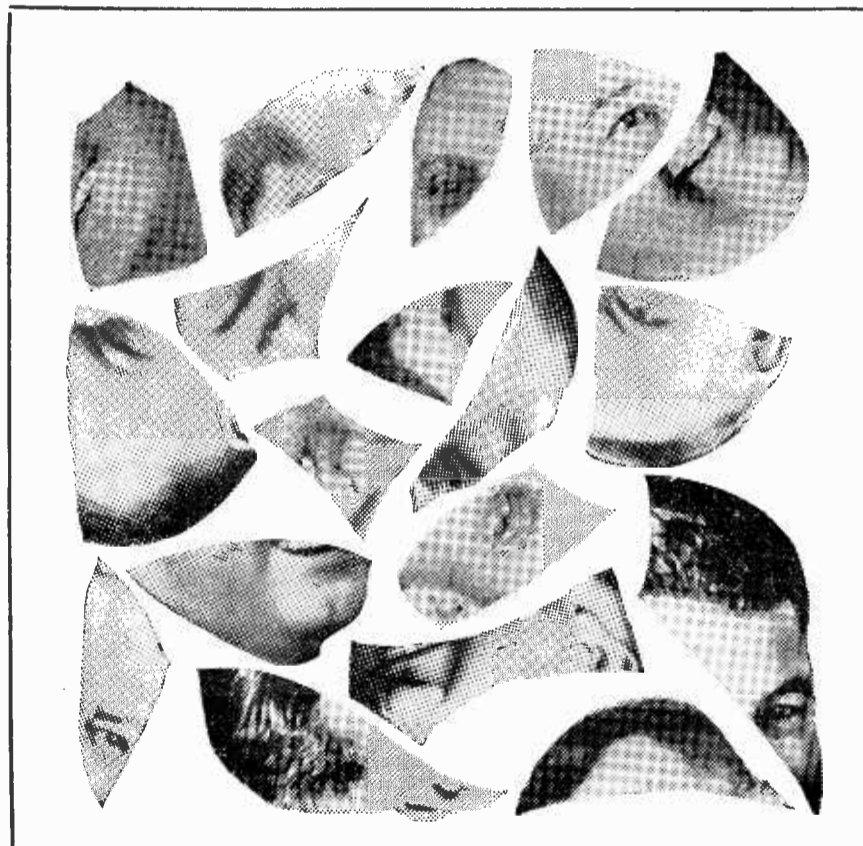
be the lack of the first two spells the reason for the third.

Mr. Listener-Inner may groan to his family all he likes about the program he has just listened to. But the public prints are no help to him. And that, my friends, is where he should find his staunchest allies. Your Coast critic should swing a hefty broom when the program smells of the stables.

If this sounds like a columnist doing a little propaganda for his confreres, let it go at that. But I do honestly feel that until the gentlemen of the West Coast press use a tomahawk when the celery is ripe, to cut, their programs are going to continue to amount to just that much *schmaltz*.

KNOW YOUR STARS?  
THEN TRY FOR THE \$1,000

GROUP No. 11:



**CLUES TO STARS ABOVE:** The names of the four artists in Group 11 are among the eight names given herewith: George Burns, Charles (Andy) Correll, Frank Crumit, Ferde Grofe, Smiling Ed McConnell, Frank Munn, B. A. Rolfe and Cliff Soubier.

## Begin This Entertaining Pastime Today. The Rules:

**HOW TO COMPETE:** Cut the pieces in each group of jumbled stars printed in RADIO GUIDE weekly and paste them in their proper places to form pictures of the stars. Number each picture. Paste all of the stars in one group on a large piece of paper and label the paper "Group No. 1, Group No. 2, etc." Leave room at the bottom of paper to print your name and address plainly. Also room for names of stars, their sponsors and slogans used by sponsors on their programs. It is not necessary to buy a copy of RADIO GUIDE to compete. The pictures may be copied or traced. The RADIO GUIDE may be examined at public libraries or at its offices free of charge. The pictures may be pasted on paper, cardboard or in scrap books.

**HOLD PICTURES:** Star Static Contest is made up of 15 groups, one of which will appear weekly in RADIO GUIDE until the last of the series is printed. After pasting up these pictures, hold them all until you have completed the series.

**WHERE TO SEND ENTRIES:** When you have completed the series of 15 groups, send them by first class mail, postage prepaid, to Star Static Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

**CLOSING DATE:** The last group will be published in issue of July 30-August 5. All entries must bear a postmark of not later than midnight, August 15.

**ELIGIBILITY:** Every person except employees of RADIO GUIDE or members of their families is eligible to compete.

**JUDGES:** A committee of judges will be appointed by RADIO GUIDE and all entrants agree to accept their decisions as final. RADIO GUIDE will return none of these entries and will not be able to correspond with entrants about this contest.

**PRIZES:** In event two or more contestants tie for the prizes, tying contestants will be required to submit a slogan suitable for use by RADIO GUIDE. The tying contestant for any prize whose slogan is declared best by the judges will be awarded the prize. After receiving proposed slogan, should the judges still declare a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Order Back

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Radio Guide

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Chicago, Ill.



# HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

## SPECIAL

MONDAY, JULY 3—"Romance of a People," musical pageant climaxing National Jewish Day at a Century of Progress, WGN at 9 p. m.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—America Celebrates the Fourth; Address by John Erskine, NBC-KYW at 3 p. m.

## COMEDY

SUNDAY, JULY 2—Bert Lahr, Homy Bailey and Lee Sims with Rubinoff, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.

MONDAY, JULY 3—Minstrel Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

Potash and Perlmutter, NBC-WLS at 7:30 p. m., also Wednesday.

Phil Cook, NBC-WLS, 7:45 p. m., also Wednesday and Friday.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—Ben Bernie and his band, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

Ed Wynn, Graham McNamee and Don Vorhees Band, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5—Fannie Brice and George Olsen's music, NBC-WLS at 7 p. m.

Irvin S. Cobb, humorist, CBS-WOWO at 8 p. m., also Friday.

Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's Orchestra, CBS-WGN at 8:30 p. m.

"Mandy Lou," Bill Melia and Fred Waring's orchestra, CBS-WGN at 9 p. m.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—Guest comedians with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.

Molasses 'n' January, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw and Muriel Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, JULY 7—Tom Howard and Ted Bergman, Herbert Polesie and Harry Salter's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

Hugh O'Connell and Ilka Chase, with Lee Wiley, Paul Small and Victor Young's orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.

Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—Ray Knight's Cuckoo Program, NBC-KYW at 9:30 p. m.

## MUSIC

SUNDAY, JULY 2—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony Orchestra, CBS-WIND at 2 p. m., also Wednesday at 9:45 p. m. over CBS-WGN.

American Album of Familiar Music, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.

MONDAY, JULY 3—Harry Reser's Eskimos, NBC-WLS at 7 p. m.

Ferde Grofe's Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p. m., also Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

Joseph Pasternack's Melody Moments, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m., Phil Duey, baritone; guest soloist.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Stadium Concert, Willem Van Hoogstraaten, conducting, NBC-KYW at 8 p. m.

Joseph Koestner's Musical Memories, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—Century of Progress Festival Orchestra; Dr. Frederick Stock, conducting, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

FRIDAY, JULY 7—Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—Philadelphia Summer Concert from Robinhood Dell, CBS-WIND at 7:30 p. m.

## PLAYS

SUNDAY, JULY 2—Columbia Dramatic Guild; Alphonse Daudet's "The Man with the Golden Brain," CBS-WIND at 7 p. m.

John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WBBM at 9 p. m.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—Crime Clues, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m., also Wednesday.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—Death Valley Days, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, JULY 7—The First Nighter, NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.

Bar X Days and Nights, CBS-WIND at 7:30 p. m.

"The Flowers are Not for You to Pick," British Radio Play, NBC-KYW at 9:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—K-Seven; "Mines at the Dardanelles," NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

## SPORTS

MONDAY, JULY 3—Ted Husing's "Sportraits," CBS-WISN at 5:45 p. m.

TUESDAY, JULY 4—Brooklyn Handicap, Aqueduct Track Horse Race, CBS-WIND at 2:45 p. m.

THURSDAY, JULY 6—All-Star Baseball Game between picked players of National and American Leagues, from Comiskey Park, NBC-WMAQ and CBS-WJJD at 1 p. m.

SATURDAY, JULY 8—Intercollegiate Sprint Regatta. Crews from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, California, Washington and University of California at Los Angeles racing on the Olympic Course at Long Beach, California. NBC-WENR at 6:45 p. m.

## VOCALISTS

THE STREET SINGER—CBS-WGN, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:15 p. m.

CHARLES CARLILE—CBS-WBBM, Thursday, at 6:15 p. m.

MAUDE ROONEY—CBS-WGN, 9:45 p. m. Thursday. KATE SMITH—CBS-WGN at 7:30 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

NINO MARTINI—CBS-WIND at 8:30 p. m. Tuesday, and 7 p. m. Friday over WGN.

OLGA, COUNTESS ALBANI—NBC-WENR, Monday at 6:35 p. m.

## NEWS

ARTHUR BRISBANE—NBC-WLW Sunday at 8 p. m. COL. LOUIS McHENRY HOWE interviewed by Walter Trumbull, NBC-WMAQ, Sunday at 9 p. m.

BOAKE CARTER—CBS-WBBM, daily excepting Saturday and Sunday at 6:45 p. m.

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIND, Monday and Wednesday at 9:30 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS, the World's Fair Reporter—NBC-WLS, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WLW, daily at 5:45 p. m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

## LONDON ECONOMIC CONFERENCE REPORTS

H. V. KALTENBORN—CBS-WBBM, Sunday at 6:30 p. m.; Tuesday and Thursday at 6 p. m.

WILLIAM HARD—NBC-WLS, Sunday at 6:15 p. m. and NBC-WENR, Friday at 9:30 p. m.; also NBC-WMAQ, Monday at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 8:15 p. m.

# Your Problems Solved By the "Voice of Experience"



VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

and Answers" periods, and I am grateful for the opportunity of rendering what I hope will be an added service through the medium of RADIO GUIDE.

Because space will be very limited, let me suggest that, in submitting your queries, you make them as brief and to the point as possible. I will do the same with my replies.

Here's our first letter for consideration, although very brief, it deals with a problem that knows no territorial bounds and, therefore, should be interesting to a great many besides the writer:

Dear "Voice of Experience": Many of the girls of my acquaintance, who have gotten married, leave their wedding rings at home, or put them in their purse when not accompanied by their husbands. Will you tell me why this is true?—J. K.

FOR more years than I would like to admit, I have been lay-confessor and confidant to thousands of men and women, boys and girls who found themselves in need of personal advice, but, for one reason or another, were unwilling or unable to obtain it in their own coterie of friends and acquaintances.

Many times I have had the occasion to use the columns of some well-known periodical to augment my radio "Questions

ANSWER: If you, J. K., will tell me why it is that so many men every Sunday will put on Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes, adopt a long face, engage in long prayers, sing lustily the congregational hymns, and then the other six days in the week, will commit every sin in the category—I say, if you will explain this, I will tell you why women (some of them), take occasion to hide their insignia of marriage. The answer is simple: Lots of folks like to appear to be what they really are not. The very hypocrisy to which you refer as being practiced by married women is just as prevalent among married men. In this age of feminine independence, it's little wonder that women have adopted this as one more male vice that they feel they have a perfect right to imitate.

Dear "Voice of Experience": My problem is different from any I have heard you answer, and, because I can remember what I read better than what I hear, I would like to have you answer me in writing, if you will. God did not treat me right because He made me with something wrong with my mouth, and I lisp when I talk, and have a bad scar clear across my upper lip. I don't mind the scar so much, but, all during school, the kids laughed at me when I tried to recite, and even now folks avoid me. Please tell me how I can keep them from treating me this way? It sometimes makes me want to die.—Paul.

ANSWER: Paul, I am just as sorry as I can be for your condition, but let's start right by not blaming it on God. Your impediment of speech and disfiguration of mouth exist not because God willed it, but because it was given to you from one of your ancestors. So, one of your forefathers, rather than God, is to blame for this condition.

I wish I could explain human nature to you, Paul! I can just visualize you trying to recite a lesson that you had thoroughly learned, and, because of your lisp, being prevented from giving your recitation on account of the hilarity and intolerant attitude of your classmates. If you were seated at your desk and had a wallet of money

in your pocket, and one of the pupils in your classroom should sneak up behind you and attempt to steal that wallet, any member of the class who happened to see it, would yell "Thief!", and the entire class would rush to your defense, and help you to recover your purse.

Now, that thief would have designs on property that belonged to you, but property which could be easily replaced, and yet the spirit of fair play among your associates would rally them to your defense rather than see you victimized by a thievery of your money. Yet, those same students, after you had spent hours in the preparation of a lesson and were busily engaged in trying to educate yourself, the moment you rose to recite, by their unconscious intolerance would classify as thieves, for they really would be stealing from you something that money cannot buy: something they could not replace. Strange, isn't it—how incongruous people are! I wish there were something I could do or say to you, Paul, that would change others' attitude toward you, but that is impossible.

However, I am willing to do this. I will put in your hands, if you care for it, and with my compliments too, two little pamphlets that I have written: one on "How to Overcome Self-consciousness," and the other on "Don't Be A Quitter." At least, Paul, these will help you in your battle against the intolerance of others. And that, after all, is the first essential toward your peace of mind.

Because I shall conduct this column for a period of only a very few weeks, I suggest that, if my readers are interested in securing a reply to any problem, they sit down and write me at once in care of the RADIO GUIDE, 112 Fourth Avenue, New York, and I will answer these letters in the order in which they are received.

Your Friend and Adviser,  
The "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"