

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

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

5¢



GRETCHEN
DAVIDSON

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DENOUNCES
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RADIO'S TRIAL BY FIRE



RADIO TO THE RESCUE!

The people of Chicago have this infant of communication to thank for the fact that their mighty Century of Progress Exposition, the vast expanse of their great south side and possibly the remainder of their city as well is still intact today.

On Saturday, May 19, shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, fire broke out in the pens and livestock shelters in the Union Stockyards. Long weeks of drought had dried out these wooden structures until they were like tinder to the advancing blaze. Within an hour the conflagration spread over an area of three square miles, consuming building after building, destroying radio station WAAF and the structure that housed it, defying every effort of Chicago's 1,400 firemen and their completely mobilized apparatus to halt its relentless march.

Wild rumors spread over the city—CHICAGO IS DOOMED! They can't stop it! The World's Fair is on fire!

Hundreds of miles away the rumors spread—All of Chicago is on fire! Nothing like it since Rome burned! Telegraph and telephone lines were swamped with messages from out-of-town points when anxious relatives began their inquiries about the safety of their Chicago kin.

In the thick of the flames and smoke, Fire Marshal Michael Corrigan saw his firefighters retreat before the advancing flames. He saw several "pumpers" and hook and ladder trucks consumed by the blaze. He saw a score of his men carried away to hospitals after battling to save the doomed apparatus. But this was part of the day's work; it worried but did not dismay him. There was one thing that became immediately obvious, however; this was the fact that in spite of the millions of gallons of water that were being pumped into the flames and upon the exteriors of buildings closest to the wall of fire, no progress whatever was being made toward halting the advance of the conflagration. Furthermore, virtually the entire city was endangered by the presence of all fire apparatus at the scene of the

At left, CBS Announcer Truman Bradley describing the great fire as Engineer Keener holds the mike. The little boy in the foreground told listeners how he was injured. Below, the scene which CBS announcers viewed from their mike posts behind the telephone exchange

big blaze. Fire Marshall Corrigan sped to a telephone. He called several of the radio studios.

"Will you please broadcast a call for all firemen off duty to report to the Stockyards at once?"

RADIO RESPONDED!

The call was broadcast almost simultaneously from a dozen stations. It was repeated at frequent intervals. The holidaying fire laddies rushed to their posts.

Telephone calls came to the studios in a barrage. Fire chiefs of neighboring cities and villages asked: "Can we help?" Radio men contacted the fire marshal at the scene of the blaze.

"Tell them yes—we're moving all our apparatus into the fire zone. Ask them to man the outlying stations."

Out over the air went Fire Marshal Corrigan's answer and from Evanston, Wilmette, La Grange, Gary and a dozen other suburbs, firemen and their equipment began to move into Chicago's deserted fire houses. The danger that other fires might start in scattered sections of the city with no equipment available to fight them was thus abated.

FANNED by a thirty-mile wind from the southwest, the flames swept furiously to the northeast. The firemen began to dynamite buildings in an effort to create a gap which the hungry blaze could not leap.

From all over the city, crowds began arriving at the scene on foot, by automobile, by street car and elevated lines. They pressed the police lines back steadily, swarmed into the heart of the danger zone. Their numbers were swelled by refugees from the residences and hotels which the flames had reached.

RADIO STEPPED IN TO HELP.

The fire marshal's plea to the public to keep out of the zone for their own safety and to avoid interfering with the work of the firemen went out over the air from the various stations.

Although pumping stations were working at full capacity to keep the water flowing into the fire mains in adequate volume, the pressure in the fire zone was proving dangerously low.

AGAIN THE RADIO!

The fire marshal's plea to the public to shut off lawn sprinklers and stop all other non-essential uses of water during the emergency brought instant response. Not long after this plea was broadcast, stations were besieged by telephone calls from south side





AERIAL VIEW OF THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS FIRE AT ITS HEIGHT

residents reporting indignantly that the lawn sprinklers in Jackson Park were running full blast.

This information was broadcast. It brought a quick response from the Park Board in the form of an explanation that the Park had their own water system which could in no way be hooked up to feed water into the city mains.

DOCTORS and nurses were asked to report to various headquarters and to stand by for possible emergency duty. Calls were sent out over the air for the Boy Scouts and American Legion members to mobilize to reinforce the police who were vainly trying to hold back the curious crowds.

Major General Roy D. Keehn, commanding officer of the Illinois National Guard, had orders broadcast to all regiments in the Chicago area to stand by for mobilization orders. One regiment was ordered to mobilize shortly afterward.

These multifarious services rendered by radio are only a few of the functions which this baby giant of the communications family performed quickly, efficiently and effectively during the progress of the fire. The speed with which the firemen off duty were assembled amazed even the fire marshal himself. Before radio, hours of work at the telephone would have been necessary to accomplish this end and then only a fraction of the men could have been reached.

From the moment when first word of the fire was flashed over Chicago microphones up to the time late in the evening when Fire Marshal Corrigan finally told the city and the nation that the fire was under control and that all danger of its spreading farther was past, the activities of the radio announcers, engineers and other employees of the stations were a parade of heroism, quick thinking, comedy, drama and pathos.

The height of tragi-comedy was reached perhaps at the studios of WAAF, the Drovers' Journal station located in the Exchange Building in the heart of the Union Stockyards. At 4:15 p. m. members of the station staff noticed that a fire had started about a block and a half south of the studios.

They thought nothing of it, as they have frequently seen perhaps a hundred smaller fires from their windows. The programs proceeded according to schedule until 4:30 a'clock, when chief control operator Carl

Ullrich rushed into the studio and announced: "Well, there's no more program. The power is off."

Looking out the windows again, they saw that the flames were roaring toward the building. This was no trifling little Stockyards blaze after all.

Ullrich, with Nathan Caplow and Jesse Alexander, script writers, rushed to the roof of the building and began dousing the transmitter with water. So engrossed were they in their attempts to save the station's equipment that, before they realized that they were in danger, the building was afire and they were trapped. Firemen rescued them from the roof only a bit worse for having inhaled an overdose of smoke.

The irony of the fire demon's prank was enhanced by the fact that WAAF had arranged a gala program for Sunday, May 20, in celebration of the station's twelfth anniversary on the air.

Hal Totten, NBC sports announcer, was broadcasting the game between the White Sox and the Athletics from Comiskey Park when billows of thick black smoke, streaked with red flame and white steam, and the shrill shrieks of the fire sirens gave him his first inkling of the fire. Naturally, at the moment he knew only that there was a fire but his brief comment between balls and strikes was one of the first reports to reach the radio audience. The fire marshal's call for all firemen off duty to report at the yards was relayed from the NBC studios to the ball park and carried over the public address system.

How the networks and local stations carried the story of the conflagration to the listeners from coast to coast is a fascinating saga. Let Announcer Totten tell you of NBC's fire broadcasts in his own words:

THERE is an Illinois Bell Telephone Office at Forty-First street and South Union avenue. That meant lines handy. It also meant proximity to the flames. The first step was simple. This announcer, accompanied by Field Engineer Washburn, snared a cab and with ordinary NBC 'nemo' equipment—microphone, input amplifier, and not much else—raced to this spot.

"A call had reserved two pairs of telephone wires. Upon arrival at the office, loops were strung to the roof of the four story building. The amplifier was set up, the mike attached, and all was ready. There, standing in swirling eddies of smoke, soaked with the

spray from a fire line that was playing water over this and adjoining roofs, an eye-witness story of the fire was given to the NBC Blue network.

"A half-block away the fire still roared. The thunder of pumping engines filled the air—and the microphone—. Staring ghostlike through the smoke only a block or two away were the skeleton remnants of the celebrated Inn; the International Amphitheater; the banks. Chief Fire Marshal Michael Corrigan climbed to the roof to tell the world that the fire was under control. Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, city health commissioner, took the mike to calm the fears of Chicagoans and their worrying loved ones out of the city, to rally his health force in case of emergency.

"Veteran reporters of big Chicago dailies stopped by to tell an incident or two; add facts and figures; tell of feats of heroism; add authentic color.

"In the meantime, NBC's mobile unit with short wave transmitter was called from the shop where it was being overhauled in preparation for a heavy summer of work at the Century of Progress events. Manned by Engineers Bill States and Harold Royston, and Announcer Stewart Dawson, it was soon racing to the scene. Into the fire lines; into the fire area itself; and finally through one burning building to a spot between two other blazes, it was worked over hose lines and between piles of smoldering wreckage.

"What better argument could be offered that the fire was under control—that Chicago's fire fighters had won their battle? Certainly no truck could venture into such a spot if all was not in hand.

"The city settled back to normalcy; wires and calls of relief and happiness began to come from distant points. The country knew that Chicago had conquered its raging foe and that the city by the lake was not in immediate danger of being destroyed.

"Another shot later in the evening—this to the NBC Red network—carried the word of relief and reassurance to other corners of the country. On this pickup, Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Fire Commissioner Arthur F. Seyferlich, Chief Fire Marshal Corrigan, and Deputy Fire Commissioner Anthony Mullaney (himself suffering burns about the eyes), gave a last definite word picture that all was in hand. The fact that such large plants as those (Continued on Page 38)



Recent photograph of Vaughn de Leath, taken to gratify the urgent requests of her followers, particularly those who have been hearing her sing since her first appearances before the "mike" almost a dozen years ago

By Vaughn de Leath

VAUGHN de LEATH, who has been featured on the air for a longer time than perhaps any other living person, and whose radio technique has been the envy of many, gives herewith for the first time, her secrets of broadcasting and rules for the correct use of the microphone.

FOR MANY years I guarded my secrets of just how I use the microphone. True, innumerable persons have learned for themselves; others have hit it accidentally—while some never have been able to express the same beauty of voice through a microphone that they do in personal appearances. There may be one of several reasons for this. Singers sometimes are awestruck, others feel they must do something different than when they are in a drawing-room. But there is a rule which is helpful, and which I now am willing to share.

In the early days of broadcasting, at that time called "wireless telephony," few voices came over well. Especially was this true of the high ones, due to the limitations of the carbon microphone then in use. Perhaps I was fortunate in having a voice particularly adapted to radio. Let it be enough to say that in my years on the air I probably have tested more microphones than anyone else. When any transmitting device was ready to be tested in the early days, they would say: "Call Vaughn. Her voice is balanced, and she knows just what to do."

Nowadays, almost anyone can broadcast (at least insofar as the mechanical angle is concerned. What they put behind that microphone is another matter). But in those early days few voices registered, so I set about analyzing those which would and those which would not "mike". I wanted to know the reasons therefor. In my own experience, my phonograph recordings helped a lot, for when these were finished I would sit and listen, criticize them, and try not to repeat the mistakes found in them.

I experimented until I was satisfied that the *volume of tone must be proportionate to the distance from the microphone* (and vice versa). Just what proportion, one must determine for oneself, because no two voices are

10 Commandments for Success on the Radio

alike in quality or color; therefore each needs specific consideration.

How can one find this? In two ways: First, *hear yourself as others hear you*. Make a series of tests on the phonograph: (a) home-recording devices, (b) recording studios, where a specialty is made of this. Second, have someone who knows (a radio production man or a reputable teacher) listen to you, signaling distances and so forth, thereby indicating what is giving the best effect.

It must be remembered, too, that certain songs require special emotional interpretations, with crescendos and diminuendos and "weights" of tone. After considerable experience, this balance becomes practically automatic, for the good singer's thought is on the song, not on mechanics. I would like to compare the "weight of tone" to the pressure of the bow on the violin, for whether increasing or decreasing in volume, it must be done smoothly to "mike well." Bombastic outbursts are fatal.

This leads to the subject of vocal poise. Of course, everyone knows what poise is: a certain kind of control and assurance unaffected by distractions. Perfect vocal poise means tones so well controlled that the singer knows exactly what to do and when to do it, undisturbed by emotions or interferences.

Have before you always the idea of beauty. Hear mentally the tone as you wish it to sound before you produce it. Study different colors of tone, gay—sad—bright—soft. Have them at your command when you want them and as the songs demand them, but always keep them beautiful.

Now we come to our Ten Commandments:

1.—THE VOLUME OF TONE must be proportionate to the distance from the microphone. This is the one most applicable to radio. Never treat a microphone like a thing or a machine that stands before you. Think of it as an instrument to play upon, an instrument exceedingly sensitive, that reproduces your every emotion, your very breath. I love a microphone like a violinist loves his violin, and I "play" it in the same manner.

2.—VOCAL POISE is a necessity in all good broadcasting! Tones must be full, round, sweet and perfectly controlled.

3.—DICTION. Sing as distinctly as you speak. No one wants to hear "mumbly-jumbly," thereby losing the meaning of the text. (With apologies to Gertrude Stein).

4.—INTERPRETATION. You must picture for yourself and your audience the thing you are singing about, projecting through the mike, soul-stirring emotions of your own personality, (depending on the selection).

5.—SINCERITY. Strive at all times to give a sincere performance, forgetting self in the art of singing. Never think of the commercial aspect, or singing for dollars. Think rather of doing a good job.

6.—BE TEACHABLE. Profit by constructive criticism, and never think yourself so good that you cannot do better. Perfection has not been realized yet on our earthly sphere. Who are you to be the exception? Do not be conceited! "Only the great are humble, and only the humble are great."

7.—REALIZE THAT YOU ARE SINGING TO PEOPLE. If you cannot do this, pretend you are doing so, or visualize someone to whom you would like to be singing.

8.—REHEARSE YOUR SONGS THOROUGHLY. There is a modern trend, especially with the influx of popular songs, to sing the numbers without sufficient study. This leads to "sloppy" performances.

9.—Do not despise small beginnings. "Big things from little grow." Accept the thing at hand and give it your best, rather than wait for an opportunity which may be remote. This will serve as a magnet to draw additional opportunities to you, and when the big moment comes you will be better prepared because of the experience.

10.—THANK GOD FOR YOUR TALENT—AND GLORIFY HIM IN THE USE OF IT.

After the Ten Commandments of Radio, it is only fitting and proper that I include ten success rules.

1.—Never be conceited over success. Be grateful.

2.—Never be satisfied with the little successes. Keep trying to improve.

3.—Acquaint yourself thoroughly with your subject. Seek knowledge. Don't guess.

4.—Let your work be the center, but not the limit, of your activities. General knowledge is useful in any effort.

5.—Make good first in your home town and expand from that point.

6.—Never blame "conditions" for your failure. Look to yourself.

7.—Don't whine if breaks are tough. Have courage enough to surmount them.

8.—Don't knock your competitor.

9.—Be sincere. Give the best that's in you.

10.—Persevere!

SHORT WAVE TO LAUNCH FAIR

25.53 and 31.55 meters respectively, from 12 noon to 6:30 p. m. EDT.

German stations continue to broadcast nationalism with great volume, morning and night. DJB, 19.75 meters, is on the air from 7:45 to 10:45 a. m., and DJD and DJC, 25.51 and 49.83 meters, 9:00 to 11 p. m. All times are Eastern daylight saving.

Atmospheric conditions have forced the European station owners to jump from one wave length to another frequently. They find that their signals carry best at 25 meters during the early morning. In the afternoons and early evening, the best frequency is the one between 25 and 40 meters, while 40 meters is best for evening reception.

Australia, "way down under," is heard regularly through signals of VK3LR in Melbourne, a new station broadcasting daily, except Sunday, on 31.30 meters from 4:30 to 8:45 a. m. EDT. It is a new station. Other stations in Australia, heard here regularly, are VK2ME (Sydney, broadcasting on 31.28 meters from 2 to 4 a. m., 6 to 10 a. m. and 12:30 to 2:30 p. m.) VK3ME (Melbourne) is on the air Wednesdays and Saturdays on 31.55 meters from 6 to 8 a. m. EDT.

A condensation of the principal short wave relay stations of the world appears on page 34 of this issue.

THOSE of you who stay up late at night eavesdropping on the world, have discovered that the range of entertainment is increasingly wider. Short wave broadcasting from abroad is no longer in the experimental stage, although the quality of entertainment still is far below that offered by American broadcasters on the conventional channels. Volume is better and, under favorable atmospheric conditions, there is no futile groping for important key words in any spoken thought.

Searchers for new ideas in short wave programs have in prospect the novelty broadcast to Chicago from the Antarctic 10,000 miles away.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, sitting in his lonely ice-bound hut in Little America, will on May 26, press a key to send radio impulses to Chicago to touch off a fireworks display and thus officially open the new World's Fair.

This broadcast will be heard between 10 p. m. and 1:30 a. m. EDT, and will be the last of the Saturday night programs over a CBS-WABC network. The program shifts to a Wednesday spot, starting May 30.

The Byrd short wave station, KFZ, has been heard regularly, broadcasting on frequencies between 18 and 50 meters, although communications between Little America and CBS usually can be tuned in at 24.30 and 31.75 meters. Tests are usually carried on between 7 p. m. and 11 p. m. on the day of the broadcasts in the conventional channels.

Signals from European stations are spanning the Atlantic with ease these days, and the chimes from Big Ben in London will be heard again soon from London. While Big Ben is being repaired, Big Tom is providing the theme.

Stations of the British Broadcasting Company are heard on several frequencies: GSD on 25.53 meters, from 1:15 a. m. to 3:15 a. m., and GSF and GSB, on

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Tizzie's No Lady



Latest photograph of William Herbert Comstock, proof that Tizzie is far from being what most people think "she" is

fect lady food-faddy fuss-budget—that her will was stronger than mine! She came to life in spite of me!" Tizzie's whole getup is so excruciatingly funny that in an early broadcast Comstock himself broke down and laughed so hard he could scarcely finish the program. He says he pictured the situation too clearly—Tizzie with her white fur neckpiece, standing there before the mike; her rolled socks; long boney hands clutching her book of cockeyed recipes.

Well, Comstock didn't get fired. Don Forker, official of a broadcasting oil company, was out driving; he heard Tizzie's debut over the radio while in his car. Forker laughed till he almost drove into the ditch. Who could blame him? "Hello, folksies!" came that ingratiating whinny. And then came a perfect take-off of the



Tizzie as "she" appears before studio audiences. Note the attention that Mr. Comstock gives to details of make-up

affectations and mannerisms of a certain type of domestic science advisor—all the mealy-mouthed "refinement" of the little finger raised above the tea-cup, beautifully burlesqued. And at the end of each incredible recipe the bleating voice would crow—"Isn't that

ducky?" It was so ducky that Don Ferker promptly hired Comstock to bring his "girl friend" over to the oil company's broadcast. The result was a triumph for Tizzie. To her lord and master she has brought as a dowry, not unemployment, but an enthusiastic following across half the country.

Now, Comstock is on the Demi-Tasse Revue, a Monday night half-hour NBC release on a hook-up of stations embracing the Pacific Coast, Rocky Mountain states and territory as far East as Omaha. Famous bands appear with the program for short contracts. Included have been such headliners as Phil Harris, Guy Lombardo, Duke Ellington, Ted Fio-rino and—at present—Gus Arnheim.

But to most of her listeners she's still the same sweet, simple food-spoiler. In fact, many of them actually believe she is a woman! Comstock is always receiving gifts—such as women's hosiery, gloves, perfume and dainties and frillies of various sorts. Some admirers have the wit to burlesque their gifts to fit the program. For example, a fire company in a town where Comstock was making personal appearances, sent Tizzie a ponderous bouquet of vegetables wired to the trunk of a tree. It was presented on the stage! Other fanciful presentations have included a pair of hand-carved wooden earrings, and a live rabbit.

When broadcasting, he likes a studio audience. This is to be expected, in an ex-vaudeville star, who naturally likes to know whether the gags are clicking. Comstock lays his humor "on a platter"—makes it obvious as possible, so that everyone can "get" his gags. He doesn't believe in subtlety over the air. Incidentally, his skillful use of studio audiences sheds an interesting sidelight on the ever-waging controversy over whether there should be such things. When a gag falls flat, Tizzie clowns with her neckpiece. The studio audience laughs, and the audience on the air thinks the ha-has are for the gag!

Certainly, Comstock has seen enough of life during his 44 years. Born in Oswego, New York, he went to college, studied voice and started a career as a singer. He played trap-drums in Keith vaudeville houses, then became a song-plugger in New York. He managed vaudeville houses, served in the World War with the 321st Field Artillery, and spent four years after the armistice, building up his health at Soldier Camp at Saranac Lake.

Later Comstock produced a show with William Morris, Jr., son of the famous booking agent. He writes poetry, and occasionally, songs. He is unmarried.

MEET GRETCHEN

A PAIR of lovely twins, Harriet and Gretchen Davidson, went to Provincetown, Mass., to spend the summer months. Had they chosen Bar Harbor, Montauk or Newport that year, a different photograph might have been on the cover of RADIO GUIDE this week.

Gretchen is the girl on the cover. She is also the featured feminine lead in T. S. Stribling's dramatic program, "Conflict," which is heard Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m. EDT. From this point on, this story is singular because it's plural—Gretchen and Harriet are as alike, career and all, as are Mike and Ike.

While at Provincetown the twins attended a performance presented by the Provincetown Players. Said Harriet: "Let's be actresses!" Said Gretchen: "Let's." They began as usherettes and bit-players.

One night Lee Shubert of the theatrical Shuberts was scouting a show. He saw the twins. Interested, he began talking with them, but they didn't know with whom they were conversing. That is, they didn't know until another usher came up.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Shubert," said the third usher.

Said Harriet: "That's one of the Shuberts!" Said Gretchen: "I believe you're right."

When Mr. Shubert returned, the girls were waiting for him.

"Why don't you use us in a show, Mr. Shubert?" they chorused.

"Come and see me when you're in New York," he answered.

They did. In the office, Mr. Shubert asked questions. "Can you dance?" And they replied, "No." "Can you sing?" he continued. "No-oh," they admitted.

"Okay, I'll give you a job," was his surprising answer. He sent them to a director who taught them to dance and placed them in the chorus of the revival of "Blossom Time." Then they went into "Showboat."

Along about that time, Stephen Fox, CBS actor who has known them since they were knee-high, taught them microphone technique and radio presence. Then they were given auditions, and now, they are a part of Columbia's permanent dramatic staff, appearing in the presentations of the Dramatic Guild, "Freddie Rich Presents," and other programs.

WATCH NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF RADIO GUIDE

Which Will Present Another Complete Story in the Great Series "Calling All Cars," a Spectacular Tragedy

"MANHATTAN'S MADMAN"

In the Same Issue Will Appear a New Phase of the Intensely Interesting Narrative, "Great Loves of Radio Stars,"

"PHIL BAKER'S DOUBLE ROMANCE"

Also There Will Be a Timely Article by the Trainer of the Picturesque Gladiator, Challenger for the World's Heavyweight Championship

"HOW WE USE THE RADIO IN TRAINING MAX BAER"

Beside Many Other Striking Features and Exclusive Photographs of the Stars of the Air

When the Fleet Salutes the President

WHEN the fighting units of the United States Navy pass in review before President Franklin D. Roosevelt on May 31, no less than fifteen microphone locations will be used to flash a description to the nation through WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System and WEAF-WJZ and National Broadcasting Company.

From land, sea, and air trained observers and announcers will describe the first Presidential review of the United States Battle Fleet in New York Harbor in twenty years. Four microphone positions, controlled by the two networks, will be placed on board the U. S. S. *Indianapolis*, on which President Roosevelt, as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and his staff will review the flotilla.

Broadcasting will begin at 11:45 a. m. and will terminate approximately at 3 p. m. EDT.

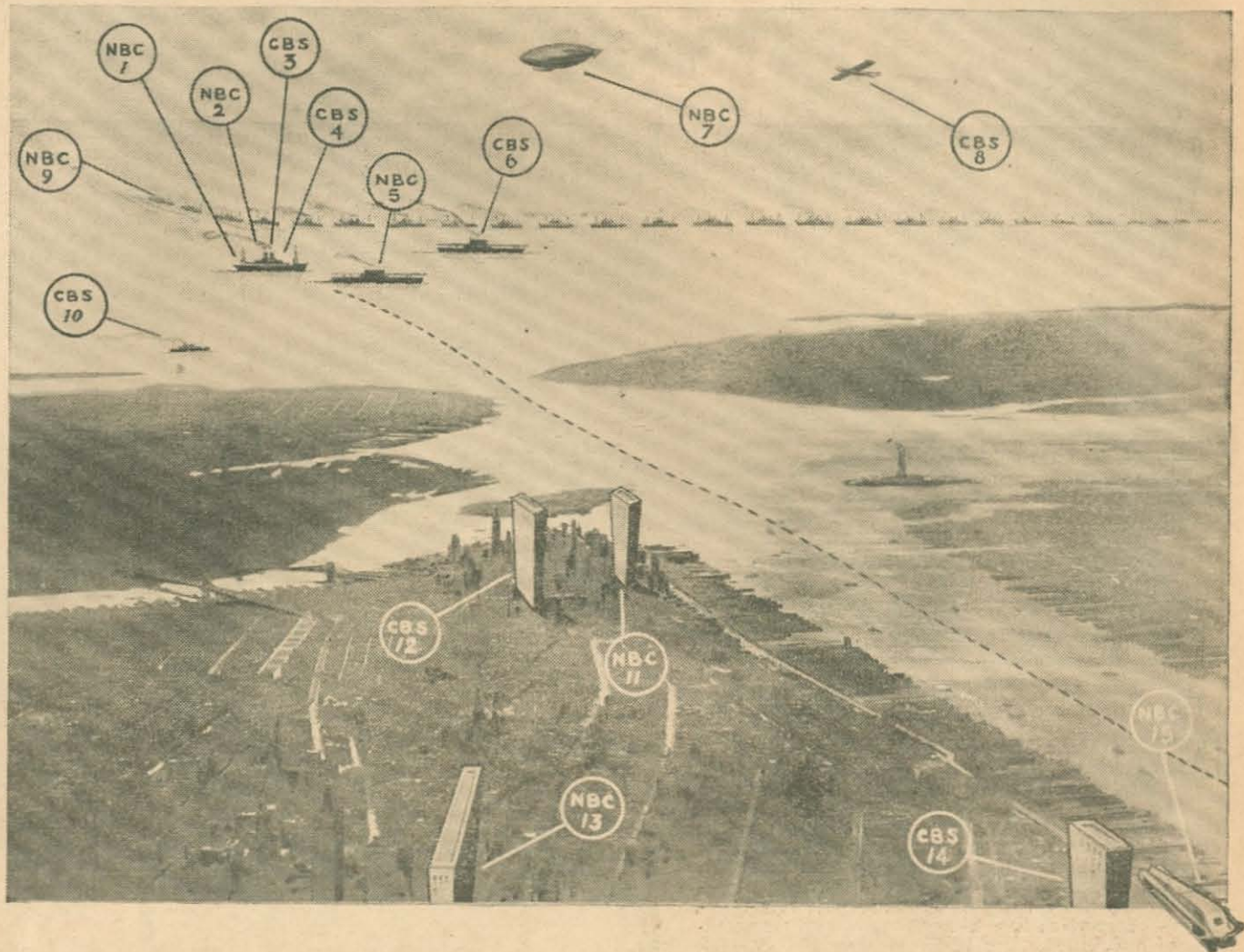
Both networks, cooperating with the Navy department, have worked out microphone positions to give a complete and graphic description of the colorful pageant, from the time that the first battleship comes into sight off Ambrose Light until the fleet drops anchor in the Hudson River above 96th Street.

The Columbia Broadcasting System plans to present the entire broadcast in nine phases, opening with an introduction at 11:30 a. m., just as the flagship comes into sight.

Shortly before noon, operations will be switched to the U. S. S. *Indianapolis*, off Ambrose Light, where Robert Trout will describe the arrival of the fleet, led by its flagship, the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*. The third phase will be an account of the complicated involution of the ships as they realign after saluting the President, preparatory to entering Ambrose Channel, the narrow mouth to New York harbor. These maneuvers will be reported from aboard the *Lexington*.

Phase four will be concerned with a general description of the fleet from the air. The broadcast then will be referred back to the *Lexington* for an account of the take-off of aircraft in a review over the fleet as it cruises up the Hudson.

Subsequent phases will include descriptions of plane maneuvers and the alighting of aircraft at their floating moorings, an account of the fleet's arrival at the Battery, the foot of Manhattan Island; and a verbal impression of New York's skyline as the ships reach their berth in the Hudson, off Riverside Drive.



Photograph of Manhattan Island and surroundings, showing the lower bay and, in diagram, the positions of various broadcasting points, as follows: (1) NBC—U. S. S. *Indianapolis*, President Roosevelt's Reviewing Ship; (2) NBC—On the Bridge, Reserved for the President's Use; (3) CBS—Duplication of NBC Positions One and Two; (5) NBC—U. S. S. *Saratoga*, Aircraft Carrier Flagship; (6) CBS—U. S. S. *Lexington*, Airplane Carrier; (7) NBC—Semi-rigid Blimp; (8) CBS—Airplane; (9) NBC—U. S. S. *California*, Flagship of the Fleet; (10) CBS—Coast Guard Cutter Patrol Boat; (11) NBC—Whitehall Building; (12) CBS—I. T. and T. Building; (13) NBC—R. C. A. Building; (14) CBS—Apartment Buildings on Riverside Drive; (15) NBC—Mobile Transmitter

The final portion of the broadcast will follow the route of the preview, contrasting the scene before and after the men-of-war arrive at their final moorings.

The National Broadcasting Company

will bring to a climax their operations with the fleet for the past three weeks. Since the maneuvers in Guantanamo Bay on May 23, William Lundell and George Hicks have been with the fleet on its trip north. Lundell will be heard from the U. S. S. *California*, flagship of the battle forces, and Hicks will describe the activities aboard the U. S. S. *Saratoga*, flagship of the aircraft carriers.

James Wallington and Carlton Smith will be aboard the U. S. S. *Indianapolis* with President Roosevelt's party. Carlton Smith, who has been assigned to the President for all his broadcasts, will stand by and turn the microphone over to the Commander-in-Chief if he cares to use it.

The routine of the review calls for the President's ship to take up its position at a point five miles south of Ambrose Channel Light ship. The flagship U. S. S. *California* will lead more than 100 ships of the line past the "Reviewing Stand." The entire flotilla will make a right turn and stand out at sea until the last ship has passed in review. They will then reverse their order and, led by the U. S. S. *Indianapolis*, will steam into New York harbor and drop anchor in the Hudson.

As the ships move into the lower bay and through the narrows, their progress will be reported intermittently from the various microphone stations, including four microphones aboard the President's ship (two NBC and two CBS), one NBC microphone aboard the U. S. S. *Saratoga*, flagship of the aircraft fleet, one CBS mike aboard the U. S. S. *Lexington*, also an airplane carrier; one NBC microphone in a blimp, one CBS mike in an airplane, one NBC microphone on the bridge of the U. S. S. *California*, flagship of the fleet; and one CBS microphone on a fast

Coast Guard cutter, which will patrol the entire course.

On land the National Broadcasting Company has taken up a station on top of the Whitehall Building, from which Ford Bond will be heard. Columbia's Battery location will be in the International Telephone and Telegraph building. Charles O'Conner for NBC will describe part of the procession up the Hudson from the RCA building in Rockefeller Center. Columbia's counterpart of this will be an apartment house gallery overlooking Riverside Drive. NBC's Mobile transmitter, with Ben Grauer in the turret, will cruise along Riverside Drive and describe the final stages of the review as the fleet drops anchor.

With the exception of the land line connections from the buildings, all of the radio reporting will be done via short wave transmitters on the ships and airplanes.

An elaborate program of entertainment for officers and men of the fleet has been planned by the city during the visit to New York. Many of these will be broadcast over both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcast Company chains.

The reception by Mayor La Guardia at City Hall of the Commander-in-Chief and flag officers of the fleet, will be broadcast Friday, June 1, beginning at 12 noon EDT.

The Advertising Club luncheon will follow at approximately 1:30 p. m.

The formal dinner tendered by the Mayor and the naval committee to the Commander-in-Chief and officers of the fleet, to be given at the Biltmore Hotel, will be picked up about 9 p. m. EDT, by both chains.

BEGONE, "COPY CATS!"

By Fred Waring

RADIO entertainment is either original or copied. There is no middle ground, if the whole of the industry is viewed through a glass that defines both professional and commercial value.

In the upper brackets, individuals and groups enjoy popularity for the simple reason that they have brought something new and entertaining to the air. Bringing up a straggling vanguard are the second-guessers who specialize in something "just as good as" or "just like it." These are the radio burglars, against whom the creator has no protection, either legally or by Commission ruling.

Originality's sole defence against the copyist rests in public opinion and support, published credits of trained observers and the facts that the copyist's efforts bear the unmistakable odor of the rubber stamp. The contrast between these two types of entertainment is that of a clean shirt and a dirty shirt.

However, I shall confine my observations to my own organization. Waring's Pennsylvanians had become an established box-office attraction throughout the country before radio came into general use. Even then our style was copied—crudely

by many; brazenly by others; discreetly by some. But the limited field for public exhibition provided scant picking for the pirates.

Our mode of dress was copied. Precision drills were interpolated into routines without rhyme or reason. Lighting effects were stolen wholly or in part, according to the whim and imitative ability of the producer.

The filchers, however, failed to last—before the advent of radio. One tour around the circuits generally eliminated the offenders from future booking. The theater public cannot be tricked continually. The brand of "burglar" burns deeply, sometimes even reaching into the conscience.

Meanwhile, the copy cats came and went. We continued our original style of presentation, enjoying, as I said before, marked success. Radio loomed large on the horizon, and the scientists of the new art declared we were not good radio timber. They argued that ensemble singing could not be properly balanced for broadcasting. Our suggestions for novelty songs drew negative answers. We were, according to experts, a great stage attraction with no radio value.

Eventually there appeared a sponsor

(Continued on Page 34)

Screen Stars Air-Bound

MANY radio listeners pronounce *Jack Benny* the most consistently funny man on the airwaves. But the manner in which he developed the peculiar style of delivery which convulses listeners on Friday nights, is not generally known.

Jack, when he was known only as a star of the stage, fit a label frequently applied in show business, a "fast man." That is, he delivered his lines and gags rapidly. His patter moved at a quick pace.

Then came a long series of auditions for the radio. One sponsor after another listened to him, and politely let the matter drop. *Jack* only persisted because his agent had boundless faith in his ultimate success.

One day came another call for an audition, this time for the N. W. Ayer advertising agency. *Jack* didn't want to be bothered with it, but he couldn't very well get out of it. So he auditioned. But when he said his lines, he said them with that careless drawl you hear him use now on the air. His attitude was a sort of "oh, what's the use of all this?" and into his voice crept, unconsciously, that same note.

Listening, the sponsors caught the novel effect. Here at last was something NEW in radio, and something new is something that radio always needs. *Benny* was the most surprised comedian in New York when, emerging from the audition studio, he found the listening sponsors and others of his audition audience trying to stop laughing long enough to tell him he was sensational.

COLUMBIA has a new baritone find, now scheduled for two weekly airings. He's *Jerry Cooper*, who got his radio start on WDSU, the net's New Orleans outlet. He is heard each Tuesday and Thursday at 4:30 p. m. EDT . . . On this

ALONG THE AIRIALTO By Martin Lewis

Sunday's Oil Show, *Irving Berlin* will present his most popular songs of the last 25 years . . . Dopesters were greatly upset in figuring that *Babe Ruth's* Baseball Club, on the air for Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, was 100 per cent for boys. The winner of the weekly contest was *Virginia Cox*, 13, of 419 South Lawn Ave., Kansas City. She and her mother chose to spend a week as *Babe Ruth's* guest in Chicago this summer . . . Although he was disqualified, *Ted Husing* (the horse) won his first race handily at the Jamaica track a couple of weeks ago. So when he ran again last week, fellow workers of *Ted Husing* (the announcer) at CBS, placed many wagers on him (the horse). But he didn't finish in the money. And am I glad I didn't take *Ted's* advice and bet my hard-earned dough on the nag! . . . *Ted Husing*, the horse, is owned by J. H. Loucheim, a director of CBS, which employs *Ted Husing*, the announcer. Another Loucheim nag, prominent a couple of seasons ago, was *Microphone*.

Guy Lombardo's music is set to replace Vincent Lopez, Ed Sullivan and guest stars on NBC, in early July, marking a break away from CBS for Lombardo.

JACQUES RENARD, the portly orchestra leader, lost 75 pounds in a recent reduction campaign. Nobody noticed his loss, however, so now he's trying to lose more . . . *Helen Jepson*, who starred on the Beauty Box Theater show recently, has stepped into the *Paul Whiteman* Thursday night show . . . *Johnny Marvin* is back on NBC mornings after a month's rest in Oklahoma and Los Angeles . . . *Florence (Mrs. Carmen) Lombardo* will open a swank dress shop in Manhattan in August, and a feature of the gala opening will be music by the Lombardo orchestra. And why not, Mrs. Lombardo, have your sisters-in-law for models? They're a comely crew indeed . . . Makers of Hines' Ambrosia will test an anonymous script and song solo act called "*Your Lover*," which brings love-making to the loudspeaker. If it clicks it will smack the network steadily.

Mae West Comin' Up!

OH, DEAR ME, whaddy know—*Zazu Pitts* and *Edward Everett Horton* guest-star for the Hall of Fame show on June



Marion Claire, whose beauty is matched by her lovely voice

10. Sounds like we oughta get some laughs. This Sunday it will be *Wheeler & Woolsey*. On June 17 either *Wallace Beery* or *Paul Robeson* will face the microphone for this sponsor. *Claudette Colbert*, one of my favorite flicker stars, is scheduled for the 24th of the "marry" month of June and the following week, if negotiations are completed, you will hear NONE OTHER than MAE WEST.

(Continued on Page 33)



Sylvia Froos, whose photograph shows her to be untroubled by her multiple duties for radio and screen

Lifting the Music Ear

REVIEWING RADIO
By Martin J. Porter

THE pathos that attends efforts of senile actors to land jobs on the stage or in the movies, is one of the sorrowful phases of life in the show world. The has-beens' eternal hope that leads them to the doors of the booking offices is at once the sign of courage and tragedy. The actor's life, or the life of any artist, who once has been at the top of the profession, is seldom a thrifty one. All too often the deathless trouper spirit refuses to abandon the paths over which once youthful bodies carried it.

In the radio world, the most youthful realm of entertainment, there is a happy contrast. Age of an artist, anywhere short of actual disability, does not necessarily proscribe the artist's continued career. In fact, radio is rapidly becoming a placid Arcady for the old-timers of the concert and dramatic stage. As long as their art survives, there is always a place for them on the air.

A hasty survey of the airwaves reveals an astounding number of artists who are going strong, even though they are well past the half-century mark. Some of them, in fact, have outlived the traditional three score and ten.

I think it is a splendid commentary on radio showmanship, for instance, that it finds possible the continuance of the glory of such a personage as *Walter Damrosch* who, despite the fact that he is well past seventy, stands up still as an outstanding performer, creator and interpreter. Age seems only to have added charm to this artistic old gentleman.

Back on the airwaves came recently *Bob Sherwood*, former circus clown, commentator, actor and booklover. Bob now performs at WABC with all the vigor of an active youth, and few listeners can realize that this mellowed entertainer is much nearer eighty than seventy.

Few indeed could possibly suspect, when listening to the strong, steady baritone of *Emileo De Gorgoza*, on the NBC channels, that he is no youngster, but well beyond the half-hundred mark. There is, sometimes, a telltale quaver in the voice

of *George M. Cohan*, but somehow he manages to avoid conveying the fact that he is no longer a young man. It is the spirit of showmanship which possibly has endowed him with a seemingly eternal youth. The same spirit affords charm and a mellow sweetness to the songs of *Ernestine Shumann-Heink*. There is youth, too, in the voice of *Detmar Poppen*, who though past sixty-five, manages to caper like a juvenile in his role of Sunny Jim.

Charles Winninger, the skipper of "Showboat" is another veteran seemingly endowed with lasting vigor and vim. *Charlie*, so far as I can learn, is several years on the wrong side of fifty, but a jollier and more active showman you won't find in a day's quest on Broadway. And there's *Bill Adams*, no younger than *Winninger*, who brings the art of impersonation and virile histrionics to the airwaves, after a long and successful theatrical career.

Women, Too, Defeat Age

Maude Adams briefly, but efficiently, brought back the bloom of youth on her all-too-fleeting radio junket. She drew a figure of compensation in that short while that ordinarily an artist of her age could not possibly earn outside radio. And there's *Adelaide Fitallen*, the Old Nancy of WOR's "Witch's Tales," who is actually well past seventy but as histrionically active as she was in her stage heyday—and a mighty success, also.

Otis Skinner, perhaps seventy-one years old, gave a distinguished account of himself recently at WABC, and probably will be awarded a contract for an entire series.

I think radio has the right idea in seeing to it that these magnificent personalities are given another lease on life in which to blossom once more. It is perhaps a blessing that television is so tardy in its emergence from around the corner. As long as its delay insures the longevity and activity of the many, many real (Continued on Page 34)

Secrets of the Face Reveal YOUR CHARACTER

By "The Doctor"

The author of this series is recognized as an outstanding authority on character analysis as revealed in the human face. His service will be featured regularly in RADIO GUIDE. Read his analysis of Ruth Etting—and compare such of her facial characteristics as resemble your own, for a keener insight into your own character and capabilities.

SINCE Ruth Etting received her first ovation from the Ziegfeld Follies audience, psychologists, numerologists, phrenologists and astrologists have been trying to discover the reasons for her phenomenal success. They have been seeking also the reasons for her still more unusual ability to retain all of her modesty; to learn why she continues to make and design her own clothes, and always escape the devastating effects of that temperament which most other performers under similar circumstances would embrace so readily.

Many stories have been published about this girl who, though one of the wealthiest members of her sex in the entertainment field, yet lives in the greatest and most unaffected simplicity. Of course, some of her publicity stories have been contradictory on various points—which is true of any public figure about whom different reporters and press agents write. Each writer must form an opinion, and seldom are two opinions exactly alike.

At last we have the true story of this fair singer. High artistic skill is written between her brows. Mobility and a high sense of rhythm are in her full, rounded lower face, versatility in her wide head. Ruth Etting sings popular compositions with a sweet, natural voice; yet her songs of today display no all-consuming desire for "high things". She has no ambition to become a classicist. Miss Etting transmits to her singing a vivid reflection of her own soul.

Her face is harmonic. She likes to see things done thoroughly and moving smoothly. That high artistic skill includes an unusual ability to blend form, colors and attitudes tastefully. It is a creative artistic skill. Her face tells me that her hands are very capable and dexterous. But she is too impatient with results to become a good instrumentalist. This is evident in her cheeks and nose. The definite parenthesis of her mouth announces mental alertness and physical subtlety in movement. She is very graceful.

Miss Etting's love of power is high, but rather impersonal, which means that she is not much inclined to executive control of others. She believes in going her own way, and is quite capable of doing it without being unpleasantly aggressive. In her cheek we find high solitude. She would never force herself into a gathering to which she was not invited. She has no desire to do so, and is quite satisfied with a few intense friends. Nevertheless she isn't afraid of the crowd, by any means. Her independence is high, and great are her courage and stability. Miss Etting has almost enough hardihood

for an animal trainer, and she is very cautious when she has an advantage. Those high cheek-bones show her caution. The alertness to danger makes her a careful driver and pedestrian.

Suppose Ruth Etting hadn't found her place in the entertainment world. What could she have done? If she had cared to lead the life of a man, she could have been a good electrical or mechanical engineer. In the realm of feminine labor, she could have found success and happiness in romantic sculpture. She isn't physically large enough for the duties of a physical educator. The other necessary requirements for this profession are in her make-up, however.

Miss Etting's high aspirations are quite impersonal. She seeks expression rather than laudation. She is not conceited, and requires praise only from those near and dear to her, and those whom she admires personally.

Her sense of economic values is high without being either pecuniary or over-frugal. The faculty for economy is located at the side of the nose. With all of her economy, Ruth Etting is generous. She is much too vivid to depend upon others for happiness, yet only too willing to give without bothering to ascertain whether she will be repaid for a kindness. Her full upper lip is evidence of social and personal sincerity.

Her well-developed musical sense is found in the temple region. Almost spontaneous judgment is in the triangle of flesh at the base of the septum of the nose. These qualities, together with her fine sense of aesthetics, give Miss Etting a volatile refinement.

She has large quantities of what is commonly called "horse-sense", being keen rather than profound. Her eyes show vivacity and alertness.

This lady's sense of rest, ease and comfort is high, so that we know she prefers solid comfort to luxury; and that she recuperates easily. She will "dress up to



Ruth Etting, whom "the Doctor" analyzes as to character, ability and temperament. Study her face—note its interesting features as pointed out by "the Doctor's" analysis

the game", but never beyond it. Her refinement and artistic ability would never allow her to go too far. As nearly as any woman can, Ruth Etting fills the Shakespearean prescription in Polonius' advice: "be neat but not gaudy".

THEME SONGS THAT "CLICK"

A THEME song without music? Can such a thing be possible? Songs without words have made musical history for years. But there is one theme song—George Olsen's widely-known train opus, "Goin' Home Blues"—which not only was originated without words, but almost without music, too! Its appeal lies principally in its sound effects.

It took radio to popularize this sound creation, which is so characteristic of radio. Yet the song was composed, or rather arranged, in the days when broadcasting was confined to dots and dashes. For this train song is the "Abe Lincoln" of all the melodies. It had its humble birth in the traps-box of a Portland, Oregon, nickel-show drummer. Now it is heard in every corner of the United States and Canada.

In its callow days, the Olsen organization, not yet near its ascendancy, travelled the country over, playing one and two-night stands for cakes and ale. It was wonderful experience for Olsen, the young conductor just out of the University of Michigan—and this incident proves how capable of profiting by it he was.

One night Olsen landed in Portland, ready to fulfill a Saturday and Sunday engagement. Having nothing to do, but being interested in all phases of the entertainment business, Olsen went to a nickelodeon—but his interest in the film quickly waned.

For the combination pianist and drummer, who furnished the incidental music of that era, was a genius. Inglorious this unknown Milton of the flickers might have been, but he was far from mute. He was making the most amazing noises Olsen had ever heard; and most of them were provided by a multitude of strange traps, enclosed in an erstwhile packing-case, and operated by compressed air! Among these was a set of stops from a trumpet which, detached from the instrument, gave out the staccato *chica-chica-chic* of a train.

The following night, thanks to the then existing Oregon blue laws, Olsen was forbidden to play for a dance; so it was up to him to earn his money by straight entertaining. He engaged a few local vaudeville acts, but prior to the night show he sat down with some of his musicians and worked out the skeleton of the song "Goin' Home Blues"—the song which was to be as closely connected with him, eventually, as ivy with college walls. If the unknown trap-drummer could make weird noises, so could Olsen!

He did not complete the number until he reached San Francisco a few weeks later. The words were not written until long afterward. Here is the chorus:

Pulse is beatin' hot, all because I've got, Goin' Home Blues.
I've made up my mind, Soon I'll leave behind, Goin' Home Blues.

When I see a railroad track, Gee, what happy thoughts come back Of a cozy little shack!

Oh, what I'd give, to live it all over, Trains all pass me by. And that's why

I cry, Goin' Home Blues. All the folks inside, Look so satisfied, 'tain't no use—When the *Cho-choo* comes a-scootin' and I hear the whistle tootin' all the folks will hear me rootin': Homeward bound.

I know they simply can't refuse, 'cause I've got to lose Goin' Home Blues—Blues.

Once this strangely-assorted kit of whistles finally reached the palpable stage, Olsen tried it as a signature, and noted that it registered.

Because of its extreme novelty character, however, he laid it aside.

Only when he became famous and the need for a theme number grew to be imperative, did he recall the train song. He dug into the files, dragged it out, embellished it through the fruits of his augmented experience as a bandleader, and made it the recurring alpha and omega of his repertoire.

RIPTIDE LEADS

A SONG hit which has proven highly popular during recent weeks, but which has not been able to achieve the distinction of leading all the others, came into its own over the radio during the past week. Riptide not only was played more often than any other song over the networks, but also led the tabulation of the bandleaders' selections.

A Thousand Good Nights, last week's outstanding hit, was relegated to second place with the increased popularity of Riptide.

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS		SONGS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON NETWORKS	
Song	Points	Song	Times Played
Riptide	25	Riptide	29
Love Go Wrong	24	A Thousand Good Nights	27
A Thousand Good Nights	22	Love Go Wrong	24
Beat of My Heart	21	Little Man, Busy Day	23
Love Thy Neighbor	19	Beat of My Heart	23
Cocktails for Two	16	Cocktails for Two	21
Little Man, Busy Day	15	Love Thy Neighbor	20
I Ain't Lazy	13	True	20
True	12	I Ain't Lazy	19
Play To Me, Gypsy	10	Play To Me, Gypsy	19

Victor Arden: Play to Me, Gypsy; Easy Come, Easy Go; Cocktails for Two; Little Man, Busy Day; A Thousand Goodnights.
Charles Barnett: Riptide; Love Thy Neighbor; True; She Reminds Me of You; I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming.
Reggie Childs: Unless Your Heart is Mine; Fair and Warmer; Carioca; Love Thy Neighbor.
Jack Denny: Why Do I Dream Those Dreams; The House is Haunted; So Help Me; Love Thy Neighbor; I like the Likes (Continued on Page 32)

The Fascinating Romance of AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler

First of the Gripping Series

THE GREAT LOVES
OF RADIO STARS

By Henry Bentinck

Here is the concluding chapter of the love story of Al Jolson, superstar of radio, stage and screen, the minstrel who had twice married and, twice disillusioned, had found supreme happiness in his third marriage. In the preceding issue was told how Jolson, after closing his first successful radio season, flew home to his Ruby, now a Hollywood star; of how she met him at a desert way-station.

And now the flash-back, to the melodramatic, bizarre Broadway adventure which brought them together—never before published.

THE plane made its California landing in Glendale. A uniformed chauffeur touched his visor and held open the door of an imported limousine as the Jolsons entered. He drove them to Town House, the swankiest apartment building in the Wilshire sector. There uniformed flunkies scraped and saluted, and from the elevator the Jolsons alighted on the roof and entered their penthouse apartment, furnished at an outlay of \$75,000, serving as just what the building is called, their town house. They would not go that evening to the rangy country-place that Al had given Ruby, on Toluca Lake.

This was the Ruby Keeler who, with muddy street-shoes, had won an amateur dancing contest for a place in the night life spotlight of New York in its boot-legging, night clubbing heyday. This was the Ruby Jolson that the hardboiled if well wishing Broadwayites had said would never weather a May-October union with the temperamental, whimsical mammy-singer who had been lucky in everything but love!

The Jolsons sighed with contentment as they shut the door of their lofty love nest against the world. They would rest a bit now, with each other . . . this they would do at an expense of \$30,000 a week, for that amount was offered them jointly or separately for "personal appearances" while Ruby "laid off" between films and while Al luxuriated in the hiatus between his air and film engagements; \$30,000 a week—each week! And they thought it cheap enough! They hoped it would last all Summer!

Framed in a square of white metal, on the dresser in their bedroom, stood a photograph. It was of a slender young woman with big eyes and a piquant, baby face. The young woman wore a loose white satin blouse and tight black velvet shorts. The soles of her little shoes were thick, but not clumsy—the equipment of the tap-dancer. This was Ruby Keeler as she had looked that night in the El Fay Club on West 45th Street—owned by the notorious gangster, Larry Fay, and operated by the notorious hostess, "Texas" Guinan—when Al Jolson, wearied with work and sick of adulation without affection, had dropped in alone to drown in noise and to cloud in smoke the boredom that beset Broadway's favorite son.

He had allowed his second wife, Alma Osborne, to get a Paris divorce. He had announced that theirs was a "mutual mistake" and that they would remarry. But the announcement was pap for the pabulum. In his heart there was a loneliness that only an unhappy hero can attain—an idol alone in a crowd—a man whom

everybody loved, unloved and desolate among the sycophants and the good-timers.

The familiar music of Ruby Keeler's tap-dance—familiar to all Broadway and to thousands of Broadway visitors—struck up. It was about 3 o'clock. "Texas" hopped on to a chair and sat on the back, bracing her feet on the seat. In each hand she held a collection of clappers, those clattering racket-contraptions that she immortalized.

"Hey, suckers!" she shrilled. "Give this li'l girl a great big hand—Ru-u-by Kee-eeler—of the well-known Brooklyn Kee-eelers—give this li'l girl—" She spotted the world's most famous entertainer, sitting against the back wall, talking with Val, her famous head-waiter, "Hello, sucker! Hey, there, Al—give this li'l girl a great big hand!"

With professional courtesy (to "Texas" rather than to the 95-pound child who was just tripping onto the little bald area left of the dance floor by successive encroachments of "ringside" tables) the man who drew the biggest "hand" on Broadway gave the li'l girl a great big hand." She didn't notice him particularly. "Texas" always saw that she had a great big "hand," and Ruby smiled out to her audience but rarely noticed individuals. Jolson gave her scarcely more concentrated attention than she gave him. He had seen her before; he had noted that she was a cute chick and slung a neat pair of feet. So—what?

He gave her a "hand," and it was just that. He used his hands. But "Texas" liked plenty of volume. "Hey, Al," she called, "use this." And she sailed a clapper at him. Jolson at the moment was looking elsewhere—nothing in particular, maybe. He didn't see the flying wooden missile come at him from the sturdy and practised hand of the world's ace hostess. Those instruments, when thrown edgewise with some force, attain high speed. This one struck him on the forehead.

There was an instant of consternation. Ruby kept on as though nothing had happened, in the tradition of the trouper. But even "Texas" paled and ran over. The blood was streaming down the face of the Winter Garden star. He smiled and said it was nothing—such things could happen—

But "Texas" hurried him downstairs. That room, below the El Fay Club, was famous only to insiders. It had a tiny bar but it was not open to the public. Only a few favored ones ever were admitted. It was the "greenroom" where the young beauties of the Guinan "gang" rested between performances, where they welcomed their intimate pals. Here met a few millionaires, reporters. Big Shots and gilded spenders.

They were giving Jolson first aid when Ruby, who had finished her turn, came down to see how the beloved guest was faring. She was sorry—so sorry—as though it had been her fault. Jolson laughed it off—only a scratch. But to the tender-hearted child a scratch on the face of a Jolson was a major matter. She insisted upon helping. Her soft young hands tenderly swabbed the cut. Her soft young hands—warm, soft young hands—

It seemed to Al Jolson that he had never felt the touch of such tender, warm, soft hands . . .

The operation was over. The youngster blushed and said she guessed she'd go. Jolson asked, "Must you?" She stammered that it wasn't necessary—but she guessed—

Jolson asked her to sit with him and have a drink. She sat and she had orange-juice.



Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby, from a photograph taken at the premiere of a Hollywood picture. Note their happiness, their clinging eagerness to pose, their joint pleasure in anticipation of the picture they are about to view

Probably Jolson did not realize then what was happening to him. But that was when he fell in love. That was the birth of the love which Broadway that loved them both couldn't believe could bloom into anything happy . . . That was the love, though, that the jitney-man saw demonstrated six years later in the cactus-fringed, sun-roasted Barstow Airport.

It is a love perfect except for one disappointment. They had both hoped for children.

Jolson, the supreme sentimentalist, always had been obsessed with an ambition for fatherhood. That neither of his first two wives bore him progeny was a predominant factor in the failure of those marriages. He had been about to adopt a baby with his second wife; but the project was abandoned when he and Alma concluded that it would take more than an adopted child to hold them together. But Jolson's craving lived on. Anyone who heard him sing and act "Sonny Boy" must have understood.

In the first announcement of his love for Ruby, he had told the world, "I hope to have a sonny boy of my own—Ruby has agreed to marry me."

A few months after the marriage, there were rumors of a "blessed event," but these faded out.

Jolson has discussed this phase of his life with friends. He and Ruby have worked hard and been separated often because of their professional obligations. But he says that when Ruby's current contract is up, they will move to his Eastern home in Scarsdale, N. Y., and hope to have a family.

"We both want kids around the house," he said, somewhat wistfully. "If we don't have any of our own, we'll adopt one. Ruby is as anxious about this as I am. If we adopt a child it will be a boy, about one year old."

The Scarsdale home, a lavish bungalow, was refurbished shortly after the marriage. And the nursery is completely equipped, awaiting only an occupant.

It would not surprise those who know Jolson best, despite his passionate love (Continued on Page 39)

Help Radio Guide to Serve You

RADIO GUIDE can advance only in the degree in which it serves its readers. That service, therefore, becomes the yardstick by which the success of the publication may be measured.

This, then, is YOUR magazine. It is made for you and by you. The pride RADIO GUIDE finds in its fast growing family of readers is merely the reflection of the satisfaction those readers evince.

Each step forward is a stride toward greater service for you. It is your duty to yourself and to your fellow readers to help the publisher with indications of your wishes. Only with your help can the success of RADIO GUIDE be expanded and its service to you thus increased.

You are not only invited, but urged, to offer constructive criticisms for the betterment of this magazine. Your help is solicited. Address your communications to Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

By Dr. S. W. Wynne

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne's five years as Commissioner of Health of the City of New York, as well as his wide medical practice, qualify him as an outstanding leader among those who give advice on matters of health. Doctor Wynne will contribute an article to RADIO GUIDE every week. In this issue he discusses the relationship of the teeth to general health.

WE OWE a real debt of gratitude to the dental profession for the wonderful progress they have made, and for the efficient and painless service they provide today.

The medical profession also has made its contribution to the care of the teeth, and it has been no less important than that of their colleagues, the dentists. Through painstaking research they have demonstrated that many serious conditions, the etiology of which was obscure 20 years ago, are due to abscesses or pus at the roots of the teeth; that these so-called focal infections are the cause of diseases of the joints such as rheumatism and arthritis, as well as diseases of the heart and of the kidneys.



Doctor Shirley W. Wynne, former Commissioner of Health, New York City from a recent photograph

But both doctors and dentists were puzzled as to the cause of tooth decay, or dental caries. For many years it was believed that too much sugar in the diet, particularly in the form of candies, jams and other sweets, produced dental caries. We know today that it is not the sugar itself that causes tooth decay, but that when we partake too freely of sweets we do not eat a sufficient amount of the foods that contain these important elements which are vital to healthy teeth and, indeed, to general good



Josephine Haynes, whose teeth are shown to bear the results of careful attention—and whose health correspondingly is benefitted. Miss Haynes sings with the "Parade of Melodies" program heard every Sunday at 9:30 p. m. EDT, over a WABC-Columbia network

health. It has been shown recently that lack of vitamin C in the diet quickly produces injury to the very small blood vessels, the capillaries, throughout the body; and especially to the lining of the tooth cavity. Thus, lack of vitamin C shuts off nutrition to the dentine and in all probability is the cause of a large number of abscessed teeth. Raw vegetables and the juices of citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, grapefruit and tomatoes) are the chief sources of vitamin C.

Calcium and phosphorus are essential to sound teeth, but are useless without vitamin D which has been likened to the electric spark that explodes gasoline in an automobile cylinder to make the car run. Without vitamin D the calcium and phosphorus will not do their work for the body. Furthermore, it is the only element that will maintain a proper ratio between these

two important elements. Vitamin D is found in egg yolk, cod liver oil and sunlight.

The chemical constitution of the saliva also has an important influence on the teeth, and the chemical constitution of the saliva depends upon the chemical constitution of the blood serum. A lack of vitamin A causes a serious disturbance of the secretory glands of the body. Therefore, vitamin A is essential to the glands which secrete saliva—and necessary, also, to healthy teeth. Milk is rich in vitamin A and the mineral salts.

Keep in mind that one quart of milk each day, plenty of vegetables—especially the green, leafy kinds—and fruits, added to such other foods as meat, bread, butter, cheese, whole grain cereals, eggs, fish and potatoes, will supply all the necessary foods for good teeth and good health.

One can appreciate readily the reasons that diet is emphasized so strongly in any discourse on teeth and their relation to health. But all the emphasis must not be placed on diet. The teeth should be brushed night and morning and after meals whenever possible. Above all, everyone should visit the dentist regularly.

To sum up: Eat a balanced diet including vegetables, fruits and milk. Brush the teeth. Visit the dentist regularly, and not less than twice each year. Start the children to the dentist when they are two years old.

The expectant mother especially should visit the dentist often, and should consult her physician as to her diet in order that her teeth may not be sacrificed and that her child may be blessed with teeth that are strong and healthy.

In these columns every week Doctor Wynne will answer questions pertaining to health, and sent to him by his radio listeners, as well as by readers of RADIO GUIDE. He cannot prescribe in specific cases. But he will answer such general questions as will be of interest to all. Answers will appear in RADIO GUIDE only, and will not be sent to inquirers direct. Address your questions to Doctor Shirley W. Wynne, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A few more questions selected from those most frequently asked Doctor Wynne, together with his answers, follow:

Q. My children have received the toxin-antitoxin treatment at the school which they attend. Does this make them immune from the possibilities of diphtheria?

A. It takes from three (Continued on Page 39)

AN HOUR AHEAD

The function to which this department is devoted, is service. Listeners, radio executives and sponsors may read here important items of coming events—may keep informed about programs in the making, ANY hour ahead.

COLGATE House Party assumes a Monday night spot, moving from Saturday, on June 11. Frances Langford's 13-week renewal takes effect on that date. If you attend the House Party broadcasts, you'll see Hal Wallace, Warner executive who came all the way from the coast to get an eyeful and an earful of the Southern songbird, with a view to starring her in a movie. . . . A new radio production unit, building complete radio shows for small agencies, will get into operation with the arrival of its organizer from Washington. The productions are for agencies without radio departments, which hitherto have been switching clients away from the airwaves. They will fill the wants of one hundred and fifty national advertising accounts with budgets of more than \$250,000 now off the ether. . . . Block and Sully, with a three-year movie contract providing for one picture yearly, may leave Pebeco at any time on two weeks' notice to go West, and then return and fulfill the unexpired contract, no matter how long they've been away. . . . A megaphone manufacturer who has been turned down by Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee in his effort to get them to bring megaphones back to prosperity, will open a publicity campaign to accomplish the purpose. . . . George Givot's new routines on his recent appearance with Vallee were for the benefit of a prospective commercial sponsor, who was listening in and using the guest appearance as an audition. Givot is awaiting word. . . . Grace Hays is set for a European tour after her present radio

contract expires, and is turning down new offers. . . . Paul Rutherford, attorney for the Eton Boys, will go to Washington to determine if a radio routine may be copyrighted by submission of a recording disc. . . . When Harry Salter's contract expires, he will leave New York on a tour of the country, seeking new talent. . . . Leon Belasco will introduce to the air twenty new melodies which he brought back from Paris on his recent visit, all the new stuff the product of his brother, Jacques Dallin, whom he saw abroad. . . . Baby Rose Marie goes to Atlantic City for five weeks after her present program ends. . . . Vic Irwin who created Betty Boop, goes into the Longue Vue for the summer with an NBC wire in June. . . . Tony Wons, Morton Downey, and Jacques Renard are rehearsing together an act similar to the one they had for Camel, with a view to a new sponsorship. . . . Dick Mansfield leaves the Fifth Avenue restaurant for a new spot with an NBC wire. . . . Tony Wons is preparing a new children's program, with a sponsor ready to buy when it is finished to his satisfaction. . . . Don Bigelow, NBC "cocktail hour" orchestra leader, has written the music for a show which he will produce himself in the fall. . . . The Spirits of Rhythm go into the Onyx Club for the summer shortly. . . . Maxine Marlowe, Phil Spitalny's pretty new California contralto, now on a 15-minute CBS program for Ceramy on Friday nights, extends shortly for the same sponsor to two fifteen-minute periods weekly or a once-a-week half hour, depending on time available. . . . Teddy Bergman goes regularly on the Block and Sully Pebeco program. . . . Former proteges of Gus Edwards, headed by Jesse Block, are planning a "Schooldays" party for him at the Warwick Hotel early in June. . . . Paramount is dickering with Morton Downey to come into the film "1935 Big Broadcast" with Jessica Dragonette and Joe Penner. . . . Tito Coral comes back to CBS when he finishes his movie.

IT ISN'T DONE

But Why Not?

WHAT do you think about radio's "taboos"? Many songs, jokes and expressions which are permitted on the stage, are banned from your loudspeaker by strict censorship.

Should this be? Would you relax radio's restrictions on things which at present "aren't done" over the air?

Or would you add further restrictions and outlaw words of practices which now are permitted?

Here is a letter from a man who believes that something which is done in radio, ought to be put into the "It Isn't Done" category. He wants to ban a certain type of popular song from the air—and expresses his viewpoint with cleverness and force:

Dear Editor: I would like to see downright absurd new songs banned from radio. This applies particularly to "dressed up" risqué songs, like "Tell Me a Thousand Good Nights."

Anybody who can picture saying "good night" a thousand times over—and in the morning at that—is an unmitigated nut. And there is nothing especially romantic about picking up a companion, as this song has it, just at twilight. Neither party would know what the other one looked like.

This song should be entitled "Love Life of a Blow-fly."

Writers of such songs, whether they intend it or not, are doing their bit to break down what's left of good old American decency. And the same charge applies to the song publishers and radio program directors. San Jose, California. ROBT. V. LENNOX

Every week RADIO GUIDE publishes the best letter or two received, devoted to radio's "taboos"—whether the writer is in favor of more taboos or less. If you have a strong opinion in favor of permitting something which "isn't done" over the air—or if you believe that some practices which now are tolerated, ought not to be—express your viewpoint in a brief letter and send it to "It Isn't Done" Editor, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

V. E. Meadows, Director of Beauty Guild of the air, will write a weekly article for RADIO GUIDE. The Care of the Skin, as advocated by Mr. Meadows is presented herewith:

LAST week we summed up the methods by which the average woman may enjoy the possession of lustrous, lovely hair. This week there will be discussions of a beauty problem quite as important—the care of the skin—the prevention of blackheads, rougeheads and whiteheads, and the treatment of large pores.

Before you can determine what to do to correct—or prevent—these troubles, it is necessary first to understand clearly what causes them. Furthermore, so that you can apply these rules to the very best advantage in your own particular case, it is necessary for you to find out just how attractive the skin of your face can be made.

Fortunately, this is not difficult. Is the skin of your body good, or bad, when you enjoy good health? If your body skin is good, it should be possible to make the skin of your face attractive, too. And the way to determine this, is merely to look at the skin on the underneath part of your forearm.

If the skin on your face is not nearly as good as that on the underneath part of your forearm, then—in the great majority of cases—it is because you are not treating your face properly. Two causes contribute to this incorrect treatment: first, failure to protect the face from "weathering", and second, the mis-application of cosmetics.

Where cosmetics are not used at all, the skin of the face will be less attractive than that on the inside of the forearms; and where cosmetics are mis-applied, the ravages of "weathering" will be enhanced, instead of lessened by their bad treatment.

We then find that in order to avoid suffering from the skin troubles summarized at the beginning of this article, there are two things which must be done: First, a protection should be put on the face with cosmetics, which will protect it in the same manner as clothing protects the body. And second, this must be applied so that the skin can "breathe" in its normal manner. This is extremely important. It is in smothering the skin with cosmetics, so that the skin cannot breathe, that many women make the supreme mistake—a mistake which robs their faces of years of youthful charm.

For that reason, I shall devote subsequent articles to teaching you how to put on a make-up that will

The OPEN DOOR TO BEAUTY

By V. E. Meadows



Irene Delroy, celebrated star of the stage and screen, taking a treatment for the skin as prescribed by the Meadows method

stay on for 24 or even 36 hours without your ever having to touch it with a powder-puff—regardless of what the temperature may be, or even of whether you go in swimming!

Such a protective cosmetic covering will "save your face"—to borrow a phrase from the Chinese. But the constant, clumsy dabbing with a powder-puff, to which so many women treat or mistreat their facial skin, will go a long way towards ruining it.

How many who listen to beauty broadcasts can keep their faces powdered for even four or five hours without using a powder puff? Very few! The average woman "dry-mops" her face even more frequently than that. And what part of the face has to bear the brunt of these loving attacks? The center—over the nose and down to the chin line. *And this is exactly where the blackheads and large pores appear.*

Rougeheads, as you might suppose, are caused by rouge. But they are not caused by putting it on—they're caused by taking it off—improperly. This skin catastrophe takes place when you rub the face powder—

mixed with the dirt that collects during the day—into your pores. You think you're rubbing it off—but you're rubbing some of it in, and what goes in has a nasty tendency to stay in.

Of course, it doesn't appear the first time you put on face powder—nor the second, nor the third. Old Dame Nature is very much kinder to us than we deserve, and permits us to get away with most mistakes for some time before she starts to make us pay for them. But pay you will, if you go on grinding rouge or other material into your pores, for a period of three or four years! You won't realize that you're building up rougeheads until you see them—which is when you'll have plenty of them.

If you don't want to get into this particular kind of trouble with your skin—and what woman does?—learn to put on a make-up that will stay on without constantly dabbing your face with a powder puff. This subject will be covered thoroughly in the present series of articles—but meantime, here is a good starting point: Avoid dirty powder-puffs!

It is an amazing thing that a fastidious woman can tolerate powder-puffs covered with dirt. Yet I have seen women, faultlessly attired, giving many evidences of birth and breeding, who nevertheless swabbed their tortured skins with puffs that in all honesty and candor, can be called nothing less than filthy!

What is the explanation of this enigma? Why is it that a lady who, presumably, would not tolerate unclean hose or lingerie, still can bring herself to apply to the skin of her face, a powder-puff that might better be used as a floor-mop!

If I seem to place too much emphasis upon this matter, it is not through desire to dwell morbidly on an unpleasant subject—it is merely because cleanliness is next to beauty, as it is also next to Godliness. It is not many years since Puritans considered a powder-puff a sin against morality. Today, every competent beauty expert realizes that a soiled one is a sin against beauty. And every woman who wants to achieve the full stature of her innate loveliness, should realize it too.

What are you to do when your puffs become soiled? Throw them away? Not at all—just wash them. Buy a dozen, and keep them at home, and use them there. You won't need to carry them around with you, when you learn how to put on make-up properly.

When, in the privacy of your own home, the time comes for the serious business of make-up, forswear a puff that has been used more than three or four times before. Three or four times—yet think how often the average woman uses a powder-puff without washing it! And when you have used it, lay it aside in a drawer. Next time take a clean one. When the end of the week comes, wash out the powder puffs you have used during the past seven days. Sanitation is absolutely imperative! It is as important to the health of your face, as it is to the health of your general system.

Next week, our subject will be the correct cleansing of the face, in order to rid yourself of blackheads and large pores, and the methods of keeping your face constantly clean. Watch for it in RADIO GUIDE.

THE DISH I LIKE BEST

By Jackie Heller

SCRAMBLED eggs and cocoanut cake are my favorite dish. Or should I say "favorite dishes"? I hardly know, because I like to eat the eggs first, then the cake. And that sort of runs them together so suddenly, that I always think of them together.

I've always been crazy about cocoanut cake, ever since I sold newspapers on the streets of Pittsburgh. To me, a lovely two or three-story edifice of gleaming frosting, covered with curling, crisp shreds of succulent cocoanut, always seemed the very essence of luxury. I'd see them in restaurant windows and they'd spur me on to sell more newspapers! And as a boy, I made up my mind that the time was coming when I would have all of that particular luxury I wanted—as often as I wanted it, and whenever I chose to eat it. Well, that ambition has been achieved.

As for scrambled eggs, I don't remember when it was that I became fond of them. I just love 'em! I don't go in for fancy egg-scrambling.

Just take eggs, break them into a bowl, add pepper, salt—vinegar if you like, and a little cream. Beat these ingredients thoroughly. If you do want a few frills and trimmings, add finely chopped parsley or bacon, or both. Turn the mixture slowly into a frying-pan in which butter has been melted, cook slowly and stir constantly until fluffily done.

WAVE MARKS

Hookup. Helen Ward, vocalist with Enric Madriguera's Waldorf Hotel orchestra, thrilled "YES" to Ted Herbert of Station WOR. The date hasn't been set yet—at least not officially.

Meter. Yowsah! Ben (Benjamin Ancel) Bernie was born in Bayonne, N. J., on May 31, 1893. Hence Hollywood, where Benny and his bandie are bernie-ing up youse boys and youse gals, will doubtless pin a few blue ribbons on the ol' maestro this May 31. All the king's 'orses please copy.

Meter. Mme. Frances Alda was born May 31, 1883, in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Meter. One unhappy return to Hugo Mariana, this June 1. The NBC orchestra leader—born in Montevideo, Uruguay—is being sued by his more exacting half.

Meter. From choir boy to radio tenor is the tale of Ray Heatherton, NBC, who was born in Jersey City, N. J., June 1, 1909.

Meter. Ben Grauer, NBC ace announcer, becomes 26 this June 2. Ben was born on Staten Island.

Meter. Walter Tetley, child actor, known as "wee Harry Lauder" was born in New York City, June 2—but the year will have to be guessed. These child actors are touchy about birthdays.

Meter. Just a year ago May 20, Dan Landt paid to his two brothers Carl and Howard, and their partner Jack White, the sum of \$500.00. Why? Because he lost a bet that he wouldn't marry for five years. He paid the bet because he had eloped to Erie, Pa., with Lois Benson.

Meter. Another wedding anniversary: Two years ago, May 20, Helen King—the "Em" of Clara, Lou 'n' Em, married John Mitchell.

Meter. Jerry Cooper, CBS baritone, celebrates his fourth anniversary on the air, May 29.

Meter. Blonde and beautiful blues balladeer, Vera Van, celebrates her first anniversary with CBS on June 1.

Meter. The tenth anniversary of the first "radio wedding" will be celebrated on Sunday, June 3, by Wendell Hall, NBC's red-headed music maker, during his regular evening program. On June 4, 1924, Hall married Marion Martin of Chicago in WEA studios—with three other stations plugged in for broadcast of ceremonies.

Coming Up. Twelve years ago, at a little mid-Western radio station of 500 watts, a youth ambitiously presented. The Merchant of Venice, taking the parts of fifteen characters himself. At that time he had not even begun his famous scrap-book—but since then he has compiled eight of them. The gentleman's name? Tony Wons.

Coming Up. Just five years ago a diffident young man walked up to a microphone in Chicago, and in halting fashion, he said funny things into it. But diffidence didn't halt him—he's still coming up. Ray Perkins is the one who is celebrating his anniversary.

Sustaining. When Lew White, NBC organist, sat down at the console of the organ in his studio at 1680 Broadway on May 16, he sent over the airwaves his 3,000th organ recital. Lew's short wave program links Broadway to enthusiastic foreign drawing rooms.

The Voice of the Listener

Duntze in Name Only

Dear VOL: E. Norwalk, Conn.
I have no desire to institute condemnation proceedings against Mr. R. A. Davis but it was with considerable satisfaction that I read the violent tirade directed against his remarks concerning classical music.

It is interesting and reassuring to note that one of the champions of good music is of collegiate age and like myself sprouted during the jazz era. The older group, who are responsible for this latter evil, now seem to realize that even in music, progress means something better, rather than something new, for they themselves have begun to turn against their own creation. As this happens, we become better acquainted with compositions by such men as; Kalman, Herbert, Strauss, De Koven, Romberg, Friml, Kreisler and others who believed music could be light without sacrifice of melody or rhythm.

If this music be obsolete, what will explain the proposed revival of Victor Herbert successes by shrewd producers such as the Shuberts; or the current Broadway production of the "Chocolate Soldier," which first opened in 1909. Surely my generation has inherited something better than the depression and a couple of crooners.

John A. Duntze

Ah—Now It's All Clear

Dear VOL: Buffalo, N. Y.
You seem to have stirred up a debate on classical versus "popular" music. Have you ever considered why "popular" music fascinates



Montgomery Mulford

so many in this age? Classic music, when danced to (such as waltzes) makes us move rhythmically. Since in this age, our emotions are higher strung, we find an outlet in jazz music. That may, in part, explain jazzical popularity. I am in favor, however, of Wayne King's music which breeds a mental

serenity. The debates, of late months, on whether the British system would be better—sans announcements—stirs an interest in me. If the "British" idea were incorporated, we might not obtain the varied selections, nor the quality now present.

Montgomery Mulford

Too Much Baseball

Dear VOL: Naperville, Ill.
The many of us who are confined to our rooms, get much pleasure from the programs which our radios bring us. We are so dependent upon our RADIO GUIDE which tells us when and where to find our favorite ones.

For the last week or two we have been deprived of hearing our special treats such as "Words and Music," "Music Magic," "Echoes of Erin" and others. All of these have been lost to us on account of ball games that cannot possibly bring any enjoyment to "shut-ins."

There are too many stations broadcasting the same games. Cannot RADIO GUIDE or some other agency find means of getting programs to us, other than baseball games?

Mrs. H. A. Kramer

Life Begins at 42nd St.

Dear VOL: New York, N. Y.
Your recent RADIO GUIDE article calling attention to the sum of money spent by sponsors to air radio programs strikes me as a typical indication of the way big industry saves at the spigot and wastes at the bung.

Half the money could be saved and a lot of listeners' ears spared if they followed a simple plan and used only New York talent. All of the decent talent on the air originates here and most out-of-town stations are superfluous.

If they used New York artists and just used the network stations in the rest of the country to distribute their programs they could save all that remote control and special wire charges and still give listeners all the talent that's fit to hear.

Arthur Pendleton

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. You are at liberty to speak freely so LET'S GET TOGETHER AND TALK THINGS OVER. Address your letters to VOL editor, care of RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter from publication. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph but will be as careful as possible in handling it. Whenever it is possible, letters are used in the order of their receipt

Page Cab for Ann

Dear VOL: Alpha, Mich.
I wonder if it isn't possible to locate Cab Calloway's band. A year has passed since I saw Big Broadcast with Cab Calloway.



Ann Brooks

are hiding and believe me I would surely like to hear him once more.

Please give me a break and print his programs and broadcasts. Three cheers for Cab Calloway.

Ann Brooks

Shalls and Schantz

Dear VOL: Wayland, Iowa
As a subscriber to RADIO GUIDE from my local bookstore, since I know this magazine exists, I feel it my duty to express my opinions as a critic of the Voice of the Listener.

What right do you listeners have to order some artists or some programs off the radio? If you would have to pay for this then you would be justified to do so, but otherwise, not. For example: When you go to a hotel or restaurant you can order the kind of food you like or want, because you pay for it. But when you are invited to a dinner you have to take what they offer you because it is free.

It is exactly the same with radio. If there is a program you don't like turn to another station. There are, according to Stevenson's Radio Bulletin, 1,000 kcs. on the long waves, with about every other 5 kcs. another station. So if you don't like the Metropolitan stars then turn away (for my part I like them). I believe the artist on the microphone will not care.

In a few words, you have absolutely no right to order what you want to hear. All you can do is express your opinion about what you like best.

Andrew Schantz

The Play's The Thing

Dear VOL: Bruceston Mills, W. Va.
I am a high school teacher, but I still find time to listen to the radio. Of course I have many personal criticisms to make concerning the programs I tune in. But please note that my criticism, today, is constructive.

Why can't we have more drama on the radio? Yes, we do have some, but it is the 'light' type. For a time the Dramatic Guild presented a few plays about the lives of our leading song writers and poets such as Stephen Foster, Poe, etc. They were fairly good, but artificial and not true to life. Let us have them dramatized as they happened—they are much more thrilling that way.

I am sure everybody, even the super-romantic, gets tired of these pathetic love songs and classical music. Let us have something educational as well as entertaining. Let us have a regular weekly program that gives us the complete catharsis, as only a good play can.

I would willingly give a class period a week, to listen to a good play and it wouldn't necessarily have to be Shakespeare.

Frederick Conley



Frederick Conley

Blame The Sponsor

Dear VOL: Jersey City, N. J.
Second the motion of Miss Burke of Syracuse for more about Olsen and Johnson. Too bad some of the announcers overdo the advertising announcements by mixing them in too much between the acts of sketches. Why not an announcement before the number and then one when it is needed.

Also dislike acts in which a performer is pictured as suffering from some infirmity. Why were the Moonshine and Honeysuckle sketches taken off the air—the Tennessee mountain sketches? They were the best of their kind on the air.



Harry W. Palmer

Harry W. Palmer

Wants Originals Only

Dear VOL: Pomona, Calif.
It has been my privilege to listen in on much good humor over radio. I have learned that there is no black magic about the psychology of winning applause when the noted comic genius is at work. The consistent winner of applause practices no secret sorcery. These men and women are not master minds. They are average folks, original and resourceful. They avoid the trite and the commonplace. They do not ape anybody, and are always alert for new ideas.

That brings me to a subject "Is Mimicry Fair?" Your article in the April 21st issue, MAKING FACES ON THE AIR, demonstrates the point I wish to make. This imitator is very clever, but when he uses the talent to cash in on the efforts of radio celebrities, in my humble opinion, he is doing these clever people an injustice. This mimicry talent is perfectly all right as a private household entertainment, but it becomes something else when introduced over the radio for monetary gain.

Stanley F. Widener

From Cussed-to-Cussed

Dear VOL: Las Vegas, N. M.
The gentleman from Brooklyn who decried Joe Penner, and his companion-in-criticism from North Carolina who decreed death for classical music, are probably the two heartily condemned and be-cussed chaps in the country today. From obscure fame they seem to have leaped to national prominence. What I think of them is unimportant but I write to suggest that they form a two-man club under the banner of "Radio's Best Cussed-omers."

Alvin Wittler

Among The Missing

Dear VOL: South Miami, Fla.
Speaking of news on the radio, what has become of Will Rogers, the man who can put across the highlights of the news as no other man can?

Down here in Miami the Florida Power and Light Co. sponsors a program over WQAM in which Stanleigh Malotte edits his musical newspaper and that it is really good, goes without saying. Other firms and advertisers might take the suggestion and get some one who can put across the news in an interesting and amusing from.

The RADIO GUIDE is a wonderful help to the radio fan, complete in every detail with only one exception. It does not contain complete programs of WQAM.



Aubrey Ormsby

Aubrey Ormsby

Pro Boner Publico

Dear VOL: Philadelphia, Pa.
May I add my bit? I'm all for RADIO GUIDE. I especially like your Bulls and Boners department. I used to buy my RADIO GUIDE in town and as soon as I got on the trolley for home, I'd turn to the Bulls and Boners. I enjoy the boners more than I do the jokes because the joke is on a fictitious person and the boner on a real person.

But to get back, I now save this department until I get home. The reason?—I learned better. You see, people don't have very good opinions of girls who sit quietly in a trolley and suddenly (seemingly for no reason at all) burst into uncontrollable laughter. No sir. You know some of the boners are so funny that they make me grin even after I've read them several times. You can't say that about some jokes.

I certainly enjoy your contests. Your "Name-the-Stars" contest is one I like. It's fun figuring out the names. I have a suggestion. Couldn't you get some of the leaders in the contest to say something to the readers? We'd certainly appreciate it.

Fay Pennock

Just A Party Girl

Dear VOL: Philadelphia, Pa.
A new recruit marks time! Have any of your other correspondents ever suggested a "Radio Party?" My plan is for the hostess to invite a group of friends for a two-hour session of "Gather Round the Radio" entertainment.



Have your RADIO GUIDE handy, so that the guests can agree on several broadcasts of popular choice and then let the dial be your guide. Have your refreshment table within easy reach so that they may help themselves to "food for thought."

Furnish each one with pad and pencil for making notes so that an intelligent discussion could follow as the merits and faults of the varied programs. Don't you think that by this idea a busy and pleasant time would have been had by all?

Gertrude Dorfman

De-Voted Admirers

Dear VOL: Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thank you, W. S. Collum, for your recent enthusiastic letter about Jessica Dragonette! I agree with you heartily that the incomparable Miss Dragonette belongs, without question, at the very top of the contest list. Her ambrosial voice has made beauty the permanent possession of each of her listeners. Surely, there is something divine there . . . one feels this to be true . . . and the thought of Joe Penner in a place that should be reserved for a painter of exquisite beauty, is almost droll.

It is regrettable that people of excellent taste are too often the same people who ignore contests. I feel sure that if these votes might be cast by a wholly intelligent group, Jessica Dragonette would find herself in first place.

Adelaide Hayes

Just One Among Many

Dear VOL: Toronto, Can.
Like many of your correspondents I'm a Jack Benny fan. His subtle and droll manner of advertising the product of the company which sponsors him, appeal to me. And I think Mary Livingstone is a great "background" for him.

We are all Amos and Andy devotees in our home and love the clean comedy they give us nightly, but although we enjoy the "comics" we are all great lovers of the fine programs that reach us from the Metropolitan Opera stage and Carnegie Hall.

I am one of RADIO GUIDE's new readers but since starting to read it about two months ago, it has been the only radio magazine to come into our home and the whole family is well satisfied with it. We tried the Trails puzzle and found it most interesting.

Mrs. R. B. Reilly

The Child's Hour

Nila Mack, a recognized authority on child behaviorism, and director of all children's programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, continues her series of authoritative articles herewith. Her subject is the effect of play upon child psychology and health.

disastrously on their tiny shoulders.

In professional life the cases are no more exaggerated than they are in private life. Parents have a habit of reaching for extremes. They either try to give the child wisdom and words beyond its years, or they attempt to make or keep them as babies all their lives. In either case it is a hardship on the child. Let the child play. Help him to play. But above all, let him develop naturally along normal lines.

Let me give an example of a trying case of a brilliant child actress, now heard on many programs. She came to the broadcasting studio as a nervous and difficult youngster—snooty, upstage and precocious. Talent she had in abundance, but with it all her nervousness became evident when the artificiality of her pose began to wear thin, which it will do with children of nine years of age. She evidently had been schooled and coached along antiquated lines.

Her first attempt at reading childish lines was reminiscent of Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Barrymore and in addition, carried a measured stiffness utterly unchildlike—totally unconvincing.

It developed that she practically had been weaned on Shakespeare, and coached by an ambitious mother who probably had behind her a thwarted ambition to become a great tragedienne.

The normal methods of approach to a corrective system seemed to fail with the youngster, and as a last measure her directors succeeded in getting her from under the watchful eye of her guardian and coach. Eventually they had her reading simple, childish lines in a natural, kiddie way. But only after we had made a game of what we were doing.

It was necessary to erect a mental structure, to build a house in which we segregated the different types of acting. What we actually did was to teach the child to play. That girl had had no childhood, had known none of the emotions of a little girl who could cry brokenheartedly for a smashed doll; she had been robbed of that precious period of natural development

through which normal children pass.

She soon got to enjoy the rehearsals and the performances because they open a new vista—a door to a new world, the childhood of which she had been deprived.

In the studio we use a language and action as simple, unaffected and as plain as the common little wooden chairs we sit upon, and the lines are read just as if the children were talking to other youngsters at play. Whenever artificiality crept into her delivery I simply whispered to her, "Let us shut the door to that room and play in here today." She always responded quickly. And none of the other children caught on to the fact that we were playing a game with this youngster alone. Her pride hadn't been hurt, and she hadn't been ridiculed.

Had ridicule been used as a corrective method, it might have been effective but it would have set up an undesirable mechanism in the form of self pity—a condition of mind that would have been difficult to combat. Many children develop this line of thought as a protective veneer, and they find themselves in an unsympathetic environment. They quite frequently do just the opposite things that are asked of them when in this state of mind.

Pressure, orders and commands only make the situation more difficult, and coercive measures are to be avoided under such circumstances. It is far better to disregard their actions and distract them with a new game at which they can play, one designed to remove the obstruction.

YOUR GROUCH BOX

EVERYBODY realizes that radio is not perfect. True, it is the greatest medium of entertainment and education ever developed—but the very fact that this development still is going on, at a rapid rate, shows that there still is plenty of room for progress.

Consequently, it is quite natural that you should have "radio grouches." Does some program or practice annoy you? Are you irritated by rough spots still found in radio? If so, don't make a secret of your resentment. When you keep a grouch to yourself, it turns into a grudge and spoils your enjoyment. As a listener, you have a perfect right to criticize broadcasting practices—because in this country radio belongs to the listener. Furthermore, while getting your grouch off your chest, in honest criticism, you may be the means of correcting some abuse which annoys thousands of other listeners.

Tell your complaints to "Your Grouch Box." By writing a brief letter you can clothe your grouch in authority—can turn it into a power for improvement.

Here is a lady who likes to keep yelling announcers' voices out of her drawing-room:

Dear Editor: My pet peeve is to have a favorite program shifted without notice. This is a downright blow in the face. And I do hate being shouted at—in advertising "stunts" where the announcer or some other person yells his speech.

So, Haven, Mich. ALICE G. ROWE
This correspondent objects to sopranos. Are female singers just "shrill screamers"?

Dear Editor: Why do we have female trios? Does anyone like the noise they make? Why, if we are compelled to have so many female would-be singers, do they sing in such a high key, that it is a shrill scream that comes through your loudspeaker?

I wonder why Chevrolet does not vary their program with a good tenor soloist like James Melton. Thank you for the privilege of getting this off my chest.
Kansas City, Mo. PRUDENCE C. WEYER

Wanted—a super-inventor; and less ha-cha and gags.

Dear Editor: I am opposed to the idea of young children being lulled (?) to sleep every night by the current "hot" song and dance tunes the men of the family always want to hear; or, worse still, the so-called wit of their favorite comedian. Won't some bright inventor evolve an appliance whereby each individual in a room may shut off their part of hearing radio without interfering with their hearing of other sounds in the room? Wot say?

Okmulgee, Okla. FLORENCE ROSE
Address all peevess to Your Grouch Box, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Photograph showing the happy, healthy effect upon the child, of proper play

By Nila Mack

LET THE children play! Let them romance. Guide them in their efforts; but don't impose an unnatural burden of culture that will be staggering for their little brains.

To the "land-of-make-believe"—the theater, radio and motion pictures—troops an endless line of pathetic little tikes weighed down with actions and speech far beyond their years. From the cradle they have been catapulted by ambitious parents into an early and affected maturity that sets rather poorly and frequently

FLASHES OF BEST FUN

Uncle Obadiah: Bill Lickensplit says he jist found out why his daughter is the most disliked girl in Swayzee. She jist won a diamond ring from the Wa-Pa-Pa Medicine Show fer bein' the most popular girl in town!
Hoosier Philosopher

Len: What kind of a pie is that?
Flossie: That's cocoanut.
Len: Yes . . . so it is . . . but what's that big lump sticking up in the middle?
Flossie: That's the cocoanut. Maybe I should have taken the shell off before I cooked it.
Grennainers Variety Show

Gene: Well, Mac, how are things going for you?
Mac: Oh, dey is breakin' tough—Yesterday I bought a swell suit, wid two pair uv pants. An' today I burned a hole in de coat!
Sinclair Minstrels

Gerty: Teacher, Johnny tried to kiss me.
Prof: My gootness! How did he dare?
Gerty: He didn't! I was the one who dared him!
Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

Gene: I saw you buying some silk underwear for your wife today.
Mac: Huh-uh! Not silk. Dat's what she WANT-ED, but I told her—I sez—"Remember, into each life some rayon must fall."
Sinclair Minstrels

Gene: How's you boy getting along at the Barber College?
Cliff: Oh, fine! Dey jus' elected him shear-leader.
Sinclair Minstrels

Daisy: The roosters on this farm don't have any pep.

Al: You said it! Those roosters are so lazy they wait for an outside rooster to crow—and then they nod their heads and say "ditto."
The Hoofinghams

Jack Benny: Don Bestor and his mountaineers will play.
Don Bestor: Your ears aren't so small, either!
General Tire Program

Flossie: A burglar broke into our house while we were eating dinner.

Len: A burglar, eh? Did you catch him?
Flossie: No . . . nobody heard him when he broke in. We were all eating soup.
Grennainers Variety Show

Jimmy Durante: If you ever get caught in hot water, be nonchalant—take a bath!
Chase and Sanborn Hour

Flossie: Do you know how to tell how old a horse is, Mr. Edwards?

Len: Can't say that I do.
Flossie: By their teeth, silly. Granpa Hophan used to be a whiz at telling horses' ages up until he had his accident.

Len: Met with an accident, did he?
Flossie: Yes . . . It was too bad, too . . . He put his hand into a horse's mouth to find out how many teeth it had, and the horse closed his mouth to find out how many fingers Granpa had.
Grennainers Variety Show

Another Radio Detective Mystery

in Thrilling Series

Calling All Cars

By George Lait

THE curtain goes up on a darkened street—and the drama starts with the sharp spat of a revolver, followed by a woman's whimpering sobs . . .

All Los Angeles knew what had happened almost as soon as the police did, for in that free and easy metropolis the police radio signals are not coded or keyed. On that night of August 16th, 1933, every short-wave set from Burbank to Laguna Beach, a distance of seventy miles, picked up the breathless message:—

"Calling car seventeen, car seventeen—go to Occidental near Third, Occidental near Third—auto robbery with violence and an ambulance follow up—that is all!"

As the alarm broadcast died away, the shrill scream of a siren sounded south of Wilshire Boulevard. Car Seventeen was on its way in response to a message telephoned to Police Headquarters by a somewhat hysterical young salesman who had seen the affray from a doorway.

It all began when a black Buick sedan nosed in front of the quiet coupe of Mr. Crombie Allen, 49-year-old publisher and newspaper man. Allen had been giving a driving lesson to a lady friend, Miss Cora Withington, a Los Angeles school-teacher.

Miss Withington cramped the wheels and brought Allen's machine to a stop rather than smash into the sedan. "Whatever in the world—" she began. "What kind of driving is that?"

"Probably a woman," Allen said humorously.

He was right. But it was no accident. From the other car leaped a tall and athletic young man, whose handsome face was shaded by green glasses and a hat with its brim pulled low. He wore a brown suit somewhat the worse for wear and tear, and in his hand was something which Miss Withington recognized as a revolver. Moreover, the revolver was pointed directly at her stomach.

"Shell out!" was the gruff and businesslike order.

Crombie Allen was no fool. He had sense enough to avoid risking his life for a few dollars. Instantly he handed over his wallet, containing ninety-three dollars, and his gold watch. Miss Withington gave up her pocket-book, with three or four dollars in it. The loot went into the hands of a cuddlesome blonde, whose platinum hair stuck out from beneath a rakish tam. The blonde was laughing, though the young man who stood in the shadows behind her did not laugh.

"Come on, shell out some more!" he directed sharply.

"That's all there is, there isn't any more," said Allen. He was relieved, almost happy, that this was nothing more than a stickup.

Miss Withington caught his whimsical mood—whimsical in the face of death—and on an impulse handed over to the bandit a paper bag full of ground coffee. She had just purchased it a few minutes before at a roadside market. "This is everything we have," she said.

The blonde had slipped back toward the sedan. But the young man in brown took the bag of coffee, and threw it swiftly into the school-teacher's face. Ground coffee flew in every direction.

"Cut out the horseplay," he growled.

The blonde roared the motor in the sedan. But the bandit paused. His hand was shaking, and his well-cut mouth twitched a little.

He raised the gun, and fired . . .

Crombie Allen was flung backwards as a 32.20 bullet tore through the muscles of his throat half an inch from the jugular. He choked. He clawed at the air. Then he heard a strange whimpering sound at his side. Allen forgot his own distraction, while he tried to turn his full attention to the woman who sat beside him. In a split-second he became aware of what had happened: The bullet had ricocheted. Miss Withington lay huddled on the floor of the car. A bloody hole showed where her eye had been!

The sedan roared away into the night, with the platinum blonde at the wheel and her companion crouched on the running board. Allen tried to get out of his car to give chase—and up the street the little salesman who had witnessed the end of the amazing and cold-blooded performance, was running toward a telephone.

Then a radio car came screaming down Occidental Boulevard. Private traffic pulled over to the curb. Families returning from a day at the beach in ancient touring cars, movie stars with their dogs and gigolos in long white limousines, young couples in small road-

sters light-geared enough to be driven with one hand—all paused in their separate journeyings to stare at the speeding police car. One of the autos which pulled over to the curb was a Buick sedan, in it a cuddlesome blonde in a rakish tam at the wheel, a handsome young man held his arm around her shoulders with a fierce intensity. As the police car swept past, the Buick turned into Kingsley avenue and continued on a few blocks to where a young couple sat in an open convertible coupe.

Close to the coupe the blonde jammed on the brakes as her companion ordered: "Just one more, baby . . . in case somebody recognized this crate . . ."

He was out of the sedan in a moment. The startled pair in the coupe sat up straight when they saw that the muzzle of a gun stared them in the face.

"Shower down," said the man with the gun.

Nick Steponovitch, the man in the coupe, was happy to have the opportunity. He and the young lady with him, scrambled. But Nick looked back in time to see a blonde girl, with a red painted mouth, climbing behind the wheel of his own car. The sedan abandoned, the bandit pair sped away out of sight.

Nick wasted no time in complaining to the police that he had been left an old Buick sedan in place of a new coupe and his three dollars taken by the bandit. He watched, a few minutes later, when police lifted the front seat of the Buick and found two diamond rings with stones big as snowflakes behind the upholstery. They were worth about \$18,000.

"We've been looking for this hack for three hours," said the police. "Stolen from a Miss Host over on Rampart Boulevard. She managed to slip off her rings and hide them there when she saw the bandits approaching, but she sure thought they were gone forever when she saw her car roll away."

Three holdups by the same daring pair in as many hours—and all of them within the same territory of perhaps a square mile of southwestern Los Angeles!

Newspaper presses roared—civic committees protested—and Chief of Police James E. Davis, called from his bed to hear a telephoned report of the outrages, went into immediate action.

Chief Davis called a conference of thirty commanders of police divisions in the Los Angeles district. "Gentlemen," he said, "these crimes are being committed in the same section of the city, night after night. I've issued shoot-on-sight-orders to every man in the department."

I've sent out descriptions of the bandit pair—but Los Angeles is full of handsome young men in brown suits who ride around with young and curving blondes. It's not enough—and so I'm going to revive a device which we haven't used since the Hickman chase.

I'm going to erect a blockade around the criminals—a crook-proof blockade. No car may pass through it after dark without complete search and identification of its occupants!"

Somebody objected that the scheme would take a lot of men. Chief Davis countered by saying that he'd use every man in the department if necessary, and swear in 8,000 more if there was no other way. So the word went out—

Three hundred uniformed men, in addition to the regular force, were sent into the streets of that section of the city, forming an iron-clad barricade around the section in which Miss Withington and Crombie Allen so brutally had been shot down.

Every police car was equipped with radio and filled with armed officers. They cruised the district at all strategic intersections and linked up with the uniformed men. More than eight radio cars swept the city streets . . . in constant touch with Headquarters and the radio dispatch room which fills the basement of City Hall.

Thousands of cars inside the cordon were halted. Club entertainers were late for their shows. Young couples arrived at the movies after the feature had started. The dark and palm-shaded streets of Los Angeles, long a trusting place for lovers, witnessed many a sweet-hearting couple dragged apart and subjected to embarrassing questions. If the girl was blonde, or the young man wore a brown suit, considerable explaining had to be done. One girl escaped arrest only by calling upon her husband, who was working late in his downtown office, to identify her and his "best friend." Police caught him taking a cinder out of her eye in his car. So electric was their excitement, so eager were they to capture the wanted pair, that even this humanitarian act appeared to the police as proof of banditry, conviction of shooting to maim and kill!

But the night following the shooting of Allen and Miss Withington saw three more stick-ups in the same section of town. Three jobs inside the dragnet, under the very eyes of that augmented cordon. How had the cuddlesome blonde and her handsome companion managed to do that?

Night Chief of Police Allen tore his hair, and sent instructions over the air to every radio car—"Shoot to kill!"

Los Angeles was in an uproar. Beauty parlors reported several cases of customers who had cancelled appointments to have hair bleached. Young men pawed hastily through their wardrobes to dig out a suit which could not be described as "brown". Brunettes found themselves in great demand among the young men of



As simple as this, is the highly efficient squad car radio equipment that ran to earth the baffling bandit, scourge of Los Angeles

The Circle of Death

the city, and love—at least parking-space love—lanquid. Young couples found themselves driven into the parlor.

Over at St. Vincent's Hospital, doctors announced that Miss Withington never would see again. The bandits therefore never could be identified by her, even if by some miracle they were identified and caught. Crombie Allen, elderly newspaper publisher, fought his way back to life as the throat which was torn by the bandit's bullet began to heal under the doctor's stitches. Los Angeles newspapers assigned every reporter to some angle of the "one couple crime-wave".

It was only a question of hours until the bandit couple must be caught. The police had that all figured out.

Like many other bandits, the couple operated in a single section, which made it evident that they actually lived some distance away and hoped to fool the pursuit in this manner. There was no use looking for the number plates "5P389" which had been on Steponovitch's car, for by now of course the bandits were using either faked plates or those stolen from some other car.

A few days after the shooting of Crombie Allen and Miss Withington there appeared a brief notice in a local newspaper published at Santa Ana, a small town located about thirty miles from Los Angeles, in the heart of the orange groves. Santa Ana is famous for the dust storms called by its name. They are supposed to originate in the vicinity. From time to time they sweep down on Los Angeles, breaking windows, tearing shutters loose, and pouring tons of finely pulverized sand over everything.

This was the head to the local story: "Local Girl Weds Broker". Unfortunately, no Sherlock Holmes sat on the clipping desk of a Los Angeles paper to read between the lines of the small town news note:

"September 1st—Miss Burmah Adams, of 236 S. Coronado St., L. A., was united in matrimony this morning to Mr. Thomas N. White, broker, of 236 S. Coronado St., L. A. The ceremony was performed at the home of Joseph A. Adams, her father, prominent local baker, at 231 St. Andrews Place in this city, and the couple at once returned to Los Angeles where Mrs. White has been employed for some months since leaving Santa Ana high school. The young couple will shortly leave on a European honeymoon."

The big Los Angeles newspapers gave no space to the little news note. It was crowded out by the story of a nudist wedding in another suburb of the metropolis, where the unblushing bride, the groom, the lovely bridesmaids and even the minister appeared in their birthday suits as part of a ceremony in a hall filled with branches and shrubs. Some practical joker had introduced a bit of poison oak!

No "master mind" noticed the strange mistake—if it were a mistake—in the Santa Ana news item. Why did the bride and groom both give the same address in Los Angeles? Supposing that some master mind had checked with the License Bureau in Santa Ana and found that no mistake had been made—would he not then have attempted to discover a broker in Los Angeles named Thomas N. White? Would he, failing in this quest, have sensed something out of line, and continued probing until he remembered that 236 South Coronado Street was almost in the exact center of the district which the police had enclosed in an evening barricade?

He might then have gone down to Santa Ana and obtained from the wedding guests a description of the coupe upon which they had tied tin cans and old shoes and a "Just Married" sign—a coupe which Mr. Nick Steponovitch would have recognized instantly!

The police however, do not hold with such "master mind" methods, but they have their own procedure. As the hold-ups continued with an amazing boldness and daring, a hundred more plain-clothes men were assigned to the southwestern district, and the dragnet was extended so that between six p. m. and six a. m. no car passed in or out of the "hot" section without being gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Radio kept every police car, and indirectly every detective and uniformed officer, in instant touch with Headquarters.

Yet still the alarms came in! During one evening the hold up couple, brown suit, platinum hair and all, "took" a gas station at Serrano and Third, a pharmacy at 2436 West Eleventh, and finally a Safeway grocery on Beverly Boulevard; there twelve customers were held at bay by the handsome and devil-may-care bandit while the cuddlesome blonde with the over-red lips took \$50 from the till.

The telephoned alarms came in on one another's heels, and almost instantly every radio car was pulled across a main thoroughfare to stop traffic. This time

police believed that only a miracle would slip the stolen coupe line and speed away to the mystic land of the bandit pair. But all the same . . .

One amazing fact was reported in the Safeway story: a glimpse of the bandit car, and a maroon coupe bearing the number . . .

The bandits still were using either in sheer bravado or because police never would expect them to go to the accepted criminal manner from the accepted criminal manner to every radio car (set in the city) to look out for them and number.

But even with this fearful notion of death, the bandits kept on in a show of sheer nerve. Only in Los Angeles, a dozen cities bound loosely by wide highways, could such a metropolis everyone has a capital great that there is no other metropolis. Los Angeles will a young man twenty-five dollars a month, or a hundred dollars a month as each on a new car. Under such conditions when the police know the number wanted car, it is only a matter of time they succeed in tracing it.

The hold-ups went on, nevertheless, and dollars here and there—truly, a ward for so much risk and danger—and again the young man in the maroon coupe, fired at his victims, but his hair was shakier than ever now, and he



Thomas N. White, from a photograph taken and retouched with the utmost care to conceal his glass eye from his bride

wild. A Mr. C. C. Lewis of 237 Southwestern Avenue gave up seven dollars to the bandit—all he had—and then was soundly cursed. Finally, with a random shot which scorched his hat and lodged in the wall of the house behind the frightened man, the bandits roared away in the maroon coupe. Lewis swore that the painted blonde who drove the coupe laughed with delight when her man fired the gun!

Detective Lieutenant Jack Molina, one of the hundreds of sleuths attached to the case, interviewed Lewis



straightened up from his comparative microscope. He nodded. The bullet which had fanned Lewis' forehead bore clear and definite marks of the barrel from which it had been fired—marks which compared in every detail with the bullet which had torn through the ligaments of Crombie Allen's neck and then blinded the school-teacher, finally coming to rest in the doorframe of their car. The sixteen hold-ups which had terrorized half Los Angeles all were being performed by the same young man and the same blonde—and they were still using the same gun!

"This mistake will hang 'em!" declared Lieutenant Molina, with only slight exaggeration.

The dragnet again was tightened. Police, unwilling to miss even the slightest possibility, raided every known gambling house and criminal hangout. As the instructions went out over the air, the underworld listened in over their own short-wave sets, and foresaw the end of good times. According to Mayor Shaw of Los Angeles, mass meetings of the underworld were held, and two funds of more than \$10,000 were raised as a sort of slush fund to discredit the mayor and his chief of police, and to defeat the iron-clad legislation which the hold-up cycle had caused to be introduced into the City Council.

Detective Lieutenant Jack Molina then expressed an idea which later was . . . (Continued on Page 36)

Sunday, May 27

Log of Stations

(NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION)

Call Letters	Kilo-cycles	Power Watts	Location	Net-Work
KDKA	980	50,000	Pittsburgh, Pa.	NBC
WAAB†	1410	500	Boston, Mass.	NBC
WABC	860	50,000	N. Y. City, N.Y.	CBS
WBAL†	1060-760	10,000	Baltimore, Md.	NBC
WBZ	990	50,000	Boston, Mass.	NBC
WCAU	1170	50,000	Philadelphia, Pa.	CBS
WCSH	940	1,000	Portland, Me.	NBC
WDRCT	1330	500	Hartford, Conn.	CBS
WEAF	660	50,000	N. Y. City, N. Y.	NBC
WEEI	590	1,000	Boston, Mass.	NBC
WFI†	560	1,000	Philadelphia, Pa.	NBC
WGY	790	50,000	Schenectady, N.Y.	NBC
WHAM	1150	50,000	Rochester, N. Y.	NBC
WIP†	610	1,000	Philadelphia, Pa.	CBS
WJSA†	1290	1,000	Pittsburgh, Pa.	CBS
WJSP†	1460	10,000	Washington, D.C.	CBS
WJZ	760	50,000	N. Y. City, N. Y.	NBC
WLBZ†	620	500	Bangor, Maine	CBS
WLIT†	560	1,000	Philadelphia, Pa.	NBC
WLW*	700	500,000	Cincinnati, Ohio	NBC
WMAL†	630	500	Washington, D.C.	NBC
WNAC	1230	1,000	Boston, Mass.	CBS
WOKO†	1440	500	Albany, N. Y.	CBS
WOR	710	5,000	Newark, N. J.	
WRC†	950	500	Washington, D.C.	NBC
WRVA	1110	5,000	Richmond, Va.	NBC
WVIC†	1040	50,000	Hartford, Conn.	NBC

†Network Programs Listed Only.
‡Full Day Listings; Night Network only.
*Evening Programs Listed Only.

Notice

These programs as here presented were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and RADIO GUIDE could make them at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise at the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh hour changes in program listings, time, etc.

MORNING

8:00 EDT—a.m.—EST 7:00
NBC—Melody Hour; Milo Miloradovich, soprano; Charles Stratton, baritone; Grande Trio: WFAF
CBS—On the Air Today: WABC
NBC—Tone Pictures; Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet: WJZ

8:05 EDT—a.m.—EST 7:05
CBS—Organ Reveille; C. A. J. Parmentier: WABC

8:30 EDT—a.m.—EST 7:30
CBS—Artist Recital; Crane Calder, bass; Rhoda Arnold, soprano: WABC

8:45 EDT—a.m.—EST 7:45
CBS—The Radio Spotlight: WABC
NBC—Lew White at the Dual Organ: WJZ

9:00 EDT—a.m.—EST 8:00
NBC—The Balladeers, male chorus; Instrumental Trio: WFAF WGY WRC WBEN WCSH
CBS—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's, children's program: WABC WOKO WCAU WLBZ WNAC
NBC—Children's Hour; Vocal and Instrumental Concert; Recitations and Dramatic Readings; Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies: WJZ WMAL KDKA WBAL WBZ
WJSV—Elder Michaux's Congregation

9:15 EDT—a.m.—EST 8:15
NBC—Cloister Bells, sacred music: WFAF WGY WJZ
CBS—Tone Pictures: WABC WOKO WCAU WLBZ WNAC

10:00 EDT—a.m.—EST 9:00
CBS—The Church of the Air: WABC WOKO WJAS WJSV WDRS WIP WCAU

Look for the Bell ⚡ for Religious Services and P

10:45 EDT—a.m.—EST 9:45
CBS—Ben Alley, tenor; Littman's Fifth Avenue Corporation: WABC
CBS—Alexander Semmler, pianist: WDRS WOKO WJSV WLBZ WNAC WJAS WCAU
10:50 EDT—a.m.—EST 9:50
KDKA—Christian Science Service
11:00 EDT—a.m.—EST 10:00
NBC—News: WFAF WJZ WHAM WRC WGY WMAL WBAL WBZ
CBS—Children's Hour: WABC
CBS—Rhoda Arnold and Taylor Buckley; Concert Orchestra: WOKO WJSV WLBZ WNAC
KDKA—First United Presbyterian Services
WCAU—Children's Hour with Stan Lee Broza
WCSH—State Street Congregational Church
WEEI—Service, Old South Church of Boston
WRVA—Lesson in Living by Dr. Freeman
11:05 EDT—a.m.—EST 10:05
NBC—Morning Musical, NBC String Quartet: WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAL WBZ
NBC—Hall and Gruen, piano duo: WFAF
WGY—Service from Union College Chapel, Schenectady, N. Y.
11:15 EDT—a.m.—EST 10:15
NBC—Gruen and Hall, piano duo: WFAF
11:30 EDT—a.m.—EST 10:30
NBC—Major Bowes' Capitol Family; Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Hannah Klein, pianist; Four Minute Men, male quartet: WFAF
NBC—The Poet Prince; Anthony Frome, tenor; Dick Leibert, pianist: WJZ WBAL WMAL WHAM
CBS—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ: WOKO WJSV WLBZ WNAC
WBAL—Dr. Morris S. Lazardon, talk
WBZ—Radio Nimble Wits, Everett Smith
WRVA—Major Bowes Capitol Family (NBC)
11:45 EDT—a.m.—EST 10:45
NBC—Phantom Strings; Aldo Ricci, director: WJZ WBAL WMAL WHAM
WBZ—Organ Recital, Arthur Martel

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon EDT—EST a.m. 11:00
NBC—Major Bowes' Capitol Family: WGY
CBS—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ: WABC WJSV WJAS
WCAU—Watchtower Program
WHAM—St. Paul's Episcopal Church Service
WOR—Uncle Don Reed's Program
WRVA—Second Presbyterian Service
12:15 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:15
NBC—Gould and Shefter, piano duo: WJZ WMAL KDKA WBAL
WBZ—Time; Temperature; Weather
WCAU—Ben Greenblatt, pianist
WCSH—Gordon String Quartet (NBC)
WEEI—World Pictures
WGY—Three Schoolmaids, harmony
WRVA—Watch Tower Program
12:20 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:20
WBZ—Old Farmer's Almanac
12:30 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:30
NBC—University of Chicago Round Table Current topics; guest speakers: WFAF WLIT
CBS—Madison Ensemble: WABC WOKO WNAC WDRS WJAS
NBC—Radio City Concert; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus and Soloists: WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ WMAL
WCSH—Christian Science Program
WGY—University of Chicago Round Table (NBC)
WOR—"The New Poetry," A. M. Sullivan
12:45 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:45
CBS—H. V. Kaltenborn: WABC WOKO WNAC WJAS
WCSH—Musical Program
1:00 p.m. EDT—EST Noon 12
NBC—Road to Romany; Gypsy Music: WFAF WGY WFI
CBS—Church of the Air: WABC WOKO WJAS WJSV WDRS WIP WCAU

1:15
WGY—The...
WRC—Road...
WRVA—A...
1:30
NBC—The...
Faultfin...
Sockmai...
mael ens...
WHAM W...
CBS—The C...
WDRS WJ...
NBC—Surprise...
Mary Small...
The Sizzlers...
Orchestra: WE...
WRC
KDKA—Old Songs of...
1:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:45
NBC—Mildred Dilling, harpist: WFAF WEEI WGY WCSH
KDKA—Salon Orchestra
WRVA—Beauty That Endures
2:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:00
NBC—Gene Arnold and the Commodores, Crazy Water Crystals: WFAF WEEI WCSH WGY WRC WRVA
CBS—Edith Murray, songs: WABC WOKO WNAC WJAS WCAU
NBC—South Sea Islanders, Hawaiian Ensemble, direction Joseph Rodgers: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBAL WMAL
WHAM—Rochester Catholic Hour
WJSV—Did You Know That?
WOR—Radio Forum
2:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:15
CBS—Abram Chasins, piano pointers: WABC WOKO WNAC WJAS WCAU
WJSV—Frank and Jim McCravy
2:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:30
NBC—Grace Hayes, musical comedy star: WFAF WGY WRC WMAL WEEI WCSH
CBS—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man, A. S. Boyle Co., Irving Kaufman: WABC WDRS WJAS WJSV WCAU WNAC
NBC—Frank Chapman, baritone; Marie Rosanoff, cellist; Frank Sheridan, pianist: WJZ KDKA WMAL WRVA
WBAL—Esther Love Polvoigt, pianist
WHAM—Young Peoples' Choir
WOR—Memories, Favorite Songs of Yesterday with Fred Vettel and Alice Remsen
2:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:45
NBC—Laudt Trio and White, songs: WFAF WRC WEEI WGY
WHAM—Concert Artists (NBC)
3:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:00
NBC—Talkie Picture Time; Luxor, Ltd., sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware: WFAF WEEI WLIT WRC WCSH
CBS—Symphony Hour, Howard Barlow, conducting: WABC WOKO WDRS WIP WJSV WLBZ WJAS WNAC WCAU
Capriccio Espagnole Rimsky-Korsakoff
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in G Minor Bruch
Vorspiel: Allegro Moderato Adagio
Finale: Allegro Energico (Eugene Dubois) Romeo and Juliet Tchaikowsky
NBC—Bar X Days and Nights, Health Products Co.; romance of the early west: WJZ WBZ WMAL WBAL KDKA
WHAM—Down Melody Lane
WOR—Talk by Rev. Thomas E. Little
WRVA—Beauty That Endures
3:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:15
WRVA—Musical
3:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:30
NBC—Dancing Shadows; Concert Ensemble, direction Max Dolin; William Hain, tenor: WFAF WEEI WRC WGY WCSH WLIT WRVA
NBC—Dion Kennedy, organist: WJZ WBAL WBZ WMAL WHAM KDKA
WOR—Pauline Alpert, The Whirlwind Pianist
3:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:45
WHAM—Choir Rehearsal
WOR—Arthur Lang, "The Gypsy Prince," baritone
4:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:00
NBC—Romance of Meat; Institute of American Meat Packers; Dramatic Sketch: WFAF WLIT WEEI WCSH WRC WGY
CBS—Buffalo Variety Workshop: WABC WOKO WCAU WNAC WJAS WLBZ WDRS
NBC—Sousa Men's Band; Eugene La Barre, director: WJZ WHAM WBZ WBAL WMAL WRVA KDKA
High School Cadets, March Sousa
Tantalusquale, Overture Von Suppe
Two Beautiful Senoritas
Estrellita Ponce
Rosita Paul Dupont
On The Road To Mandalay (Nilssen)
King Cotton, March Sousa
Minuet in G Beethoven
Turken in the Straw Guion
The Lady in the Moon, Caprice Eugene Labarre
WOR—The Three Bavarians, musicale; Dorothy Miller, soprano; Garfield Swift, tenor

4:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:15
NBC—Lilian Buckman, soprano and Instrumental Trio: WFAF WLIT WGY WCSH WRC
WBAL—Watchtower Program
WHAM—Choir Rehearsal
4:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:30
NBC—Pedro Via's Tango Orchestra: WFAF WGY WEEI WFI WCSH WRC
CBS—Oregon on Parade: WABC WOKO WCAU WDRS WNAC WLBZ WJAS WJSV
NBC—Princess Pat Players; Princess Pat, Ltd.; dramatic sketch: WJZ WBZ WBAL WHAM KDKA WMAL
WOR—Conrad and Tremont, piano team
4:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:45
WOR—All Star Trio; vocal and instrumental
5:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:00
NBC—National Vespers; "Going Through With God," Rev. Wm. Pierson Merrill, D.D.; Music direction of Keith McLeod; Male Quartet: WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAL KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS—Chicago Knights, Male Quartet: WABC WAAB WJAS WJSV WCAU WDRS WLBZ WOKO
NBC—John B. Kennedy, "Looking Over the Week": WFAF WEEI WGY
WCSH—Brown Program
WNAC—Twilight Reveries with Virginia Warren, soprano
WOR—Erva Giles, soprano
WRVA—Lafayette Centennial Memorial
5:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:15
CBS—Tony Wous; S. C. Johnson and Son; Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, piano team: WABC WOKO WDRS WCAU WJSV WJAS WAAB
Theme: The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise Seitz
Lullaby From Jocelyn Godard
Finlandia Siebelius
Dark Eyes
Theme: I'll See You Again
NBC—Sylvan Trio: WFAF WEEI WGY WRC WCSH
WOR—Current Legal Topics, Robert Daru
5:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:30
NBC—Sentinels; The Hoover Company; Edward Davies, baritone; Chicago A Capella Choir, direction of Noble Cain; Orchestra, direction Joseph Koestner: WFAF WEEI WCSH WGY WRC WFI
CBS—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, songs; General Baking Co.; Jack Shilkret's Orchestra: WABC WOKO WAAB WCAU WDRS WJSV
Signature: Sweet Lady (Sanderson and Crumit)
How Do I Know It's Sunday (orchestra) Prairie Lullaby (Sanderson)
I'll String Along With You (orchestra)
Brother Ezra and Sister Susan (Sanderson and Crumit)
Neighbors (Sanderson and Crumit)
Love Thy Neighbor (Orchestra)
Around The Corner (Crumit)
The Beat Of My Heart (orchestra)
My Heart Stood Still (orchestra)
Kissing Games (Sanderson and Crumit)
NBC—Annual Massing of the Colors Service of Military Order of the World War; Speakers: Adm. Wm. H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations; Bishop James E. Freeman; Colonel Braisted, Chief of the Chaplains of the Army; WJZ WBAL WRVA WBZ
WHAM—Hochstein School Orchestra
WNAC—The Cosmopolitans, novelty quintet; Rosina Scotti, soprano
WOR—Robert Reud, "Town Talk"

Radio Guide

STAR POLL ENDS JUNE 1

VOTE! DON'T DELAY!



Joe Burns and Gracie Allen shown selecting portions of a new wardrobe suitable, in their opinions, for wearing when they receive (as they think they will!) their award for winning the Star of Stars popularity vote among the teams

BEFORE this issue of RADIO GUIDE is replaced on news-stands by the next edition the Star Election will have closed. June 1 is the last date. If you have not cast your final vote for your favorites of the air, DO IT NOW!

Three gold medals and one silver medal will be awarded. These will be given to the Star of Stars, to the Program, to the Orchestra and to the Team polling the highest vote. And more—each member of the winning Orchestra, each member of the winning Program—all who participated in the success of the unit—will be given a certificate to mark the signal honor conferred by the voters.

Tellers in charge of the Election report that as late as the conclusions of last week's tabulation, several additions to the candidates' lists have been made. Three new stars have been added to those whose votes total one hundred ballots or more; likewise one new program, and five new teams. Loyalty to air favorites undoubtedly has prompted the vote that brought these new candidates to the fore. Will the Election close—can it close—without your favorite represented?

During the past week also, the two teams running a close race, polled a vote

almost equal in numerical size. About 2,500 ballots were cast for the leaders, Burns and Allen, and a like number, in round figures, were added to the Amos 'n' Andy total.

The possibility of an upset in this division of the Election still looms, however!

Plans are almost completed for a fitting ceremony to commemorate the awarding of the medals and the certificates. These plans will be announced in an early issue of RADIO GUIDE—as soon as tabulations of final votes are made, and other necessary business contingent upon the wind-up of the Election, can be completed.

On it you will find a few questions that will help us to get better acquainted. However, your vote will not be invalidated by your failure to answer all the questions incorporated in the ballot. Vote Now!

All entertainers, orchestras, programs, and teams that have been on the air since October 1, 1933, are eligible.

Balloting closes June 1, 1934. Awards will be announced as soon thereafter as results can be verified.

The standing of all Stars, Programs, Orchestras and Teams to poll several hundred votes of more, is as follows:

STANDING AMONG THE STARS:

Joe Penner	77,220
Bing Crosby	59,596
Eddie Cantor	29,001
Jack Benny	27,136
Rudy Vallee	15,230
Lanny Ross	8,926
Frank Parker	8,152
Gertrude Niesen	7,466
Ben Bernie	6,974
Jimmy Fidler	4,606
Will Rogers	3,854
Roy Shelly	3,545
Vera Van	3,507
Jessica Dragonette	3,020
Phil Baker	2,581
John L. Fogarty	2,472
Bradley Kincaid	2,456
Annette Hanshaw	2,292
Al Jolson	2,283
Edwin C. Hill	2,147
Gene Arnold	2,089
Ed Wynn	2,046
Jack Arnold	1,855
Don Ameche	1,822
Ethel Shutta	1,750
Fred Allen	1,651
Tony Wons	1,531
Wayne King	1,499
Ralph Kirby	1,451
Alexander Woollcott	1,343
Lulu Belle	1,242
Jack Pearl	1,241
Guy Lombardo	1,238
Pat Kennedy	1,205
Russ Columbo	1,203
Lowell Thomas	1,169
Tito Guizar	1,115
Morton Downey	1,091
Father Coughlin	1,085
Conrad Thibault	1,065
Voice of Experience	1,050
Jackie Heller	1,041
Richard Maxwell	1,027
Ruth Etting	1,015
Nancy Kelly	919
Alice Joy	918
Uncle Ezra	850
Lawrence Tibbett	848
Elsie Hitz	818

STANDING AMONG THE PROGRAMS:

Fleischmann	63,185
Chase & Sanborn	35,832
Show Boat	35,168
Chevrolet	26,551
Spartan	9,191
Old Gold	8,743
Pabst Blue Ribbon	8,720
One Man's Family	8,207
White Owl	8,040
Woodbury	8,038
Sinclair Minstrels	7,135
Bakers' Broadcast	7,058
Armour	5,908
Ford	5,540
Hollywood on the Air	4,602
Myrt and Marge	4,426
WLS Barn Dance	4,407
Camel Caravan	4,018
Lady Esther	3,966
Seth Parker	3,242

Betty and Bob	1,133
Nestle	1,081
Wheatenaville	1,080
Roses and Drums	1,006
Melody Moments	884
Cutex	859
Buck Rogers	856
Aragon-Trianon	846
Yeastfoamers	830
N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony	815
Cheerio	808
Vic and Sade	722
Wizard of Oz	678
Cadillac	659
Easy Aces	656
Hoofinghams	642
Voice of Experience	604
Gems of Melody	595
Soconyland Sketch	586
U. S. Marine Band	550
Farm and Home Hour	514
Warden Lawes	512
Painted Dreams	502

STANDING AMONG THE ORCHESTRAS:

Wayne King	96,735
Guy Lombardo	48,976
Ben Bernie	34,784
Rudy Vallee	29,435
Fred Waring	20,380
Richard Himber	11,505
Jan Garber	8,385
Glen Gray	6,521
Rubinoff	6,206
Eddie Duchin	5,165
Paul Whiteman	5,069
Hal Kemp	4,614
Ozzie Nelson	4,069
Little Jack Little	3,866
George Olsen	3,203
N. Y. Philharmonic	2,477
Phil Harris	2,156
Cab Calloway	2,153
A. & P. Gypsies	2,075
Isham Jones	1,975
Walter Blaufuss	1,874
Jack Denny	1,854
Frank Black	1,765
Ted Fiorito	1,669
Abe Lyman	1,567

Philadelphia Symphony	1,540
Ted Weems	1,448
Carlos Molina	1,411
Harry Sosnik	1,344
Walter Damrosch	1,273
B. A. Rolfe	1,248
U. S. Marine Band	1,221
Cumberland Ridge Runners	1,058
Don Voorhees	1,017
U. S. Army Band	1,003
Buddy Rogers	954
Smith Ballew	907
Gus Haenschen	886
George Hall	870
Rosario Bourdon	866
Lennie Hayton	726
Danny Russo	677
Don Bestor	676
Harry Kogen	649
Ted Lewis	644
Harold Sanford	593

Byrd Expedition	486
Pontiac	456
Musical Memories	453
Carnation Contented	452
Junis Facial Cream	435
Bar X Days	433
Father Coughlin	429
Goldbergs	426
Crazy Crystals	417
Sally's Studio Party	408
Richard Himber	387
Just Plain Bill	386
Red Davis	382
Seven Star Revue	375
Corn Cob Pipe Club	369
Royal Gelatin	365
Gene and Glenn	338
Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood	325
A. & P. Gypsies	324
Chesterfield	312
Irma Glen's Lovable Music	310
Clara, Lu 'n' Em	307

STANDING AMONG THE TEAMS:

Claude Hopkins	552
Duke Ellington	533
Charlie Agnew	514
Joe Sanders	452
Will Osborne	436
Vincent Lopez	422
Erno Rapee	413
Vincent Sorey	389
Enric Madriguera	371
Bernie Cummins	331
Xavier Cugat	309
Emery Deutsch	306
Heinie and his Grenadiers	304
Maurie Sherman	302
Joseph Koestner	302
Gus Arnheim	293
Joseph Pasternack	267
Morgan L. Eastman	246

Burns and Allen	79,905
Amos and Andy	73,695
Myrt and Marge	21,779
Mills Brothers	19,261
Olsen and Johnson	13,405
Stoopnagle and Budd	12,466
Benny and Mary	11,712
Gene and Glenn	10,293
Baron and Sharlie	5,934
Dragonette and Parker	5,080
Molasses and January	4,973
Maple City Four (Sinclear Quartet)	4,620
Landt Trio, White	4,369
Boswell Sisters	4,024
Betty and Bob	3,519
Baker and Bottle	3,403
Hitz and Dawson (Gail and Dan)	3,311
Easy Aces	3,282
Vic and Sade	2,946
Tom, Dick and Harry	2,802
Don Hall Trio	2,685
Cantor and Wallington	2,472
Shutta and O'Keefe	2,436
Sanderson and Crumit	2,392
Marian and Jim	2,278
Lum and Abner	1,949
Hoofinghams	1,544
Mac and Bob	1,362
Revelers Quartet	1,272
Clara, Lu 'n' Em	1,209
Allen and Hoffa	1,092
Ed Wynn and Graham	1,080
Pickens Sisters	1,015
Pratt and Sherman	951
Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton	899
Marx Brothers	849
Phil Harris and Leah Ray	839
Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh	784
Goldbergs	782
Al and Pete	766
Munn and Rea	765
East and Dumke	737
Fred Hufsmith and Muriel Wilson	736
Lasses and Honey	696
Eton Boys	673
Jones and Hare	662
Mary Lou and Lanny Ross	655
Tom and Don	590
Mike and Herman	577
Joe Penner and Stoooge	577
Sims and Bailey	553
Breen and de Rose	515
Trio Romantique	485
Billy Bachelor and Janet Freeman	452
Bill and Ginger	438
Fray and Braggiotti	426
Vagabonds	401
Asher and Little Jimmie	376
Reis and Dunn	328
Joe and Batisse	302
Kings Jesters	271
Gene Arnold and Commodores	
Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy	
Allen and WBC	
Jud and WBC	

Monday, May 28

EARLY MORNING PROGRAMS FOR THE WEEK

6:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 5:30
WNAC—Sunrise Special; Organist

6:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 5:45
NBC—Tower Health Exercises; Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; Arthur Bagley, director; WEAW WEEI WGY WFI
WOR—Gym Classes; Vincent Sorey's Orchestra

7:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 6:00
KDKA—Musical Clock
WBZ—Musical Clock

7:15 EDT-a.m.-EST 6:15
WNAC—Yankee Network News Service

7:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 6:30
NBC—Yoichi Hiraoka, Japanese xylophonist; Sylvia Altman, accompanist; WJZ WBAL
CBS—Organ Music; WABC
WNAC—Songs of Yesteryear

7:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 6:45
NBC—Pollock and Lownhurst, piano duo; WEAW WFI
NBC—Jolly Bill and Jane; WJZ WBAL
WEEI—Basement Alarm Clock
WJSV—Elder Michaux's Congregation
WNAC—Morning Watch

8:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:00
NBC—Organ Rhapsody; Richard Leibert, organist; WEAW WFI
CBS—On the Air Today; WABC
NBC—Morning Devotions; Mixed Quartet; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA WBAL
WCAU—Wake Up and Smile
WEEI—E. B. Rideout, Meteorologist
WGY—Musical Clock
WJSV—Sun Dial
WNAC—Shopping Around the Town
WOR—Cheer-up Club popular music, Monday, Wednesday, Friday; Melody Moments, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday
WRVA—Musical Clock

8:05 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:05
CBS—Salon Musicale; WABC; Ambassadors, male quartet, Friday only
WEEI—Current Events
WOR—Weather Report

8:10 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:10
WOR—Al Woods, songs and patter

8:15 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:15
NBC—Don Hall Trio; WJZ WBAL
KDKA—Tommy and Sherlock
WCSH—Morning Devotions
WEEI—Shopping Service; Organ (NBC), Saturday only

8:25 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:25
NBC—City Consumers' Guide; WEAW, except Saturday
CBS—City Consumers' Guide; WABC except Saturday
WOR—City Consumers' Guide; Market Report, except Saturday

8:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:30
NBC—Cheerio, inspirational talk and music; WEAW WGY WCSH WEEI WFI
CBS—Sunny Melodies; Mark Warnow conductor; WABC, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; Salon Musicale, Tuesday and Thursday

8:35 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:35
NBC—Lew White, organist; WJZ WHAM
KDKA WBAL
WBZ—Old Farmer's Almanac
WOR—Martha Manning, Saturday only

8:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 7:45
WBZ—Lew White, organist (NBC)
CBS—Caroline Gray, pianist; WABC, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; the Ambassadors, male quartet, Saturday only
WHAM—Kindly Thoughts
WOR—Rhythm Encores; Dog Talk, Saturday only

MORNING

9:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:00
NBC—Morning Glories, dance orchestra; WEAW WLIT WRC
NBC—Breakfast Club, dance orchestra; Jack Owens, tenor; Merry Macs, vocalists; WJZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WRVA
CBS—The Nationals; WABC WOKO WNAC WDRS WCAU WJAS WLBZ
WBZ—Shopping News, Virginia Reade
WCSH—The Morning Shopper
WEEI—Clothes Institute
WGY—Bradley Kincaid, mountain ballads
WOR—“Our Children,” with Mary Olds; Edward Nell, Jr., baritone; George Shackley, organist

9:15 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:15
NBC—Landt Trio and White, songs and comedy; WEAW WLIT WCSH WGY WRC WEEI
CBS—Madison Ensemble; WABC WDRS WJAS WNAC WOKO WIP WLBZ
WCAU—Words and Music
WOR—Orchestral Music

9:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:30
NBC—Bradley Kincaid, songs; WEAW WCSH WRC
CBS—Metropolitan Parade; Leith Stevens, conducting; WABC WDRS WNAC
NBC—Breakfast Club; WBZ
KDKA—Style and Shopping Service
WEEI—Shopping Service
WGY—Little Jack Little, songs and piano
WOR—“Your Friendly Neighbor”

9:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:45
NBC—Florinda Trio; WEAW WRC WCSH WFI
CBS—Metropolitan Parade; WCAU WJAS WLBZ WOKO
KDKA—News, Minute Manners
WEEI—News
WGY—Mid-Morning Devotions
WOR—Ensemble Music

9:50 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:50
WEEI—Florinda Trio (NBC)

9:55 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:55
NBC—News; WJZ

10:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:00
NBC—Breen and de Rose, songs and ukelele; WEAW WCSH WEEI WFI WRVA
NBC—Harvest of Song, Songfellows Male Quartet; Irma Glen, organist; Earl Lawrence, pianist; WJZ WBAL WMAL KDKA WBZ
WGY—Hank Keene's Radio Gang
WHAM—Tower Clock Program
WNAC—Buddy Clark, soloist
WOR—Alfred W. McCann, Pure Food Hour

10:15 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:15
NBC—Clara, Lu 'n' Em; Colgate Palmolive Peet Co.; Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip; WEAW WEEI WFI WRC WGY WCSH WRVA
CBS—Bill and Ginger, songs and patter; C. F. Mueller Co.; WABC WOKO WNAC WCAU WJAS WJSV
NBC—Holman Sisters, piano duo; WJZ WHAM
KDKA—Sammy Fuller
WBAL—Goin' Home
WBZ—Minute Manners

10:20 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:20
WBZ—Duke Dewey's Hickory Nuts

10:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:30
NBC—News; WEAW WFI WCSH WRC
CBS—News; WABC WJAS WDRS WNAC
NBC—Today's Children; Pillsbury Flour Mill Co.; dramatic sketch, with Ina Phillips, Bess Johnson and Walter Wicker; WJZ WBAL WMAL KDKA WBZ WBZA WHAM WRVA
WEEI—Contract Bridge, Mrs. Charles Geissler
WGY—Market Basket
WJSV—Woman's Hour
WNAC—Francis J. Cronin, organist

10:35 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:35
CBS—The Merry-makers; WABC WAAB WCAU WDRS
NBC—Morning Parade; Musicale; WEAW WFI WRC WCSH

10:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:45
NBC—Jack and Loretta Clemens, songs and guitar; Wilbert Products Co.; WJZ
CBS—One Quarter Hour in Three Quarter Time; WABC WDRS WCAU WOKO WJAS WLBZ WAAB

NBC—News; WBAL WBZ WMAL
KDKA—Morning Melodies
WGY—Skip, Step and Happiana, sketch
WHAM—Clyde Morse, pianist
WNAC—Mixed Quartet
WRVA—Radio Kitchen (NBC)

10:50 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:50
NBC—Musical Originalities; Dick Tella, tenor; WBAL
NBC—Radio Kitchen; WHAM WMAL
WBZ—Famous Savings

10:55 EDT-a.m.-EST 9:55
WBZ—Farmer's Almanac, Weather, Temperature

11:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 10:00
NBC—Hour of Memories; U. S. Navy Band, Lieutenant Charles Benter, conducting; WEAW WGY WRC WLIT WCSH WRVA
CBS—Cooking Closeups; Pillsbury Mills Co.; Mary Ellis Ames, home economist; WABC WOKO WNAC WDRS WJAS WJSV WCAU
NBC—The Wife Saver; Fels and Co.; Alan Prescott; Irving Miller, pianist; WJZ
NBC—The Honeymooners; WHAM WBZ WMAL
KDKA—Uncle Tom and Betty
WBAL—Shopping Service
WEEI—Friendly Kitchen Program
WOR—Nell Vinick, beauty talk

11:15 EDT-a.m.-EST 10:15
CBS—Will Osborne's Orchestra; Corn Products Co.; Pedro de Cordoba, philosopher; WABC WJAS WDRS WCAU WOKO WNAC
NBC—Singing Strings, direction Walter Blaufuss; WJZ WBAL WBZ WMAL KDKA WHAM
NBC—Hour of Memories; WEEI
WJSV—Woman's Hour
WOR—“The Magic Bowl,” Claire Sugden

11:30 EDT-a.m.-EST 10:30
CBS—Tony Wons; WABC WOKO WNAC WJAS WLBZ WDRS WIP
NBC—Rhythm Ramblers, dance orchestra; Mary Steele, contralto; WJZ WBAL KDKA WMAL
WBZ—Metropolitan Stage Show
WCAU—Fur Trappers
WHAM—Mrs. Thrifty Buyer
WOR—Walter Abrens baritone; Orchestra
WRVA—Luxury Fiddler

11:45 EDT-a.m.-EST 10:45
CBS—Keenan and Phillips, piano duo; WABC WDRS WJAS WLBZ WIP

HIGH SPOT SELECTIONS FOR MONDAY

(Time Given Is Eastern Daylight)

6:00 p. m.—Berlin Double Male Quartet of the Berlin Teachers' Singing Society; NBC-WEAF network.

7:45 p. m.—Max Baer, in “Taxi”; NBC-WJZ network.

8:30 p. m.—Bing Crosby and Jimmy Grier's orchestra; CBS-WABC network.

8:45 p. m.—Babe Ruth's Baseball Comments; NBC-WJZ network.

9:00 p. m.—Rosa Ponselle; Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra; chorus; CBS-WABC network.

9:00 p. m.—Minstrel Show; Gene Arnold; Joe Parsons; Maple City Four; NBC-WJZ network.

9:30 p. m.—Ex-Lax Presents “The Big Show”; Helen Mencken, dramatic actress; Gertrude Niesen; Erno Rapee's orchestra; CBS-WABC network.

10:00 p. m.—Symphony Orchestra; Walter Damrich, conductor; NBC-WJZ network.

10:00 p. m.—Contented Hour; Morgan Eastman's orchestra; NBC-WEAF network.

10:30 p. m.—Pan American Concert; Juan Arvizu, Mexican tenor; Capt. William J. Stannard conducting U. S. Army Band; NBC-WEAF network.

NBC—Rhythm Ramblers; WBZ WHAM
KDKA—Ella Graubart
WCAU—Carlotta Dale, songs
WNAC—Stories from Real Life
WOR—“Strikingly Strange”; Rod Arkell; News

11:55 EDT-a.m.-EST 10:55
WEEI—What's News in the World

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon EDT—EST a.m. 11:00
NBC—Gene Arnold and the Commodores, quartet; Crazy Crystals Water Co.; WEAW WEEI WCSH WRC WGY WLIT
CBS—The Voice of Experience; Wasey Products, Inc.; WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WJAS WJSV
NBC—Morton Bove, tenor; WJZ WMAL WBAL
KDKA—Mid-Day Songs
WBZ—News
WHAM—Seth Parker's Folks (NBC)
WOR—Handicraft Club for Shut-ins, Claire A. Wolff
WRVA—Luxury Fiddlers

12:15 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:15
NBC—Rex Battle's Concert Ensemble; WEAW
CBS—Betty Barthell, songs; WABC WLBZ WJAS WAAB
NBC—Morin Sisters, harmony trio; WJZ WMAL WHAM WBAL
KDKA—Honey Boy and Sassafras
WBZ—The Weather, Temperature, Farmer's Almanac
WCAU—Carlotta Dale, soloist
WCSH—News
WGY—Martha and Hal
WJSV—Woman's Hour
WMAL—Musical Varieties (NBC)
WNAC—News and Weather
WOR—“Home Re-Decorating,” Christine Ray

12:20 p. m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:20
WCSH—Farm Flashes
WDRS—Elizabeth Barthell (CBS)
WOR—Studio Orchestra

12:25 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:25
WBZ—Governor Ely's Committee on Street and Highway Safety
WOR—Minute Manners, Mrs. J. S. Reilly

12:30 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:30
CBS—Gossip Behind the Microphone; Sterling Products, Inc.; Wallace Butterworth; Orchestra; Guest Star: WABC
NBC—Vic and Sade, comedy sketch with Art Van Harvey, Billy Idelson and Bernadine Flynn; WJZ WBAL WMAL KDKA WRVA WBZ WHAM
CBS—Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; WOKO WJSV WLBZ WAAB WCAU WJAS
NBC—Market and Weather Reports; WEAW
WCSH—Stocks and Weather Reports
WEEI—Stock Quotations
WNAC—The Shopper's Exchange
WOR—Aeolian-Skinner Organ Recital, Dion Kennedy, organist

12:35 p.m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:35
WEEI—Farmers Produce Market Report

12:45 p. m. EDT—EST a.m. 11:45
NBC—First Ladies of the Capitol; Mrs. Daniels Roper, Wife of Secretary of Commerce Roper, interviewed by Margaret Santry of the Washington Post; WEAW WCSH
CBS—Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; WABC
NBC—Merry Macs; Cheri McKay, contralto; Male Trio; WJZ WBZ WBAL WRVA
KDKA—Ernie Holst's Orchestra
WEEI—A Bit of This and a Bit of That, Caroline Cabot
WGY—The Vagabonds, Herald, Dean and Curt
WHAM—Tom Grierson, organist
WJSV—Newscast

1:00 p.m. EDT—EST Noon 12:00
NBC—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra; WEAW WFI WRC
CBS—George Hall's Orchestra; WABC WNAC WDRS WOKO WJSV WCAU
NBC—Words and Music; Ruth Lyon, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone; Harvey Hays, narrator; string ensemble; WJZ WBAL WMAL
KDKA—Market Reports
WBZ—Weather Reports
WCSH—Home Demonstration Agent
WGY—Albany on Parade, Peeping Tom and George
WHAM—Radio Grams
WOR—Dr. H. I. Strandhagen, Health Talk
WRVA—Organ Recital

1:05 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:05
WBZ—Farm Forum
WHAM—Words and Music (NBC)

1:10 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:10
WEEI—The Friendly Kitchen Observer

1:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:15
NBC—The Honorable Archie, sketch; WJZ WBAL WMAL
NBC—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra; WEEI WCSH
KDKA—Siesta
WCAU—Jim Burgess
WHAM—News Service
WIP—George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)
WOR—N. J. League of Women Voters

1:25 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:25
WHAM—Forum; Weather

1:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:30
NBC—Personality and Health, speakers; WEAW WCSH WFI
CBS—Mitscha Raginsky's Ensemble; WABC WJSV WOKO WNAC WDRS WJAS WCAU
NBC—National Farm and Home Hour; Guest Speakers; Walter Blaufuss' Orchestra; WJZ KDKA WBAL WBZ WHAM WMAL WRVA
WEEI—New England Kitchen of the Air, Marjorie Mills
WGY—Farm Program
WOR—Bide Dudley's Theater Club of the Air

1:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:45
CBS—Mitscha Raginsky's Ensemble; WIP WLBZ
WOR—Ariel String Ensemble
WRC—Orlando's Concert Ensemble (NBC)

2:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:00
NBC—Revolving Stage; Succession of Sketches; Incidental Music; WEAW WEEI WLIT WRC WCSH
CBS—Ann Leaf, organist; WABC WOKO WCAU WDRS WJAS WLBZ
KDKA—Tuberculosis Talk
WGY—Lauren Bell, baritone
WJSV—Gene Stewart, organist
WNAC—Spotlighting Municipal Affairs
WOR—Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, “The Psychologist Says.”

2:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:15
CBS—Romance of Helen Trent; Affiliated Products, Inc.; WABC WCAU WNAC
WGY—Household Chats
WJSV—Afternoon Rhythms
WOR—The Virginians, male quartet

2:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:30
CBS—Poetic Strings; WABC WJAS WDRS WJSV WNAC WOKO WLBZ WIP
NBC—Smack Out, comedy duo with Marian and Jim Jordan; WJZ WBAL WMAL
NBC—Revolving Stage; WGY
KDKA—Home Forum
WBZ—Lou Bell, pianist
WCAU—Women's Club of the Air
WHAM—School of the Air, Science
WOR—Martha Deane, Fashions; Food; Beauty; Child Training

2:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:45
NBC—Ma Perkins; Proctor and Gamble Co.; dramatic sketch with Virginia Payne, Margery Hannon, Karl Hubel, Willard Faarnum and Charles Eggleston; WEAW WRC WGY WEEI WLIT
NBC—Richard Maxwell, tenor; WJZ WMAL WBZ
WCSH—Musical
WRVA—Sunshine Program

3:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:00
NBC—Radio Guild, “Count of Monte Cristo,” dramatic sketch; WJZ WMAL WBAL KDKA WHAM WRVA
CBS—Oahu Serenaders; WABC WOKO WJAS WLBZ WIP WJSV WAAB
NBC—Bill Whitley, baritone; WEAW WFI WRC WGY WEEI WCSH
WBZ—Ye English Tea Shoppe
WOR—Show Boat Boys, harmony team

3:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:15
CBS—Rhythm Kings; WOKO WJAS WLBZ WAAB
NBC—The Wise Man, dramatic program; WEAW WRC WCSH WEEI
CBS—The Voice of Experience, advice; Wasey Products, Inc.; WABC WCAU WJSV
WBZ—Over the Heather with Sandy McFarlane
WGY—Health Hunters
WNAC—Baseball Game; Chicago Cubs vs. Boston Braves, Fred Hoey, announcer
WOR—Your Lover; Voice and Organ

3:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:30
CBS—U. S. Marine Band; WABC WOKO WAAB WJSV WLBZ WIP WJAS
NBC—Woman's Radio Review; Orchestra direction Joseph Littau; Claudine Macdonald; WEAW WCSH WGY WEEI WRC WFI
WBZ—Home Forum Cooking School
WCAU—Pinto Pete
WOR—Spring Flower Show

HIGH SPOT SELECTIONS FOR TUESDAY

(Time Given Is Eastern Daylight)

- 12:15 p. m.—Tenth Annual Spelling Bee: CBS-WABC network
- 4:00 p. m.—World Art Round Table Discussion; speakers: NBC-WEAF network.
- 7:30 p. m.—East and Dumke, comedians: NBC-WEAF network.
- 8:00 p. m.—Leo Reisman's orchestra; Phil Duey, baritone: NBC-WEAF network.
- 8:30 p. m.—Hollywood Show; Vivienne Segal; Abe Lyman's orchestra: CBS-WABC network.
- 8:30 p. m.—Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano; Honey Deane, blues singer; Harry Salter's orchestra: NBC-WJZ network.
- 9:00 p. m.—Elizabeth Arden Presents: Maury (Cholly Knickerbocker) Paul; Freddie Martin's orchestra: CBS-WABC network.
- 9:00 p. m.—Ben-Bernie's Blue Ribbon program with all the lads: NBC-WEAF network.
- 10:00 p. m.—Ray Perkins, comedian; guest star: NBC-WJZ network.
- 10:00 p. m.—Camel Caravan; Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra; Stoopnagle and Budd; Connie Boswell: CBS-WABC network.

(TUESDAY CONTINUED)

- 2:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 1:45
NBC—Ma Perkins; Proctor and Gamble Co.; dramatic sketch; Virginia Payne; Margery Hanon; Karl Hubel; Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston: WEAFF WRC WGY WEEI WLIT
- NBC—Nellie Revell at Large Interviews; The Pickens Sisters: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WMAL WHAM
- WCSH—Musical Program
- WRVA—Herman Carow, violinist
- 3:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:00
NBC—Blue Room Echoes, string ensemble: WEAFF WFI WGY WCSH
- CBS—Metropolitan Parade; Leith Stevens, conducting: WABC WLBZ WOKO WAAB WJAS WIP WJSV
- NBC—Nathan Stewart, baritone: WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAL WRVA WBZ
- KDKA—Those Three Girls
- WCAU—Around the Theater with Powers Gouraun
- WEEI—Bel Castillo, organist
- WNAC—Novelty Quintet; Rosina Scotti, soprano
- WOR—Sally and Sue, harmony and comedy
- 3:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:15
KDKA—Congress of Clubs
- WCAU—Women's Club of the Air
- WGY—Voices of the Past
- WHAM—Rochester School of the Air
- WNAC—Baseball Game; Philadelphia vs. Boston Braves, Fred Hoey announcer
- WOR—Newark Museum Talk, Dorothy Gates
- WRC—Blue Room Echoes (NBC)
- 3:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:30
NBC—Woman's Radio Review; Guest Speaker; Claudine MacDonald; Orchestra, direction Joseph Littau: WEAFF WGY WCSH WTIC WEEI WFI WRC
- CBS—Gypsy Music Makers, Emery Deutsch, conductor: WABC WOKO WJAS WAAB WIP WJSV
- NBC—Music Magic; Orchestra direction Roy Shield; Ruth Lyon, soprano; Cyril Pitts, tenor; Joan Blaine, narrator: WJZ KDKA WBAL WHAM WMAL WRVA
- WBZ—Home Forum Cooking School
- WCAU—Pinto Pete
- WOR—Afternoon Musicales, Featuring Gwen Morrow and Byron Holiday, songs, with John Stein's Ariel Ensemble
- 3:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 2:45
CBS—Winthrop W. Aldrich, "Financing Social Service Work in America: WABC WJAS WAAB WIP WJSV
- 4:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:00
NBC—World Art Round Table Discussion; Speakers: Edward Alden Jewell, Art Editor of the N. Y. Times; Albert Franz Cochrane, Art Editor, Boston Evening Transcript; Grace Kelly, Art Editor, Cleveland Plain Dealer; Margaret Breuning, Art Editor, N. Y. Evening Post; Mrs. Helen Appleton Read, Art Editor, Brooklyn Daily Eagle; Malcolm Vaughn, columnist for Hearst Syndicate and others: WEAFF WGY WCSH WRVA
- CBS—Lieutenant Francis W. Sutherland; Seventh Regiment Band: WABC WOKO WJAS WLBZ WIP WJSV WIP
- NBC—Betty and Bob; General Mills, Inc.; dramatic sketch: WJZ WBAL WBZ KDKA WHAM WMAL
- WCAU—The Pickard Family
- WEEI—Stock Exchange Quotations
- 4:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:15
NBC—The Singing Stranger; Bauer and Black; Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch, with Dorothy Day: WJZ WBAL WMAL WHAM KDKA WRVA WBZ
- NBC—Don Bigelow's Orchestra: WFI
- WCSH—Maine Federation Womens Clubs
- WEEI—Musical Turns
- 4:20 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:20
WFI—Round Table (NBC)
- 4:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:30
NBC—Alice Jov, the Dream Girl: WJZ WMAL WHAM WRVA
- CBS—Bill Huggins, songs: WABC WOKO WJAS WJSV
- NBC—Jimmy Rogers, songs: WEAFF WGY WEEI WRC
- KDKA—Market Reports
- WBAL—"Dollars and Sense Outlook," by Alyce Lytle supervisor home service bureau
- WBZ—Health Clinic
- WCAU—"Thru the Looking Glass," with Frances Ingram
- WOR—Fannie Davies, Leighton Edelen, two-piano

- 4:40 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:40
WBZ—Health Question Box; U. S. Department of Health
- WEEI—City Wide Recreation Campaign
- 4:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:45
NBC—Lady Next Door, children's program, direction of Madge Tucker: WEAFF WEEI WLIT WCSH WRC
- CBS—Four Showman: WABC WCAU WOKO WJAS WJSV
- NBC—Donnelly James, Wally Smith's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WMAL WRVA WBZ
- WGY—Stock Reports
- WOR—The Easy Chair, Musical Program
- 5:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:00
NBC—Palmer Clark's Orchestra: WJZ
- CBS—On the Air Tonight; Program Resume: WABC
- NBC—Music Box; Gloria La Vey, soprano; Male Chorus: WEAFF WEEI WCSH WLIT
- CBS—The Dictators: WOKO WDRC WJSV WAAB WJAS WIP
- WBZ—Agricultural Markets
- WCAU—Ship Ahoj with Captain George Streaker
- WGY—Lang Sisters
- WOR—Carroll Club Reporter
- 5:05 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:05
CBS—The Dictators: WABC
- WOR—Melody Maments
- 5:10 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:10
WOR—Program Resume
- 5:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:15
CBS—Skippy, children's sketch; Sterling Products, Inc.: WABC WAAB WDRC WCAU WJAS
- KDKA—Kiddies' Club
- WBZ-WBZA—The Monitor Views the News Henry Edison Williams
- WGY—Billy Rose, tenor
- WHAM—News Comments; Police News
- WJSV—Serenade
- WNAC—The Yankee Singers
- WOR—"Once Upon a Time," Fairy Tales for Children
- 5:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:30
NBC—Tattered Man, dramatic sketch: WEAFF WRC WCSH
- CBS—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy; General Mills, Inc.: WABC WOKO WNAC WDRC WCAU WJAS
- NBC—Singing Lady; Kellogg Company; nursery jingles, songs and stories: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA WHAM WEEI
- WGY—Princess Nacomee, Wigwam Club
- WJSV—Johnny Slaughter's Orchestra
- WOR—Power of Speech, Bosil Ruysdael
- WRVA—Monacle Review
- 5:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 4:45
NBC—Little Orphan Annie; Wander Co.; childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, Allan Baruck, Henrietta Tedro and Harry Cansdale: WJZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WMAL WBZ WBZA WRVA
- CBS—Gordon Dave and Bunny, songs; J. L. Prescott Co.: WABC WOKO WDRC WCAU WAAB WJSV WJAS
- NBC—Nursery Rhymes; Milton J. Cross and Lewis James, children's program: WEAFF WCSH WEEI WGY
- WNAC—Bob White, the Old Philosopher
- WOR—The Lonely Cowboy, Tex Fletcher

NIGHT

- 6:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:00
NBC—Angelo Ferdinando's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL
- NBC—Mme. Frances Alda, soprano: WEAFF WLW
- CBS—Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century; R. B. Davis Co.: WABC WOKO WAAB WCAU WJAS WJSV
- KDKA—Time, Temperature, Weather
- WBZ—Joe and Bateese, sketch
- WCSH—News Flashes
- WEEI—The Evening Tattler
- WGY—Evening Brevities; News Items
- WHAM—New York State P. T. A. Program
- WNAC—News Flashes; Weather
- WOR—Uncle Don, children's program
- WRVA—Rhythm Parade
- 6:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:15
CBS—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim; Hecker H-O Co.: WABC WAAB WCAU WDRC WLBZ WOKO
- CBS—Skippy, children's sketch; Sterling Products, Inc.: WJSV

- WBZ—Baseball Resume, Bill Williams
- WCSH—Sports Review
- WGY—John Finke, pianist
- WHAM—Angelo Ferdinando's Orchestra (NBC)
- WNAC—Baseball Scores
- WRVA—Cecil and Sally
- 6:20 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:20
WCSH—Musical Interlude
- WNAC—The Musical Rhymester
- 6:25 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:25
WCSH—Henley Kimball Co.
- WGY—Short Talks on Advertising
- WNAC—Racing Results
- WRVA—Sports Reporter
- 6:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:30
NBC—Mid-Week Hymn Sing, Kathryn Palmer, soprano; Joyce Allmand, contralto; Sidney Smith, tenor; Arthur Billings Hunt, baritone and director; Lowell Patton, organist: WEAFF WGY WRC WCSH

- CBS—Mischa Raginsky's Ensemble: WABC WLBZ WOKO WDRC
- NBC—Ivory Stamp Club; Proctor and Gamble Co.; Capt. Tim Healy: WJZ
- CBS—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy; General Mills, Inc.: WJSV
- NBC—Twenty Fingers of Harmony: WHAM WMAL
- WBZ—Time; Old Farmer's Almanac; Weather; Sports
- WCAU—Harold Knight's Orchestra
- WEEI—Baseball Scores
- WLW—Jack Armstrong, sketch
- WNAC—School Orchestra
- WOR—Harry Hershfield, humorist
- WRVA—Hi-Plane Pilots
- 6:35 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:35
WBAL—Twenty Fingers of Harmony (NBC)
- WEEI—Current Events

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS THIN AS A RAIL!

SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN 5 to 15 lbs.—QUICK!

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added

WHY let people call you "skinny" and neglect you when this new easy way is giving thousands firm flesh, attractive curves in a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly hollows fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Your skin clears, new health comes—you're an entirely new person!

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 796, Atlanta, Ga.

HIGH SPOT SELECTIONS FOR WEDNESDAY

(Time Given Is Eastern Daylight)

- 12:30 p.m.—Maryland Tercentenary; Solemn High Pontifical Field Military Mass; Rt. Rev. M. J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, participating: NBC-WJZ network.

(WEDNESDAY CONTINUED)

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon EDT—EST a.m. 11:00 NBC—Gene Arnold and the Commodores; Crazy Water Crystals Co.; quartet: WFAE WEEI WGY WWSH WLIT WRC

- WOR—Rosalind Genet, Book Review
1:40 EDT—p.m.—EST 12:40 WDRG—Harold Knight's Orchestra (CBS)

- WCAU—The Pickard Family
WEEI—Stock Exchange Quotations
4:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 3:15 NBC—Pop Concert: WEEI

- 6:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:15 NBC—Salty Sam, children's sketch: WJZ WBAL
CBS—Skippy, children's sketch; Sterling Products Co.: WJSV

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre and RADIO BROADCASTING Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire, Nna Merkel, Zita Johann, Mary Pickford, etc.

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Magazines, newspapers, movies, radio, advertising, publicity, book publishers constantly looking for new talent.

—TYPISTS—
Extra Money for your spare time copying Radio Scripts, others. Interesting work, Good Pay. Experience unnecessary.

GOLD & SILVER BOUGHT
Bring or mail your old gold, gold filled jewelry, bridgework, antiques etc. Highest prices paid.

"FACE LIFTING" BANDAGE \$1.00
EVERY WOMAN OVER 25 should wear it. Scientifically treated and woven to create passive massage action which OVERCOMES and PREVENTS Double Chin, Jowls and "nose-to-mouth" Lines.

SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST
NEW WRITERS INVITED
Cash payments will be advanced to writers of songs, if used and published in "The Orchestra World." Send us any of your material (words or music) likely to be found suitable for radio entertainment.

(WEDNESDAY CONTINUED)

6:35 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:35
 WEEI—Current Events
6:40 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:40
 WEEI—Walsh's Wandering Minstrel
6:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 5:45
 CBS—Bealestreet Boys: WABC WDRB WAAB WCAU
 NBC—Martha Mears, contralto: WEAFF WFI WEEI
 NBC—Lowell Thomas; Sunoil Co.; today's news: WJZ WBZ KDKA WLW WBAL WHAM WMAL
 WCSH—Community Oil Co.
 WGY—Piano Pals and Jerry Branon
 WJSV—Ice Carnival of the Air
 WRVA—Rhythm Parade
7:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:00
 NBC—Baseball Resume; B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.; Ford Bond: WEAFF
 CBS—Vera Van, songs: WABC WOKO WDRB WJAS WCAU WNAC
 NBC—Martha Mears, contralto; Orchestra: WLIT WFI
 NBC—Amos 'n' Andy; Pepsodent Company; sketch: WJZ WBAL WBZ KDKA WLW WRVA WMAL
 WCSH—Markson's Program
 WGY—Through the Looking Glass, Frances Ingram
 WHAM—Kendall Sportcast
 WJSV—Evening Rhythms
 WOR—Ford Frick, sports
7:10 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:10
 WCAU—Around the World in Your Armchair
7:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:15
 NBC—GILLETTE PRESENTS GENE AND GLENN, comedy sketch: WEAFF WGY WCSH WEEI WRC
 CBS—Just Plain Bill, skit; The Kolyonos Sales Co.: WABC WNAC WCAU WJAS WJSV
 NBC—Literary Digest; Roosevelt Pull and Sports High Spots for week with Graham McNamee; WJZ
 KDKA—Nancy Martin
 Are You Lovable?
 The Better to Love You, My Dear
 Little Grass Shack
 My Moonlight Madonna
 My Buddy
 Hummin' to Myself
 WBZ—Dick Tracy
 WHAM—Dance Orchestra
 WLW—Joe Emerson, songs; Orchestra
 WOR—Dance Music
 WRVA—Enid Bur

7:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:30
 NBC—Support of Stratosphere Flight, talk by Brigadier General Oscar Westover: WEAFF WTIC WGY WCSH WRC
 NBC—Irene Rich in Hollywood; Welch Grape Juice Co.: WJZ WMAL WOKO WBZ WBAL WHAM KDKA
 CBS—Music on the Air; Tide Water Oil Sales Co.; Jimmy Kemper: WABC WOKO WNAC WDRB WJAS WJSV WCAU WLBZ
 WEEI—After Dinner Revue
 WIP—Charlie Gaines' Orchestra (CBS)
 WLW—Bob Newhall, "Mail Pouch Sportsman"
 WOR—Cal Tinney's Shindig; Tex Fletcher, cowboy songs
 WRVA—News Leader History of Old Virginia
7:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:45
 NBC—The Goldbergs; Pepsodent Company; sketch with Gertrude Berg and James Waters: WEAFF WEEI WCSH WLIT WGY WRC
 CBS—Boake Carter, news; Philco Radio and Television Corp.: WABC WNAC WCAU WJAS WJSV WLBZ
 NBC—Max Baer, in "Taxi"; B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.; sketch: WJZ WBZ WBAL KDKA WMAL WHAM WRVA
 WLW—Melody Masters
 WOR—True Stories of the Sea
7:50 EDT—p.m.—EST 6:50
 WRVA—Smoky and Poky
8:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 7:00
 NBC—Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen; Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra; Standard Brands, Inc.: WEAFF WTIC WEEI WCSH WLIT WGY WRVA WRC
 CBS—The Columbians: WABC WNAC WDRB WJAS WOKO WIP
 NBC—Crime Clues; Harold S. Ritchie and Co.; an original Spencer Dean mystery drama with Ellsworth Vines, guest star; Edward Reese and John MacBryde: WJZ WBAL WMAL KDKA WBZ WLW
 WCAU—Dog Stories by Bob Becker
 WHAM—Musical Program
 WOR—"The Champions"; Orchestra
8:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 7:15
 CBS—Easy Aces, comedy sketch; Wyeth Chemical Co.: WABC WNAC WOKO WCAU WJAS
 WHAM—Rochester Evening School of the Air, Physics
8:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 7:30
 NBC—Guest Orchestra; Lady Esther Co.: WEAFF WCSH WLIT WGY WTIC WRC
 NBC—Maple City Four; Crazy Water Crystals; Male Quartet: WJZ WBAL WMAL KDKA WBZ

CBS—"Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities"; American Home Products, Inc.; Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; Ohman and Arden; "Romeo and Juliet"; and Irving Kaufman: WABC WJSV WJAS WCAU WNAC
 WHAM—Dramatization
 WLW—Unbroken Melodies
 WOR—"The Lone Ranger", Western sketch
 WRVA—Sally Sothern and the Kiddies Radio Club
8:35 EDT—p.m.—EST 7:35
 WHAM—Maple City Four (NBC)
8:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 7:45
 NBC—Babe Ruth's Baseball Comments; Quaker Oats Co.; drama: WJZ WBAL WHAM WMAL KDKA WBZ WRVA
 WLW—Radio Court
9:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 8:00
 NBC—The Hour of Smiles; Bristol Meyers Co.; Fred Allen; Theodore Webb; Bartholomew Singers; Lennie Hayton's Orchestra: WEAFF WCSH WLIT WGY WLW WRVA WTIC WRC WEEI
 CBS—Nino Martini, tenor; Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra; Chorus; Liegett and Meyers Tobacco Co.: WABC WNAC WDRB WOKO WCAU WJSV WJAS WLBZ
 Waltz Medley
 This Night (Orchestra)
 The Song is Ended (Orchestra)
 In the Luxembourg Gardens (Nino Martini) Manning
 Night of the Desert (Chorus) Hill
 I Knew You When (Orchestra)
 Che Gledia Mania (Tyh Hands are Frozen) Nino Martini Puccini
 Toyland Parade
 March of the Toys (Chorus and Orchestra)
 Toyland Train (Chorus and Orchestra)
 Toyland (Chorus and Orchestra)
 Roses of Picardy (Nino Martin) Hadyn Wood
 NBC—Raymond Knight's Cuckoos; A. C. Sparkplug Co.; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; The Sparklers; Robert Armbruster's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL WBZ KDKA WMAL WHAM
 WOR—"Italics", H. Stokes Lott Jr.; book dramatizations
9:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 8:30
 CBS—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra; Burns and Allen, comedy team; General Cigar Co.: WABC WOKO WNAC WDRB WCAU WJAS WJSV
 NBC—The Love Story Program; William R. Warner Co.; Paul Lucas in "Professor's Love Story": WJZ KDKA WBZ WHAM WMAL
 WBAL—Dramatic Sketch
9:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 8:45
 WOR—That's Life, dramatized news headlines
10:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:00
 NBC—Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia; Larus and Brothers Co.; barnyard music; male quartet: WEAFF WTIC WCSH WRC WLIT WGY WEEI WRVA WLW
 Jingle Bells (Symphony)
 Golden Slippers (Symphony)
 Joshua Faught the Battle of Jericho (Tobacco Boys)
 Hold Me (Little George)
 Hilo March (Hawaiians)
 Comin' Around the Mountain (Symphony)
 Flute Novelty (Specialty)
 Tap Dance (Larry Doolittle)
 Jig Time (Unknown Five)
 CBS—Broadcast from Byrd Expedition; General Foods; William Daly's Orchestra: WABC WOKO WCAU WJSV WAAB WJAS
 NBC—Musical Cruiser; Plough, Inc.; Ed Sullivan, columnist; Vincent Lopez' Orchestra; Four Minute Men; Charles Lyons; Frances Langford, contralto; Guest Stars: WJZ WBAL WHAM WBZ KDKA WMAL
 Stand Up and Cheer (Orchestra)
 I've Had My Moments (Langford)
 So Help Me Ensemble
 Riptide (Piano Solo)
 The Boogie Man (Four Minute Men)
 Goodnight Lovely Little Lady (Orchestra and Ensemble)
 WNAC—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
10:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:15
 WOR—Harlan Eugene Read, current events
10:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:30
 NBC—Jack Denny's Orchestra; Harry Richman; John B. Kennedy; Continental Oil Co.: WJZ WHAM WMAL WBAL WRVA
 The Girl Friend (Orchestra)
 Lazy Dan in the Sun (Harry Richman)
 Because it's Love (Orchestra)
 I'm Just That Way (Harry Richman)
 Over Somebody Else's Shoulder (Orchestra)
 John B. Kennedy on "Golf"
 Old Waltz Medley:
 Sympathy Friml
 My Hero Strauss
 My Gal Sal
 East Side West Side
 Missouri Waltz
 Auf Wiederseh'n Bomberg
 Goin' to Heaven on a Mule (Harry Richman)
 My Middle Name is Love (Orchestra)
 CBS—Albert Spalding, violinist; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Don Vorhees' Orchestra: WABC WOKO WDRB WJSV WJAS WIP WLBZ WAAB WCAU
 Signature (Orchestra) Voorhees
 Agnus Dei (Spalding, Thibault and Ensemble) Bizet
 Ballet Music from Rosamunde (Spalding and Orchestra) Schubert

The World is Waiting for the Sunrise (Thibault and Orchestra) Seitz
 Scherzo Caprice (Spaulding and Orchestra) Mendelssohn
 Me and My Little Banjo (Quartet and Orchestra)
 On the Road to Mandalay (Thibault and Orchestra) Speaks
 Evening Song (Spalding and Orchestra) Schumann
 NBC—The Other Americans; Edward Tomlinson: WEAFF WGY WRC WEEI WCSH
 KDKA—Romance of Dan and Sylvia
 WBZ—Sammy Liner's Orchestra
 WLW—Henry Thies' Orchestra; Ponce Sisters, trio; Wilson Long, tenor; Tiolene trio; male quartet
 WNAC—Jack Fishers' Orchestra; Bette Brooks
 WOR—Willard Robison's Orchestra
10:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:45
 KDKA—"Finish the Cathedral"
 WLW—Dance Orchestra
 WNAC—Jack Ingersoll's sport page
 WRC—Jack Denny's Orchestra (NBC)
10:50 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:50
 WNAC—The Musical Rhymester
10:55 EDT—p.m.—EST 9:55
 WNAC—Baseball Scores
11:00 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:00
 NBC—Angelo Ferdinando's Orchestra; Hotel Great Northern Corp.; Tom Brown, vocalist: WEAFF WTIC WCSH WGY WLIT WRC
 CBS—Nick Lucas, songs; Freddie Rich's Orchestra: WABC WOKO WIP WAAB WDRB WJSV WJAS
 NBC—Pickens Sisters, harmony trio: WJZ WBAL
 NBC—Amos 'n' Andy; Pepsodent Co.: WHAM
 KDKA—Time; Temperature; Weather
 WBZ—Weather; Sports Review
 WCAU—Boake Carter, talk
 WEEI—Weather, Road and Fishing Forecasts
 WLW—You Gentlemen, dramatic sketch
 WNAC—News Service; Local News
 WOR—"Moonbeams," direction of George Shackley
 WRVA—Crazy Water Souvenirs
11:05 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:05
 WEEI—Baseball Scores
 WLW—Cocktail Continental
11:10 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:10
 WEEI—News
11:15 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:15
 NBC—Enric Madruguera's Orchestra: WEAFF WRC WTIC WLIT
 CBS—News: WABC WJSV WIP WDRB WLBZ
 NBC—John Fogarty, tenor; Orchestra: WJZ WBAL WCSH
 KDKA—Around the Cracker Barrel
 WBZ—Joe Rines' Orchestra
 WCAU—Ben Greenblatt, pianist
 WEEI—News (NBC)
 WGY—Jack Miles' Orchestra
 WHAM—News
 WRVA—Chandu, The Magician
11:20 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:20
 CBS—Reggie Child's Orchestra: WABC WDRB WJSV WLBZ WIP WNAC WJAS WLBZ
11:25 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:25
 WHAM—Dance Orchestra
11:30 EDT—p.m.—EST 10:30
 KDKA—Ernie Holst's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) News, Ben Pollack's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Marty Gregor's Orchestra; (12:30 EDT) Harold Stern's Orchestra
 WABC—Reggie Child's Orchestra (11:45 P.M. EDT) Frank Dailey's Orchestra (12 Mid. EDT) Red Nichols' Orchestra (12:30 A.M. EDT) George Hall's Orchestra (1 A.M. EDT) Enoch Light's Orchestra
 WBZ—Courier Sisters; (11:45 P.M. EDT) News; (11:50 P.M. EDT) Ben Pollack's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Emil Coleman's Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) Jack Berger's Orchestra; (1 A.M. EDT) Program Calendar
 WCAU—Reggie Child's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) Frank Dailey's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Red Nichol's Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) George Hall's Orchestra
 WCSH—Reggie Child's Orchestra (11:45 p.m. EDT) News
 WEAFF—Reggie Child's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) News; (11:50 P.M. EDT) Reggie Child's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Burry Rogers' Orchestra
 WGY—Reggie Child's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) News; (11:50 P.M. EDT) Reggie Child's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Jack Miles' Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) Johnny Johnson's Orchestra
 WHAM—Dance Orchestra (11:50 P.M. EDT) Ben Pollack's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Emil Coleman's Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) Jack Berger's Orchestra
 WJSV—George Hall's Orchestra
 WJZ—Dan Russo's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) News; (11:50 P.M. EDT) Ben Pollack's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Emil Coleman's Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) Jack Berger's Orchestra
 WLW—(12:30 A.M. EDT) Clyde Lucas' Orchestra (2 A.M. EDT) Dance Orchestra; (2:30 A.M. EDT) Paul Pendarvis' Orchestra
 WNAC—Reggie Child's Orchestra; (11:45 P.M. EDT) Frank Dailey's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Red Nichols' Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) George Hall's Orchestra
 WOR—Charles Barnett's Orchestra; (12 Mid. EDT) Anthony Trini's Orchestra
 WRVA—Smoky and Poky; (11:45 P.M. EDT) Dance Orchestra; (12:15 A.M. EDT) Emil Coleman's Orchestra; (12:30 A.M. EDT) Organist

Radio Guide's
PRIZE CATALOG FOR BOYS



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NAME _____ AGE _____
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 CITY _____ STATE _____

WBAL—Dramatic Sketch
9:45 EDT—p.m.—EST 8:45
 WOR—That's Life, dramatized news headlines
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 Lazy Dan in the Sun (Harry Richman)
 Because it's Love (Orchestra)
 I'm Just That Way (Harry Richman)
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 Signature (Orchestra) Voorhees
 Agnus Dei (Spalding, Thibault and Ensemble) Bizet
 Ballet Music from Rosamunde (Spalding and Orchestra) Schubert

Thursday, May 31

MORNING

See Monday for Listings Before 9 a.m.

9:00 EDT-a.m.-EST 8:00
NBC-The Breakfast Club; Dance Band; Jack Owens, tenor; Mary Steele, soprano: WJZ

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon EDT-EST a.m. 11:00
CBS-The Voice of Experience; Wasey Products, Inc.: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WJAS WJSV

12:35 p.m. EDT-EST a.m. 11:35
WEEI-Boston Farmers Produce Market Report
12:45 p.m. EDT-EST a.m. 11:45
NBC-Maurice Lee's Ensemble: WDSH WRC

WBZ-Home Forum Cooking School; "A Few Favorite Fish Dishes," Mildred W. Carlson
WCAU-Pinto Pete
WOR-Afternoon Musicales, featuring John Stein's Ariel Ensemble with Gwen Marrow and Byron Holiday, songs

Last Chance To Vote STAR OF STARS ELECTION CLOSES JUNE 1 See Page 17

A NEW DEVICE
Radio Men, Experimentors, Set Builders: A radio "CHUCKER" will enable you to localize ANY radio trouble. In ANY radio receiver, regardless of the complaint, in a few minutes, Radio "CHUCKER" proved successful on 1000 actual service jobs. Never known to fail. Comes complete with simple instructions. Introductory Price \$1.00 Postpaid. FREED'S RADIO CO. (Dept. G) 5053 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

WORLD SHORT WAVE TIME TABLE

Sportcasts of the Week

Table with columns for Freq. Meters Call In Wave Let-Megs. Length ters and time slots for 2 a. m. to 1 p. m. (EDT) and 2 p. m. to 1 a. m. (EDT). Rows list various radio stations and their broadcast times.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(Time Given Is EDT) TUESDAY, May 29: 11 p. m., wrestling, WGBF (630kc). WEDNESDAY, May 30: 4 p. m., Suburban Handicap, horse race, CBS-WABC network; 4:15 p. m., Indianapolis Auto Race, NBC-WJZ. THURSDAY, May 31: 10:15 p. m., wrestling, CKCL (580 kc); WFBE (1200 kc). FRIDAY, June 1: 1:10 p. m., wrestling, WIP (610 kc).

CONTINUING their accommodations for sports fans, the Columbia Broadcasting System will be on hand to air the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association track and field meet at Philadelphia Friday and Saturday, May 25 and 26. Quite a layout has been prepared for this big carnival, Ted Husing and Les Qualey collaborating in accounts of the preliminaries from 3 to 4 p. m. EDT Friday over a CBS-WABC hook-up and coming on for the championship events at 3 and 4:30 p. m. Saturday. They figure that interest in this branch of sports is as great as in many others so they intend treating the folks many more times this summer.

Leaving the three-year-old championship races for a time, the CBS combination of Ted Husing and Thomas Bryan George takes up the account of the Suburban Handicap, a mile and a quarter test which will engage a field of handicap stars probably headed by that equine marvel, Equipoise. "Ekky" won this Belmont Park feature last year, and on Decoration Day will be trying to add more to his money earned total in an endeavor to pass up the leader, Sun Beau. This sports high-

light is scheduled for 4 p. m. EDT over a CBS-WABC network.

CORRECT FOOTWORK, extremely important in the game of tennis, is Ellsworth Vines' second lesson over the NBC-WEAF network Sunday morning. This young court star received a nice response to his opening period on the air and is looking forward to a heavy fan mail during the summer... late scores from the South Pole report a hot four-inning ball game at 40 below zero, both teams wearing draftproof furs and using pick handles as bludgeons. The Devil Imps, battery: Lt. Commander Schlosback and Alton Wade eked out a 4 to 3 triumph over the Fire Eaters served by Jim Starret and Dr. Erwin Bramball. It was a real moonlight game although started at 2 p. m. SPT (South Pole Time) and all future tilts will be under the Northern Lights until the daylight season begins... The networks will be on hand June 7, 8 and 9 at Marion Cricket Club to handle the U. S. Open Golf tournament.

INAUGURATING a new series of sports entertainment, WPEN (920 kc) presents "Bob Paul's Sports Thrills" each evening at 7:15 p. m. EDT with Robert T. Paul, ace Philadelphia sports scribe as narrator. Listeners will be treated to vivid descriptions of the day's athletic high spots as Paul's schedule calls for trips to the dugouts of home and visiting ball clubs and comments on the various fight and wrestling contests.

REVIEWING RADIO

(Continued from Page 7)

veterans of the air, then I have no particular yearning for its advent.

I COULDN'T help but notice in recent issues of RADIO GUIDE, the complaints from quite a few customers who have grown tired of listening to the type of music which, for want of a better name, is called "jazz". From the looks of things, those who are crying out for its abolition, will never live to see its complete banishment. They will see the popular tempos whipped into better shape, and supplied with numerous refinements. But there is one thing of which they can rest assured. Those who are fastidious about their music, don't have to listen to jazz now, if they don't want to. Many other types of music are available, and if Vincent Sorey, a proponent of better music for radio, is any sort of prophet, we are on the verge of a great musical reformation.

Vincent tells me that broadcasting, in his opinion, within little more than a decade has established itself as the greatest cultural force in America. What it has done in ten years will be multiplied many times within an even shorter space.

"BROADCASTING," says Mr. Sorey, "has done in those few years what generations of previous effort failed to accomplish. It has created a farflung and un-

precedented popular demand for good music. And don't let this surprise you."

(That is probably true, because when John Royal, vice-president of NBC, returned from a tour of the country the other day, he said that all rural America was still discussing the Metropolitan Opera series which recently was sponsored by Lucky Strike.)

"It's been coming for several years," Mr. Sorey continues, "this interest in good music and opera. Damrosch and Stokowski and men like that never give up hope for popularizing the best in music. They plan and conduct and explain and teach, not only the listeners but the radio station executives, so that nobody now, not even sponsors, is afraid of good music as they once were. Radio will keep on with this good work, until the public no longer will find any excuse to complain."

However, there is no likelihood that dance music or Tin Pan Alley ever will go on the wane. They have their place, if only to afford a break in the tempo. We within the publishing houses tell me that need them as a contrast, and the prophets of popular music, too, will shortly include musicianship.

But when all this happens, what shall be called "popular" music—and what "classic?"

BEGONE "COPYCATS!"

(Continued from Page 6)

with confidence in our audience appeal and sufficient professional sagacity to permit us to shape our own programs. The result is a matter of record.

Then came the copy cats, heretofore ridiculed, but now welcomed. Any evening you may dial a program molded on lines originally marked out by the Pennsylvanians. Some of them are excellent imitations—but still imitations. Others are botched through inferior direction. Recordings are made of our semi-weekly broadcasts and arrangements copied, even to punctuation. Frog-voiced comics imitate our own intimitable Poley McClintock in novelty numbers that were tabu prior to our entry into the field.

The programs are easily discernible in the low brackets of popularity. They are

ear-marked duplicates, associated with gag-lifting comics and others of their ilk. They are brazen now—the mike is a one-way feeder, a barrier against the embarrassment of audience contact.

The absence of a court of complaint for the protection of talent and material is unfortunate in a profession that plays with millions in dollars and individuals. Eventually, something may be worked out to talk the leaks. Until then the creative professional is ticketed as a legitimate target for the unethical sharpshooters of show-business.

The thermometer of public popularity, however, is a true gauge. And the public, despite the machinations of the incapables, can always be depended upon to note the difference between a clean shirt and a dirty shirt.

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

- Meg. Megacycles (equal to 1,000 kilocycles)
\$ in table means local program.
‡ in table means NBC program.
† in table means Columbia program.
See regular broadcast program listings for NBC and CBS programs at hours noted.

Suggestions for Use

By placing a straight edge from hour you are listening, as found at top of table, to corresponding hour at foot of table, the stations on the air will be found designated by either \$, ‡ or †.

NOTES, with EXPLANATORY REMARKS

(Time Given Is Pacific Standard)

- 1. Tuesday and Friday only; Sunday, 5:30 to 7:00 p. m.
2. Sundays only.
3. Daily except Sunday.
4. Daily except Sunday, relays WCFL.
5. Monday to Thursday; Friday and Saturday 5:00 a. m. to 9:00 a. m.; Sunday 9:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. Carries CKGW pro-

- grams.
6. Carries WENR programs. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. Sunday, 2:30 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.; 7:00 p. m. to midnight.
7. Saturdays only. Carries WJZ programs.
8. Irregular.
9. Sundays, from 7:00 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.
10. Sunday, Thursday, and Saturday only.
11. Thursday only.
12. Saturday only.
13. Wednesday and Saturday only.
14. Sunday, 6:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m.
15. Sunday, 2:00 a. m. to 8:00 a. m.
16. Tuesdays and Fridays only.
17. Tuesday and Thursday only.
18. Saturday and Sunday, 5:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m.
19. Saturday and Sunday, 6:00 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.
20. Mondays only.
21. Except Fridays.
22. Tuesdays only.
23. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
24. Friday only.

MUSIC IN THE AIR: England's Weakness

By Carleton Smith

AMERICAN dance bands might well intrigue Roger Eckersley, Director of Entertainment for the British Broadcasting Company. They thrill every European. For their like is not heard elsewhere in the world. They are native to our soil and, as yet, they have not been successfully transplanted.

Mr. Eckersley's "Case for the British," printed in RADIO GUIDE two issues ago, is an eminently fair statement of the situation there. He says correctly that the BBC presents the "best artists and the best entertainment available in the country," just as our broadcasters endeavor to obtain the best names for competitive programs. But the general quality of the talent, especially musical, available in England is not to be compared with that which we know here.

The English public hears good, sometimes excellent, symphony performances. But the superlative, the thrilling, and the vital performances such as we witnessed during Mr. Toscanini's final Wagner broadcasts . . . these transcendent glimpses of genius are much rarer in England. Perhaps, according to their taste, average musical performances are more satisfactory. We have grown so accustomed to "inspired" performances that we are likely to find anything less, unworthy of even passing attention.

The BBC can scarcely be blamed for that. But the European artists of greatest talent are brought to America. It is the large fees, at which Mr. Eckersley marvels, that bring them here.

I am not qualified to judge other forms of entertainment, but I am certain that all forms of music—"light or heavy"—with the possible exception of Chamber Music, is better, much better performed in America than in England.

The lead of this column should have told you of the music on the opening broadcasts from Chicago's 1934 Century of Progress. But there is all too little to tell. Last year, you remember, Lawrence Tibbett and the Chicago Symphony shared honors with Arcturus on the opening bill.

Announcements just now are decidedly disappointing. Both networks plan to pick up excerpts from the official opening ceremonies Saturday evening, May 26.

NBC plans to broadcast (10:30 p. m. EDT) from the new Lagoon Theater on the Swift Bridge "The Heavens Are Telling" and the "Hallelujah" Chorus sung by a hundred mixed voices under the direction of George L. Tenney. Aside from the speeches and fireworks, an im-

portant part of the Fair opening program is a movie. Lacking television, the radio audience seems to have drawn a blank.

Beginning July 1, half of the two-hour afternoon concert by the Chicago Symphony is promised. The Detroit Symphony begins a twelve weeks' season at the Fair June 16, which Columbia plans to broadcast. The hours are not yet scheduled.

Albert Spalding

Albert Spalding continues his broadcasts (Wednesdays, CBS at 10:30 p. m. EDT). On Memorial Day he accompanies Conrad Tibbault in Bizet's affecting "Agnus Dei," and offers slightly better solo selections than has been his custom. They are all brief and familiar; the air in Schubert's Ballet Music from "Rosamunde," Chopin's G-flat Waltz and Schumann's "Evening Song."

Apropos of Mr. Spalding's new protegee, Joan Field, he offers a defense of feminine talent in music.

"Women deserve greater honor in the 'who's who' of instrumental music. Only a tradition of critical prejudice holds them back," Mr. Spalding writes.

Jose Iturbi

Jose Iturbi, whom most of us know as the brilliant Spanish pianist, has always wanted to be an orchestra conductor. He says it makes him feel more powerful to be the leader. He has had his chance, taken it, and been successful. But as yet no concert conducted by Iturbi has been broadcast.

On June 26 he will open the Stadium Concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. After three weeks there, we will hear him conducting from the Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. Then he will go to the Pacific Coast, which has heretofore hailed him only as a pianist. In August, six concerts are allotted him at the Hollywood Bowl.

Chronicles

Lawrence Tibbett sings his final broadcast of the season next Monday and motors with his family to his native California. During the summer he will make a new movie, "The Return of the Gaucho" and return to us in the fall.

Another West Coast visitor is Leopold Stokowski, who has taken a house in Montecito. Rumor has it that he will be working on the lots at Hollywood before he returns to Philadelphia.

NBC Pianists

(Time Given Is EDT)

Josef Lbevinne, who remains simply a pianist content to present fine piano music, will do so for us the next two Thursdays at 10:30 p. m. For May 31 he has programmed the second and third movements from Chopin's F minor concerto and some Chopin etudes.

Prince Irakli Orbeliani, whoever he may be, offers us the chance to hear some Scriabine Preludes (Tuesday, May 29, at 11:15 a. m.).

Egon Petri continues his often extended Chamber Music Series. He and the NBC String Quartet are listed to play Walter Gieseking's Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon, in B-flat major, Sunday (May 27, at 6 p. m.). Just how they are going to accomplish this feat of versatility without borrowing some woodwind instruments is yet to be determined.

Walter Damrosch

Walter Damrosch's report to the NBC Advisory Council about progress in music last season has been on my desk for several weeks. It speaks for itself and is printed in full:

"An interesting and highly commendable feature has been the weekly recitals given by some of our greatest pianists, organists, violinists and singers. The fact that many of these concerts of music of the higher class have been sponsored by commercial organizations seems to prove that a change of heart has come to the officials of our great manufacturing companies and their advertising agencies.

"They are realizing that the great American public has awakened to the higher pleasures of art and are demanding real music over the radio. I welcome this change with joyous acclaim of trumpets and drums.

"I should be glad to see a concerted movement started by our educators and labor leaders, and all those interested not only in the material but in the cultural development of our young people towards having radios and loudspeakers placed in every school and college in the country. Because their schools are not provided with radios, there are still millions of students who are debarred from taking advantage of the musical contributions and of other educational activities which the radio offers free of any expense to the schools.

"Perhaps such great organizations, interested in the cultural development of

our young people, as the Parent-Teachers' Association or the National Federation of Music Clubs, could be induced to interest themselves in this movement."

You have heard of the Londonderry air, also known as the Irish Tune from the County Derry, "Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom," and "Danny Boy." Now, you can hear Lord Londonderry, Great Britain's Secretary of State for Air (Thursday, May 24, NBC at 4:19 p. m.).

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti continue their brilliant piano duets over Columbia with the majestic Coronation Scene from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff;" a medley of Gershwin hits, and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (Thursday, May 24 at 10:45 p. m.). If they are decidedly "light-weight" in their impulses, they are also chic and exact in their execution, providing a pleasant pastime for the quarter-hour.

Classical and modern compositions, many of them transcribed specially for strings, will be played in the new series of concerts by the NBC String Symphony, Frank Black conducting. The May 25th concert at 10:30 p. m. includes Bach's "Aus Tiefer Not Schrei Ich Zu Rir," the Suite in E minor by Frank Bridge, and two waltzes by Dvorak.

The Swarthmore College Double Quartet will sing a traditional sea chantey, "High Barbary"; Arcadelt's "Ave Maria"; the old English air, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"; Kreutzer's "Shafer's Sonntag's Lied" (Shepherd's Sunday Song); and the spiritual, "Oh, Jus' Talk About Jerusalem Mornin'" (Saturday, May 26, CBS at 11:30 a. m.)

Grete Stueckgold sings all light airs this week: "Valse Huguette" from Rudolph Friml's operetta, "The Vagabond King"; Kostelanetz' "Come to Me"; "Oh, My Laddy," by Thayer and Del Riego's "Homing."

Those who wonder what happens to Atwater Kent audition winners may hear Alden Edkins, first in the 1931 competitions, every Sunday morning (NBC at 9:45 a. m.). . . . Bach's Fugue in A minor, the "Largo" of Handel, Widor's "Toccata in F," Beethoven's "Funeral March On the Death of a Hero," and the Hebrew composition "Marnath Yad" will be heard on the Tabernacle Organ from Salt Lake City (CBS at 11:30 p. m.). . . . The all-Beethoven program of the Compinsky Trio (Sunday, May 27, CBS, at 1:30 p. m.) includes the early D major trio and the famous "Kakadu" variations.

PEEPING INTO THE LOCAL STUDIOS

By Murray Arnold

THAT "Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley" tune was written by WGY's "Vagabonds" . . . WPEN-WRAX asking Federal Radio Commission for extension of construction to August 1! . . . Fred Webber, KDKA diction award announcer, broadcasting for weeks with broken rib! . . . Donovan O'Hara, the genial Irish singer, who placed all that Pinchot business on Philly stations, also heard on WIP's "Pride of Kollarney" show, and WFI's "White Marsh Memorial Park" program. Latter show, by the way, is Philly's oldest commercial, heading into its fourth year.

Hal Bagg, of the Martha and Hal team heard over WGY, once played piano for Paul Whiteman, besides arranging for the Pickens Sisters.

KDKA casualties . . . Sherlock of Tommy and Sherlock, and Sassafras, of Honey-boy and Sassafras, both nursing aching right ankles! . . . Now that he's completed his engagement at the Chez Samakann, Barney Zeeman, takes his twelve-piece Kentucky Cardinals into the new Deauville Casino, which opens May 30th, with

WIP wire. New Casino is the erstwhile La Casa Restaurant!

WNAC has applied for permission to step night power up to one and one half kilowatts! . . . Irma Lemke, author and producer of WGY's "Headline Highlights" program, was associated for three years with the Jenkins Television Corp!

WEEI inaugurates a new series of kid shows this Friday at 5:45, called "The Story Book Lady from Make Believe Land" to be handled by Josephine Crawford! . . . To climax the warmly contested primary election in Pennsylvania, WCAU-WIP scooped the state repeatedly on hot returns, airing the latest scores from 10 p. m. until 2 the following morn! . . . Frank Oliver, of the WGY Players, who has been presenting his "Barnacle Bill" show for some time, has changed his tag to "Limex Bill," due to the many Barnacle Wills on the air!

Philly Bands Fade

JIM FETTIS and his orchestra set for Ocean City, N. J. job, now that La Casa Ballroom fades from the air May 21st!

... Leo Zollo and band close Ben Franklin, and leave for road tour! . . . Vince Travers to stay at Hotel Walton Roof for one more week, thence on to Atlantic City! . . . Hal Rous crew finishes at Child's Gingham Club, and heading for the shore! . . . Meyer Davis crew finishes at Club Stratford this week!

Marion Williams, mezzo-soprano with the Utica Club Singers of WGY, played Broadway fifteen months in "Dearest Enemy." Jack Harris going great guns on the Crosby flicker trunes! . . . Each Wednesday and Friday at 6:45, WEEI will feature the New Community Song Festivals!

This Monday at 8 p. m., Warsaw's, over WAAB, will spot another thirty minutes of marital music played by Arnold Manganelli and his 37-piece crew . . . Now that Fred Coll has traipsed over to New York to handle publicity, remotes and special features for WMCA, the General Broadcasting chain will be handled by the popular Bill Bailey . . . John Hayes airing Andy Stanton's sportshots during the latter's vacation in Bermuda.

Looks like the free flowing "suds" sched-

uled to be more accessible will be held back for a time. So 'tis rumored some of the popular dine and dance spots will close for the summer season. Among these "The Embassy." I said rumor, 'cause this has not yet been verified . . . Harry Bedington's orchestra late of the Savarin is scheduled for re-appearance on the local music front . . . Ran Daly leaves his current spot for the summer. The personable Ran has been doing a swell job as M.C. with Gene Fogarty's orchestra and will likely be back again next season. Meantime he takes on one of the summer resorts for the farm months. Lucky boy . . . If you're keen on politics, you'll be listening to radio election campaigns in a week or two . . . The former "Hot Spot" program sponsors are now air selling via the broadcasts of the baseball games . . . Cigmund Steinberg is back at CFRB with his own program.

Verbal Bouquets and good wishes to Al Leary who is recovering after a serious appendix operation. His program arranging for a month or so will be handled by the Doc, but Al is already looking forward to getting back into harness at the baseball games. Here's luck.

CALLING ALL CARS—THE CIRCLE OF DEATH

(Continued from Page 15)

adopted. The hold-ups were continuing throughout a district hardly larger than a square mile. That mile was enclosed by a watertight barricade, but still the series of crimes went on. Dozens of radio cars patrolled the vicinity—but these were distinctive and easily recognized by everyone, citizen and criminal alike.

"Why not send out about twenty-five small, fast cars?" suggested Molina. "Fill them with some of the boys in plain clothes, and use radio to keep in constant contact with Headquarters? Nobody would suspect a battered Chevrolet, for instance, of being a police car."

His suggestion was seized upon, and as a further precaution against tipping off the hunted ones, the additional cars were equipped with radio sets and earphones instead of loudspeakers. One detective crouched in the rear seat, out of sight of passers by, listening in for the broadcasts.

On the evening of Tuesday, September 5, *Radio Officers B. S. Dillon and A. J. Kern were cruising in the southwestern portion of town in one of the disguised radio cars. They hoped to hear of one of the holdups in time to arrive on the spot, or at least soon enough to catch a glimpse of a maroon coupe as it sped away with a laughing cuddlesome blonde at the wheel.

But shortly before nine o'clock a message sounded in the earphones which Kern was wearing:

"Car bearing license 5P389 seen at 8:40 going south on Carondelet Avenue near Beverly with blonde girl driving . . ."

"It's them, red-handed!" shouted Dillon, who had a leaning toward detective fiction.

As the disguised radio car sped across town, the two detectives made hurried calculations as to the approximate point that car would have reached in the five minutes which had elapsed since it was seen by a uniformed officer at 8:40.

"Ought to be near Carondelet and Third, unless they cut off!" was the decision. "Step on it!"

Thanks to the message which had come through the ether, the detectives came tearing down Third just in time to see a maroon coupe swing into a garage-service station of the California outdoor type, on the corner of Carondelet and Third! That was timing things right to the split-second!

Gives "Cops" The Slip

The radio car slowed down. Detectives reached for their guns. Then they saw that the blonde, a slight and girlish figure of about twenty, was alone in the car.

"Ixnay," whispered Radio Officer Dillon. "She's only small potatoes. We want the man in the case. We'll tail her."

They cruised on down the street as the blonde loaded the maroon coupe with gas. "Pick her up as she goes by, and don't stick too close," suggested Kern.

But it wasn't going to be as easy as all that. The maroon car nosed out of the service station and came toward them, the blonde peering backward as if on her guard. Yet, as the sleuths began to congratulate each other, she swung down a side street—and when the radio car whirled around and came tearing back, they found the side street vacant and bare!

"She gave us the slip!" said Dillon, together with language far stronger. "The tricky little—"

But Kern had an idea. "Maybe we got something after all," he said, and raced to the nearest telephone.

Inside of twenty minutes there were two new "grease-monkeys" donning overalls at Al's Place, the service station at Third and Carondelet.

Faces smeared with grease, lips sucking dead cigarettes—these two looked more like garage helpers than the garagemen themselves. They cranked the gas pumps, checked tires and oil, poured gallons of water into radiators . . . and waited their time.

Oddly enough, the two new employees at Al's Place didn't work under union rules. The NRA would have taken the blue eagle away from Al had all the facts come to light, for the latest additions to

his staff had signed on to work with no time out for meals or sleep until the blonde in the maroon coupe should drive in again.

Through the night, through the calm glory of the dawn rising over the distant desert to the east, through the busy morning, the two detectives worked.

Coffee and hamburgers were brought in to them at infrequent intervals; for the two amateur grease-monkeys were determined not to miss the break that they hoped was coming. Al gasped as he saw them inflate low-pressure balloon tires to sixty pounds, and trembled as he watched them calmly crank gallons of good gasoline into tanks already filled, flooding the concrete runway.

Patience Rewarded

But it was all in a good cause. Al had admitted that the blonde had been coming in almost every day for servicing her car. He hadn't thought much about the police hunt for the hold-up bandit, being too busy to notice number-plates and the colors of suspicious looking coupes.

If the blonde in the maroon coupe was in the habit of coming to Al's Place, that meant two things to the detectives who were sworn to track her down. First—she must live nearby, for people do not drive across town for regular garage service. Second—she would return, for with the intensive police hunt on, the girl bandit would realize the danger of some mechanic noticing the plates on the front and rear of the stolen car, and would therefore return to the one place which she could be sure from long association would be unlikely to notice her.

The hours dragged on, and still no sign of the hunted quarry. At last Detective Lieutenant Bergeron, who had been picked for this difficult assignment because he had proved himself one of the two best sharpshooters in the department, rubbed

the grease from his hands with a bit of waste.

"I want a relief," he announced. "Doesn't Captain McCaleb realize that even detectives have to wash once in a while?"

His partner kicked him neatly in the ankle. "Shut up," said Detective Lieutenant Anderson, picked for this job for the same reason as Bergeron. Then he nudged Bergeron. "Is it a mirage, or do I see Jean Harlow's double driving in here in a maroon coupe?"

He was right. Into the station nosed the maroon car for which literally thousands of police had been combing the city for three weeks. At the wheel was a girl who appeared to be in her teens. A girl whose pretty face was heavily painted to conceal the first tell-tale ravages of a habit instantly recognized by both the "mechanics".

"Marihuana, eh?" said Bergeron. "Worse than that," corrected Anderson. He hastened to put ten gallons of gas into the coupe, while his partner checked the oil and ran water into the radiator.

"Hot, ain't it, Miss?" Anderson put his foot on the running board and made change for the ten-dollar bill the girl had given him.

She didn't know how hot it was. But she realized that this fresh young garage mechanic was giving her a pretty cool stare.

"Think you'll know me next time you see me?" chirped the platinum blonde. She drove away, laughing shrilly.

"I think I will," said Bert Anderson.

Both men slipped out of their khaki coats, seized their guns from the locker in the office, and ran headlong out of the filling station. On the corner waited—as it had waited since early last evening—a radio car bearing Harry Maxwell and W. C. Burris, Detective Lieutenants.

"That's her," Bergeron announced as he and his partners leaped onto the running board. The maroon coupe was turning up

a side street, as it had before. But this time the radio car turned the corner in time to see the coupe swing out of the side street a few houses from the corner. It crossed an alleyway, and rolled inside the open doors of a garage, one of a series of twelve belonging to a certain near-by apartment house.

The blonde didn't see four eagle-eyed detectives watching as she came out of the garage, locked the door, and then walked quickly to the apartment which opened onto Coronado.

"That's why Dillon and Kern missed her last night!" Burris said. "And that's why the blockade failed to pick up the bandits after each hold-up. They live inside the circle!"

He slid out of the car. But Art Bergeron was ahead of him.

"Wait a minute," said that officer. "This job is up to Bert and me. We got to get something for our night's slaving away as mechanics. You better tip off Headquarters to close in the blockade, and then back us up . . ."

Burris got to a telephone, and in less than five minutes a radio car blocked every street on the nearest corner to the apartment on Coronado. The circle had tightened—and two detectives in shirt sleeves and grease-stained trousers, were going up the stairs of an apartment house, softly, stealthily . . .

Down below, Burris and Maxwell covered the front and rear doors of the house, crouching restlessly and impatiently . . .

Nobody dared take any chances with the killer they knew they stalked. The cycle of hold-ups must cease. A state cried for revenge for the cruel and unwarranted attack on the elderly publisher and his school-teacher friend. A woman had been blinded for life . . .

The house manager appeared in the lower hall, and the detectives silenced him with a display of gold badges. "Where's the blonde live?" Anderson demanded. "The one who just came in!"

The manager told him, but his voice came loud and squeaky as he stared at the drawn guns of the two detectives. It was loud enough to carry to the floor above . . .

"Miss Burmah Adams lives in 3A," he began.

At that moment a door at the top of the stairs opened, and the detectives saw the drawn and frightened face of the girl who had led them there.

She wore a smart suit and a slanting tam. The detectives speedily went up after her as she headed for the fourth floor . . .

A man stood in the fourth floor hallway, a young handsome man who could not have been more than thirty. He looked like a college student, or perhaps a young insurance salesman. In his arms was a big bag of groceries.

Goes Down Shooting

"Look out!" screamed Burmah Adams. The young man dropped the groceries. Oranges rolled down the hall, cans of soup spun dizzily . . .

"We're police officers—put up your hands!" shouted Bergeron and Anderson, in one breath.

The young man who had dropped the groceries, flung himself through an open doorway into an apartment, and as suddenly reappeared with a gun in his fist.

His eye flickered with the murky yellow lights of the killer—and his mouth was twisted in a fantastic and horrible smile.

His finger tightened on the trigger, sending a leaden slug singing between the two men who came slowly toward him. As he fired Art Bergeron and Bert Anderson leveled their police 38's. Their two shots came as one explosion . . .

Tommy White, the daring mystery bandit, went down as if he had been hit with a club, two police bullets tearing through his heart, one on either side.

Their orders had been "Shoot to Kill!" Bergeron and Anderson had not wasted their long hours spent in the police rifle gallery.

Tommy White fell forward, his gun flying halfway down the hall. The detectives

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MR. FAIRFAX KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

Mr. Arthur Fairfax, veteran of radio, who is personally acquainted with nearly every artist on the air, conducts this department of **RADIO GUIDE**. Questions not of general interest will be answered personally when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address inquiries to Mr. Fairfax, care of Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, Ill.

M. P., Island Park, N.Y.—The identity of Cheerio has never been revealed. Phil Baker is not married to Mabel Albertson. His wife is the former Peggy Cartwright, stage actress. Baker is his right name.

Carl R., Mt. Carmel, Pa.—George Hall has been on a tour which accounts for your not hearing him. However he is back in the Taft Hotel and broadcasts regularly now.

A. C. L., Urbana, Ohio—I suggest that you consult a lawyer. **RADIO GUIDE** and Arty can't be responsible for doling out advice about collusion or collisions.

H. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—The announcer of "Easy Aces" is Paul Douglas and not William Brenton who played Bob on the old True Story Hour. The sponsors of True Story are on the air now with a new program "The Court of Human Relations" over the Columbia network Friday nights.

L. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frank Parker is Italian, you're right. Lennie Hayton's name is Leonard Hayton. And Wayne King's married.

J. B., Plains, Pa.—Photographs of radio stars must be requested directly from the stars. Some send 'em. Some don't. It just depends. Sam Taylor of WMCA gives a

free photo of a movie star every week to all those who drop him a line after his broadcast. He's on the air Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

F. G. H., Savannah, Ga.—The young lady who sang with Guy Lombardo's orchestra on March 14 was Martha Mansfield. She is not with the orchestra now. Most of the Lombardo orchestra men are Canadians. "A Thousand Goodnights" was written by Walter Donaldson. Lombardo's orchestra is now on its way to New York, playing engagements of a week or two here and there along the way.

Muriel B., Berwyn, Ill.—Address members of "One Man's Family" cast care of the National Broadcasting Co., 1111 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. Mickey Garlock is one of the arrangers, and a general factotum, in Ben Bernie's band. He is an excellent violinist and doubles with the baton when the Old Maestro is warbling. Mickey is known as the baseball players' favorite musician. Frank Prince announced the Blue Ribbon program one night in an emergency. The network announcer was taken suddenly ill and Frank filled in.

Lorraine K., Makoti, N. D.—The cast of "One Man's Family" recently has been printed in this column. Lee Bennett, soloist in Jan Garber's orchestra, does not play any instrument with the organization.

Rosedale Inn, New Orleans, La.—Write either the sponsors or the station from which you hear them, for the addresses of your favorite artists. We make it a practice (at their request) not to divulge the private dwelling places of the performers.

CALLING ALL CARS—THE CIRCLE OF DEATH

(Continued from Page 36)

came up to him, and Bergeron turned him over. He was dead. His left eye, which happened to be made of glass, stared up at them with a last gruesome touch of the macabre.

Up the stairs thundered Burris and Maxwell, still hopeful that it was not over. Behind them—such is the power of radio broadcasting of police orders—a breathless contingent of newspaper men, among them Bill Moore of the *Herald-Express* and myself, representing the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

They all heard the moaning of a woman on an upper floor, and the slamming of a door.

"The dame!" cried Bergeron. He and his partner sprinted for the stairs, and kicked down the door of a fifth floor apartment in time to snatch beautiful Burmah White as she poised herself on a window ledge.

"I don't want to live!" she screamed as she tried to jerk her smooth, silken limbs from the grasp of the detectives. "He was my husband—we were married last Friday!"

Identified At Last

Downstairs, reporters and detectives surrounded the body of the slain bandit. "Say," put in an officer. "I know that guy. I picked him up three years ago on a grand larceny charge—"

Thus was Tommy White identified. His record was discovered as soon as the detectives contacted Headquarters. In December, 1924, he had been arrested on suspicion of robbery. March, 1927, saw him again picked up, this time on the charge of illegal liquor possession. In July, 1930, he pleaded guilty to stealing more than \$6,000 worth of cigars and cigarets from a Los Angeles wholesale house, and was sent to San Quentin on an indeterminate sentence of one to ten years.

But San Quentin failed to make a new man of Tommy White. He became involved in a prison feud, and ended up in a fight with another prisoner. He almost succeeded in disemboweling his antagonist, and had his left eye gouged out in return. For that little free-for-all he was sent to Folsom Prison as an incorrigible—and in two years, as a result of a "change of heart" which evidently made a tremendous impression upon both warden and parole commission, Tommy White was paroled in the custody of his sister, Mrs. Violet Dillon.

White had been out of Folsom only three months when the good effects of prison strangely wore off, his rejuvenation vanished and he entered upon an intensive career of hold-up banditry!

The gun which he dropped as he died was a .38. Detectives asked Burmah, his wife of a few days, where his 32.20 was kept. "If it isn't on him you'll find it upstairs in his bureau," she retorted coolly.

Just The Old Alibi

That little remark was to help entangle her in a maze of trouble. As soon as Burmah reached jail, and talked with attorneys, she came out with a strange and almost unbelievable tale of her adventures as a real life gun-moll.

"He made me do it!" she insisted. "I



Photograph taken a few minutes after the gun battle that marked the finish of Thomas White. Standing over the bandit's body are Detectives Anderson and Bergeron, whose quick gun-eyes and steady nerves under fire, brought the bandit down. Note the well-appointed hallway of the department building where White and his bride lived

hated Tommy, but I was scared to death of him. I only married him because he made me do it. He said if I married him I couldn't testify against him later..."

Burmah Adams White wasn't the first girl to insist that she was led into a life of crime through fear of a Svengali who mastered her very soul and drove her to desperate deeds, of which she remembered little or nothing.

But the police of Los Angeles had reason to doubt her story. She said she'd met the handsome Tommy at a dinner dance in Los Angeles. When pressed, she could not remember just where the dinner dance was held. Maybe she had picked him up on the street, she admitted later.

At the time she had been fresh from Santa Ana, where she had left high school to take up such higher learning as the curling of hair and the manicuring of fingernails.

Alternating Careers

Burmah Arlene Adams—true name Bernice—dropped out of high school as a pretty brunette. She obtained the consent of her father to enter the realm of higher education in a Santa Ana "Beauty College" where she learned to put peroxide on hair and red paint on fingernails.

When her first job as a beauty expert petered out, she started in a new line as a soda fountain clerk. There she bleached her hair, and the result so pleased her that she took the plunge and got into another beauty parlor.

Her hair darkened again—she found another place behind a soda fountain—then finally she gave up her career as a mixer of banana splits, to match her wits against

the metropolis of Los Angeles. There she had found work as a manicurist, and bleached her hair again in a shade which everyone said made her look like the image of Jean Harlow.

She had taken a tiny apartment at 236 South Coronado Street, and after she had met smiling, handsome Tommy White, he had moved into an apartment just overhead.

The Old Road To Sin

"So convenient," she said it had been. Kisses led to midnight revels; and breathless, daring puffs at supposedly mild "reefers" filled with chopped stalks of the hashish-like marihuana weed finally led to injections of that most soul-shattering of all drugs, morphine. Tommy had the habit, and Burmah thought that it would be fun. She liked the thrills the drug gave her, the feeling that she could master the world, and the way everything appeared too screamingly funny for words after she had had a shot of the forbidden "snow".

But Tommy didn't have any money, and neither did Burmah. What was more natural, in the light of Tommy's previous history, than that he lead his light-o-love upon adventures involving the seizing of money from "the saps". "Only saps work!" was Tommy White's credo.

He kicked her around a bit, particularly when he hadn't had an injection of his pet drug for a while. But the thrill of the chase and the intensity of their love-making as the powerful opiate began to steal over them, were enough to make the pretty little blonde forget the bruises.

She had driven the car for him, but nothing more, she insisted. She had known

nothing of his past, nothing of the hold-ups except that he got out of the car and then got in again with some money.

"Yeah!" said the police.

A dozen witnesses identified her as the girl in the tam who had taken their money and watches while her companion held the gun—as the girl who had laughed with delight as Tommy White pulled the trigger.

Moreover, police found White's other gun just where she said it had been. She knew more than she claimed to know, they decided. But she stuck to her story even when she was taken to look at the dead body of her husband of five days. "He made me do it!" she insisted.

A report came through from Captain Moxley that bullets fired into a test target from the 32.20 found in White's bureau checked up in every microscopic detail with the bullet which blinded Miss Cora Withington and the other bullet which missed C. C. Lewis and struck a stucco wall. It was the last link in the case.

Sob Sisters Melt

But Burmah showed up badly when questioned by such masters as Buron Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, and Chief Deputy Robert Stewart. She had managed without difficulty to convince the "sob-sisters" of every Los Angeles paper that she was an innocent dupe in the hands of a suave and handsome ex-convict. Yet why had she married Tommy White, of her own free will, before her parents and friends and before his sister? Why had she driven the stolen car in all his exploits, and taken care of servicing it afterward so that he would never be seen? At any moment she could have left him—had she wanted to.

At the end of the district attorney's investigation Burmah Adams White was shown up pretty much for just what she was—a thrill-mad, dope-hungry little gun-moll with soft painted lips for her gunman lover and a hard heart and a shrill laugh for the victims he left weltering in their own blood.

30 Years; All For \$202

Her attorney fought nobly in her behalf, and her father and mother rallied to her support, but it was too late. She finally pleaded guilty to taking part in ten of the sixteen holdups charged against Tommy White—which netted the loving couple a grand total of exactly \$202.29—and was sentenced to thirty years in state prison.

Last October, when she went behind the bars, Burmah White was only a little more than nineteen. In thirty years she would be a middle-aged woman of forty-nine.

As she was dragged out of the courtroom to face the fearful doom of 10,950 days behind the heavy steel gratings, Chief of Police Davis of Los Angeles was handing out citations to various members of the radio squads which had aided in tracking down Burmah and her lover. Lieutenants Bergeron and Anderson received the Medal of Valor as a result of their straight-shooting in the face of Tommy White's gun.

The strangest honeymoon in history was at last brought to an end—a mad, dope-driven spree ended by the radio "circle of death."

In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE: "MANHATTAN'S MADMAN"

another breathtaking story of radio's war on crime—with the world's largest city at the mercy of a murderer run wild, and the greatest and most exciting radio man-hunt in history!

Liberal Rewards for True Mystery Stories

of crime mysteries in which radio served the law. Writers, Police Officers, Detectives and any one else in possession of authentic cases, are especially invited to earn these rewards.

Radio must be a prominent element in the detection and apprehension of the criminals. Photographs, names of principals, dates and places must be bonafide.

Address all letters to Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

RADIO FACES TRIAL IN CHICAGO FIRE

(Continued from Page 3)

of Armour, Swift and Wilson were unharmed was reassuringly reported. And with a last brief recital, the story was told and a now-relieved populace could turn to a night of peace, free of worry, secure in the knowledge that this was no major catastrophe—no tornado, earthquake, or typhoon.

One of the first stations to give a story direct from the scene of the fire to its listeners was KYW. This station broadcast a relayed description of the conflagration telephoned to the studio by Announcer Jean Paul King who happened to be in the Stockyards district at the time.

Columbia gave the blaze thorough coverage and advances the claim that their network was the first to be cleared for a coast to coast broadcast from the Stockyards, taking the air at 6:43 o'clock with running descriptions of the blaze by Announcers Truman Bradley, Harold Isbell and Franklin McCormack. The CBS mike was set up in the alley behind the telephone exchange for this broadcast which lasted for approximately fifteen minutes. One of the high points of this early broadcast was the vivid story of the blaze given by Father Griffith, who did not want his name used over the air and was accordingly introduced as Mr. Smith. The priest was wearing a fireman's coat and had been in the heart of the danger zone.

A second CBS broadcast at 9:30 p. m. from the street in front of the telephone exchange carried to listeners the voices of Mayor Edward J. Kelly, Fire Marshal Corrigan and Dr. Herman N. Bundenen, Chicago's Health Commissioner, whose health talks and dramatizations are familiar to all radio listeners. After listen-



MAYOR EDWARD J. KELLY
He thanked the radio stations and the "visiting firemen"



DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
He warned Chicago listeners to boil drinking water

ers had heard these distinguished Chicagoans, Pat Flanagan, CBS sports announcer, went on the air with an up-to-the-minute eye-witness story of the holocaust and then introduced a number of people picked at random from the crowd, each of whom gave his or her version of what had happened.

One of these was a twelve-year-old

youngster who described how he had been injured in the fire.

Miss Holly Shively, a member of the CBS publicity staff, performed yeoman duty in connection with the broadcast. She rounded up injured firemen and others who had interesting stories to tell and she established an office for herself in the telephone exchange to which re-

ports from the various field men were routed. She whipped these reports into shape and passed them along to the announcers.

The Chicago Tribune's radio station, WGN, devoted much more time to the broadcasts of the fire and to the appeals of officials than was possible for the networks. Beginning their broadcast from the roof of the telephone exchange late in the afternoon, WGN announcers remained on the job throughout the night.

As was true with the networks, WGN placed chief reliance upon a sports announcer for the eye-witness account of the conflagration. John "Speed" Harrington rushed to the fire to start the broadcast. He was assisted by Jack Burnett, Frank Schreiber, Jack Pierce, control operator, and Hal Carlson, commercial manager of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, who arranged the fast hookup between the station and the stockyards.

WGN performed a particularly valuable service by directing refugees who had been driven from their homes by the flames to the scores of relief stations which were quickly opened all over the south side to give them shelter.

If a demonstration of the value of radio in an emergency was needed, the great Chicago Union Stockyards fire brought it about.

The public interest called and radio responded with every bit of man-power and broadcasting facilities at its command.

ALONG THE AIRIALTO

(Continued from Page 33)

him effects more novel than ever. *Gertrude Niesen* starts a 12-week vaudeville tour pretty soon, which may take her to your neighborhood.

HERE'S a typical example of show (and radio) business, though it's late in coming: A week ago Friday, *Jimmy Kemper* broadcast a program over the Columbia network, dedicated to Mother's Day, while his mother was undergoing a critical operation at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. . . . *Charlie Davis* is organizing a sextette, using the voices of five male and one female from his orchestra. *Bill Thorne* will sing bass, and

Frank Parrish takes top tenor. *Ruby Wright* is the girl. . . . *Babe Ruth* is being kidded plenty by the fans in the bleachers. Every time he strikes out, some fan is bound to yell, "Put that on the air tonight, Babe," and the Bambino smiles. . . . *Hugo Mariani* will play for *Ralph Kirby* when the Dream Singer starts his new series a week from Sunday night.

The War's Still On

ROSES AND DRUMS has toyed with the idea of changing their program idea for next year, but the popularity of their Civil War dramas, which have been going on for nearly two years, has made

them decide to continue when they return to the air in the fall after fading in June. Originally the CBS dramas were to devote only four episodes to the Civil War and then go on down through history. . . . *Irving Kaufman's* Romeo and Juliet blackface skits on "Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities," haven't clicked so well, and probably will have been removed from the show by the time this sees print. However, *Kaufman's* clever star impersonations have proved popular and will be retained. . . . *Elsie Ferguson*, who has been added to Ward's Family Theater for a guest series, doesn't think radio drama is getting very far under its present status. She says no radio drama should be shorter than a half hour, and even wishes for a one hour minimum. Without that length, she feels, the radio drama cannot establish its mood. . . . Amateur broadcasters have been raising hob lately with some of the networks' ambitious short-wave originations of remote broadcasts. . . . Two marred recently by "ham" broadcasters horning in on the same frequencies, were the CBS broadcast from the Arctic Coast Guard cutter *Northland*, and the same network's broadcast from the Byrd Camp at the Antarctic that same week.

The Baer Facts

A STRANGER dropping into *Max Baer's* training camp at Asbury Park, N. J., is apt to believe that he has wandered into the wrong place. *Baer's* entire staff of handlers, and even his manager, *Ancil Hoffman*, have been pressed into service by the heavyweight challenger as "actors."

Whenever there's a lull in his training, *Max* brings out the script of "Taxi" and holds a rehearsal. Each member of the camp has a part. When the hard-boiled sparring partners start imitating the girls in the play it's a riot! And no one enjoys it more than California's playboy of the ring.

I wonder if *Max* was thinking of his broadcast when he took a terrific right on the chin from his sparring partner the other day. Maybe he was rehearsing for his program the night of June 14. Who can tell?

MEMORIAL TALK TO GIRDLE THE GLOBE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT makes his Memorial Day address this year from the historic battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., and the entire world, if it chooses, may listen to his words. His address will be delivered May 30, (see Wednesday "High Spots") and carried over the networks of Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company. In addition, it will be broadcast around the globe by means of NBC's short wave facilities.

Seventy years ago, President Abraham Lincoln delivered an address that was destined to be read and repeated by coming generations in every nation—an address that was to be hailed as one of the supreme examples of the English language felicitously used. It was destined to win for its author a place high among the immortals of literature.

President Roosevelt's address will be made in marked contrast to conditions under which Lincoln spoke on the blood-stained field at Gettysburg, a short while after the famous battle had been fought. While it is doubtful that the comparatively few people who heard the Gettysburg address were fully cognizant of the signifi-

cance of his remarks, there can be no doubt that those who read it later marveled at this oratorical masterpiece.

The telegraph was just beginning to carve a place for itself in the world of communication, and the Gettysburg address traveled slowly across the continent, mainly through reprinting from one newspaper to another. The fastest Atlantic crossing of the period took nine days, and sailings were comparatively few.

Type was set laboriously by hand. Newspapers were weeks old before they reached a foreign country.

On Memorial Day, however, when President Roosevelt will speak, his voice will immediately be audible in every far-flung section of the planet to every person who possesses a radio receiving set and the desire to listen.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," said the Great Emancipator at Gettysburg seventy years ago. The world did note, however, and will remember the words he spoke there. And today, the world will hear and heed the words of another great President when he addresses his fellow citizens on the same spot on Memorial Day.

Babe Ruth Prize Winner



Virginia Cox, of Kansas City, Missouri, winner of the first award in the Babe Ruth limerick contest. This photograph, taken after she was told of her success, shows her pleasure in no uncertain terms

LITTLE VIRGINIA COX, age 13, will take her mother for a week's trip either to New York or Chicago—because of her cleverness. Several hundreds of thousands of boys and girls have been competing in Babe Ruth's Quaker Puffed Rice and Wheat radio contest, and Virginia is the first of the weekly winners, having written the best last line for Babe's limerick.

Virginia lives at 419 South Lawn Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and expects soon to graduate from Northeast junior high school. Her father is a travelling salesman.

Each week the Babe gives as prizes 900 autographed baseballs, 100 fielder's gloves and one trip either to New York or to Chicago for a whole week for the winner and one parent, with all expenses paid. The Bambino's baseball comments are networked over NBC-WJZ every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening (see program listings).

THE FASCINATING ROMANCE OF AL JOLSON

(Continued from Page 9)

for his calling, if he and Ruby should retire within a year, forever. He hopes to attain his heights on the radio next season with a heavy repertoire of dramatic character roles. He doesn't see where he—or any artist—can go beyond that in the service of his art. As for money, both are millionaires.

Jolson has lost two fortunes and made three.

At the end of the war he had earned more money than any other performer and he continued to pile it up, despite prodigal spending and huge bets on horse races, until he almost doubled it with his stock for making the first important and profitable sound motion picture.

Then came the crash and that stock and much of his money went the way of everybody's stock and money. But his earning power again pulled him into the millionaire class. Then, again, a year or so after he married Ruby, he ran against bad luck. His "Wonder Bar" stage engagement was his first "flop" as a star, and his radio debut was anything but happy.

But, after he had given Ruby \$1,000,000 for her own, and after he had overcome the early doubts and fears over his marriage, and after she had clicked so resoundingly in the films, he seemed a new man—he did "Wonder Bar" for pictures and goaled the nation; he "came back" on the radio and won acclaim and a contract for next fall that reads like a bank statement.

Jolson is no "scratch" winner. For years he made the Shuberts rich at the Winter Garden and on the road. Then came his crowning achievement. Jolson "made" the sound film more than any other individual did.

In the days of the silent pictures, many a sharpshooter in the business realized the possibilities of this popular figure, and Jolson received fabulous offers. He turned them all down until the then-master director, D. W. Griffith, solicited him. After one day's rehearsal at the old Hudson theater, Al decided he was negative without the use of his voice, and he ran out on the rehearsal and his contract and the movie industry.

Before Griffith knew that Jolson was out of the theater, he was on a boat bound for Europe. Griffith, furious, sued. Jolson chose to pay damages rather than go on in a medium he feared was unsuited to his talents.

The rest of the story makes history in the amusement business. Warner Brothers first demonstrated Vitaphone in 1926. Its first use was in short subjects and as musical accompaniment for long pictures. Then, after a year, the company decided to make an all-Vitaphone picture, a straight dramatic bit.

His Faith Rewarded

While this picture was in production they also purchased the screen rights to "The Jazz Singer" which all Broadway thought was inspired by the career of Al

Jolson. It was natural enough to think that Al Jolson, himself, should play this role. For the first time Jolson listened receptively to a screen offer. In fact, the singer had more confidence in the medium than had the producers, so he accepted their offer to take stock in the company, in lieu of wages.

Meantime, the dramatic picture which preceded "The Jazz Singer" was released. It was a washout, and might have spelled doom for the new medium if it had not been followed in a few weeks later by the epoch-making Jolson vehicle.

\$5,000,000 Gross

Everyone now knows the result. "The Jazz Singer" was an instantaneous success, bringing Warner Brothers to the very lead in the production of pictures, and it not only repaid them many times financially, but forced their competitors to bow to their judgment. The death knell of the silent film had been sounded.

The picture demonstrated Jolson's financial wisdom. Instead of having been contented with a straight salary, he had taken stock, and now Warner Brothers stock was skyrocketing so that if he had sold at the peak he would have made \$2,000,000 on this one picture alone, a record figure. It is known that the singer did cash in enough before the break to assure himself a steady supply of blue chips all through the depression.

Al Jolson's standing was established as

a movie star in this first picture, but it was in his second, "The Singing Fool," that he copper-riveted his position. It almost doubled his initial success and grossed close to \$5,000,000, second in all film history only to the eternal "Birth of a Nation."

Now, with Ruby acknowledged and in demand at thousands of dollars a week on the screen, the Jolsons hold hands on the very top of their world. Her rise was far more amazing than his. For years his genius had been one of the world's wonders; but she had left "Texas" Guinan still a cute little tap-dancer—and she had made her career without help from her husband, against his opposition, though now it is the pride of his heart.

She is still a child. When she comes East she gathers up the girls who were in choruses with her (most of them still are in choruses) and parties them and buys them clothes and whatnot. Whenever she is in New York she makes a visit to wherever Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.) is running his floorshows, and she clowns with the man who put her in "show business."

In all, the marriage which the entire profession viewed with blackest forebodings has turned out to be the happiest and most successful in its entire personnel, and the bizarre romance of the middle-aged superstar and the child "hooper" is, of all stage, screen and air realms, the greatest love-story.

THE END.

BANDSTAND AND BATON: Musicians Who Eat

CLUB OWNERS, restauranters, and musicians are three of the vocations of the members of Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook orchestra. What's more, every one is a home owner in the town of Cedar Grove, New Jersey, just a "bunch of country boys."

Dailey and four members of the present orchestra decided to purchase the Meadowbrook night club in Cedar Grove a few years ago, after doing big-time spots and vaudeville. Instead of letting the restaurant out to a concessionaire, Dailey thought he might as well make the money himself. He still does all the purchasing for the cafe.

There are fourteen members in the orchestra, which is heard over Columbia networks several times weekly. Latest addition is Billy Starr, eighteen year old girl torch singer just graduated from the county high school.

Sammy Watkins, Dayton; Emerson Gill, Toledo; Kay Kyser, San Francisco, and Henry Halstead, Wichita, Kansas.

TWO OF THE concert aggregations to be heard from the Century of Progress this summer, over national broadcasts, will be the concert orchestra, direction of Edward Wurtzebach, and the thirty-six-piece band led by Palmer Clark. Wurtzebach is already broadcasting over both networks and practically every local station in Chicago. Clark's large unit will be heard via WGN and NBC from the bandshell on the Fair Grounds.

PHIL HARRIS, Leab Ray, et al, move onto the stage of the Palace Theater, in

Chicago this week. Harris will do another week's vaudeville in Detroit before settling into the West End Casino, Asbury Park, New Jersey, for the summer. His commercial has been renewed and will continue throughout the summer.

XAVIER CUGAT leaves for Europe and Leon Belasco returns this month. Belasco has been visiting his mother. Cugat will take his orchestra, and Carmen, Mexican soprano soloist, on an extensive tour of Spain, France and England, returning to New York in September.

APPARENTLY one Chicago press agent doesn't think much of the golfing ability

of bandleaders. He has to explain that the 84 shot by Clyde Lucas recently was for eighteen holes, not nine. Clyde's mother, who is living with him and brother Lynn in the Morrison hotel, Chicago, is a firm believer in the "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" adage; she's forcing her sons from their seclusion. The last time Lucas was in Chicago he failed to notice a three-days' rainstorm, not leaving his hotel once during that time.

CAB CALLOWAY, after playing theaters in the east and middle west, will take his orchestra to Hollywood to make a picture for Paramount . . . Enric Madriguera opens at Vivian Johnson's, fashionable seaside restaurant at Deal Beach, Iew Jersey, in June, after leaving the Waldorf-Astoria. His pickups on both NBC networks are to continue . . . George Hall goes into Dixie on June 4, for a vaudeville tour of three weeks, and Angelo Ferdinando is doing stages already.

FRANKIE MASTERS will be on hand to greet those first visitors to the Fair this Saturday, when it opens. Masters plays at the Canadian Club, the Doodlebug, with NBC wires. Buddy Rogers' entrance into the College Inn, Chicago, has been postponed until June 8. Rogers' "new" band, critics say, is better than ever.

THE CAL CALLOWAY you hear from WTMJ, Milwaukee, and the Schroeder hotel in the beer city, is not Cab. He is a soloist picked up recently by Cato in St. Paul, to be featured with the Vagabonds, who are now holding down that bandstand. Featured with this orchestra also are the Harrison Sisters and Miss Nedro Gordinier.

ACE BRIGODE post-cards fine business from Scranton, Pa., where is touring . . . Jack Russell is doing all right, too, at Chicago's Canton Tea Garden (CBS) and has been signed indefinitely . . . Don Pedro may now be heard via WTAM, from the Mayfair Club, Cleveland . . . Tweet Hogan has settled in the Woodlawn club, Delavan, Wis., for the entire summer; this is his second year there . . . Irving Rose returns to the Baker hotel, Dallas, and WFAA broadcasts this week, leaving the Chase hotel, St. Louis . . . Johnny Burke has taken over the Chase.

RADIO ROAD TO HEALTH

(Continued from Page 10)

to six months for the three toxin-anti-toxin injections to protect the child. A few children require further doses. Your doctor can make certain by giving the children the Schick test about four months after the first treatment.

Q. Is there any treatment for the prevention of measles after a child has been exposed to the disease?

A. Medical science recently has devised an excellent measure to protect children against death from measles, namely, the injection of parents' blood. A small quantity of blood, only about two table-spoonsful, is withdrawn from the vein of either parent and then at once injected into the child who has been exposed to measles. This simple treatment can be given by any physician, and yields excellent results. It should be given within the first week after the child has been exposed. If measles subsequently develops, the attack is sure to be mild.

Q. I have just equipped my home with a complete first-aid cabinet. Although I am reasonably familiar with its contents, I would like to obtain thorough information as to its use. Can you tell me where I can get some information regarding it?

A. To know how to use this equipment, you will need a reliable first-aid manual such as the American Red Cross has pub-

lished, or one of the books issued by the large life insurance companies. The important thing is to be so familiar with the manual that you do not have to stop and read page after page when an accident occurs. Familiarize yourself with the book until you know it well and have to refer to it only to verify what you already know.

Q. What is the best examination to discover if a person has tuberculosis?

A. Experience has shown that X-ray examinations constitute the only effective method of diagnosing pulmonary tuberculosis in its earliest stages. This is most important, for it has been recognized that many of these early cases can be cured under proper treatment.

Q. Are eggs a proper substitute for milk in the diet of a child? I find that the purchase of a quart of milk a day for each of my children is an expensive item and I have substituted eggs.

A. Eggs are not a substitute for milk because eggs fail to supply one of milk's most important contributions—calcium. Milk is the richest calcium food we have. Children need that calcium very much for building and strengthening bones and teeth. If mothers must run their homes on a limited budget, they should cut their expenses elsewhere, but they should not cut down on the milk ration for their growing children.

IF THE LACK of publicity on big orchestral names for the World's Fair, in Chicago, has scared you away, don't forget that Duke Ellington, Anson Weeks, Eddie Duchin and Seymour Simons will be in town to entertain visitors. These, besides previously mentioned attractions in Ben Bernie, Ted Weems, Frankie Masters and Buddy Rogers, are definitely scheduled. Ellington will be on the fair grounds for four weeks, after completing a tour throughout the northwest, including Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Salt Lake City, Ogden and Denver. Simons undoubtedly will make music at the Blackhawk restaurant at least until next fall. Duchin will be at the Dells roadhouse, north of Chicago, and Weeks at the Aragon, later the Trianon ballrooms. Latest reports are that Clyde Lucas and Earl Burtnett are contracted at their respective hotels for the duration of the exposition.

SIXTY ORCHESTRAS in sixty different cities are to be furnished General Motors by MCA for the regional exhibits of the auto company during the week of June 2 to 9. Al Goodman, with Vincent Lopez doing a guest appearance, will take care of the New York City assignment. Jay Whidden, Ted Fiorito and Gus Arheim will do duty in Los Angeles. Among the others lined up already are Hal Kemp, in Detroit; Smith Ballew, Atlantic City;

GRACIE ALLEN

As She Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Lee Mortimer

GRACIE ALLEN born in San Francisco during the month of July, year unknown. "I'm as old as my little finger and a little older than my teeth," she says. Her Pa and three sisters, but not her brother, were in show business. It was a foregone conclusion therefore that she'd land in the business herself. She did. At the age of three she made her stage debut singing little songs and dancing little dances.

Gracie attended public school and a convent in San Francisco. During summer vacations she played outlying vaudeville houses in Los Angeles and Oakland, also in her native city. She did a single turn—dancing and singing. Her mother acted as her "dresser," and also peeked out from behind the curtain to see why the house didn't applaud Gracie more energetically.

A month after she was graduated from school Gracie met Larry Reilly, who was doing an Irish musical sketch in the home town. She joined the act, playing the "love interest," and came to New York with it. The biggest thrill she ever had, was seeing New York for the first time. She's still thrilled by New York whenever she returns. The act was billed as "Larry Reilly and Co." One day the "Co." was left off the billing. So Gracie quit. "If I can't be at least the company, I won't play," she said.

After that she waited for managers to come to her. They didn't, so she laid off for a year. In the meantime Gracie took a stenographic course; never completed it. Next Gracie went to Union Hill, N. J., to visit some friends playing at the local vaudeville house. On the bill was a team, Burns and Lorraine, who were to split up in a few weeks. Gracie saw the act and liked Burns better than Lorraine. She arranged to be introduced.

That historic meeting between George Burns and Gracie Allen was satisfactory to both. They signed as partners. After rehearsing for two weeks they went to work in the Hill St. Theater, Newark, at the magnificent, breath-taking salary of \$15.00 for three days for the team. The next week they played one day in Boonton, N. J., for \$10.00.

That was eleven and a half years ago. After they had been playing together for three years, Gracie took to going out with another man. George discovered that he was jealous. His proposal was in these words: "Either we get married within ten days or bust up the act." Gracie began to cry. She figured that if George could bring tears to her eyes she must love him. So she married him. They've been happy ever since.

Next to George Burns, Gracie likes steak (medium), stewed tomatoes and cottage fried potatoes. She does a lot of talking about food but in reality is a very small eater. She eats hardly enough to keep a fly alive. She doesn't smoke; takes an occasional cocktail, but never straight drinks. Goes in for cocktails according to their colors. Prefers green and pink drinks.

She just dotes on movies, but her eyes won't stand much; entertains herself by playing solitaire; knows every solitaire-game in existence, more than a hundred. She says she also plays bridge, but George Burns denies this.

Her ambition is to be a lady of leisure—to forget the clock, curtain calls and early morning filmings. She loves clothes, expensive ones, and any kind of furs, but she doesn't go in much for jewelry. "Thank heaven," was George Burns' comment to that.

She is nuts about perfumes. Has no particular preference for scents just so long as the bottles are pretty. Also likes flowers.

Gracie is a sound sleeper. She must have eight hours' sleep every night; can do very well on fourteen. She sleeps with a pillow over her face. George and she use twin beds. They have no children. She wears trailing night gowns—a la Lynn Fontanne. She has a passion for negligees and lounging pajamas.

Her pet name for her husband is "Natty." George explains that this is not because his middle name is Nat, but because he's



GRACIE ALLEN

such a swell dresser. "She spells 'Nat' with an initial 'G,'" he adds. His pet name for her is "Googie." She has this name embroidered on all her underwear.

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

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in RADIO GUIDE next week.

AT LAST THE TRUTH — OLD JOKES THE BEST

TRUTH will out! Now cometh William K. Wells, gag-writer for Jack Pearl, and frankly confesses that he is searching for the world's oldest jokes! But listeners will not be surprised. Long ago they learned that radio's jokes are old—they revere them, and the politer ones among them stand up respectfully whenever one of the elder wheezes enters the room, via the loudspeaker.

But this isn't enough for Billy Wells. Whimsically, he insists that even in Biblical times all the old quips and cracks had been discovered. "There are just six original jokes," he says, ironically, "and I have dedicated my life to finding them."

"Already, I have found the first gag that was ever made," he declaims. "Adam, in the Garden of Eden, gagged when first he ate the apple—it

got stuck in his throat. And then again when someone accused him, saying: 'I saw you take that apple from the lady'—didn't he snap right back: 'That was no lady, that was my wife!'"

"And then again, Lot's wife figured in one of the earliest jokes. When the Bible was first translated into English, it was found that Lot's wife had been transformed into a pillar of salt near Gomorrah. But the translators didn't know how to spell Gomorrah, so they dragged her around to Sodom. From that arose one of the most popular jokes on the airways today. You know the one about the cop who found a dead horse on Kosciusko Street, but dragged it around to Greene Avenue because he didn't know how to spell Kosciusko Street."

"The second outstanding gag in history is that of the fish who swallowed Jonah. It was what might

be termed a whale of a gag!

"When Hannibal was crossing the Alps, one of his legionnaires fell. Inquiry revealed his trouble was water on the knee. 'No excuse,' said Hannibal, 'why don't you wear pumps?'"

"Leander, swimming the Hellespont to reach his beloved Hero, met a fisherman in the midst of the sea. 'Why are you swimming?' asked that worthy. 'To get to the other side,' quoth our narrator. From that comes our present-day 'Why does a chicken cross the road?'"

"But probably the most popular type of comic is the hopelessly dumb one, the Eve Sully or the Gracie Allen kind. Like the girl who was told that she couldn't get married without a wedding band—so she showed up at the license bureau with Will Osborne's orchestra!"

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