

Radio Guide

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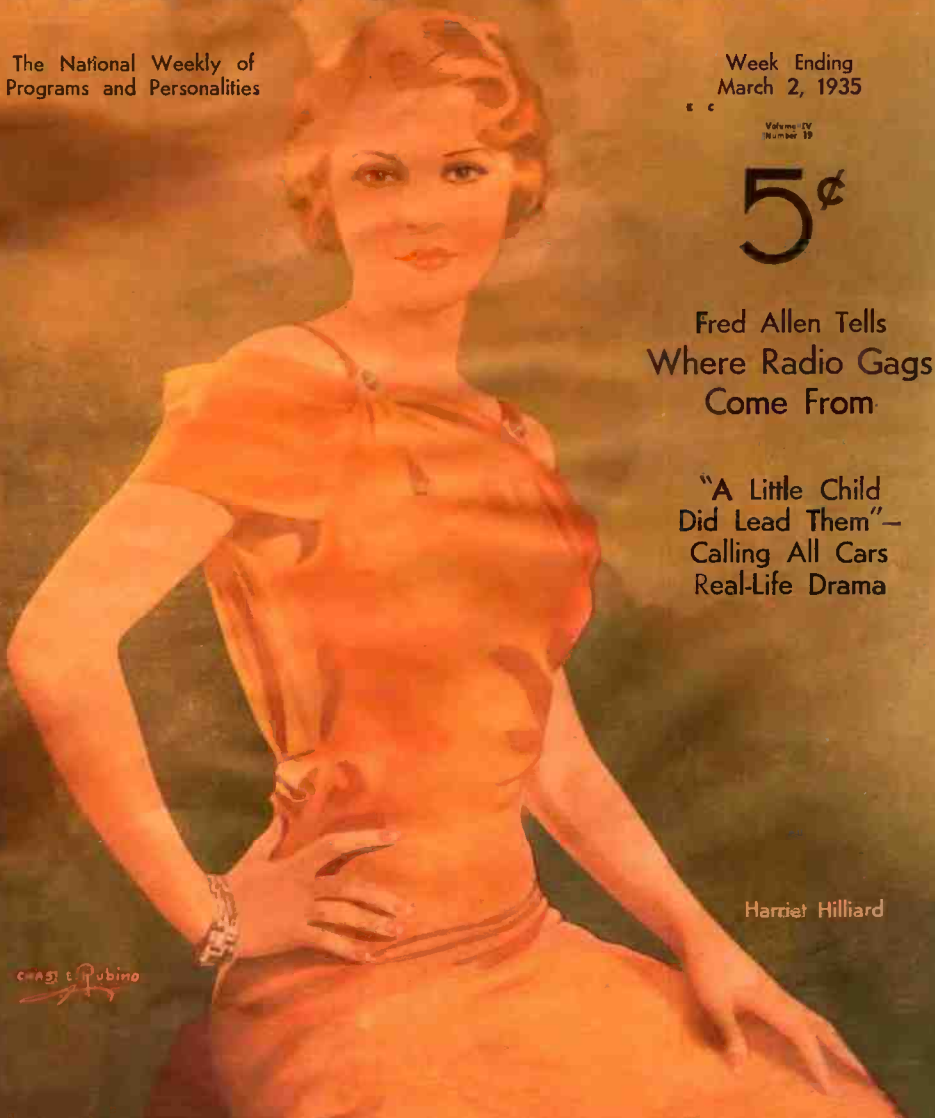
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Fred Allen Tells
Where Radio Gags
Come From

"A Little Child
Did Lead Them"—
Calling All Cars
Real-Life Drama

Harriet Hilliard

CHAG & RUBINO



A Romantic Blade —Ted Husing

Soldier, Farmer, Aviator, Stock and Bond Employee,
Soap-Box Orator—Ted Was a Failure at All of Them.
And Along Came Radio—Also a Girl—to Change Him

By Charles Remson

ability to emerge from each new experience dead broke.

So when love became a factor he did what any other male animal would do—he built himself a fine visionary exterior of notable achievements. In birds they call it preening; in children they call it showing off; but in anything masculine that craves and woe they cover it all by the simpler expression, putting your best foot forward.

TED HUSING was too involved with romance to take any chances, so he feared forth to make good every brilliant claim he had announced for himself. What's to say he hasn't made good? He is one of the really competent announcers of all time, and assuredly one of the most versatile.

He knows more words than an encyclopedist, and he knows their meanings, pronunciation and application—and can rattle them off at a staccato speed that rivals the riveter's hammer. He is the top with CBS when it comes to narrative description, and with a minimum of exceptions he is a prime favorite with listeners all over the country. He makes his ego self-supporting—so who is to cast the first stone?

And his name isn't Ted at all. A school-kept sweetener around Gloversville, N. Y., who had been reading gadget novels, decided that the tall, dark aviator should have a romantic name so she labeled him with that tag.

RECORDS at Deming, N. M., where he was born November 1, 1891, show him as Edward Britt Husing. The middle name shows a concession to Husing, Sr.'s high regard for Jimmy Britt, a prize-fighter in his heyday at the turn of the century. Part of the ring warrior's spirit went with the name, for Ted never has been afraid to put up his "dukes" as a measure of self-protection, and helps to keep fit by donning boxing gloves whenever he can find an opponent who also is seeking exercise.

It was shortly after he was graduated from high school that he tried to make the U. S. Army by enlisting in the S. A. T. C., a war project for student training. But the Army

disc caught up with him while he still was learning the soldier trade, so that he left camp a trained militairist for whom there was no job. Someone said that the biggest field-buff Kosaks were a splendid despoiling ground for brown and endurance. Ted trekked off to the midwestern prairies. His earnings carried him on to Seattle, and eventually to Pensacola, Florida, where they ran out, leaving the youth stranded. He joined the army aviation school, acquired a total of ten hours in the air, then thumbed an air ride to New York.

A SURFEITED market for fliers left him broke again, so he used his gift tongue to win himself a place as tanner for a brokerage house. Margins and the entire stock and bond business irked him—so he quit, still without money. He polished up the spontaneous speech that later was to influence his career by becoming a soap-box orator for whatever cause needed a fluent talker. But funds still eluded him. Then he got a job for which some cash was involved. He became a pilot for a marine aviation company. They liked him so well they transferred him to Miami. And Ted loved Miami, so well that he transferred himself back to its fruitless curbstones.

FLYING policemen were just being talked about at the time, so the hungry aviator sold the New York department the idea that he could patrol Manhattan from the clouds. Which he did successfully until he attempted an unauthorized outside loop.

He could pour mathematics from the clouds. Which he did successfully until he attempted an unauthorized outside loop.

And Husing went into his act. He built that background, and simply had to do his stuff or admit it was mere conversation.

A prosperous area (that of Florida real estate) followed, but then Ted had learned to take his falls like a Ray Dooley. When the bubble broke Ted streaked for the mounting popular radio, WJZ, to be cited. The remainder is history.

"The Great Husing?" Well, he could hardly be called inconspicuous.

Ted Husing does a great deal of fooling his own horn—but then he has something to tout his horn about.

SURE, Edward Britt Husing is the "prima donna" of all radio's announcers; sure, he likes to be hailed as "the great Husing"—but his is a case of put up or shut up, and he can put up more than enough to justify all of the accusations that are hurled at his temperament and intense ego.

Doubtless this inflated self-interest was a defense mechanism at first, a species of protective coloration to disguise his sense of futility. Because until romance set in, Ted was not what one might call aousing success in life. He had flitted from one occupation to another with consistent

Are You Listenin'?

By Tony Wons

"But you were born in Canada, so you're Canadian, even if your parents were Scotch."

"Look here," answered the Scotchman. "I've had kittens in an oven would you call that Canadian?"

Years ago on all these streets here and on the streets of your town there were many horses. That was the golden age for the street cleaners. Well, those horses worked on, and they thought they would hold their jobs forever.

They never realized that some day it would be a great novelty to see a horse on Broadway. But today people actually stop and stare if they see a horse driving a carriage. Machines have taken their places. The horses passed out. Some day you won't see a single horse on these streets. You tell a horse that, and he'll give you the horse laugh and say "neigh neigh." But it's true nevertheless.

What must a woman do to be beautiful today? The answer is "Nothing." I don't believe that. My mother had beautiful hands. She worked hard for a big family for nearly seventy years.

ONCE had a job under a director who told me never to say the word "death" in my programs. He had an idea that living people did not want to be reminded of it; they wanted to get themselves into believing that there is no such thing. I told him that so far as I could see, since the world began some millions of years ago there has been exactly as much death as there has been life. Now if life is so important, death must be just as important, for everyone who has life must surely have death also. I am not an old man yet by at least a couple of years, but I can imagine how the very old must look at death. I don't think they're afraid of it. I think they take it calmly.

A teacher was testing the power of observation of a class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk she said: "What is that?" And one kid yelled: "That's me!"

I heard an argument on the street the other day, in which one man said that if your parents were of foreign birth and you were born in America you would not be an American. It reminded me of a story. An Irishman and a Scotchman were fighting it out in Canada. "You're a Canadian," said the Irishman. "You were born in Canada." "No girl. My mother and father were Scotch, so I'm Scotch."

A news item says that owing to hard times people are going back to the old-fashioned lantern lamp. Lamp and chimney manufacturers report a brilliant business. And manufacturers of lantern clock business has in the upsurge of the depression.

Well, I use a kerosene lamp up in the woods where we don't have electricity. I don't mind it. The light is sort of soothing.

More of Tony Wons' homey philosophy is heard on the radio—on the NBC radio network, in program sponsored by the S. C. Johnson Company, and weekdays excepting Friday at 11:15 a. m. EST (10:15 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network.

WORLD RADIO SYSTEM, Toronto, IV, November 13, World Radio Month 8, 1934. World Radio at World City, Inc., 111 Broadway St., New York City, N. Y., has a new radio program, "The Great Husing," broadcast on the NBC radio network, in program sponsored by the S. C. Johnson Company, and weekdays excepting Friday at 11:15 a. m. EST (10:15 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network.

The Other side of Lois' Double Life

To Her Listeners She Is the Glamorous Star of Club Romance, But a Glimpse at Her in Her Connecticut Hide-Away Would Reveal a Far Different Story

By Phil Weck

AT FIRST glance Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chatten and their children, Joan, age eleven; Jack, seven years old; and baby Jane, would appear no different than their neighbors. Perhaps Mrs. Chatten is a bit more sophisticated and a great deal prettier than Mrs. Tompkins, half a mile down the pike. Certainly Mr. Chatten lacks the laconic twang that distinguishes Yankees the world over; he does not seem to be the kind of man who gathers with his Connecticut cronies around the cracker barrel and discusses the weather and the crops. If one glances more closely at Mrs. Chatten, that difference instantly is apparent. For Mrs. Chatten is Lois Bennett, star of radio, stage and vaudeville.

And twice a week Miss Bennett brings to her modest Westland Farm, Connecticut, home the bright lights of the world of entertainment, so remote from

Baby Jane is a husky little tot and delights to curl up in her mother's lap while Lois reads to her. She can't resist playing with mother's ball of crochet yarn; even though she knows she is going to get all tangled up in it, and that mother will scold her. And some day she is going to climb that grandfather's clock in the hall all the way up to the top. That is, if Mother and Daddy don't catch her in time.

Mr. Chatten is a New England farmer, true. But he is not the New England farmer made famous in fiction. Rather, he is the gentleman type who has taken to the soil for a pastime, more than for a living. His deep affection for his wife is the foundation of her happiness, and there are few parents more proud of their offspring than this kindly, gentle man.

When he and Lois met and were married she al-



The most precious moments for Lois are those which she spends with her family. From left the youngsters are Joan, John and Jane. And Joan declares she intends to grow up to be "Just like Mother"

the placid, rural district where she lives.

For all of the glamour in the career of Lois Bennett, there is nothing she loves so much as the simple things in life. And that love of hers is reflected in her home. There is nothing pretentious about the Chatten hearth. Inside as well as out it is typical New England. The plan of the house is simple; it is furnished simply. There is the familiar open fireplace, with a fire blazing throughout the winter, log, antlers, kettles and all. There are the circular hooked-rugs, the comfortable wooden rocking chairs. Just as in most present-day New England homes, the original furniture, with its high value as antique, has been replaced by over-stuffed chairs and divans. Lace curtains grace square, glazed windows; electric fixtures have supplanted gas pipes for illumination. Except for these modernizations and for the furniture, the home is exactly as those homes were a hundred years ago or more, when Revolutionary figures stalked their halls.

JOAN is much like her mother. She longs to become an accomplished actress. And although Lois would not like to see any of her children professional musicians, she refuses to stand in the way of Joan's ambitions.

Jack is seven years of age—going on eight, he insists. He thinks there is nothing better in the world than being a gentleman farmer, but—like all real boys—he has his dreams of the thud of a well-kicked pigskin on the crack of a bat on a ball, all before packed stands.

ready was an established artist. And, rather than intrude on a field where she undoubtedly was much more proficient than he, Mr. Chatten decided to leave matters relating to her music in more capable hands.

But Lois was not satisfied with that arrangement. She had chosen this man and intended to share everything with him. So, much to her later confusion, she began a series of lessons in things musical, with Mr. Chatten as the docile pupil.

"It isn't going to be much," she told him, "just enough so that your know what I mean when I talk about orchestrations, arrangements, instrumental work and such."

ONE day, after the lessons had progressed for some time, Lois returned home early and unexpectedly. As she entered the door of her house she paused, agog. Someone was playing the piano, not haltingly and ineptly, but with the skill and polish of an artist. It couldn't be any of the children—surely it wasn't Louis, the amateur.

Imagine how her red-headed temperament boiled when she tiptoed into the parlor and discovered that it was indeed her husband. To think of all those nights when she had been so superior, explaining the simplest technical details to her husband and master had been laughing up his sleeve all the time.

But as quickly as it arose, her anger died. She moved to his side, and sang the number he was playing.

Lois Bennett's Broadway personality is filled with excitement, romance, effervescent thrills

Unwittingly, he finished the piece with a flourish and whirled around on the stool.

"Daring!" he cried. "You never sang better in your life!"

"But Louis," she returned, "your playing—You can play the piano, and like that!"

His secret was out. Before he had met her, Mr. Chatten explained, he had been an accomplished pianist, although he never had played professionally. During their courtship, his days were filled with thoughts of her, and, partly through idleness, partly because of the knowledge that she was so much more musical than he, he never had told her of this ability. Now, under her excellent tutelage, he had progressed farther than ever before. And, he confessed, he had been practicing during the last few months on the sky.

Lois' consternation quickly changed to admiration as her husband sat down and played again. Since that day, Mr. Chatten has been called upon to preview every song his lovely wife sends out upon the air.

BEING Lois Bennett occupies much of Mrs. Chatten's time. There are countless rehearsals to attend, photographs to be posed, interviews with newspapermen, in addition to the actual broadcasts. And being Mrs. Chatten takes up absolutely all the few hours that remain. She commutes daily between New York and Westland Farm, hurrying into town, hurrying home.

It is difficult for one to imagine this slim, amber-haired young beauty as the mother of three children. She looks more like her daughter, Lois's elder sister, particularly in her favorite dress of low-heeled oxfords, sports sweater and skirt. Other mothers may wonder how she keeps the youthful vitality that is the secret of her dual success—in the home and in the professional life.

The explanation is simple. Her work is her happiness—and her work is her family and her singing.

Far more important to Miss Bennett than the acclaim she has won by her singing is that little home on a farm in Connecticut. And much more pleasing to her ears than the praise of radio executives is the enthusiasm of her greeting from those loved ones each night.

IDO love to sing," she says, "and I enjoy radio. But I can't help thinking that I'm really the wrong person. People believe they're listening to a glamorous creature called Lois Bennett, when really I'm just a New England housewife named Mrs. Chatten."

Lois Bennett may be heard in Club Romance, broadcast Sundays at 8:30 a. m., EST (7:30 CST); 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST) also The Gibson Family at 9:30 p. m., EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST) Saturdays, over an NBC-WEAF network.



In the ruins of prehistoric catacombs in Asia archaeologists dug up a crude drawing—which is the basis of the familiar Charlie Chaplin (and other comedians') trick of shoving a custard pie into another's face

Where Radio Gags Come From

In This Brief History of Humor the Comedian of Town Hall Tonight Shows That the Business of Being Funny Is Very Flexible. He Says: "Now That I Let You in on the Secrets of the Craft, Writing Gags Will Come Easy—After About Twenty Years of Practice"

By Fred Allen

THE greatest radio gag writers never saw a microphone, never heard a broadcast, and never wrangled with a sponsor.

Confucius, Aristotle, Cicero and Plato, dead these many centuries, were learned old codgers noted more for their philosophical observations than for their witty sayings, yet if I were asked to name the most prolific radio gag contributors I would have no hesitancy in naming the aforementioned quartet.

Wait—you'd better hold up on that order for the padded wagon. Perhaps some day, if I stay in this business long enough, I may have to take a ride to the looney house in the quilted perambulator, but I'm not really nuts as yet. Read on and see if Professor Allen knows his gag oats.

The phrase "there's nothing new under the sun" applies most aptly to the subject of humor. None of the wise-cracks and bon mots emanating from your loudspeaker today, had their origin in remote antiquity and are nothing more or less than hoary jokes clothed in modern raiment. Or am I telling you something you know already?

But that's plagiarism, you may cry. Yes, it's plagiarism of a sort. But no radio comedian worth his salt would stoop to lift a gag without rewriting and refurbishing it with the power of his own genius. Each comedian has his unique way of developing an acceptable witicism, praise Allah! Thus Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, or Ed Wynn may use the same basic gag, and yet each will reach a different conclusion. After years of such training a comedian develops his imagination to such a quick-triggered degree that he is able to invent many of his own gags.

FRANKLY, I have a library of several thousand volumes of humor. These books range from stiff, formal treatises on the subject to the paperback, ten-cent joke book so popular when you and I were young, Maggie. My books are dog-eared and thumb-marked from years of constant handling, for I always refer to them when preparing my scripts. Originality is priceless, of course, but who among us is ever entirely original.

Here's an example of how a comedian sharpens his wit and originates gags of his own. An ancient joke, that goes way back to antiquity, is this: "My uncle has no arms, but he is the finest stone mason in the country."

"Well, my uncle puts man as a stone mason?"

"Well, my uncle puts the chisel in his mouth and hits himself over the head with the hammer!"

Recently I modernized this gag for a radio broadcast and told of a mason who took her little lad to the museum. The boy stopped and gaped at the statue of Venus de Milo. The mother asked the lad if he felt sorry for the poor, arms-less woman and the lad replied:

"Yes, Mom, she must have had a terrible time tuning the radio with her teeth."

As you can see, both gags are basically the same, and yet they are different. This same gag can be changed a score of times and still retain its comic value, for it is basically funny in substance. The

clever comedian never considers the age of a joke—he looks merely for the possibility of readaptation and refinement. Authorities recognize the fact that all humor is old, that interpretation freshens it.

When I was in vaudeville I used a basic gag for years. From time to time I added a new interpretation, and the same audiences laughed at the same redressed joke.

For instance: An old Yankee wheeze tells of the

"It isn't small pot at all," explained Willio B. Coz. "It's really pneumonia, but I couldn't spell it."

One of the questions that drives a comedian nuts is the oft-repeated invitation to give his selection of the world's most ancient gag. Any one who attempts such an impossible task is foolish. There's an almost indefinite list of antique mother-in-law, heaven-and-hell, and Biblical jokes to choose from, but no one person can conscientiously place his finger on any given joke and say that it is the world's oldest.

As an example, here is a gag that I conceived, and which I could have sworn was absolutely original with me:

A hungry man walked into a restaurant and ordered a plate of pea soup. When the waiter delivered the soup the diner proceeded to strip off his clothes.

"They, what's the idea of stripping off your clothes?" asked the waiter.

The diner pointed to the single pea floating in the soup. "I'm gonna swim after that pea!" he hollered, and dove in.

NOW that's a funny gag, and it sounds thoroughly modern, doesn't it? Well, I soon discovered that it had been uttered and recorded by Cicero a hundred years before the dawn of Christianity!

If you listen to my broadcasts you know that I conduct an "advice" department—answering harassed queries from worried listeners. A lady asked me for a remedy for love. "Lady," I replied, "time is one remedy. But the best is the rope."

On still another occasion Mrs. Allen's little boy Fred told the following tale:

A farmer one morning discovered an ancient auto lying overturned in his plowed field.

"What's the matter, buddie," called the farmer, "did you have an accident?"

"Oh no, was the driver's sarcastic reply. "I just bought a new car and five brought my old one over here to bury it. Can you lend me a spare? I can't dig very well with my auto horn!"

That gag, dear students is as old as the Sphinx's riddle. It was first told by Homer centuries before Christ. Homer, of course, referred to a broken ox cart, and his spouse was a drake switch. All I did was to readapt Homer's story.

You speak of the man of the hour, said a comic to his stooge in a recent broadcast. "Is there also a woman of the hour?"

"No, it takes her an hour and a half," was the elegant squelcher.

THAT'S a very funny quip. It was funny too when I terence, a hundred years before Cicero, put it this way: "You know an hour of silence—while they are getting ready it is a year; while they are starting it is a year and a half." Still earlier Plautus harped on the same theme: "Surely woman was born from delay herself," he said. "It takes a man an hour to prepare—a woman a year."

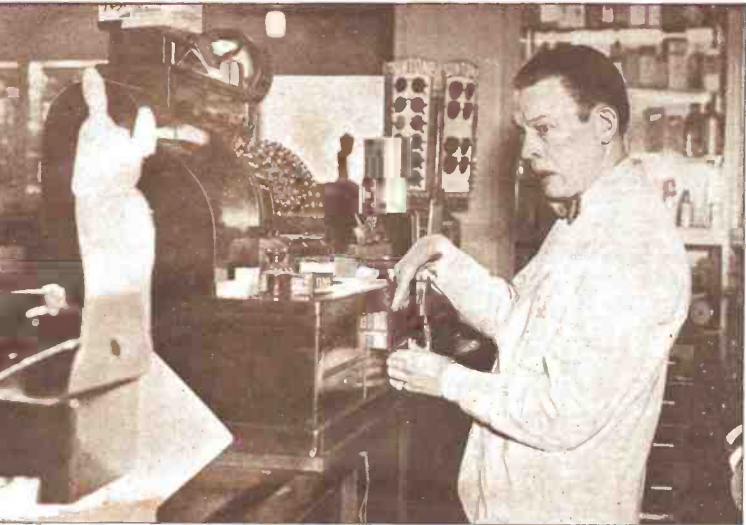
These examples prove that a joke is one thing that can travel around the world without having to worry about the fare. (And that's not original with me, either, it was recast by the author of another book—(C) Quantilian mentions in Roman times of a certain



"Makee a clam, mucchee quick," says Confucius Allen to Portland Madame Butterfly Hoffa, for he's really shy about having his wife see him in this getup

horse that dropped dead on Kosciuszko Street. The cop, mulling out his report, couldn't spell Kosciuszko Street, so he dragged the horse over to Smith Street. Now here's the same situation, revamped so that it sounds absolutely dissimilar, and yet I'll wager that you'll get as hearty a laugh out of it as you did of the one above:

After a day's absence Willie reappeared in school, with a letter addressed to the teacher. "Wrote Willie's mother!" Sorry Willie was absent from school, but his little sister has the smallpox." The frantic teacher naturally called Willie's mother on the telephone. "What do you mean by sending Willie to school if you have a case of smallpox in the house?" she screamed.



Fred as he appeared in a recent role (above) which he loved because it took him that close to cash and (left) "What do I care what becomes of the tiger?" . . . the basis of many a mother-in-law gag

youth named Gabba who, when someone said that in Sicily he had bought for a very small sum an "ele-foot" long, remarked: "That is not very wonderful. You were cheated, for they grow so very long there that fishermen use them for ropes."

This is probably the very first fish story. That eel yarn mentioned by Quintilian has mothered and fathered many a telling Isaac Walton yarn.

You've heard the story a million times about the gal who ceased counting the years after she reached a certain age. Here's the doddering parent: Fabia Doulabella, saying she was thirty years of age. And Cicero answered her: "It must be true, for I've heard it these twenty years."

Here's the daddy of all the barber shop gags: Archaelus, a Roman writer, visited a prating barber who asked how he would be shaved. Archaelus answered: "In silence."

A GREAT newspaper editor attained immortality by a defining news: "When a dog bites a man," he stated, that's not news. But when a man bites a dog—that's NEWS."

Cato, the Roman poet and philosopher, went to sleep and when he awoke in the morning he noted that the mice had eaten his shoes. To his manservant Cato observed: "It is of no news that mice should eat shoes. Had the shoes eaten the mice, it would have been portentous news indeed."

I'll give the reader one guess as to where the great newspaper editor found the inspiration for his definition of news.

Familiar is the gag about the man who told the story of a burning house: "I saw a fellow on the roof," he says, "and I called to him, 'Jump! Jump!' and I'll catch you in the blanket!" Well, I had to laugh—he jumped—and I didn't have no blanket! This story will still draw a good laugh, despite the fact that it was started many centuries ago by Scipio Africanus.

And so it goes—one joke after another succumbs under the searing light of research. The comedian's nimble mind takes the chip of an idea that has been floating about for aeons, and molds it to suit his modern taste. Way back in Roman times Coccheto da Trevar, a physician, recorded the story of what happened



EVEN FRED'S musical technique he took from the ancients. (Right) The modern version of a gag credited to Voltaire. Illustrating his reply of what impediments should be tossed overboard to lighten a ship during a violent storm

when he wrote a prescription for a foolish patient: "Here," said the doctor, "take this at three times, one every morning." So the patient, out the prescription up in three equal parts and swallowed the pieces, one each morning. Variations of this ancient wheeze have appeared a million times—but it's still good. From it springs also the one about "shake well before using." Ask Ted. Violent hands have been laid on this one for years: Voltaire, "father of the

French revolution," told of a great storm at sea, and of the captain's orders to the passengers that the most burdensome articles must be tossed into the sea, to lighten the vessel. Whereupon a passenger tossed his wife overboard, stating that she was the most burdensome article he had . . . This one is still told.

The first mother-in-law joke has come up from antiquity, and is of unknown origin. It deals with a caveman who was gnawing on a bone one morning when his wife rushed in screaming: "Quick! Quick! Get your club! A tiger is chasing my mother!"

The caveman shrugged his shoulders: "What do I care what happens to a tiger?"

AN AGELESS and generally accepted theory declares that there are only seven original patterns for all the jokes in the world. Likely squaring the circle, this argument will never cease. Frankly, I place no stock in the theory, as too many jokes and wise-cracks are based on situations that could not have been dreamed centuries ago. I have yet to encounter two people who can agree on one original joke pattern, no less seven.

As an example of a gag (Continued on Page 25)



Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

DISTINCTLY a highlight in the week's events was **LORD PHILIPS' LORAIN**, from his adventuring schooner, the *Seib Parker*, near Talituli. The news that the British warship *Australia*, with a Dupont board, stopped at the port, and was called back to take off the crew, came to Lord's old friends and was received with a knowing smile. They were sure Phil was just putting on another show.

It has proved otherwise. Mr. Lord recently was in trouble and his contact the NBC three times before sending the SOS. It was no phony because I happen to know that Phil Lord is aware of the consequences of sending a fake SOS. It would have brought a federal inquiry and perhaps a nasty note from the British Admiralty.

The only criticism that is justified by the incident is this: The suspicion attaching to it gives radio a black eye, to say nothing of the doubtful business of commercializing adventure—and then coming a cropper and requiring governments to effect a rescue. If Mr. Lord merited the listeners' suspicions by previous broadcasts, then in his crisis he is only having his sins visit him when, with the adventure practically over, he needs audience confidence most.

Another incident of last week brought a very sorry disillusionment to some radio artists, and the expose of a racket. It appears that scores of so-called fan clubs throughout the country are merely organizations for mulcting the entertainers. The credit for ferreting out this racket and the launching of a federal inquiry in many cases a local investigation, goes to **KATE SMITH**. There may be a test case concerning the racket club in a small Massachusetts town. This club is a prototype of many others. Here's how it started:

Recently Kate received a letter from a gent in the town. He craved her authority for organizing a Kate Smith Club, and Kate agreed. But back came a letter stating that a charter would be necessary and would cost \$100, which Kate was to pay. In compensation for this outlay, the organizers pledged to supply available material for sale by mail to Kate's stations and sponsors. In the letter was the implication that if Kate didn't pay the \$100, the fan mail would arrive just the same—but it would not be complimentary.

Investigators went to work when Kate's ire was aroused, and they learned that practically every town in the East had a similar

racket. Each of these clubs, usually a family affair once it was organized, issued a pamphlet, and the artist concerned was expected to pay for many subscriptions to



When **John Boles** played a theater engagement in Chicago recently, he sat down to play and sing a new composition by his old friend, **Don Mario**. The song, *There Must Be Something*, will be sung by **Mario** on his Penthouse Serenade one of these Sundays at 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST) over an NBC network.

insure circulation. In all cases the same little crooked groups were actual fan clubs or perhaps half dozen artists—with half a dozen center bills for charters, and money rolling in for odd expenses. That racket now has been broken and fans are warned against being lured into any of them. If you want news of your radio favorites, you'll find it in this family magazine, my fans.

Three notable changes of policy were effected as regards major programs during the week. The most painful of them was the withdrawal of **VIRGINIA REA** from the American Album of Family Music. **VIVIENNE SEGAL** gets the job, and Virginia goes to Hollywood for a new coast-to-coast broadcast, of which she herself doesn't yet know the identity. Her retirement from the Album breaks up the team of **FRANK MUNN** and **Virginia Rea** which has flourished on the air for seven years—two years with the Album. Naturally, the type of entertainment on the other show will be re-modelled to fit the talents of Miss Segal, who excels in musical comedy work rather than the revival of songs grown tender with age.

Another change affected **CBS Club** and **LOIS BENNETT**. The scripts have been abandoned, and the show will become at once entirely musical.

The third change placed **AL GOODMAN** in **NAT SHIKKETS'** shoes in the heavy slot series, with Goodman assuming the entire responsibility for production of the operettas. The move has changed the pace of the series considerably, for Goodman has insisted on rewriting both books and scores for purposes of radio adaptation and modernization of theme. Likewise he will occasionally add extraneous characters to the casts.

Oddities of the week: **GRACIE BARRIE**, former songstress with **LEON BELASCO**, recently developed a hip and tried to show she couldn't correct it. Until last Monday her dentist discovered that it was caused by a tooth that has decided to list to starboard.

The tooth was straightened and the hip vanished.

HUGO MARIANI, the orchestra leader, stopped playing his trumpet on Tuesdays, once he became a laced two bits of a \$15 fine for unlawful parking.

As usual to ask on *Friends* for 25 cents he languished until broadcast time, and then in desperation called a singer, who "sprang" him from duressville.

Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

AMOS 'N' ANDY, whom the editor tells us to have their lives explored by this weekly commencing next issue, are far from slipping. One look at the floods of mail received by the contest and the recent contest and you see of that.

During one 24-hour period near the close of the contest, **FEN MAIL TRUCKS LOADED WITH FIFTY BAGS OF MAIL EACH** delivered letters to the sponsors. And from a glance at the several floors of the office building dedicated to the handling and storage of letters, it is our opinion that the fifty bags of letters were but a twentieth, or less, of the total received.

Three hundred clerks were employed especially for the handling of the contest and a wider front than was read thoroughly by one of sixty university graduates who sorted out possible winners.

Shipping?
Plums, white see are on the subject, are awarded to **A G** and their goods for their *Starline 12* program. To the sponsor for observing Lincoln's birthday by omitting all advertising matter; to **Anas 'N' Andy** for the sale of a gem which investigation Crawford gave the works to the Kingab and Andy.

IT WOULD BE interesting to know just how badly radio beat the newspapers when the jury returned its verdict in the Hauptmann trial. Suffice it to say radio scooped the ears of the press and cut into the newspapers' sale of extras in no mean fashion. All of which leads this pillar to predict that the press versus radio battle will be a long and bitter one and a wider front than ever before. We can visualize the dirty looks the managing editors are giving the poor radio editors of

the newspapers just because the ether scribbles are "biting the hand that feeds them."

Plums, carloads of them, are in order for the radio newsmen who served so well at Flemington, New Jersey. Likewise an order of the juicy fruit is westbound to the San Francisco NBC staff for their resourcefulness and endurance in scooping the dirigible *Alacoz* disaster for radio.

The National Broadcasting Company network crew put on untidy hours the Tuesday night of the accident interviewed the survivors as they landed at the Frisco dock, aired a complete dramatization of the catastrophe next morning at 8:30 a. m. PST (11:30 EST; 10:30 CST).

This might be a good place to ask why it is that cabaret entertainers, buskers and assorted performers-out-of-work always, whenever they figure in a divorce, crime or other story in the newspapers, are referred to as "radio artists"?

OLD MASTRO BEN BERNIE, having completed sequences for his next Paramount film, *Stolen Harmony*, will trek East come next Wednesday, February 27, to settle in New York City for five weeks of unfinished *Loves* Theater time. Winding up this engagement, he probably will play two more weeks of theaters (one possibly in Chicago) on his way back to Hollywood to make another picture and play, beginning May 13, at the palatial hotel on Catalina Island.

Regarding Ben's stronghold on the celluloid empire

(he only gets \$100,000 a picture) it was the comestory of one who knows the old mousetrap verba well:

"I think Ben must have won Paramount in a bridge game."

Incidentally, many of you must be aware that the Bernie commences his return on Tuesdays, once for the East and Midwest and later for the Mountain and Pacific states, but here's the payoff: The two programs are not always the same. Different casts designed particularly to get laughs on the Coast, are frequently substituted in the Western broadcast.

And many of you have received a serious fan letter from a social registerite, sincerely thanking him for dedicating a song to her whose name was *Louiseberry*. The song, Bernie realized after the dedication, was none other than that ribald burlesque entitled: *Mrs. Louiseborough-Goodbye!*

OFF A LIVE MIKE! The current person appearance of the **NBC Greater Aluminists**, taking them this week to *Wichita*, *Dayton*, *Chicago*, *St. Louis*, *Omaha* (February 20), and *Tulsa* (February 21), is the longest yet. More dates are in the offing. . . . **Roxy** has renewed his contract with that product the babes just adore—*Iron Phillips*, talented author and doubling actress of the **NBC's Today's Children** show, has been offered the possibility of broadcasting at *Rosemont College*. The star ad-libbing and commercial-kidding announcer, **Arthur Godfrey**, who was given so many orchids last year by **W. R. Ingham**, is in his old post as *Swab* at *Midwest*, heard week mornings from 7 to 9 EST (6 to 8 CST) over **WJWS**, Washington. Try him some a. m. on 1460 kilocycles.

Inside Stuff

Along the Aerialto

By Martin Lewis

RUDY VALLEE was baited by the present sponsor of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts to star on a new program for them, which would have fattened his paycheck to the tune of a couple of grand (thousands to you) a week. But Rudy has accepted instead a verta-verta nice increase from his present sponsor, so hell stay put.

There was a reason for all those celebrities. The NBC Summer hotel last week, **LEON NAVARRA**, who leads the orchestra at the hotel, staged a **GUS EDWARDS** reunion night, which was attended by most of the pioneer showman's proteges including **EDDIE CANTOR**, **GEORGIE JESSEL**, **WALTER WINCHELL**, **GEORGIE PRICE** and **LILA LEE**.

And there's a reason why **EDDIE CANTOR'S** program sounds twice as good as ever. (I'm not plugging **JACK BENNY'S** sponsor.) The comic now has an audience not only for his regular program, but for his rehearsals as well. The object is simple: if the audience doesn't laugh at a gag and it falls flat, Cantor immediately puts a pencil mark right through it. By this process of elimination the best gags and situations are left for the loudspeaker roadshow.

Fate plays a well part with some people. **TANIA LUBOV**, an attractive lass with plenty of dramatic appeal in her voice, was an ardent listener to the top-notch dramatic shows of the air. **THE WARDEN LAVES** program, however, was her pet. Finally she decided she'd like to take a crack at radio herself, so—after several months of listening in the foyer of the radio studios she succeeded in getting an audition, which proved successful. Her first assignment was a part on the **Warden Laves** program.

Although the choir heard on the Sunday programs with **JOLLY COBURN'S** orchestra was supposed to be known as the **JOLLY SINGERS**, they argued loudly with the sponsor about not singing under their own name. So now you hear them as **Roy Campbell's Swazee Singers**.

HELEN CLAIRE, heroine on the **Roses and Drums** program, stepped into the Broadway field with a small part in the legit picture, **ALEXANDER WOOD**, the hard-boiled dramatic critic, the tiny radio star flies away with the actor himself in the play. Two of the greatest critics in New York, **Percy Hammond** on the **Heard-Trib** and **Brooks Robinson** of the **Times**, were especially kind to Helen. If she continues in her theatrical triumphs, Helen soon may be lost to radio.

Here's a thought that just struck me: CBS has the only uncensored artists in a business that is notorious for its blue-penciling. **ALEXANDER WOOD**, **COTT** and **WILL ROGERS** are the stars who refuse to brook any interference from the radio blue-noes. Their scribbled notes pass as if.

No more will you hear **FRED WARING** introduce **BABS RYAN** during his program. The songstress has quit **Fred Waring** to go back to her brothers who left the program last month. Although she proved herself lovely professionally, she tried suit for divorcing her Monday from her "brother" **Charlie** who is really her husband. Despite her marital split-up, she will continue to work through with her brothers, though they haven't any definite program as yet.

If you happen to be around the NBC studios some 7:32 p. m. of a Sunday and you someone make a mad dash out of the building, don't think you are witnessing the aftermath of a hold-up. Although it may look like that, it's only **FRED FRANKER** rushing to the CBS studio several blocks away for his **Good God** show, which is on the half-hour immediately following his **JACK BENNY** program over **NBC**. I've been told **Frank** was clocked and can do 100 yards in ten seconds.

All work and no play not only make a dull boy, but sometimes terminates in a breakdown. After rehearsing from 9 o'clock in the morning until 8 p.m. at night, **ALLEN DAVIS** drops his rubber, causing a little scuffle among the group of players; but after a few treatments Allen went on with the show much improved.



Allyn Joslyn's recovery from his injuries sustained in a fall on slippery pavement, is progressing so rapidly that he will be back soon as a straight-man for Beatrice Lillie on her Friday evening programs over an NBC network—9 p. m. EST (8 CST)

There are lots and lots of elevators in the NBC Radio City studios, and they confuse employees as well as visitors with their different purposes. One set is reserved for visitors, another for musicians and other hearing cases or packages, and still another set for staff members only. The Service Department is very fussy about the regulations. So the other night an operator of one of the staff elevators denied its use to two visitors.

The smaller of the two turned to him and said: "Why, young man, do you know who this is? He is Mr. **DAVID SARNOFF**, President of the Radio Corporation of America and Chairman of the Board of NBC."

"Sorry," said the operator, "these cars are for staff members only."

"My good man," said Mr. Sarnoff, "do you know who this man is? He is **COLONEL LOUIS HOWE**, secretary to the President of the United States."

"Sorry, these are staff elevators," repeated the operator as he slammed the doors shut. So Mr. Sarnoff and Colonel Howe had to battle through the studio crowds to the visitors' elevators in order to proceed to the offices of **JOHN ALMONT**, night executive.

KELDYCE CHATTER: Rumor has it that **KATE SMITH** will be sponsored again at the completion of her thirteen-week stretch for the radio car company. . . The new March of Time newscast is an excellent bit of news entertainment, and take it from me this feature alone is worth the price of admission to any theater. . . **ROSE FISHER** you heard as **Quint** earlier in the **Wagon** show. . . **MRS. LOUIS LIPSTONE**, rose of the big Balaban & Katz affair. . . I understand that even though the sponsor is convinced that the Sunday night opera taboos last mass appeal, it will continue to present them for another thirteen weeks at least. . . If you've noticed any change for the better in the last two **Pearlman Party** programs featuring **MARK HELLINGER** and **GLADYS GLAD**, credits to the new script writer who also does the scripting for a famous ethnic comic. . . Evidence of **PHIL BAKER'S** attraction for **BOTTLE-HARRY MORGANTHAU** is found in the fact that Harry was selected as goalfather for the latest Baker rerun. . . **LENNIE HAYTON**, the NBC bandman, offers this complete description of a radio comedian: A fellow who sells himself to himself—and usually buys it. . . **THE LANDY TRIO** AND **WHITE** have organized a novelty orchestra which will make its debut soon over an NBC network. . . **JOHNNY MARVIN'S** recent solo operation has enabled him to add almost an entire act to his range. In the upper register, listen to him and see if it's not right. . . **RAYMOND KNIGHT** is winning on his first musical comedy, to be called **Not in the Guide Books** and produced by the Schuberts. It is expected to open in Boston the first week in May. . . **THE GUSTAV FRANKLIN** has been awarded its third renewal, starting **March 31** to open to a Sunday night period.

GRACE and **EDDIE ALBERT**, the **NBC** **Homey-mooners**, are not Mr. and Mrs. in real life—**BUT**—After a year of billing and cooling over the air, they have developed a romantic relationship on the ground. And it may result in wedding bells soon—which goes to prove, does it not, that there is Romance in the Air.

Aid speaking of romance in the air, **VAUGHN DE LEATH** seems to find it in the Bermuda atmosphere. The songstress managed to sail there and back last week-end between her regular broadcasts on the air. And she had a few romantic days on the island. I don't know much about the days in Bermuda being romantic, but it certainly can't hurt for the nights.

And if you can believe the gossipers, it's romance that's keeping **CONNIE GATES** at home these nights embracing those dainty little thing-a-mies to put into her dance chest. Although the songstress who is heard on the **NBC Let's Dance** program won't admit it, I'm informed the heart former schoolmate from Cleveland.

LENNIE HAYTON has followed the footsteps of **RUDY VALLEE**—that is as far as hobbies are concerned. The onk pilot has taken up photography, both stills and motion pictures, and most of his spare time these days are spent at the **Central Park zoo** where he is snapping every variety of animal in the place.

JOHN MCCORMACK will not soon forget the cost of a one-way trip, **1935**. He had just finished a broadcast when a page approached him. "You are wanted on the phone. Mr. McCormack."

he was told. "I can't answer it now, I'm in a rush to get away." The singer. Then he stopped. "I'm all right," he said. "I'm not busy." He picked up the receiver. "This is Arturo Toscanini," said the voice. "I just wanted to say that you're wonderful voice tonight. I've enjoyed your singing greatly." A smile came over McCormack's face as he thanked the man, who is universally rated as the world's greatest conductor.

And after he had hung up, he fairly beamed. "Wasn't that the nicest thing?" he exclaimed. He was as pleased as a kid with a new sled!

Well-oh and a couple of more wells—after shutting from **NBC** to **CBS** and then back again to **NBC** at last that tire company has settled down to roost, and on Friday, **March 8**, over the **NBC-WJZ** network will present to you its roster of talents which includes **ED LEWIS** and his orchestra, **TIM** and **IRENE**, and the **MODERN CHOIR**.

The **NBC** has received so many protests from listeners against **SENATOR HUEY LONG'S** radio talks that **John F. Roy**, vice-president in charge of programs, has issued the following statement:

The **National Broadcasting Company** had had a rule that **United States Senators** may have the use of our facilities during sessions of Congress. It is our purpose, always, to put on both sides of a question, and in all probability someone will defend **President Roosevelt** and answer **Senator Long**. Usually happens this way. We do not censor speeches of **United States Senators** or **Representatives**, and we are ready at all times to lend our facilities for an answer to **Senator Long**.

Incidentally, when the **Senator** asks for radio time to broadcast his political ideas, the networks assign time to a late hour because they learned years ago that there is no such thing as a free lunch. **Senator Long**, scheduled for fifteen minutes, he talked for an hour and forty-five minutes, completely disrupting the evening's schedule.

Even the big networks would hesitate to cut the fiery **Senator** off the air.

There was heap big excitement during a recent **March of Time** rehearsal, with the director of the show threatened to fire an entire cast because he felt they were becoming too sure of themselves, and he declared, were "laying down." He apparently forgot to take into account the fact that some of the same cast members had been making their first **March of Time** newscast, which is a grind in itself.

The Private Life of Walter Winchell

Herein Is Revealed for the First Time the True Inside Story of the Winchell-Jolson Feud and Its Astounding Aftermath—and Much That Few Persons Suspect and Fewer Know About the Gray Ghost

By Jack Banner

Called the *Gray Ghost of Broadway*, Walter Winchell, never treads a more at home with his family than in the night clubs where he goes to gather news for his syndicated column and broadcasts. Into his thirty-seven years he has packed many accomplishments; starting on the air, originating a new style in newspaper column-writing, singing and dancing on the stage.

Herein is presented the eighth instalment of his story.

WALTER, a canny showman, as well as a shrewd student of human nature, knew that the best way to stir up controversy was to start a fight with a prominent opponent. Thus, when he signed with the *New York Mirror*, he arranged a "feud" with his pal and journalistic rival, Mark Hellinger, who was writing a Broadway column on the *New York News*.

For months these cronies tossed bricks and nasty cracks at each other, and created an unprecedented uproar among their readers. Thousands of eager fans bought the papers each day just to read what Winchell had to say about Hellinger, and vice versa. So great was the uproar that the editors of the papers finally forced them to curtail the feud. The fact that the circulations of the papers dropped immediately after the cessation of hostilities, seemed to make no difference.

The radio hostilities started when Walter wanted something sensational to pep up sustaining interest in

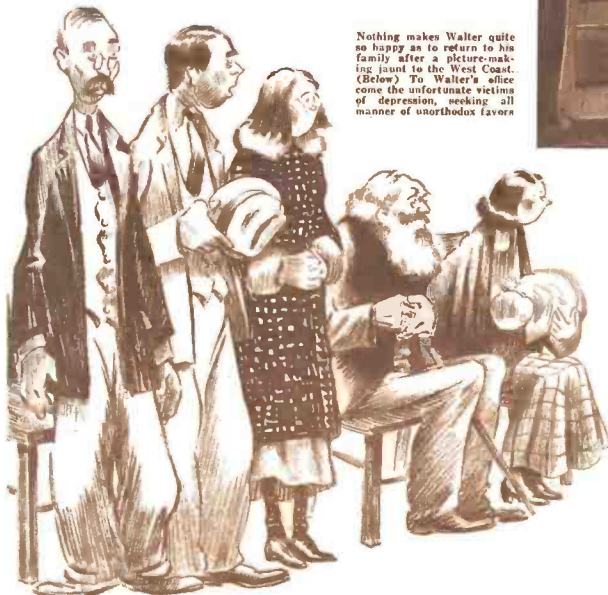
his broadcast, and he reasoned that the surest way to accomplish his purpose was to start a fight. After careful consideration he picked on Rudy Vallee as his sparring mate, and for several months he hurled caustic comments. But it takes two to make a fight. Rudy refused to strike back at his tormentor, so Walter was forced to stop his ribbing.

Finally, he thought of his boyhood pal, Ben Bernie, who was piloting an orchestra in Chicago. He called the Old Maestro by long distance telephone, and explained his idea. Ben agreed to the "feud", and they've been berating each other with gusto and profit ever since.

Winchell and Bernie have built themselves up to tremendous radio attractions, in good part as a result of the network battles.

When Ben and Walter first started their repartee Bernie was earning \$1,200 a week, while his present weekly salary hovers about the \$10,000 mark. Winchell, too, has profited handsomely. Last year he played several weeks in vaudeville, for which they each received a sum in excess of \$7,000 every week of the

Nothing makes Walter quite so happy as to return to his family after a picture-making jaunt to the West Coast. (Below) To Walter's office come the unfortunate victims of depression, seeking all manner of unorthodox favors



tour. Both admit the part that the feud has played in their popularity.

Broadway, say the critics, is a street of jealousies and bitterness. But Winchell always has defended stoutly the integrity of this street and its people. The Al Jolson episode, however, is the one experience that has somewhat shattered his faith.

For a long time neither Jolson nor Winchell would talk about that unfortunate affair. A conspiracy of silence defeats all efforts to pierce the fog of ugly rumors surrounding the true reasons for the famous battle between the erstwhile pals. Now, however, Winchell has made a clean breast of the entire affair.

Winchell and Jolson had been intimate pals. As a matter of fact, it was Al Jolson who smashed the famous Shubert boycott against Winchell. When Al opened in *Wonder Bar*, he refused to allow the curtain to rise until the Shuberts relented and permitted his pal Winchell to occupy a front aisle seat. Needless to state, Walter gave Jolson a terrific "rave" notice in his paper the next morning. "But he deserved it for his performance," added Walter.

AND so it was throughout the years. They remained the most cordial of friends. Time dealt kindly with Walter Winchell; he became a mighty figure in the newspaper, theatrical and radio worlds. Jolson, however, found the path to glory increasingly difficult. He turned from the theater to radio, where he failed to emulate his marvellous stage success.

In 1932, shortly before the two principals left for Hollywood, Walter received a telephone call from his harassed friend. The Mammy Singer breathlessly announced that he was chucking his radio career.

"Okay, Al," said Walter. "I'll run a line to that effect in my column."

"Please, Walter—you can't give me just a line. This is a big story. I tell you I'm walkin' out."

Winchell detected a trace of hysteria in his friend's voice, and it struck a

(Continued on Page 29)

Babes in the Hollywoods

After a Year's Trial, the Center of Filmdom Has Become the Second Most Important Point of Origin for Coast-to-Coast Programs. New York May Still Be the Top, But Hollywood Is a Veritable Mecca of Talent. And How That Talent Is Being Marshalled to the Microphone These Days!

By Robert Redd

HOLLYWOOD seems to be coming into its own these days as something more than the picture capital of the world. The big names of the screen are taking a more important part in radio daily. At the time of her advent to radio Mary Pickford witted a deal of interest in radio, among the photo-play crowd. Transcontinental trains bring in a weekly load of Eastern radio stars who have come to the Hollywoods to fill a picture contract. Hollywood broadcasting studios are semio, with traffic—overflowing in fact.

Columbia's studios are popping with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Ted Frioito, an Hollywood Hotel broadcasts NBC within one year has outgrown the short-pants of its temporary studio-set on the RKO picture lot, and will complete in June a new and modern quarter-million dollar studio building.

Rudy Vallee likes Hollywood's plans to be back in the Southland by early summer. Phil Baker and his crowd, Jack Benny, Jane Frazee, Jimmy Nelson, the Lombardos, to mention only a few of the big-timers, are already checking train schedules with Hollywood for a destination.

After a year's trial, Hollywood suddenly has become the nation's second most important point of origin for coast-to-coast programs. New York may still be the top, but Hollywood is a veritable mecca of talent. And how that talent is being marshalled to the microphone these days!

A lot of funny things happen in Hollywood broadcasting studios. It's a towel around the neck when famous movie stars face the radio mike. Edward Everett Horton was the first to come to a broadcasting studio so

others followed suit. No Pullman towels. No big fluffy numbers, but just the common garden variety of bath-room towel graces the necks of the movieland, here's a reason.

That gala night when Al Jolson dashed hurriedly into the studio to rehearse with his old pal, Ben Bernie. Al is wearing a natty, yellow-bordered towel high above his collar. Why? These Hollywood photoplayers work all day on a movie set, then make a mad scramble to get under the deadline for a radio show rehearsal. No time to remove heavy grease paint. The towel keeps the make-up from rubbing off onto their clothing. You won't see that practice followed in any other radio studio in these here now United States. Well—will you? No, because it belongs to Hollywood!

AND here are a few of the idiosyncrasies of Hollywood broadcasters:

Walt Disney insists on sitting down when he does a *Mickey Mouse* broadcast. Polly Moran also sits when she speaks for the mike.

Helen Morgan always gets the jitters just before going on the air. So does Ben Bernie. The Old Maestro looked at his watch the other day just four minutes before his show took the air. He shook his head. "Time to go into the studio and start getting nervous," was Ben's wise-crack. He meant it.

Grace Moore writes, as well as announces, her own program.

MARY PICKFORD believes appropriate costumes help her to give a better radio performance. When she married Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm she wore a gingham dress similar to the one used in her silent picture some years ago. The psychological effect! It must work, for witness Mary's performances.

"Never again," said Walt Disney as he left the broadcasting studio on the RKO lot after his two-night-before-Christmas *Mickey Mouse* program, this last Yuletide. "That's all, boys. Never again," good-natured Walt repeated with a look of dismay on his face.

You see, Walt contends that *Mickey Mouse* and all the rest of the famous movie-cartoon crew don't belong on the air. So he continues to refuse the many

No skimming just because it was free. Show people are that way. Always ready to do a good turn for an old friend. And beside the friendly gesture, perhaps the occasion offered a chance, to show the proposed sponsor just what he was missing when he refused to meet the Jolson demand.

Radio has reached such proportions as an entertainment field that motion picture stars no longer eye it with the disdain in which they held it in its formative years. So smoothly does radio dovetail with their film work that in place of scorning it they now are eager to become a part of the new art.

In addition to its publicity value, radio has become an important factor in augmenting incomes. The eager rivalry between sponsors to present national favorites, has enhanced remuneration to a point where radio is a competitive industry; salaries that rival those paid in pictures are cheerfully being assumed by sponsors. By timing contracts carefully, a popular artist can be kept busy the year around, as witness Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Dick Powell and many more.

POWELL, incidentally, doesn't have to worry whether he is retained in pictures. He has made an assured success in radio. So if, by any remote chance, the film moguls turn thumbs down on the singing juvenile, he can employ his own thumbs promptly in a gesture that wouldn't leave any doubt as to how he regards his chances in radio.



ample offers to put *Al Jolson* into a regular radio serial. He believes *Mickey* should be seen as well as heard.

It so happens Walt Disney knows *Mickey Mouse* better than anyone else. He's merely doing what he thinks best to insure the longevity of the famous screen star. But he's depriving the nation of a lot of swell entertainment.

SPEAKING of Hollywood being pretty busy with its radio work, right now—did you know that, for the past eight weeks, Hollywood has been doing the entire broadcasting job for the nation's net works on Tuesday evenings for a half-hour period? A network carries the *Grace Besser* show from jolly Hollywood, while Ben Bernie has been passing out music and cracks at Winchell for the benefit of a crowd of listeners in the East. Bing Crosby during the time is giving his all over a Columbia hookup.

AL JOLSON turned down a five-figure offer to broadcast about a month ago. The company wanting to sponsor Al wouldn't meet his price within a couple of thousand buckles. Jolson stuck to his guns and said it was his figure or no broadcast. In other words, Al turned down the job. The following week he appeared as feature star on the Ben Bernie show, gratis. They're good friends.

Just another case of all or nothing. And what a show Al Jolson gave Bernie!



Al Jolson (above with Ben Bernie) gave one of the outstanding performances of his air career when he guest-starred with the Old Maestro recently, and Sir Guy Standing and Gary Cooper (below) had a real taste of microphone glory when the producer of their latest motion picture put them on the air.



Frank Mohr (left) and Ted Liley, the two who thought that shooting a child would allow them to get away with two other crimes

A Little Child Died Lead Them Calling All Cars

Why Should a Ruthless Killer Shoot Down an Innocent Eight-Year-Old Boy? How Could He and His Companion in Crime Fail to Reckon with the Power of Detroit's Police Radio?

By Arthur Kent

LITTLE BILLY REYNOLDS smiled at his mother. "I'm going to make a lot of money selling magazines," he prattled, "and buy you a new red dress." Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds laughed. This pleased Billy very much, because Mother and Dad didn't laugh very often these days. Even the youngest of eight realized that this had something to do with Dad's being out of work.

"Young man," said William Reynolds, Senior, "if you start buying clothes for women at your time of life, there's no telling where you may wind up."

"And just you be careful!" the boy's mother admonished playfully, as she tucked the woolen scarf tight around his neck, and helped him adjust the big canvas sack which bulged with magazines. "Don't you let any holdup men get you—with all that money of yours. Else I'll never get my red dress! And remember—be polite to everybody."

Was it premonition that caused this comely young mother suddenly to put on her own hat and coat? "I'm going with Billy," she said. "I'm going to help him sell his magazines today. I'll take one side of the street, and Billy can take the other. He's got such an awfully big load."

William Reynolds sat in the window and watched his wife and little son walk down the street together. He sighed. What was the world coming to, he wondered, when a man had to watch his wife and kid going out to earn a few pennies to buy bread? The time had been when Reynolds could write a personal check in large figures. A clever young contractor, he knew the building game inside out—but what construction work was being done in April of 1932, and how could a contractor make a living in those tosy-tumpy times? Reynolds pondered that question as he puffed on his pipe and gazed disconsolately through the window at the shabby Detroit street on which they lived.

"Anyway," he said to himself, "that kid has the makings of a marvelous salesman. With his personality, he's got a great future before him."

Not far from the Reynolds home is a grocery store, at No. 1534 Grand Avenue. Business wasn't very brisk on that April day, and thirty-seven-year-old Garnet Ritchie, the good-natured clerk, took the opportunity of

rearranging his shelves. The sight of an old magazine under the counter reminded Ritchie that little Billy Reynolds was due to arrive with his bulging canvas bag.

"That kid is as regular as clock-work," he told a woman customer. "He never misses, rain or shine. I always buy from him."

HE IS A bright little fellow," the woman replied. "And I guess the money he makes sure is recited in that home. They've had a lot of hard luck, I hear."

"They're fine people, too," the good-natured clerk said warmly. "You can tell from little Billy's nice manners, the kind of home he comes from."

Soon the customer left the store, and Ritchie was alone again. He went back to the task of arranging the stock on the shelves wishing, perhaps, that the life of a grocery clerk included a little of the excitement to be found upon the printed pages of the magazines he bought from little Billy Reynolds.

Suddenly the door swung open. "Good day," said the clerk. "What can I —" Then the friendly smile faded from his face. His voice faltered. For an instant those two men just stood and stared at him. One was tall and latten-jawed. The other was shorter, and plump. He wore a bulging leather jacket.

Although they said nothing, and made no threat-

ening motion, there was a strange menace in the way they stood and stared.

"Okay, Frank," the plump one said at last. His chunky, thick-featured face was expressionless—all except the mean little eyes which looked at Ritchie as if the clerk were no man at all, but just so much stock hanging off a hook.

In one co-ordinated set of motions the two strangers drew revolvers.

"I'll kill you," said the fat-faced bandit quietly. "If you try to pull anything. Come across with the dough."

The very quietness of the man's tone made Ritchie shiver with horror. Better than any possible threat it caused him to realize that this killer was utterly indifferent about taking human life—Ritchie's life—if he so much as moved a finger.

DON'T SHOOT," the clerk said. "I'll do what you say. Don't shoot." With shaking fingers he pushed the keys of the cash register. The drawer flew open, and Ritchie scooped out bills and dropped them quickly on the counter. "Here," he said, "take it." The clerk's fear-heightened mind said clearly in that fat thug's face—just as plainly as if it had been a grinning skull. As for the man called Frank—the long skinny fellow—Ritchie scarcely glanced at him. It was plain that, although older, Frank was little more than a stooge for the dangerous man with the mean little eyes.

"Get into the back of the store!" commanded the plump bandit.

Feeling like a man walking to his own execution, but not daring to disobey, Ritchie started.

And just at that moment the door opened a second time—and in walked little Billy Reynolds, with a smile on his honest boyish face, a magazine in his hand.

"Hello Mr. —" the boy began. "Oh," he cried, as he saw the guns.

"You say right there, kid," the thick-featured gunman ordered callily, "I'll put a bullet through your body! Get me?"

"All—all right!" faltered Billy. "I'll stay here, mister. Not even a child could miss the menace in those chill piggy eyes. The frightened little boy's magazines tumbled to the floor as he watched the two bandits poke their gun-muzzles into the body of his friend and customer, Mr. Ritchie, and drive him into the back of the store.

"Now!" said the fat gunman as he snatched up a piece of card from the floor and grabbed the other's hands to tie them behind. "You better tell us where there's more jack—or else—"

"But there's no other center in the place!" protested Ritchie wildly. "Except about a dollar and a half in my pocket. I'll give you that—gladly—gladly! But there isn't any more! I wouldn't lie to you! I wouldn't risk my life—"

"Damn you!" the quiet voice retained its monotonous, level tone—but now it was surcharged with the renewed promise of death. "I said more money!"

"But—" began the unfortunate clerk. He never finished his desperate plea. Coolly, deliberately, the fat thug shot him in the back.

The shot thudded in the little back room of the store. With a scream, Garnet Ritchie fell to the floor.

From the front of the store, a hoarse, screaming terror came from little Billy Reynolds.

"Ted!" gasped the latten-jawed Frank.

But Ted, the killer, didn't reply.

Instead, he dashed to the open doorway, which joined the back room to the store.

Swiftly he leveled his pistol.

Little Billy was just in the act of tugging open the front door. Horrified by the shot and the scream of the grocery clerk, the frightened child thought only of escape.

But the gun in the hand of the pig-eyed bandit cracked again.

"Oh!" moaned Billy in anguish, as a downward-slanting bullet ripped through his shoulder and slammed him to the floor.

"Come on!" growled fat Ted. The two thugs bolted from the store. To do so they had to step over the prostrate body of the crying child. And as the fiend called Ted did so, he deliberately shot the bleeding child again, through the right side.

The little boy saw them run to a car and drive away. Hardly had they gone when a customer who had been telephoned the police, and in brief minutes a radio car wailed down the street, skidded to a stop, and armed patrolmen who sprinted to the scene.

"Which way did they go, son?" a detective gently asked the stricken child, as he tenderly carried the little chap to the patrol car.

"They went that way," the boy told them weakly, pointing.

Other policemen obtained. (Continued on Page 28)



Little Billy Reynolds, who sold magazines to his mother a new red dress"

Star Election Leaders Strike



Wayne King (at extreme left) and some of the boys who have helped to place his orchestra in the top position among radio's musical organizations.

IS JACK BENNY the favorite star—among all the performers on the air?

As a borne into the offices of Radio Guide, in the deluge of thousands upon thousands of votes in the second annual Star of Stars Election, there are more votes for Benny—so far—than for any other individual radio performer of any kind whatever!

Will Benny, then, drain the chalice of triumph next June, when all the votes are in and the final results are announced? Will he be radio's Star of Stars? Or will that old proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" be proved true once again?

Last year, as will be remembered, the winning performer in the first Star of Stars Election was Joe Penner. Today, as the tabulation below clearly shows, Penner is in second place. So he still has time to upset Benny's lead and to win the coveted title of Star of Stars—if his supporters will rally to his aid by using the official ballot which is printed each week in Radio Guide.

ON THE OTHER hand, perhaps it is significant that Benny, now in the lead, last year finished third, with less than half the number of votes polled by Penner. Does this year's jump to first place in the race to date mean that Jack has got the permanent jump on Joe, so far as the favor of listeners is concerned? Only time, and your votes, can answer that question! For this is an official election. The listeners themselves are voting to choose the most popular performer—orchestra—team—announcer—dramatic program and musical program on the air. It is your votes—and not the decision of some self-appointed "committee"—that will decide who really is tops in radio. Radio Guide has nothing whatever to do with your own free choice—beyond conducting this election, which permits you to do honor to your favorites.

SIX GOLD medals will be presented by Radio Guide. After this great radio election of 1935 is closed next June 1, The favorite performer of the listening public will receive one. Others will be awarded to the favorite orchestra, team, announcer, musical program, and dramatic program.

For your convenience an official ballot, listing all six classifications, is printed below. To give your favorites the full benefit of your support, clip out the ballot each week, fill it in, paste it to a penny postcard (a two-cent card if you live in Canada) and mail it, as directed on the ballot.

Be sure to fill in your votes clearly and correctly. Notice that the ballot is arranged to give you the utmost freedom of choice.

Several questions have been asked as to the classification of "Musical" and "Dramatic" programs. For convenience, all musical and variety programs are classified as "Musical Programs." Dramatic programs are classified as "Dramatic Programs," including such programs as One Man's Family, Myrt and Marge, etc.

Vote every week. Vote as you like—but vote!

At the time of the last tabulation the leading candidates in all groups, presented in the order of their standing, were as follows:

PERFORMERS	Richard Maxwell Emory Deutsch Irene Beasley Annette Hanshaw Bradley Kincaid Maurice Downey Beatrice Lohie Anthony France Floer Prentiss Loretta Lee Walter Wolfe Jackie Hester Jessica Dragotette Tony Hunt Don Amiche Mary Pickford Phil Baker Conrad Thibault Lawrence Tibbett Lulu Belle Walter Winchel	Irving Kaufman "Clamp" Dan Grace Moore Jack Owen Jerry Charles Thomas Richard Crooks Jerry Baker Lowell Thomas Edwin C. Hill Gertrude Nissen Ethel Seltitz Little Jack Little Donald Novis James Melton Mona Van Schumann-Heink Jan Blaine Pat Barrett "Ukulele" Earl Dick Powell
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ORCHESTRAS	Wayne King Guy Lombardo Jan Garber Fred Waring Eddy Duchin Ben Bernie Ray Vayne Gini Gray Kay Kaper Hal Kemp Don Bestor Abel Baer Ozlie Nelson George Olsen Paul Whiteman Walter Blawias N. Y. Philharmonic Gus Haenschen Richard Milder Frank Black Zevay Cugat Cab Calloway Little Jack Little	Rubinfel Emory Deutsch Art Kassel Harry Weick Ted Weems Gunguis Hall Ted Frazier Isham Jones Jack Denney Rosabe Bourbon Jack Berger B. A. Rolfe Andre Kostelanetz Sigmund Romberg Detroit Symphony Paul Penderais Earl Hines Ted Lewis
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MUSICAL PROGRAMS

Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour New Barn Dance Fred Waring's Program Jan Garber's Supper Club Breaky Boy Theater Bing Crosby Cascadia Jack Benny's Program Wayne King's Program Mae West Breakfast Club The Grand Opera Hollywood Hotel Pascal That Refreshes Jessica Jaggett's Program Town Hall Tonight The Grand (Peasure Island) Opera Club The Grand Sleasiey Minstrels Gibson Family

American Album of Familiar Music Symond Romberg Jackie Hillen A & P Gypsies Lily Cahin Ton Let's Dance U. S. Marine Band Kate Smith's Revue Paul Whiteman's Music Hall General Motors Edith's Radio Program Arason-Triano Hour Music Appreciation	Roadways of Romance C. Philharmonic Silken Strips Layover and Old Time Hour of Charm Club Romance J. S. Navy Band Grace Moore's Program Crestedfield Rudy's Gang Broadbaker's Chamber pions Detroit Symphony Hillman's Program	Lawrence Tibbett Sally's Radio Party Stow's C. Philharmonic Palmer House Ensemble Helen Patricia's Music Hall Helen Town's Capitol Family Marion Down Stentless Serenade Contented Hour Edith's Little Armour Hour Pat Perkin's Hall Herman's Night
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DRAMATIC PROGRAMS

One Man's Family First Nighter Mary Pickford Stock Cue Leo Radio Theater Dangerous Paradise Mystery of Time Crimt Club Grand Hotel Red and Green Death Valley Days Beauty Box Theater Myrt and Marge Home and Dreams Today's Children 20,000 Years in Sing Sing Court of Human Rights Laughing Painted Dramas Mary Marlin Opera Guild	Life and Sate Easy Aces Lionel of the Side Sally of the Talkies Wilko's Tair Sherlock Holmes Just Plain Old Lion Rangers Henry Alroy's Air Adventures Helen's Pat Radio Galic K-T, Spy Stories Amos 'n' Andy Immortal Dramas Kenya Whistler Mysteries Mary Sothern Lionel Secretland Sketches Gumps	O'Neill's Howells of Romance House of the Side of the Road Pepp's Doctor Buck Rogers Jack Armstrong Lights Out Marie, the Little Queen Princess Metropolitan Opera Bobby Benson Lum and Abner Home of Helen Street Honey Sweet, Honey Town Hall Tonight Whittlesville Black Cat Stories Headline Hunter Heart Throbs of the Hills
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TEAMS

Amos 'n' Andy Burr Burns and Mary Lum and Abner Myrt and Marge Block and Sully Eloise Hitz and Jim Dorwin Bowell Sisters Edwin C. Hill Stonopanic and Budd Tom, Dick, Harry Fred Allen Tim and Irene Mary Lou and Lanny Rust Baker and Bottle Betty and Bob	Marian and Jim Jordan Eddie and Mable Cavanaugh Clara, La' 'n' Em Fred Allen and Port Linda Hoffa Sanderton, Crumit Grace and Eddie Albert East and Dumke Ed Wynn and Grady Ed MacNamee Tom, Dick, Harry Linda Trish, Wally Al and Lizzy Ingham Bill and Lorretta Clemens Mum and Ra Elin Boys	Brown and Lorette Alfred McCann and John B. Garding Harris and Honey Loretta Hillard Frank and Fil Finds and Mail Don Hall Trif Lulu Belle and Red Foley Pratt and Sherman Allen and Little Jimmy John and Fanny Lizzy and Jane Conrad Thibault and Roy Bennett Bill and Ginger Jack Perry Hall Breen and de Rose
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ANNOUNCERS

John S. Young Phil Stewart Ted Husing Miller J. Cross Harry Von Zell Don Whaley David Ross Toby Ruffler Ted Aramian Bill Ray John McNeill Paul Douglas Ford Eric John Parke Alvin Ryan Bob Brown Bob Elson Everett Mitchell John Paul King Pierre Andre	John S. Young Lulu Reed Andra Daruch Richard Keach Howard Clancy Don Whaley Alan Havrilla Alvin Ryan Joe Kelly Kenneth Miles John McNeill Jack Holden Charles Lewis Alwyn C. Bach Nelson Case Bob Brown Davidson Taylor Gene Arnold Tom Manning Elin Janis	Bill Miller John Olsen Norman Brokenshire Hal Totten Kenneth Roberts Ray Hamilton Milton Kaye Jack Singer Peter Grant Alan Kent John Armstrong Charles O'Connor Lyle Van Joseph Reese Francis Lauz Gene Van Stanley Thompson Billon Kaye Walter Buttsworth Bill Munday
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Favorite Stars Official Ballot

My Favorite Performer is _____

My Favorite Orchestra is _____

My Favorite Musical Program is _____

My Favorite Dramatic Program is _____

My Favorite Team is _____

My Favorite Announcer is _____

My Name is _____

My Address is _____

(Street and Number) (City and State)
Mail Your Ballot to STAR ELECTION TELLERS,
c/o RADIO GUIDE, 781 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, Ill.
(Close Week Ending March 3)

Coming Events

Time Shown Is CST

Sunday, Feb. 24

INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST from London to American radio listeners in commemoration of the 10th anniversary of the death of John Keats, English poet, will be heard on the CBS-WABC network from 11:45 a. m. to 12 noon. The program will be in the nature of a pilgrimage to the poet's old home in Hampstead Heath, London, and will be highlighted with brief tributes by several outstanding members of the British literary.

BERTRAND HIRSCH, violinist and conductor, begins a new series on Little Miss Babo's Surprise Party program starting today over an NBC-WFAP network at 12:30 p. m.

WITH VIVIENNE SEGAL, musical comedy star, as a new member of the cast, a revised series of broadcasts entitled Bayer Musical Revue now is heard at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WFAP network. It replaces the American Album of Familiar Music, and will continue to feature Frank Munn, tenor, and the Haenschen concert orchestra.

WALTER HUSTON, star of stage, screen and radio, will talk on "An Actor's Philosophy of Life" during the American Fireside Program over an NBC-WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.

Monday, Feb. 25

PHIL COOK'S NOTE BOOK, a novel series of comedy, songs and patter is heard daily except Saturday and Sunday over an NBC-WFAP network at 7 a. m., replacing Bradley Kincaid.

NONDRA-BLUES CLURE, a program formerly known as The Laugh Clinic, featuring Doctors Pratt and Sherman as comedians, now is heard over the CBS-WABC network from 8:15 to 9 a. m.

A portion of the second annual reunion of the Women's Overseas Service League will be broadcast from San Francisco over an NBC-WJZ network at 3 p. m.

The speakers will be Faustine Dennis, national president; Mrs. Mildred Taubler, former national treasurer, and Madame Cantacuzene-Grant. Music will be by the U. S. Army band from Washington.

FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labor, will outline the Administration's proposed program of social security in a talk during the National Radio Forum series at 9:30 p. m., over an NBC-WFAP network.



Wendell Hall's singing and strumming delights millions of listeners every Sunday at 7:45 p. m. EST (6:45 CST) over an NBC network

Tuesday, Feb. 26

"GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH CONTRACT," a new series of talks on bridge, is given by Louie J. Haddad, president of the American Bridge League and winner of six national contract bridge championships, as well as present holder of the 1935 National Winter Championship, every Tuesday at 3:15 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

BERNICE CLAIRE, musical comedy soprano, joins the cast of "Lavender and Old Lace" and will co-star with Frank Munn, tenor, over the CBS-WABC network from 7 to 7:30 p. m.

ADOLPH MENJOU, the screen's best dressed man, will be the guest star on Ben Bernie's final broadcast from Hollywood at 8 p. m. over an NBC-WFAP network. Bernie will interview Menjou on what the well-dressed man should wear, and the two will swap yarns.

CAPTAIN DOBBSIE'S Ship of Joy, popular West Coast variety show, will have its premiere over the CBS-WABC network from 9:30 to 9:45 p. m. The program will be heard each Tuesday and Thursday.

PRESENTATION of the American Educational Award for 1935 to Jane Addams, vacationing in Phoenix, Arizona, by Doctor Oscar L. Chapman, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, speaking from Atlantic City, N. J., will be broadcast at 10:15 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Wednesday, Feb. 27

RAY MOBLE and his orchestra with Gogo Delya, French-Catalan blues singer, and Al Bonley, English singer, will be featured in a series of Wednesday afternoon broadcasts on the Radio City Matinee at 1 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Thursday, Feb. 28

MARY E. WOOLLEY, president of Mount Holyoke College, will address Alumnae Club gatherings throughout the country on "The Woman's College in New Day," in a special broadcast over an NBC-WFAP network at 6 p. m., commemorating the birthday of Mary Lyon, who founded the (Continued on Page 15)

Flashes of Fun

GRABAM: Oh, sure, you know the definition of a worm. You worm the Ed Ryan. Of course, Graham, a worm is a caterpillar that played strip poker and lost!

—Fire Chief Broadcast

Block: If you were only as smart as a metal trap!

Belly: Why, what do you mean—how smart is a metal trap?

Block: Well, a metal trap knows when to shut up!

—The Big Show

Al Bernard: You know, in some ways my wife is like an angel.

Emil Casper: How is your wife like an angel?

Bernard: Because she's always harpin'!

—Merry Minstrels

Tony: Sure, Joe, I fixa you. You no be in my barber shop for a long time.

I see you for six months!

Wendell: Tony, the last time you gave me a haircut you cut all my hair off and made my head look like an apple.

Tony: Your head looks like an apple?

Wendell: Yeah... baldin'!

—Bakers' Broadcast

Tom Howard: What's this all about, George? You're not going English on me?

George Sheehan: What do you mean, going? I come from an English family.

My father is English.

Howard: He is certainly it.

George: He certainly is. He was born an Englishman, raised an Englishman, and so doubt he will die an Englishman!

Howard: What's the matter with him—hasn't he any ambition at all?

—Valley's Variety Hour

Hits of Week

ISLE OF CAPRI, that lamentable wail of a lover who sailed away with the tide and left his rag, bone and hank of hair spinning aye for him on a lonely isle, has scored a definite radio hit, and now heads the popularity division in the weekly Radio Gungus song.

A glance at the tabulation of the band-leaders' vote in the individual song hit class will reveal that Believe It Beloved was accorded the position of honor.

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN OVER THE AIR:

Song	Times
Isle of Capri	30
Dancing with My Shadow	29
Blue	28
Love Is Just Around the Corner	25
Believe It Beloved	19
Good Ship Lollipop	17
When There's Smoke There's Fire	17
Hande Arada the Table	16
Believe in Miracles	16
Hi Hi Love	16
You and Night and Music	16

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS:

Song	Points
Believe It Beloved	30
Good Ship Lollipop	27
When There's Smoke There's Fire	25
Hande Arada the Table	22
Blue	18
Hi Hi Love	16
Dancing with My Shadow	14
Follow My Secret Heart	12
The Comicalist	10
Love Is Just Around the Corner	10

Song hits requested most frequently from a few of the mantras last week:

Gus Arribas: Invitation to Dance, Love Is Just Around the Corner, Blue Moon.
Guy Lombardo: Follow My Secret Heart, Good Ship Lollipop, Isle of Capri.
Phil Spitalny: Isle of Capri, If It's Love, Dancing with My Shadow.

Ask Mr. Fairfax

HONEYBOY AND SASSAFRAS are *George Fiddis* and *Johnnie Welch*. Molasses and January are *Pick (Malone)* and *Pat (Podgett)*. (S. H. P. Norwich, Conn.)

SAM HEARN takes the part of Schlegelman in the Jack Benny program. (F. P. Burke, Chicago, Ill.)

TITO GUAZAR will be 28 years old in April. He is married. (*Miss Pauline Cominsky, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

JACK PEARL may be addressed in care of CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. (*G. A. Bernard, Forest Hills, N. Y.*)

JERRY COOPER was born April 3, 1907 in New Orleans. Both parents were choir singers, and Jerry learned to sing before he learned to talk. He plays the guitar and trombone. He is single, has brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs about 165 pounds. Says that if he couldn't be a singer, he would be a first baseman. (*J. L. Palkey, Asafoke Park, N. Y.*)

MILDRED BAILEY is not broadcasting at present. (*G. K. Scarica, Ill.*)

GRACE MOORE is married to a Spaniard, Valentin Farez. Both speak each other's native language, yet when alone they converse in French. (*Miss Alice Porter, Ann Arbor, Mich.*)

JAN PERCE and *Joseph Stopek* were born in New York City. Denominations of radio artists are not usually made public. (*S. Dombrowski, Newark, N. J.*)

(Continued on Page 13)

Bulls and Boners

ANNOUNCER: "Just send your name and address along with your drugist."—Mrs. Joseph Wolfe, Port Carbon, Pa. (Feb. 4; WABC; 11:59 a. m.)

Lady Butler (quoting): "My face was very oily but when I put your powder on it, it would disappear."—J. William Kelly, Excelsior, Wyoming. (Jan. 6; WCOO; 9:15 p. m.)

Announcer: "How do you know you can't win? No one does."—Mrs. L. Jennings, Willard, Ohio. (Jan. 10; WJR; 4:12 p. m.)

Beverly Mitchell: "Which reminds me of a great big sign I saw coming down to work."—Mrs. Helen Caldwell, Leavenworth, Kans. (Jan. 10; WREN; 1:52 p. m.)

Announcer: "They convened in Iowa terms."—The Redding Caravan, Bradford, Ontario, Canada. (Jan. 8; WGR; 9:01 p. m.)

Announcer: "Just sprinkle a few drops on your comb and rub it through your hair once a day."—Mrs. V. Mitchell, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada. (Jan. 10; WJR; 7:50 a. m.)

Charles Lyons: "This evening they will present 'The Farmer's Daughter' in two parts."—Mary Ann Owens, Chicago, Ill. (Jan. 17; WJLB; 3:25 p. m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner submitted. Include date, name of station and hour. Send your contributions to Bulls and Boners Editor c/o RADIO GUIDE, 731 Pittsburgh Court, Chicago, Ill.

Music in the Air

By Carleton Smith

THERE WERE connoisseurs who feared that MR. TOSCANINI's Italian temperament would play havoc with the Teutonic masterpieces of the symphonic repertoire. What havoc he has played, as we witnessed this Sunday (CBS at 3 p. m. EST, 2 CST). He will conduct the *Tragic overture*, the violin concerto, and the *D major symphony*—all by Brahms.

The truth is—though I suspect few of us who have listened to Brahms for several decades would admit it—Mr. Toscanini has revolutionized our taste in the time that he has been conducting the Philadelphia Symphony. He has taught us that the finest effects in music are those achieved by observing the wishes of the composer. He has shown us that song is at the base of music of heroic proportions, as well as of the smallest. He has made us conscious of the difference between musical terms that we formerly had accepted as meaning the same thing, so that we no longer regard *Andante* as another name for *Adagio*. He has proved to us that a hundred instrumentalists can play as delicately as only one, and that the most complicated orchestral score can be as transparent as the *Arkansas Traveller* played on a lone violin. Through his painstaking art we have gained some insight into the essential ingredients of performance, into orchestral balance, dynamics and nuance. In a word, he has given us clarity of vision.

We no longer are willing to listen to the muddy, clouded, guttural performances of Brahms that were labelled "in the best Teutonic tradition." We have come to think that through some alchemy in the baton of Toscanini, and through the resultant completeness of realization, significant music is magnified a thousandfold.

Brahms Violin Concerto

The only violin concerto of Brahms is in effect a symphony, plus a violin sonata. Often, the orchestra assumes precedence over the solo instrument. This was not what usually happened in a concerto, which was supposed to be a display for a soloist. Other factors, including the so-called ungrateful writing for the violin, and the unfortunate circumstances of the first performance, militated against the acceptance of the work. As singers that even Johann, Brahms' friend whom the composer had consulted frequently about the writing of the solo part, was technically unsure, and not authoritative in interpretation. Finally, the audience's attention was distracted by the fact that Brahms, on the conductor's stand had hurried into the wrong pair of trousers and had forgotten to change.

It is unlikely that the observers watched the vigorous restures of the bearded, thick-set man and the bulging

ruff between waistcoat and trousers without amusement. On such incidents may the fate of first performance depend—but not, happily, ultimate acceptances.

It speaks for itself in the hands of Jascha Heifetz and Mr. Toscanini.

Of all operas, *Martha*, perhaps, most deserves the comment, "old favorite." This Sunday (NBC, at 8 p. m. EST, 7 CST) it is presented as the last in the present Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild series.

Friedrich von Flotow, the composer, lived for many years in Paris, and the music has an elegance and vivacity that is thoroughly French.

The Last Rose of Summer is one of the popular melodies heard in this opera. Others are the Spinning Wheel quartet and the aria for the tenor, *M'Appari, L'Like a Dream*.

Arthur Schnabel

ARTHUR SCHNABEL has, until this week (Sunday, NBC at 8 p. m. EST, 7 CST) successfully avoided the radio. When he told me upon his arrival in this country last season that he would not play a radio broadcast, he said: "I would as soon play for 150 people as for 15 million."

Fortunately, Mr. Schnabel has been persuaded to play for the millions. He will bring all his astounding skill as a pianist, his superb intellectual qualities, his inimitable freedom in his art, before the microphone. And those who never have heard him before, will have impressed in their memories a seasoned and flawless music—richly ambrosial in music to which they may supply their own coloring. If Mr. Schnabel is the piano's man of the hour, it is because he uses a mind and sensitiveness of rare and detached perspective, and not because he shouts with stentorian voice.

Marion McAfee

News is around Rockefeller Center that MARION McAFEE, youthful soprano who sings over NBC on the Women's Radio Review, *Revolving Stage* and *Morning Parade* programs, has attracted the attention of FRITZ KREISLER. The eminent violinist's familiar *Caprice Viennois* and *Lebelodie* have been given lyrics by GERTRUDE FARRAR. And, as Miss McAfee has been singing them, as well as his *Old Refrain* and *Who Can Tell?*, Mr. Kreisler coached her in these songs. He later told Miss Farrar that in his opinion Miss McAfee had a more beautiful voice than any other soprano stars who have recently gone into the movies. He predicts she will have a bright future as a vocal soloist. In every respect, Miss McAfee is a most accomplished pianist and, as well as composing songs, has written a full length opera, produced successfully in Vienna and New York. She has been singing various radio services on a broadcast series. To date, Mr. Kreisler never has played before the microphone.

Heard on the Air

By Walter Sinclair and James Connors

Walter Sinclair, Celebrated Critic, Each Week Reviews for You the Best of RADIO. He is the GUIDE, New and Old Programs on the Air. Mr. Sinclair's Rating System is as follows: ★—Perfect Performance. Rate Even in Radio. ★★—Excellent. ★★★—Good Average. ★—Fair. No Star with a Review Indicates a Program Poorer Than Average. He Presents Reviews of Programs Heard During the Week Ending February 6. James Connors assists Mr. Sinclair.

The Garden Hour ★★
Premiere heard Sunday, February 10, at 2:30 EST (1:30 CST) over an NBC network. Sponsored by Swift and Company.

Talent: Mario Chamlee, tenor; Karl Schull's orchestra; a male quartet; *The Master Gardener*.

Sparkling music well played—rich, liquid singing by Mario Chamlee—arranged and well rendered by the quartet—and a brief talk about planning and maintaining a flower garden—were what the listener might expect here. At the end of the show was announced that the return of this program to the air marks the first sign of Spring. Symbolically, the brightness, the freshness of the entertainment bears out the statement.

Special commendation should go to the producers for the Master Gardener's unbiased (or apparently unbiased) recom-

mendation of other media for getting to the listener the very ideas and commercial product that was "selling on the air." Such breadth of opinion with correspondingly complete service to the listener, should be commended.

The program musically was all Romberg. It is the plan of the producers, as well as the desire to devote each weekly broadcast to the compositions of one other composer.

The hour is a musical gem.

Jack Benny and Company ★★
Heard Sunday, February 10, at 7 p. m. EST (6 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network. Sponsored by Jell-O.

Talent: Jack Benny, supported by Mary Livingston, tenor Frank Parker, Sam (Schlepperman) Hearn and "son," Don Bestor's orchestra and Announcer Don Wilson.

Jack Benny, P.M.R.P. (*Past Master of Radio Programs*), was at his best this evening, and every member of the cast went right along with him. To say that Benny is at his best is saying several typewriters full, and it is not within the literary ability of this humble reviewer to describe just how good the show was.

Comedian Benny learned long ago that the way to make people laugh without training is to create a comical situation—not to redress old jokes in party clothes and rely on studio applause to get them

over. Jack also learned that the public loves to see the headman made the fall guy. And does Jack take fall? Your reviewer counted four during the first ten minutes of the program.

Very funny was Benny's introduction against ballet music, and his announcing of himself as the fellow who "went out of his mind last week," whereupon "Don" again cracked down with "What do you mean, last week?"

Benny's acquisition of Bestor to learn just why he had to lead the orchestra was likewise a scream, and the gag of having the band play the *Object of My Affection*, with and without Don's stick, in precisely the same manner, was a good one.

Schlepperman's appearance with his son, amusingly afflicted with his father's dialect, was a typical Benny touch. Followed Frank Parker singing *Love of Capri* to Bestor's excellent accompaniment, just to show the musically minded that they had not forgotten their talents between laughs.

This night's drama, *Romeo and Jellotie*, was an excruciatingly laughable burlesque of Shakespeare. Aside from the lines, credit must also go to the comedians, particularly the opening Frankie and Johnny theme.

This program merits all the encomiums that can be heaped upon it. Other comedy programs would do well to imitate the Benny formula and the sponsor's means of gagging the commercial credits—which, if history repeats itself, they will be doing.

once they learn how, until you tire of the repetition.

★★★

Stories of the Black Chamber ★★
Heard Monday, February 11, Broadcast Monday's, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15 p. m. EST (6:15 CST) over an NBC-WEAF network. Sponsored by Fortham.

Cast: Jack Arbut, Helen Clate, Paul Vogel, and Walter Soedring. Series of dramatic episodes of spy activities during the World War, written by Major Herbert O. Yardley, in collaboration with D. Thomas Curtis.

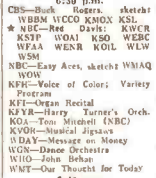
Here is a super-detective series with action every second, based upon actual cases from the experience of that celebrated cryptographer of the American forces during the World War, Major Herbert O. Yardley.

The episode heard, one of the Secret Ink series, was indeed thrilling from beginning to end and made us want to come back for more. I simply must learn who the cavestopping hunchback is, and if he is apprehended.

Seldom do serial scripts gather me in at first hearing, but this did. There is only one thing that I can say about this series. We would like it about thirty minutes later in the Midwest.

Special experienced cast of writers do a splendid job of work on the fast-moving. (Continued on Page 23)

Radio Guide's State Seal Souvenir Offer



6:30 p.m.
CBS—Book Review, sketch
WBMM WCCO KMOX KSL
* NBC—Red Davis; KVCB
KSTP WDAI KSD WYBC
WFOA WENR KOIL WLW
WSM
NBC—Easy Aces, sketch WMAQ
WOW
KFFC—Voice of Colors Variety
Program
KFFC—Organ Recital
KFFR—Harry Turner's Orch.
KOA—Tom Mitchell (NBC)
KSD—John Deban
WDAI—Message in Money
WYBC—Dance Orchestra
WFOA—John Deban
WMT—Our Thought for Today
6:45 p.m.
* NBC—ALMA SELLER PRE-
sents Uncle Ayr's Radio Sta-
tion WMAQ WOV
CBS—Buckles, Corbett WMM
KMOX WCCO
* WBC—Danzon's Parade,
sketch; Nick Dawson & Elsie
Hildt; KVCB KSD WENR
WSM KOIL WFAA WDAI
Little Orphan Annie; KSL KTAR
KFFC—Nucle Masters
KFFC—Just Plain Bill
KFFC—Talk by Legislators
KOA—Martin Armstrong
KSTP—Gluckette
KSD—John Deban
WDAI—Jimmie Allen, sketch
WYBC—News
WGN—Quin Ryan's Amateur
Night
WHD—Henry Dick Deino's Pro-
gram
WYBC—Pickard Family
WDAI—Sports Digest Silbers
WTMJ—Around the Fireline
7:00 p.m.
* NBC—STUDEBAKER CHAM-
pion Present Richard Himber's
Show; Jerry Nash, vocalist;
WBC WMAQ WOV WDAI
WFAA WDAF
NBC—Kassler's Orch.; KFFR
WDAI
CBS—"Diane & Her Life Saver,"
musical comedy starring Rhoda
Arnold, soprano; Alfred Drake,
baritone; Lucille Walter Johnson,
alto; WBBM KSL WMAQ
NBC—Jan Gardner's Supper Club
WYBC WLSN KSL WLW
KSO KVCB
KFFC—Planets
KFFC—The Music Machine
KFFR—Air Show
WYBC—Maggie Henneberry
WCCO—Loree Baker, pianist
WYBC—Bernie Bierman Inter-
view
WBC—Coch Bierman
WGN—Lone Ranger
WMT—Keith Beecher's Orch.
(CBS)
WTAX—Pappy & Sonch
WMM—Nominatic Program
WTMJ—Dinner Show
7:15 p.m.
* CBS—Edwin C. Hill, "The
Human Side of the News";
WMM WBBM WVA
CBS—Living Rose's Orch.; KVCB
KSTP WDAI KSD
KFFC—Glen Lee Orchestra
KSTP—Doc Savan
WDAI—Who's in Radio?
WYBC—Gully or Not Gully?
WMT—Wendy Remondino's House
WMAQ—George Germain
7:30 p.m.
* CBS—Nelson Eddy, baritone;
William Zerk Miller's Orch.; WMAQ
WBCB KSTP KFFR WDAI
WYBC WLSN WOV WSH
WLW WVO
CBS—The Smiths' New Star
Review; Jack Miller's Orch.;
Three Ambassadors, guests;
KVCB WENR KMOX WYBC
KFFC KFAF
* NBC—Carolee C. Noyce
Review; Jack Miller's Orch.;
"Percy the Playwright, Inter-
view; Tommie Jordan, vocal
"Percy, comedienne; Don Klum-
mer, tenor; Carolee C. Noyce,
soprano; KSL WLSN KSL
KSTP—George Hilliday, vocalist
KVCB—Victor Arroyo's Party
WMAQ—Literary Quiz Hour,
with Dr. George W. Spohn
WFAA—Cliff Mill, Member
WGN—Jack Kyzer's Orchestra
WMAQ—Lucky Jany
7:45 p.m.
NBC—Comedy Captives
WTAR—Prof. C. B. Hilgen,
Alison Noyce
WGN—Northwestern Univ. Pro-
gram
WMAQ—Eb and Zeb

6:00 p.m.
* NBC—C. A. Lee, Minister;
KVCB WDAI KFFR WVAI
KOA WLW WFAA KOIL WLW
KSTP WDAI KSD WYBC
KTAH
* CBS—Andre Mastretta's Or-
chestra Lucinda Bork, soprano;
WMT KMOX KSL WCCO
WYBC KSL WVAI KFFC
KFAF WBAK
* NBC—Herbert's Gym-
nosom; Frank Parker, tenor;
KVCB WOV WMAQ
WYBC—Phyllis and Artz KTAR
WYBC—Pop Concert
WGN—Dance Orchestra
WDAI—Dance Orchestra
KSTP—Concert Stars
8:15 p.m.
KTAR—Musical Program
WYBC—Concert Stars and Holly-
wood
8:30 p.m.
NBC—Princess Pat Players;
"Seven Ties in Ten"; KOIL
WENR KSO KVCB
* CBS—The Big Show; Black
& Sully, comedians; Gladys
Reese, vocalist; KFFC KOIL
WVAI; KMOX KSL WBBM
WCCO KFAF
NBC—Otis Harbach Musical
Show; Al Goodman's Orchestra
Fred Astaire, vocal; KFFC KOIL
WLSN WSM KTAR WVO WVAI
WFAA WDAI WYBC WYBC
WBCB WMAQ KSTP
KFFC—Philo Fife
KVCB—Variety Program
KVCB—Wendy Review
WYBC—Ted Wynn's Orchestra
WMT—Carol Haney and Orch.
8:45 p.m.
KFFC—Variety Program
KSTP—YMCA Program
WGN—Gold Coasters Orchestra
9:00 p.m.
* NBC—Conterio, Petrini; Lu-
labye Lady; Mae Quarta; N. A.
Estroff's Orch.; KFFC KOIL
WVAI KSTP WFAA WVAI
WVO WYBC KFFR WOV
WYBC
* CBS—Wayne King's Orch.
KMOX KSL WBBM WCCO
KFAF
* NBC—CHAPPEL BROS., INC.,
Present Little Jackie Heller
Review; Harry Kogen's Orch.;
WYBC KSL
KFFC—Musical Program
KOIL—News
KFFC—Variety Program
KTAR—Variety Program
WYBC—E. Evangelical Church
KVCB—To be announced
KVCB—The Singers
WBBM—Ken Simmen's Orchestra
WLW—Dramatized Color
WYBC—Variety Prison Mystery
WTAX—South Americans
9:15 p.m.
KFFC—Musical Program
WYBC—Charlie Agnew's Orch.
WYBC—Mardi Gras
WYBC—Love Letters in the Air
WMT—Musical
WMAQ—Hollywood Impressions
9:30 p.m.
NBC—Nati! Radio Forum; Miss
Frankie Lee; The Agnew Or-
chestra; WDAI WENR WVAI
CBS—Doctors, Dollars & Dis-
cussion; Livings on the Edge
Dr. West Jiggle"; WCCO KFFC
WVAI
KVCB—KMOX KSCB WMAQ
KVCB
NBC—Drama Hour; KFFC KTAR
KFFC—Variety Program
KOA—At the Opera House
KSL—Strange Area in Strange
Land
NFTF—Club & Asa
WYBC—Wendy of Furs
WYBC—Pick Atsui Entertain-
ers
WVO—Unit of Iowa Program
WLW—Conn. Cab Pipe Club
WYBC—The Northers, male
trio
WYBC—Big City Broadcast
WTMJ—At Home with the Star-
lets
9:45 p.m.
CBS—Fry's Dragstrip, plan-
lets; WMT WMAQ KSCB KFFC
KFFC—Variety Program
WYBC—Dick & Bob Weiser, jo-
kesters
KMTJ—Tin Pan Alley
KSL—Comedy Stars of Holly-
wood
WBBM—Keith Beecher's Orch.
WYBC—Mickie Bergman's Or-
chestra
WYBC—Wendy Orchestra
WTMJ—Variety Program

10:00 p.m.
NBC—Jill Campbell; WDAF
KVCB—Myst & Magic; KMOX
KEE KTAR WCCO WBBM
KVCB WYBC KSD WVAI
WVAI WENR KSTP KFFC
KOIL BRAD WTAJ WVAI
KFFC—Indiana University Pm.
KFFC—Landscape Highlights
KVCB—Sport Events
KTAJ—Musical Program
KVCB—Famous the News
WDAI—News Review
WYBC—Dorley Crafts Watson
WYBC—Newspaper News
WLW—News; Over the Rhine
WYBC—Donald McGeorge, Chi-
cagoan Week's Orchestra
WYBC—South Omaha Post
10:15 p.m.
* NBC—Red Davis; KFFC KOA
CBS—Glen Gray's Orchestra
KSL WBBM WCCO KFAF
WMT WMAQ
KVCB—Gene Cranford, organist;
WMT WYBC WMAQ WOV
WYBC WVAI
* CBS—Ewin C. Hill, "The Hu-
man Side of the News"; KSL
KMOX—Sports; Organ Recital
WYBC—Swag Stars Reporter
KVCB—Guest Artist A. A.
WYBC—Bob Calen
WYBC—The Globe Trotter
WYBC—Dinner Show
WMT—Dance Music '61 Minute
10:30 p.m.
NBC—Judy Collins's Orch.;
WLW
CBS—Kate Smith's New Star
Review; Ambassador; Guest
Trio
NBC—Tom Geron's Orch.; KFFR
WYBC WYBC WOV WDAI
WNS WVO WMAQ
* NBC—Nelson Eddy, baritone;
William Daly's Orch.; KTAR
WYBC—The Aristocrats
KSTP—To be announced
KVCB—Playing the Song Mas-
ter
10:45 p.m.
WYBC—The Headliners
WGN—Kay Kyser's Orchestra
WMAQ—Hot Shot
10:45 p.m.
CBS—Berlie Kay's Orch.; KSCB
KVCB KSL
WYBC—Indiana Stanley's Orchestra
KSTP—Don Pedro's Orchestra
WYBC—Gold Coasters Orchestra
11:00 p.m.
NBC—To be announced WDAF
KVCB—Sport Fisher's
WBBM KFFC WMT KSCB
WMAQ KFAF
NBC—The Show; KFFC KTAR
KVCB—Charles Davis' Orchestra;
KFFR WBAF WVAI KSTP
WYBC
NBC—Gene Lora's Orchestra
KVCB—Buddy Wynn
KVCB—Randy Deane's Orch.
WYBC—London Zambone
KVCB—News
KVCB—Chde Lora's Orchestra
KVCB—The Agnew Or-
chestra
WYBC—To be announced
KVCB—The Agnew Or-
chestra
KMOX—Scott Fisher's Orchestra
(CBS)
KVCB—Comedian Chamber of Comu-
WYBC—Ted Wynn's Orch.
11:15 p.m.
NBC—Jack Benny's Orch.;
WYBC WMAQ
KVCB—Kassler's Orch.; WSM
KFFR WYBC WYBC WDAI
KSTP WOV WLW
KVCB—Clara Hughes' Orch.;
WBBM KMOX KFAF WMAQ
KVCB—Clara Hughes' Orch.;
WYBC—Fernando's Orch.
WYBC—Tom Gates' Orchestra
WYBC—Gold Coasters Orchestra
WYBC—Dance Orchestra
11:30 p.m.
NBC—Art Kessel's Orch.; KOA
KVCB—Art Kessel's Orch.
KVCB—Ted Wynn's Orchestra
KFFC—12:00 Midnight
KVCB—Richard (NBC)
KVCB—Richard (NBC)
KVCB—Night Owl
KVCB—Players
WYBC—Comedian
WYBC—Mildred Myers
WLW—Earl Burdette's Orchestra
WYBC—Dale Peina's Orch.
NBC—12:00 Midnight; KOA
KVCB—12:00 Midnight
KVCB—Charles W. King



Stories of the "BLACK CHAMBER"

Radio's brilliant tales of mys-
teries solved in the Secret
Service. Prepared by Major
Herbert Yardley and D. T.
Curtin. Adventure, patriotism,
human interests, secret epiques,
etc., for the whole family.

WEAF and N. B. C. RED NETWORK
MON, WED, FRI.—615 P. M.—5 T.
(See listing for stations)

Presented by
FORHAN'S TOOTH PASTE
with interesting offer plan

RICHARD HIMBER
AND HIS
STUDEBAKER
with
CHAMPIONS
Joy Wash

MONDAY 7:30 Central
NBC—Including WMAQ—WOW
WYBC and Coast to Coast Net-
work
FRI 10:15 Mountain
KOA KOVL and Pacific Coast Net-
work

MONDAY
Chapel Bros., Inc.
Present
LITTLE JACKIE HELLER
★ "Dynamic Radio"
and Harry Kogen's Orchestra
at the best of
KEN-L RATION and KEN-L BISKITS
The Everlasting Foods for your Day

WENR 9 P.M.
C.S.T. Every
Monday
KVCB
BlueNet

LONDON AND INDIAN HEAD
PENNIES WANTED
We pay \$2 each if more
than 21 years old
Up to \$500 for
certain U. S. Cents

Get our list of highest cash prices
paid for pennies and Indian Head
you pocket or among your old ones.
You will find pennies that are worth
\$2 to you. Send 10¢ coin for catalog
listing our wants. Address: Box 731,
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LONG WRITING
BIG ROYALTIES
WGC—Mildred Myers
Live Radio Service must complete song service
and write and record on radio. We pay
you for your lyrics or your music. Write & re-
cord. Send us your name and address. We
personally submit to Music Publishers and Record
Producers. We pay you for your songs.
UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 642 Mayor Hill,
Weston Ave. and Essex Turnpike, Hollywood, Cal.

MARYLAND Spoon Released This Week

Start your collection of State Seal Souvenir Spoons now. These are Original Rogers Silverware, made by International Silver Co. of Meriden, Conn. Most and latest models of silverware in the world. They are AA quality—66 pennyweights of PURE SILVER to the gram. Regular teaspoon size with plain bowls, easy to catch.

Nineteen spoons have been released in this Silver Parade of the States. Indicate on the accompanying coupon the spoons you desire. They will be sent by mail, prepaid.

These spoons now are available by mail only. Mail cash and accompanying coupon to Radio Guide, Souvenir Spoon Bureau, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

SPECIAL OFFER!
6 Spoons for only \$1.00 Postpaid. Send Coupon.

COUPON

Radio Guide, Souvenir Spoon Bureau, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me Original Rogers AA Quality State Seal Souvenir Spoons as checked in this coupon.

ILL.	M. V.	CAL.	N. J.	MICH.	TEX.
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
D. C.	PA.	WIS.	NEB.	MASS.	CONN.
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DEL.	FRA.	IND.	KY.	W. VA.	MD.
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

I am enclosing 10 cents for each spoon plus 6 cents each for postage and packing.

I am just starting my collection. Send me an assortment of the first six spoons: Illinois, New York, California, Maryland, Michigan and Texas—one each—for \$1.00 postpaid.

Send me one of any one of these spoons for \$1.00 postpaid. (State)

Total Amount.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Contests on the Air

READERS OF RADIO GUMS who use this column as an aid to prepare contest entries are warned to refer to actual broadcasts of these contests before submitting their contributions. Often conditions are imposed during the programs. Details of new and important contests during the current week are listed below.

Time Shown is Central Standard

SUNDAY

8 p. m., NBC-WFAT network. Pontiac program. Nature of contest, essay of 200 words or less on sponsor's product. Prizes: 2 new four-door sedan automobiles weekly. Entry must be submitted to nearest Pontiac dealer instead of being mailed. Contest closes March 17. Sponsor, Pontiac Motor Company.

THURSDAY

7:30 p. m., NBC-WJZ network. Red Trails program. Nature, essay of 50 words or less on why contestant prefers sponsor's product. Prizes: Writers of 100 best essays each week are given a pipe and six cans of tobacco. Entry must include name of dealer, as dealer receives duplicate copies. No labels required. Contest continues indefinitely. Sponsor, American Tobacco Co.

SATURDAY

1 p. m., both NBC networks. Metropolitan Opera Institute. Nature, suggesting name for institute. Wagner composition played on each broadcast. Name must not be more than ten words in length. Prizes: First, \$10,000; other smaller prizes totaling \$25,000. Closing date, March 18. Sponsor, Lustrine.

THROUGH THE WEEK

10 a. m., Wednesday and Friday, CBS-WABC network. Cooking Close-ups program. Nature of contest, 200-word letter concerning sponsor's product, plus entry words in statement made during broadcast.

cast. Copy of statement available from sponsor. Prizes: First, \$5,000; second, \$1,000; third, \$500; six smaller prizes ranging down to \$50 each. Contest closes February 25. Sponsor, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company.

12:15 p. m., Monday to Friday inclusive. CBS split network. Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh's Radio Gospel Club. Nature of contest: Voting on label from sponsor's product for favorite radio program. Prizes: Five gift kits of sponsor's assorted products daily. Closes March 29. Sponsor, Illinois Bell Co.

6:15 p. m., daily except Saturday and Sunday, CBS-WABC network. Just Plain

Bill program. Prizes of \$100 are given each week for most interesting personality expressed by banderinas; contestant must submit name and address only in handwriting. Contest continues indefinitely. Sponsor, Kolmar Sales Co., Inc.

ON INDEPENDENT STATIONS

W.L.W., Cincinnati, Ohio, 8:30 p. m. Thursday, Ken-Rad program. Nature: Solving mystery by banderina on program. Letter must tell how crime was committed, who did it, and what the motive was. Prizes: Ten complete sets of radio tubes given weekly. Contest closes Wednesday night following program. Sponsor, Ken-Rad Co.

Studio News and Notes

By HARRY STEELE

MOTHE-EATEN gags are no novelty in any form of entertainment but move-eaten ones come under the head of new humor. In JENSEP CHER-NAVSKY'S floor show at the Congress Hotel, Luban, a brief blackout required the introduction of a length of salami. The prop filled the bill on the night of its introduction, but on the second night it was discovered at the last moment that mice had eaten their way half through it and the act had to be abandoned.

DON GORDON, singing son of the singer-producer, Lillian Gordan, has had to shelve his baritone (in a few weeks while convalescing from an appendicitis operation).

BECAUSE OF THE Chicago Tribune experiment, as well as the wide-spread interest in the event, WGN again will pre-

sent exclusive broadcasts of the *Golden Globe* tournament, February 25, 26, and 27. QUIN RYAN, assisted by BOB ELSON, will take the air at 9:10 each evening of the elite climatic matches and will continue the broadcast until 10 P. M. It will alternately take the number of rounds of boxing which he has already described—a total and is in excess of that accumulated by any other announcer.

THERE WILL BE a void between GEORGE OLSEN's departure from the College Inn and the return of KAY KYR to the Blackhawk to release ART LARBE (in his debut at the Hotel Sherman's popular act). It will be filled by CHARLIE AGNEW and his orchestra.

JOHN C. M'CALPES' weekly Wednesday political forum on WCFL at 10 p. m. continues to win recognition at the White House. The program is in the nature of an open letter to the President, and on various occasions Mr. Roosevelt either has written to Metcalfe to endorse his comments or has delegated someone to acknowledge them.

Uncle Ezra

The Old Jumping Jenny Wren—Himself—



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

The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Hear It Over
37 NBC STATIONS
COAST-TO-COAST

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Cumberland Ridge Runners, Linda Parker, Maple City Four, Spore Ribbs, Lulu Belle, Hooper Hot Shots, Uncle Ezra, Dean Brothers, Louise Massey and the Westerners. A hilarious program of old time singing, dancing and vaudeville fun. Brought to you direct from W.L.A. Chicago, every Saturday night over

KOIL-WLS
8:30 to 9:30 P.M. CST
Sponsored by Alka Seltzer

RICHARD HIMBER
with
STUDEBAKER
CHAMPIONS

Where Gags Come From
(Continued From P. 23)

tragedians, vocalists, jugglers, sleight-of-hand artists, mountbait, tricksters, magicians, comic musicians.

Beginning with the Sixteenth Century, humor became milder or less refined. All erudite practices were stamped out, and while coarse humor was still more or less prevalent, it was subordinated to a new and cleaner vein of fun. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries humor came into its own. These periods, however, are far from fertile ground (or the radio age), for while the records are full of passages of excess we may choose and change. Now that is very let you in on the secrets of the craft, see what you can do about writing gags. It'll come easy—after about twenty years of practice.

Diabetics
Seattle Man Finds Complete Relief In severe case with simple natural method after specialists failed. No needless no starvation. Write today—all letters answered. N. E. Baker, 641 Bayview Building, Seattle, Washington.

DIABETICS
Seattle Man Finds Complete Relief In severe case with simple natural method after specialists failed. No needless no starvation. Write today—all letters answered. N. E. Baker, 641 Bayview Building, Seattle, Washington.

WANTED
ORIGINAL POEMS • SONGS
For Immediate Consideration
M.M.M. Music Publishers, Dept. E.G.
Stedra Building, Portland, Oregon

WANT TO BROADCAST?
TO
We are looking for new talent to broadcast on our stations. Write today to: W.L.A. Chicago, Dept. 100, 435 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610

Saturday — Continued

NBC—Songs You Love to Hear; WFCB KYFR KSTP WJAZ WOV WVAJ WJLJ
***NBC—RCA RADIO** FROM Presently "Radio City 101"; featuring Frank Bielek's Orch.; 10 p. m. Monday. **WVAJ—The Great Artists** KOA KOY KOIL WLS KWCR KSD WBAF
KWCR—Road Cole, Extensive WBAF—Theater of the Air
WVAJ—Dance Fiddle
WJLJ—Guthrie Brothers; Betty Hutton & Scroggy Lambert
WVAJ—Hills and Plains
WJLJ—8:15 p. m.
WGN—Cable Concerts
8:30 p. m.

NBC—Gibson Family, musical comedy; Lulu Bennett; Jack & Lovette Cousins; *Count This*—Don Venetian's Orch.
WIBC—KOA RFI KSTP WVAJ WJLJ WLV WOV WVAJ
***CBS—STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS** Present Richard Hurns' Orch.; Jay Nash, vocalist; WBBM KMBC WNAH WCCO WLAB KFS
***CBS—ALKA-SELTZER** Present Harry Dasso's Orch.; Lulu Belle; Uncle Ezra; Lulu Parker; Maple City Four; Cumberland Ridge Runners; Spore Ribbs; WLS WLS KWCR KOIL
WVAJ—Variety Program
WJLJ—Song Memory Garden; *WJLJ—Peggy*, variety; *WJLJ—Wayne King's* Orchestra
WVAJ—The Star Line
WVAJ—Jimmie Allen & Cowhands
KSL—Melodie Who Love WGN—Lawyer's Orchestra
WVAJ—The Jewel
WBBM—Rue and Sallee; Uncle Ezra
8:30 p. m.

***CBS—ALKA-SELTZER** PRESENTLY: Peggy, variety; Wayne King's Orchestra; The Star Line; Jimmie Allen & Cowhands; KSL—Melodie Who Love WGN—Lawyer's Orchestra
WVAJ—The Jewel
WBBM—Rue and Sallee; Uncle Ezra
8:30 p. m.

KSTP—Amateur Night
KTAR—Lubus Laugh
WVBC—World Review
WRT—World Review
WVAJ—Hills and Plains
WGN—The Dream Show
WVAJ—Hollywood Improvers

8:30 p. m.
NBC—"Let's Dance"; Three Hours with Red Murray, Xavier Cugat & Benny Goodman & His Orch.; WLV WVAJ
WBAF—WMAJ KFSR WOV WJAZ WEDC WFAA WFMJ
WVAJ KFL KSJZ KMBC
KFS—Variety Program
KOA—Fish and Pat
KOIL—News
KSL—Charlie Kew's Singers
KTAR—To be announced
KOIL—Dancing Stars
WLS—Op'ty News
8:45 p. m.

WVAJ—The Great Artists
WVAJ—Hills and Plains
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—Variety Program
WVAJ—The Star Line
WVAJ—Jimmie Allen & Cowhands
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—Variety Program
WVAJ—The Star Line
WVAJ—Jimmie Allen & Cowhands
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WVAJ—The Jewel
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WVAJ—The Star Line
WVAJ—Jimmie Allen & Cowhands
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—Variety Program
WVAJ—The Star Line
WVAJ—Jimmie Allen & Cowhands
WVAJ—The Jewel

10:15 p. m.
WJLJ—WVAJ
KMOX—Hockey; Eagles vs. Montreal Canadiens
KSTP—News; Sports Reporter
KTAR—Chen, Benetz's Orch.
WVAJ—The Dream Show
WLS—National Bar Dance

8:30 p. m.
CBS—Portland Sym. KSL
KSTP—Let's Dance (NBC)
KCO—Wayne King's Orchestra
WHO—News Reporter
KTAR—News
KVBC—Portland Ork. (CBS)
WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
WHO—Cantree Capers
NBC—Let's Dance KOA WFO
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel
KCFJ WJAZ
KPF—The Big Ten (NBC)
KOIL—Glen's Let's Orchestra
KOIL—Franklin Desser's Orch.
KVBC—News

11:15 p. m.
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel
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11:30 p. m.
WVAJ—The Jewel
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WVAJ—The Jewel
WVAJ—The Jewel



Amos n' Andy

Coming

NEXT WEEK:



The True Amos 'n' Andy—
Their Rise to Fame
and Fortune

THE Untold Tales of Radio's
Most Renowned Blackface
Pair Revealed for the First Time
in the Next Issue of

Radio Guide

And Illustrated with Exclusive
Family Photos Never Before
Seen by the Public

Don't Miss the Intimate
and Absorbing Story
by Harry Steele

Start It in Next Week's

Radio Guide

America's Weekly of Programs and Personalities

Edith Baker is twenty years old, and keeps house for her family. Her entry blank was sent in by a friend who had confidence in Edith's ability to vie with the other contestants in the **Feminist National Amateur Hour**, heard Sundays at 6 p. m. EST (5 CST) over a CBS-ABC network.

LITTLE Edith Baker bravely strode to the microphone, sang My Man, and retired to the sidelines to permit the other amateur contestants in the Feminist National Amateur Show to do their bits. At the conclusion of the broadcast the judge's Gold Medal was awarded to a harmony team, and Edith returned to her Brooklyn home, her illusions and hopes shattered.

But the winners of the Gold Medal were professionals masquerading under amateur covers, and the next morning hundreds of listeners, who had detected the fraud, flooded the mail with their protests and furnished evidence that they were correct. So Miss Baker, the runner-up, was recalled by the sponsors of the program and presented with the victor's medal.

A Little Child Did Lead Them

(Continued from Page 10)

additional information from the clerk, who was not seriously wounded. But only the little lad had seen which way the killers went. He was able to lead them onto the right trail. Even while the radio car circled madly on its way to the hospital, this averaging cat already had gone out over the air:

"Calling all cars . . . Calling all cars . . . Watch for two men wanted for holdup and shooting in grey sedan, 1534 Grand Avenue. Number 1 is about 32, five feet eight inches tall, weighs around 180, dark complexion, full round face, wearing leather jacket and carrying blue-steel revolver. Number 2 is about 39, five feet ten, weighs around 155, black hair wearing spectacles. He carries a nickel revolver. It is believed they are heading south, in a small, grey sedan . . . Calling . . ."

Several blocks south of the little grocery store, Patrolmen Walter Smith and Stanley Kanecki were cruising in their patrol car when this message sounded in their loudspeaker.

"Heading south, eh?" said Smith quickly. "We may get a chance at 'em!" He turned the car toward a main north-and-south street.

A Mad Chase

"Yeah," agreed Kanecki, loosening his gun in its holster.

For the next few minutes the two of them cruised slowly, keeping a sharp lookout. And then—down the street came a small grey sedan with two men in the front seat. One had a moon face.

"Let's go!" roared Smith, and the radio car shot off in pursuit.

Suddenly the gray car spurted ahead. Its occupants had spotted their pursuers. Through traffic—against red lights—narrowly missing a dozen smash-ups, the two cars roared through the outskirts of Detroit. Finally, in a suburb, Smith took his radio car expertly up behind the speeding sedan. With a grind of metal and scream of brakes, the fugitive car was hurled into the ditch.

Instantly the fat-faced thug leaped from one window of the car, while his lantern-jawed associate jumped from the other. The guns in their hands blazed, and lead whined past the policemen's bodies.

But this time the bandits were not shooting at an innocent clerk or a helpless little boy. Smith and Kanecki are both expert gunners. Coolly but rapidly they returned the fire.

"I'm" yelped the little Frank. Blood being spattered from his right hand, his revolver dropped. And now his pal, the moon-faced child-saver, showed once again that he was "Dad's shawl!" He aimed, dropping his own gun.

"They were taking to handkerchiefs. I'm kind of glad I don't know what that fat guy had done," said Smith slowly, when he learned that little Billy Reynolds was dying in the hospital. "I got an idea my gun might have slipped—and it would have been hard to see at fat guy's feet."

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, almost hysterical, were waiting in the hospital for news of their little child. Over and over Billy's father moaned: "It ain't Don't worry Daddy. I'll be all right, Daddy." Or God! Please let it be true! Don't let him die!"

Swift Justice

But nineteen hours after the shooting, poor little Billy passed away—asking for ice cream! The only consolation left for his agonized father and mother was the realization that **neither** scoundrel had at least been able to ease the boy's pain.

"As for his murderer, justice dealt with them swiftly. Arrested, largely because of evidence that the little dying boy had been able to point out to police the direction in which they had fled, they both were sentenced to spend the remainder of their miserable lives in confinement and at hard labor. The actual slayer, pig-faced Ted Lofey, was only 28 years old and had a record as an automobile thief. His lantern-jawed stooge, Frank, who, 29, was found by prison psychiatrists to have the mentality of a twelve-year-old. He had a wife and family, and was just out of work. He had no previous bad record.

"Mohr showed the graces of penitence. Before entering the state reformatory, Boyne used the following letter, offered by the continuance-indebtor man:

"I most kindly beg you in considering my case to take note of my previous rec-

(Continued on Next Page)

Private life of Walter Winchell

(Continued from Page 8)

responsive cheer in him. "Tell you what I'll do, Alf," he cried. "I'm on the air tonight. I'll tell your story over the network."

Several hours later the friends met in the studio, and Walter led Alf Johnson into the control room. "You sit here and listen to my talk come over," he invited. Winchell took his seat before the microphone. "Fella," he greeted, "tonight I bring you bad news. That sainted minister, your Alf Johnson and mine, has quit this business. . . . Eyes were rolling and his contract . . . only because he missed his beloved wife, Ruby Keeler, who is out of the coast making a picture. This would be a grander world if it contained more devoted husbands like Alf Johnson!"

Walter looked up from his script to see how Johnson was taking the announcement. Through the glass windows he saw the Mammy Singer gesticulating like a wild man. Eyes were rolling and she face flushed with excitement, he was blowing kisses after kiss at Walter, occasionally varying the routine by clapping and waving his hands over his head the lead in the manner of a prize fighter acknowledging the cheers of his admirers.

Walter shook his head when he related this to me. "Soon after I finished the broadcast," he said, "we met Jimmy Cannon, radio editor of the *World Telegram*, and at that time known in the profession as the Winchell of Radio. Jimmy gave me most unusual credit for the part of my life when, in Alf's presence, he accused me of being on the Johnson payroll. The next day, Jimmy was in a column in which he announced that Johnson had left the air because he was invited off, and not because he was anxious to 'go to the coast,' as I said in my broadcast. Incidentally, Jimmy roasted me unmercifully for my part in the transaction."

A Little Child Did Lead them

(Continued from Preceding Page)

and character and circumstances leading up to this terrible trouble that has caused heartache in more than three homes. I am most regretful for my mistake in associating with a character with a record of which I had no knowledge, who brought me too grief in my middle age in these trying times of economic turmoil and world unrest.

It is in peace with love in my heart and with malice toward none, beseeching those I have trespasses against to forgive me. Fully trusting me will be granted the Heavenly Father has taught, I rest my poor conscience.

In Next Week's Issue of

RADIO GUIDE:

"I Hate All Men!"

Why did Detroit's Goddess Gun Girl hate men so bitterly? What lurking mystery forced this beautiful brunette to hold up stores, restaurants and other places where men could be found—and then shoot at the men? Why did she never kill a woman? By what feminine device was she able to slip out of clever radio traps, while the entire police force of the city of Detroit was hunting for her? The true answer to those baffling questions will be published in next week's *Radio Guide*. Don't fail to read this one of the strangest, most unusual criminal cases ever solved by radio—one of the most gripping and thrilling of the entire Calling All Cars series of true stories of crime and radio.

A few days after Cannon's column appeared, Winchell followed shortly thereafter to write a story for Twentieth Century Pictures, called *Broadway Through a Keyhole*. The story dealt with the careers of a beautiful chorus girl, a big-shot gangster, and a noted stage star.

A movie critic started the rumors that led to the break, and thus made me the victim of my own racket-gossip," tells Walter bitterly. "Lester Kershaw, a noted Hollywood paragrapher, hinted in her column that incidents in my picture paralleled incidents in the life of Ruby Keeler and Alf Johnson. Needless to say, the gossip spread like the measles."

Fast on the heels of the whispers came the electrifying news that Johnson had threatened to punch Winchell in the eye as soon as he could catch up with him.

When Walter attended the boxing bouts in the Hollywood arena the next night, he knew that there would be trouble, but he was manfully determined to face any eventuality. He had just reached his seat when Alf delivered the now famous punch, sending him reeling into the lap of Mae West.

The story of the fight, of course, is history. Its after effects, however—never before told—are astounding.

A few days after he had returned to New York," tells Walter, "I received a telegram from one of the top-notch gangsters in the city. He told me that they were going to 'take care of' Johnson for me."

Warns Gangsters

"Naturally I was worried, as I didn't want any harm to come to Alf. I immediately hopped a train to New York to put a stop to the nonsense."

It is a known fact that the boys who live and die by firearms have formed a great affection for the slim columnist.

As a matter of fact, the "cream" Walter, when I arrived in New York I warned the boys that if they touched Alf I would be blamed. Alf, my old friend, Walter, a famous sleuth, knew all about the threats, and Johnny and I finally stamped out the strong-arm attempts to injure Alf Johnson.

Aside from the Johnson episode, which has left a lasting scar, Walter is supremely happy in his work. His office in the *Mirror* building is the nesting place for hordes of friends who are sincerely interested in his success.

Underdog's Champ

To this office also come the unfortunate victims of the depression, and battered women seeking relief in all manner of unorthodox fashions. One night a tired woman, weary of life's struggle, begged Walter to advise her. Her laughter failed, her husband had left them penniless, she said, and rather than surrender her child to orphanage she wanted to sell her infant to a childless family of character. Walter, knowing what would happen, advised the woman to go to the lookout for the pathetic story of the mother, and the next day the mailbags bulged with baby clothes, cash to the tune of a hundred dollars, and scores of offers for work for the jobless woman.

On another day a young man who operated an elevator in the Palace Theater building, told the heartbroken story of his life. He married the girl of some trivial rule infraction. His wife was in the hospital, having delivered their first baby. By pulling wires Walter had the fellow reinstated.

He was prevented scores of suicides. One recently a young girl singer came in at his invitation. She had written him that she was going to commit suicide by the city of Detroit was hunting for her? The true answer to those baffling questions will be published in next week's *Radio Guide*. Don't fail to read this one of the strangest, most unusual criminal cases ever solved by radio—one of the most gripping and thrilling of the entire Calling All Cars series of true stories of crime and radio.

tainable for a song when sung on sustaining program.

"Let's hear you sing," demanded Walter. She sang several songs. Surprisingly enough, she had a sweet voice. Walter called the boss of a radio director, and today the young artist is earning a fat living singing on several sponsored programs on one of the smaller New York stations.

For a little chap, physically, it's more than remarkable that there are so many contradictory sides to Walter Winchell. When pressed he can be uncompromisingly obstinate—once he sets out on a war path, neither hell nor high water can stop him. He's blasted away at police authorities, magistrates, theatrical officials and night club impresarios. He attacks injustice with a fly bitterness that is all-powerful. Broadway charlatans shun him as they would a disease.

He has submitted himself to thousands of threats in his recent anti-Nazi activities, but threats never have swerved Walter Winchell from a set purpose. The police have offered him protection because of these Nazi threats, but he sneers them away.

And so Winchell continues to cut a flaming path through the smoky caverns of frivolity and across the radio heaven. To keep his voice lifted entertainingly above the babbling of the throng—that is still the Man About Town's greatest aim.

Walter Winchell broadcasts every Sunday on **WJZ** (530-540 P.M. CST) over an **NBC-WJZ** network, and later at 10:15 p. m. CST over a split network for the West.

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ROSEMARY LANE

As She Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Fred Kelly

ROSEMARY LANE was brought up in a college town; it's true, but the prominent feature of her knowledge is her glamorous school education. She was a cum laude student in that branch of learning, and will go on through life reflecting credit on her alma mater.

She is just a quarter of the most unusual feminine team that ever originated in one family, but by any standards she is the All American quarter. Born Mullican out in Indiana, Iowa, she adopted the name Lane which her sisters long since had aggrandized by their own brilliant achievements. But Rosemary never was destined to shine in reflected glory.

Nature, evidently feeling that it was just about running out the Mullican string, decided to give Rosemary all that the other girls had, plus a lot of embellishments overlooked, in part, in the fashioning of her sisters.

That name Mullican was almost prophetic. The four girls (there is a fifth, but less-known sister) have had an entire nation in a stew ever since their graduated public appearances. If Rosemary couldn't sing a note she wouldn't have to worry about tomorrow's groceries. Artists in search of perfection in their models, also fashionable dressmakers, keep the Lanes' Manhattan telephone busy asking the boon of a few moments' modeling by the shimmering, alluring Rosemary.

To many who have read glowing descriptions of both Rosemary and her seventeen-year-old sister Priscilla, it always has seemed strange that the girls have not been featured in motion pictures. Well—it's no fault of the film executives that they haven't.

Both the girls have been solicited for the talkies—tempted with financial bait that would withhold the wages of film stars of the silent days. But Rosemary has held out for an extension of her present activities, radio and the stage, until she has wearied of them. After all she still is young; she was born out there in the shadow of the tall corn and under the restricting influence of Simpson College, on April 4, 1916.

So she calculates that when she has worn down her appeal for her present audiences she can take up the motion-picture field as an entirely new career—and she is a career woman with an ingrained capacity for arriving at her predetermined goal. She was not much more than six years old when she began to pursue music with a definite aim in mind. Long before her voice had matured sufficiently for its quality to be appraised, she was becoming proficient at the piano.

Something of her spirit of application and determination is revealed by the fact that even at so early an age she thought nothing of practicing six to eight hours a day. That really comes under the head of doggedness, and was more clearly displayed during her early teens when she was adjudged frail and in need of outdoor exercise.

On a swinging bar in her own back yard she took up the intricacies of the lying trapeze, taught her sister the rudiments of tumbling and together with the younger lass formed an athletic team that won prizes in stiff competition in several fields of sport. So that she not only flies through the air with the much publicized ease, but she can maintain the same pace in the water—and on the cinder path.

What price mere beauty to a girl like that? She really has what it takes vocally, spiritually, mentally and physically. Yes, nature was in a prodigious mood that memorable Spring out in Indiana, Iowa.

Rosemary Lane broadcasts Thursday evenings with Fred Waring's Orchestra at 9:30 p. m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST) over a CBS network.



ROSEMARY LANE

RADIO GURUS 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 forty-second.

To every person who sends in Radio Gurus, 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 King Size.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in RADIO GURUS next week.

Favorite Stories of the Stars

THE conversation in the lobby of a select Washington club frequented by Congressmen, Senators and Cabinet members one night turned toward the subject of musical concerts. Will Rogers recalls, and a story he heard from the lips of one of our ex-legislators ran as an all-time favorite with the sage of the airways.

The Senator, who obviously had a sense of humor, recalled out of the blue an incident of merit that was given for clarity at which a woman rendered a vocal selection.

Seated next to the Senator in the audience was a meek-looking little man, who one night turned in for a few moments and then started to fidget.

"That's the most atrocious singer I ever heard!" whispered the meek little man to the Senator. "I wonder who the vocalist is?"

"She's my wife," the Senator replied acidly.

The little chap flushed a dark crimson. "Oh, I beg your pardon," the offender said unhappily. "The fault undoubtedly lies with the music, which is really barbarous. Have you any idea who composed it?"

"Yes sir, I do," was the Senator's icy clincher. "It did."

"They're not so old in years, but in point of service they rank with the real veterans of the stage—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, whose hippy dops and quips have a favorite radio fare for quite a spell. In connection with their vaudeville barnstorming days, Julia tells a rib-tickler that concerns her talented spouse:

"The team of Crumit and Sanderson had just collaborated on writing a new act, and one morning they took a train from Connecticut to New York,

where they were scheduled to open the new act that afternoon. Frank had had a hard time memorizing the new lines and lyrics, and as a consequence he kept muttering the dialogue under his breath for practically the entire duration of the ride.

An elderly woman, sitting opposite the thespians, kept staring at the mumbling Crumit. Occasionally she emitted a faint "tsk! tsk!" and shook her head mournfully.

"I noticed this old woman," states Julia, "and for a period I paid little or no attention to her. But soon she got on my nerves with her mournful fong-suck-ducking, and I stared back at her kelly."

Finally she leaned over and patted my hand solicitously. "My good woman," she said, "I know just how terrible you must feel! I too have a husband who goes around all day long muttering-and mumbling to himself. It's awful, isn't it?"

