

Radio Guide

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY OF PROGRAMS AND PERSONALITIES

WEEK ENDING MARCH 7, 1936

10¢



RUDY VALLEE and HIMMEL—Please See Page 42

The *Truth* About:
MAJOR BOWES "HONOR CITIES"

NEXT WEEK

Freedom of the Air

THIS WEEK

WE HAVEN'T had such a bang-up good time in years as we've had shopping around from coast to coast to get the forthcoming issue ready. The real kick of course comes in the results we have to show. Just consider—we have the start of a new story of a star—told by herself. It had us holding our breath sitting on the edges of our chairs, until we had followed the author through every last one of her amusing, harrowing, ridiculous triumphant experiences. At the head of the list of good things to come we place *Despite All Men*—and if you don't think it's a most gripping story of a radio star and her efforts to live down the nickname of Good Sport while she searched for love—well, you'll see!



Carrie Jacobs Bond

THEN there's an intimate closeup of one of the grandest women in the entertainment world, who's recently turned to radio. She's Carrie Jacobs Bond. You've heard of her. She wrote *The End of a Perfect Day*, the song that has sold more copies than any other song ever published. Next week you'll read how publishers without exception turned down her compositions because they said they were too plain. You'll read also how she amazed them by publishing her songs herself—with monumental results. It's a grand story about a grand person.



Kenny Baker

ANOTHER grand guy will be introduced in an intimate closeup. He's one of radio's newest stars, Kenny Baker. The wonder of this lad is that he could have come so far in such a short time, and remained so modest. Imagine—he asked for chances to sing on the air for nothing, preferring to donate his services "just for the experience." The title to his story by the way hits Kenny's nail on the head dead-center—it's *Stardom on a Shoestring*.



Guy Lombardo

THEN there's the story called *We Work for Lombardo*. For the first time you'll meet a band-leader as the men in his band know him. Every bandsman of the Royal Canadians has something to say about their chief, including Guy's two brothers . . . Who was it who said that the best index of a man's character is what his employes think of him?

THE final bang we got putting next week's issue together came from the improvements on our program pages. A greater number of program details than ever before are listed. Instead of reading a listing like *Philharmonic-Symphony Concert*, or *John Charles Thomas Song Recital*, you now will be able to read in advance just what musical works the Philharmonic will play, and which songs John Charles Thomas will sing. Like it?

RADIO GUIDE'S ear-to-the-ground operatives report big doings in America's political centers. Democratic and Republican bigwigs are clearing their throats, dusting off their dictionaries, and secretly practising before "dead" microphones. Which is just another way of saying that the night soon will be lighted by the red fires of red-hot politics and the air will be filled with talks.

But what sort of talk? Well, New Deal and Raw Deal apostles are taking the asbestos wrappings off their best epithets. Thunderers from the left and thunderers from the right are readying bales of dirty linen. Unless all the portents are wrong, a lot of mud will be slung before next Winter rolls around.

How can risky remarks be controlled? Politicians are powerful, and in their hands are the long but effective reins of red tape which reach to the Federal Communications Commission. The broadcasters wonder, the listeners wonder.

And so do the alert bosses of the news commentator, Boake Carter. More particularly, they wonder about this thing we call "the freedom of speech." How much has a man a right to say? Particularly, how much has a man a right to say over the air?

A letter from Sayre M. Ramsdell, vice-president of Philco Radio and Television Corporation of Philadelphia, breaks the question into eight interesting divisions. Because "freedom of the air" will be on many tongues this Summer, and because it is of vital importance to every radio listener, we pass his questions on to the readers of Radio Guide.

For radio listeners are the only ones whose answers, in the end, should be considered.

The questions:

1. Do you believe the "freedom of the air" important enough to warrant your consideration?

2. Shall the broadcasting stations, which are private profit institutions, have the sole right to determine who is to broadcast and what is to be said on the air?

3. What shall be the criteria to govern radio's neutrality on controversial issues, and who shall be the guiding factor in deciding such issues?

4. What shall be the relation of the government to radio?

5. What principle shall govern the granting or withholding of licenses to broadcasting stations by the government?

6. What shall be the attitude of the government in granting licenses for broadcast stations to labor, educational, veteran, and other non-profit groups?

7. Shall the broadcasting companies be permitted to charge whatever they please for time on the air, the use of which is granted to them by the government and for which they pay nothing?

8. Shall the editorial judgment of the broadcasting private-profit organizations be the deciding factor in determining what the American people shall be permitted to hear on the air?

In the answers to the eight questions put by Mr. Ramsdell can be read the future of radio broadcasting in America—and the future of your radio entertainment. Citizens, the air is yours. What do you want to do with it?

Curtis Mitchell

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THE PURSUIT *and* CAPTURE *of* FRANK FAY

By Jack Jamison

Come Hop, Skip, and Jump with Bring - 'Em - Back - Alive Jamison, the Resistless Interviewer Who Trailed Radio's Latest Lion to His Lair and Trapped Him with Trusty Pencil and Notebook

WHEN RADIO GUIDE told me to go and interview Frank Fay for you, and tell you what he was like, I took a long breath and three quarts of black coffee. What was Frank like? I knew darned well what Frank was like! And how I know what Frank is like!

You see—the last time I tried to get Mrs. Fay's little Irish boy to do some talking for print was in Hollywood. Frank had just had a scrap with Warner Brothers, and decided to make a motion picture of his own. He rented a stage over at Columbia Studios. The executive building at Columbia, which has a vague architectural resemblance to a certified dairy with its little stalls for writers and producers, has a central hall which connects all the offices and is four and a half miles long, roughly speaking. A policeman—or maybe it was an actor in a uniform—stuck me into one of these offices and said that Mr. Fay would be right along. He laughed. I can understand why he laughed, now.

He came right along, about ten minutes later. He whizzed by the door so fast I thought he was on roller-skates. "Oh, Mr. Fay!" I yodelled, but he had already disappeared before I could get out the door. He would come back. I would grab him, and he would shake hands with me, say he was glad to meet me, and promise to sit right down as soon as he saw a man about some re-takes. A few minutes later I would see him going out another door, and grab him again. "Oh, yes, how do you do?" he would say, shaking my hand and telling me that he was glad to meet me. "I'll be right with you. Have to go over and talk to the film editor." That kept up all afternoon.

By this time you probably are getting your teeth into the idea that Frank is a tough baby to get started talking. Well, you're exactly right, you're ex-

actly right! He is. And so I wasn't the least bit surprised when, after I got out of a subway train in New York the other day and ran three blocks to make sure I'd arrive at Radio City on the tick of 3 p.m., when I was supposed to see him, the girl at the desk said:

"Mr. Fay is detained for a moment. He's talking to some men."

Just what she thought I was, I don't know. I'm men. I wear pants. Anyhow, I said: "Oh! I thought he would be," and sat down. I knew Mr. Fay.

At 3:20—you could have knocked me over with a hummingbird feather—he came in. We shook hands enthusiastically, and he said he was glad to meet me. Sometimes I think I must have a face that is very hard to remember. I got out my pencil and my pad of paper, and when I looked up he was gone. An office door across the room was just closing.

"Where'd he go?" I asked the girl, who was beginning to get tired of me.

"He has to see Mr. Soupnozzle for a moment. Now don't worry. You sit right down again and make yourself comfortable," she soothed me. "He'll be back." (I think she said Soupnozzle.)

HE CAME back at 3:30, at the precise moment when a uniformed page in one of those fancy Rockefeller costumes appeared and announced in obsequious tones that Mr. Fay was wanted in the rehearsal room.

"Say, I guess you'll have to come up to the rehearsal room with me," said Frank in a tone of amazement, giving me a dirty look for staying around too long.

"I guess I will," I said.

I caught up with him easily, by doing a little more running, and we went downahallintoanelevatorupinthe-elevatordownanotherhall—around some corners, and into a rehearsal room where a young man in a dapper gray

(Continued on Page 18)



Frank's humor and patter-songs distinguished him in vaudeville, and he had enough on the ball besides to be movie writer, producer and actor

The TRUTH About MAJOR BOWES

"Honor Cities"

WHAT is the truth about the Major Bowes Honor Cities? To get at it, let us ask a few questions. What, for instance, is an "honor city?" How does a city become an honor city? Does the Major seek the city or the city seek the honor? Do the gifts and titles and telegrams that come to the Major originate as free expressions of personal admiration? Has an amateur who hails from anybody's town a chance against the favorite son or daughter who represents an honor city? Are some of the honors handed Major Bowes merely "stunts"? How does it happen that Major Bowes units make such timely appearances in honor cities?

To answer those questions, let us look into some of the cities which have received the Major's attention. Trenton, New Jersey, for example.

Late last August a Major Bowes unit was to open in Trenton. Streets were hung with bunting—against the provisions of a city ordinance—merchants were primed to the bursting point, State policemen met the Bowes bus as it rolled into the city and gave it a special escort. Major Bowes himself made the trip from Manhattan and, as he stepped off the train, was greeted by city officials and paraded before the populace.

In recognition of this visit a city street was to be named for him—an unusual honor.

SIRENS screaming, flags streaming in the wind, the official party rushed out to old bedraggled Armory Drive for the re-naming ceremonies. A silken ribbon was stretched. A broadcasting company had cleared wires to carry the history-making event to the nation. News services had reporters there.

All over America, citizens were listening.

But the Trenton Evening Times of August 30, 1935, tells a story strangely at variance with the broadcast. As follows:

"Colonel Stoopnagle thinks there should be another street parade and fitting exercises to change the name of City Hall.

"Of course, he has in mind the ceremonies of Wednesday afternoon when Mayor Connor and City Manager Morton lent the dignity of their official positions to the dedication of 'Major Bowes Drive'.

"All day Wednesday the center of town was placarded with signs welcoming Major Bowes. At noon more signs appeared, announcing that a pa-

From Coast to Coast the Honor Cities have been located, each with its share of publicity and gifts

rade was coming, and parking in certain sections was banned. City Hall looked like the Fourth of July, what with flags flying from the windows and along the curb.

"Citizens were inconvenienced by being forced to move their cars, traffic was snarled, customers deserted the stores when the procession came along, and business at the City Hall was halted.

"Major Bowes was being signally honored. At least, the public thought so, although it didn't know exactly why. The Legion bugle corps and the ERA band were on hand; so was former Governor Stokes. The street sign

on the lamp-post of Armory Drive was veiled with cloth.

"Mayor Connor led off with a speech that ended when he was handed a pair of scissors. He clipped a red ribbon, off came the veil and 'Major Bowes Drive' stood forth in white letters against a blue background.

"It looked swell. Major Bowes thought so, too. He spoke of the 'beau-

tiful, linden-lined thoroughfare' and how he would always cherish the memory of historic Trenton.

"Then Mr. Morton and Mr. Stokes

"WHERE IT GOES, NOBODY KNOWS"—BUT THE MAJOR

said their pieces, the band played again and the official party repaired to the Stacy-Trent where Frank J. Wetzel, president of the Chamber of Commerce, entertained Major Bowes at a dinner and presented to him a piece of Lenox china on behalf of the trade body. Mayor Connor and City Manager Morton each made another speech.

"Yesterday was another day. Removal proceedings were in order. A truck stopped at the lamp-post. 'Major

Bowes Drive'—made of pasteboard—was removed. The honest-to-goodness metal nameplate inscribed 'Armory Drive' was restored."

Radio Guide sent a reporter to look at the "linden-lined thoroughfare" once named for Major Bowes. It was exactly one block long, bounded on one side by a huge armory, and on the other by a dingy canal. Railroad tracks run along the canal bank. Not a linden was in sight. Our investigator, who had heard the broadcast and read the stories, came away sorely disappointed, but with an increased respect for the ability of the Major's press agents.

Of course the story in the newspaper or the fact that the Major Bowes street sign came down and the Armory Drive sign went back up, did nothing to hurt the business of the Major Bowes unit playing in Trenton. It, as the saying is, "packed 'em in." Men and women stood four deep down the block awaiting their chance to applaud the amateurs. It was a very profitable week.

Of course, Trenton was not an honor

city, properly speaking. All the aforementioned hi-de-ho resulted from Major Bowes' very natural desire to do as much business in Trenton with his unit as he could. Picture then what happens in an honest-to-goodness honor city which is organized both to sell coffee and theater tickets at the same time.

TAKE Miami, Florida, for instance. Keep in mind that Miami, as well as almost every other city in the country, seeks publicity. Chamber of Commerce secretaries are hired for that purpose. Publicity means visitors, increased trade, and prosperity. Small wonder that Miami had been trying for several months to get Major Bowes to make it an honor city.

Finally, the day was set. Soon there arrived a top-notch exploiter from the business end of the Amateur Hour. Like a field marshal, he made his plans for (one) publicity and (two) coffee sales.

Collaborating with Carl Byoir and

Associates, Miami's ablest headline-grabbers, he talked to the Chamber of Commerce and he talked to clubs. A C. of C. committee of three was appointed. One man was charged with organizing mass meetings in the city's parks on the night of the broadcast. Another was to handle the city's merchants. The third was to promote gifts to be sent Major Bowes.

Regular meetings of civic clubs, merchant associations, parent and teacher clubs were used to get Miami citizens interested in the broadcast. And finally, the one infallible device that never fails to bring out the vote was uncoiled. It was the entry of a local Miami boy into the program.

In this case he was the fireman, Tom Winston. Now Tom Winston had sung for years, for money when he could get it, but usually for nothing. Last Summer he had sung with the Miami Symphony orchestra. Before that, he had appeared on a local radio sustaining program. He was no beginner, certainly; yet despite some professional experience, he was not considered a professional. So he was selected to go to New York. "Backers," probably one of Miami's civic organizations, paid his fare. Friends who had heard him got interested. Clubs planned to support him. The Miami-night pot was beginning to boil.

NOW, what of the honors that are given the Major? What of the gifts? A committee man had been named for that job, remember.

On Miami night, Major Bowes was named a member of the Florida governor's staff, honorary captain of Miami police, Mayor for a Day of West Palm Beach, and honorary life guard. Mayor Fossey issued a proclamation declaring the week of January 26 "Major Bowes Week."

Were these tributes spontaneous? Possibly. On the other hand, when Major Bowes told the world he was to be Mayor of West Palm Beach for a day, the name of West Palm Beach hit more ears than had ever heard it before. And the press agent who arranged with West Palm Beach's city fathers to make the Major a One-Day-Mayor is still congratulating himself on this.

Next, what happened to coffee sales (Continued on Page 16)



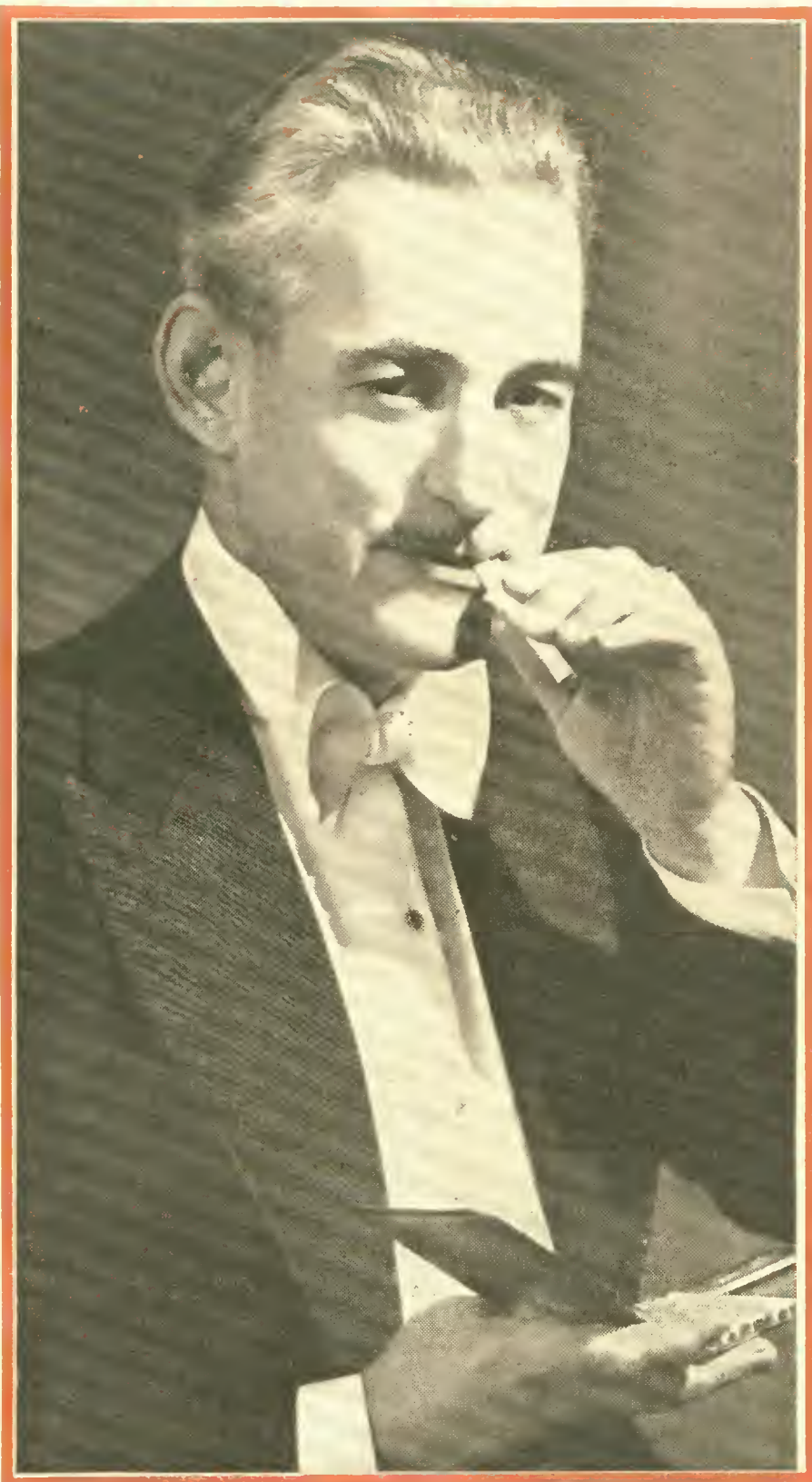
And the inevitable disappointed amateur, Mrs. Laube (left), who had her trouble with the Major

CHASE & SANBORN'S DATED COFFEE
COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST
 STARRING
MAJOR BOWES!
AMATEUR HOUR!

PHONE IN AND VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES WIBA

NEXT SUNDAY IS MADISON NIGHT

Reproduction of the poster that was displayed in advance of the Honor City show "honoring" Madison, Wisconsin



Kel now is the direct opposite of the mud-wallower and cootie-fighter he had to be during the Big Scrap

LUCKY KEL

The Facts in Kelvin Keech's Rise from Doughboy to Riches and Romance Make Their Own Fairytale

By Howard Wilcox

lying in a shell crater when a thunderous explosion shook the ground.

"This way!" screamed Kel, picking himself up and dusting toward the rear lines. He looked over his shoulder to see if his buddies were following him. But he was alone. Five of his companions had been killed. The sixth, after Kel brought him in, died on the operating table. Keech came through without a scratch—but his hair overnight turned to silver.

Even after the war when Kel took his first flight in a commercial plane from Paris to London, he was holding lucky cards. He had a round-trip ticket, but missed the ship on the return voyage. It crashed, killing all aboard.

It was a lucky break which carried him to Paris on a three-day leave in 1918. Others in his outfit couldn't get away, but Kel did it, somehow. And while he was celebrating in the gay capital he suddenly realized he had overstayed his time and was very much A. W. O. L. So, before the sharp-eyed military police could lock him up, he bluffed his way into a base hospital and forestalled a possible A.W.O.L. charge. And while he was in the hospital practically the whole of his company was wiped out in the last major offensive!

His luck ran on and on. Making friends, as he always has done, Keech rounded up three other chaps in the hospital who could play musical instruments. Thus came into being the White Lyres, who soon became famous

throughout Europe. An odd name? The four had told white lies in order to get into the hospital.

The band caught on instantly.

Club affair followed club affair, and soon the American Red Cross adopted the Lyres. Keech and his buddies were commissioned official entertainers, until in 1919 they were demobilized.

Ciro's in Paris hurriedly signed the Lyres to a flattering contract and the four-man band went the rounds of the fashionable resorts.

During an extended engagement at Maxim's Club in Constantinople, Turkey, Kel ran into his best bit of luck, for it was there that he met the Russian girl, through circumstances told recently in *RADIO GUIDE*, who is now his wife. He learned later she was connected with the place.

THE boys continued to make money beyond their wildest dreams. In 1923 they sat down to think things over, and to their amazement they found that after a careful check of their four years together, their music had brought them \$600,000! Should they go home?

Kel, still playing his luck, decided to remain on the Continent. He took on a pianist for a partner and sailed for England, where in nine months he became a toast. It was in England that he made his first microphone appearance, playing the ukulele and singing over station 2LO, the British

(Continued on Page 15)

Kel's constant companion is the Russian wife he met and courted in Constantinople—she speaking no English, he no Russian



IT'S A rare soldier of fortune who makes luck and adventure pay dividends. Unlike the most of us, Kelvin Keech has kept his cake and eaten it, too.

Which is another way of saying that despite a war which demoralized the careers of millions of prosaic Americans by carrying them off to foreign battlefields, Kelvin Keech glimpsed his golden opportunity while abroad helping to make the world safe for democracy, and before the last doughboy had said fond farewells to the A. E. F., Kel was pulling down an income which ran beyond the \$100,000-a-year mark.

Now arises a question: How did an obscure \$30-a-month doughboy hocuspocus his way into important money?

Don't make Keech laugh. Despite the sturdy Scottish limb in his variegated family tree, he lays no claims to native shrewdness. Rather, he attrib-

utes his dollar acquisitiveness to just plain luck. Yet, like most lucky people, this popular, platinum-haired chap who has been a fixture on NBC programs for the past six years, and who has made barrels of money, admits he can't save it! However, that was before attractive Mrs. Keech took over the family exchequer.

But our story really begins back in the war days.

Kel had left his native Hawaii for a musical career in the states. Back home the natives had taught him to play the ukulele properly, so when Kel came to America he joined a vaudeville troupe of Hawaiians. The tour was interrupted by the World War, with Kel one of the first to enlist.

Lady Luck hovered over him through it all. For instance, in one offensive he was reconnoitering with a patrol of seven men. The men were



In Winter blast or Summer heat Jim is out among 'em every day, and after he gets his facts at first hand he sends his newscast over the air to millions of friends

STAR *of the* STOCKYARDS

If Ever a Prize Is Awarded for Newscasting That Is Sincere and Packed with Service, It Should Go to Jim Poole, Market Expert

By George Kent

THE news gossips of radio have an easy time of it—all except Jim Poole of WLS, first and most important purveyor of cattle and hog goings-on at the Chicago stockyards.

Each one earns more money than Jim Poole, who has been newscasting since 1926, longer than any of them. And all of them work less than this man whose voice is known and adored by the several million farmers and small-town folks who live in the wide circle of the corn belt.

Eight o'clock each morning—and earlier—sees this stout man of fifty, head of a family, slogging through the stockyards' mud—and odors. The ani-

mals arrive in the dark; the sales take place shortly after dawn. The cattle buyers ride around on horses, but Jim goes afoot. Any morning you may see him traveling among the pens; forced to talk loud to make his voice heard above the grunting of sows and the baa-baa of sheep.

There is no ticker tape coiling its story of livestock prices into a basket, no blackboard covered with figures stating neatly the amounts Swift or Armour or Wilson is paying for calves. Only one way to find out and that is to go among the buyers and sellers and ask them. After talking to about twenty or thirty, Jim knows. Then he has his cup of coffee. And then he goes

out again because the market is a living thing, changing from hour to hour. He must be ready at 11:45 with quotations—ready to talk briskly into the microphone, no matter that in Winter the stockyards alleys are glassy with ice and shrill with a sub-zero gale; no matter that in Summer the reek of barnyard creatures awaiting slaughter becomes unbearable.

Jim Poole was the first to do this job—and after ten years he is the best of all the market reporters in radio. He is best because he spices his figures with humor and chit-chat. He entertains as he informs. No one who owns an animal in the Midwest misses Jim Poole. The womenfolks listen because they enjoy his way of talking, the menfolks because the information and advice he gives is more important to them, more valuable even than the weather. Jim Poole gives his listeners all they need to know.

I found Jim one afternoon trying to sleep in his office, stretched out on five small-bottomed chairs. It had been a hard morning—but it had been an even harder afternoon trying to get his great bulk to relax into forty winks on that makeshift bed. Finally, he gave it up

and took us over to the Amphitheater where the International Livestock Show was in progress.

Now I have been present at several hundred broadcasts and have seen fans, autograph hunters and amateurs mill around Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Gladys Swarthout, Major Bowes, Kate Smith and others. And listen—their enthusiasm was ice-cold alongside the reception I saw handed spontaneously to old Jim as he walked down the center aisle of the cattle show. Not an aisle in a theater with thousands watching, but an aisle in a room full of cud-chewing prize steers being gawked at by farmers and Chicagoans.

One woman who managed at length to get hold of Jim's pudgy hand, said: "Oh, Mr. Poole—we enjoy your talks so much—especially your wonderful vocabulary."

That vocabulary is, if you must know, one of the wonders of radio. You will find the words in no dictionary. Yet they are understood and enjoyed by the listeners—the words that have been used in the stockyards by cattle men for fifty years.

For example: Do you know what a
(Continued on Page 43)



LONELY STAR—COULD SHE FIND TRUE LOVE?

(Conclusion)

I DO not know how long I sat there in the taxicab. This sudden turn of events had left me completely stunned.

Then Dan was angry! I had half expected it, but even so the curt finality of his note had been a shock. Especially since I had counted on having a chance to explain.

I could see how it must have looked to him, all right—Linda Logan, the pampered little star, bored with life and getting a new kick out of pretending that she was someone else, pretending to be in love—meanwhile keeping all her exits clear so that she could put an end to it whenever she chose.

Oh, he mustn't think that of me! The love which had meant so much to me—I couldn't let that be strangled with misunderstanding.

Perhaps if Dan had gone on home, I might be able to see him now and set matters straight between us.

I gave the driver Dan's address.

A few minutes later I was shivering on the stoop while the ringing of the bell echoed hollowly through the dimly lit interior of the rooming house.

This time there was no answering click of the latch. Either Dan was not at home, or he was not at home to me.

I turned slowly and went down the steps. There was nothing to do now but wait and try to catch him next morning at the studio.

I hardly slept that night, planning over and over what I would say to Dan when we met.

Promptly at ten o'clock I stood in the office of the chief engineer of Amalgamated, trying to appear calm and casual.

"I wonder," I said, "if you could give me the program schedule of the—ah—man who monitored my program last night. He did such a grand job I'm anxious to thank him for it personally."

THE chief, a gray shaggy man, looked at me piercingly over the tops of his glasses. Then with a grunt he passed a telegram to me across his desk.

"Read this."

I picked it up and read:

SORRY UNAVOIDABLE CIRCUMSTANCES
FORCE ME TO TENDER RESIGNATION
AMALGAMATED AT ONCE—DAN CORBY

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"You tell me," he said. "Last night the kid gets the chance of a lifetime and makes good in a big way. This morning he quits and doesn't give a reason. He's got us all buffaloed." He shook his head in bewilderment.

There was still a chance that I might catch him. But when I arrived at his rooms I found that I had missed him by an hour. His landlady could tell me only that he had paid up his rent, strapped his trunk to the back of a taxicab and driven away—apparently in great excitement, without leaving the slightest clue as to where he was going—or why!

All the way back to the apartment, all that afternoon as I paced the floor, I tried to think of some clue, some place I might turn, someone I might call. But I could think of no one.

Suddenly I remembered in a flash the little town in western Massachusetts where his family lived.

I sat down and wrote them a letter and sent it off special delivery.



"You need me at the controls—at the controls for life" . . .
"For life, darling"

LONELY LITTLE STAR

There was nothing to do now but wait—wait and hope against hope either that Dan would relent and try to communicate with me or that I would receive some word from his family.

But that night passed, and the next day, without a word although I jumped every time the phone rang. Hour by hour my hopes dwindled.

In my desperation I was almost ready to throw myself on Manzoni's mercy, to beg his help, even after all he had done to me.

But I had not seen nor heard from Manzoni since the night of my debut.

I was beginning to get nervous over this, for the weekend had passed, the time for my second show was approaching, and the orchestra leader was insistently demanding my program of song numbers, as they all had to be specially arranged and then rehearsed, first by the orchestra alone, and then with me.

For the first time in my life I sat down and selected a program of my own without Manzoni's help.

I had barely hung up the phone when the doorbell rang. I ran to the door, hoping for I don't know what.

It was Manzoni. He was a pitiful spectacle. I needed no second look to tell me he had been drinking, for I knew the signs from bitter experience. His clothes were disheveled, his eyes bloodshot, as he rolled them toward me pleadingly.

He broke out into a babble of words.

"Linda!" he cried, seizing my hands. "It is useless for me to deny what I have done, for you know everything. Yes, I tricked you! You could have had the Kleartone contract months ago. I have delayed it. I have—what you say—thrown the monkey wrench in the machinery—"

"Stop! Stop!" I cried. "I don't want to hear any more."

YOU must hear me!" he insisted. "You cannot hate me for it. I only did it out of love for you, because I thought I was losing you. Linda, I have always loved you—I never loved you more than when I released you from our marriage, hoping by letting you go free to make you see how much you needed me. But whatever I did I did out of love for you. Now I throw myself on your mercy. Give me back your love, which is my life. Let me be your husband again!"

I looked at him incredulously.

"You actually think that by telling me all this you can make me love you again?"

His dark brows contracted.

"Who are you to be so haughty?" he snarled suddenly. "You broke your promise to me, didn't you?"

I drew my breath in quickly.

"But," he went on, "I didn't need to go to Florida. I went so you would be thrown off your guard. I had you followed. And you did what I suspected. You went to your lover! So you see," he added more gently, "I too have something on my side to forgive. But I am willing to forget the past—if you are, too. Come! We need each other, Linda!"

All my longing for Dan welled up in me. With a great bitterness for the way Manzoni had tricked me, I cried out:

"I can never love you! You ought to know that by now. I love only one man—and he is the one you have taken away from me. You say you want me to forgive you. Well, I'll do that on one condition."

His face lighted up hopefully.

"Find him for me—the man I have lost."

MANZONI'S dark face purpled with rage until I thought he must be going to have a stroke.

"So that is the way you feel! Very well—go to him. Let him train your voice! Let him arrange your programs and fight your battles—"

He picked up his hat and started for the door.

"We are finished then—you and I—forever. We'll see how far you go without Manzoni!"

The door slammed behind him.

Somehow I stood my ground. If I ever were to be free of him, this was my chance. By sheer force of will I stood without moving, without calling him, while his footsteps echoed

(Continued on Page 17)

THE V-8 sedan slowed, pulled to the side of the highway—stopped. The hitch-hiker sprinted after it. The door sprang open.

"Thanks," he said as he climbed into the car. Behind the wheel, red-haired Ray Evans grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, I never pass anybody up," he said, glancing sideways at the dark young man who panted a little. "Just slam that door. That's right."

"What's your name, son?" asked kindly Ray Evans.

"Comer," the hitch-hiker answered indifferently. Now he was staring at the road ahead—and he frowned as he noticed a filling station about a mile away. The car was going very fast. "Chester Comer. An' I been walkin' for miles in this damned mist."

"You can't blame people," Evans said. "Lots of drivers have been held up and even killed by hitch-hikers."

The service station was quite out of sight by now.

"Yeah," agreed the hitch-hiker. In a casual sort of way he reached into his coat pocket. Ray Evans, eyes on the road, didn't notice. "Fer instance," his passenger added coolly—"pull over to the side!"

There was a gun in his hand when startled Evans jerked head and eyes to the right. The car wobbled.

"Keep on the road, you fool!" Comer snarled as he grabbed the wheel with his left hand. "Put on them brakes!"

The car stopped. Comer switched off the ignition. The two men looked at each other—Evans, middle-aged and florid, Comer young and swarthy, with gleaming dark eyes set close to the bridge of his long nose.

And then without a word, Comer shot Evans to death.

BBROAD-FACED Oscar Morgan, veteran constable of Blanchard, Oklahoma, sat in his office with a sore foot propped up on a small stool. A little radio buzzed gently on the desk.

"If Evans's been missing since Tuesday," Constable Morgan was saying to his friend Jack Stanley, Blanchard oil operator, "then something's sure happened to—" The radio spoke:

"Attention all peace officers and citizens . . . Ray Evans, prominent attorney and American Legion official of Shawnee, Oklahoma, is still missing . . . A reward of \$500 has just been offered for the discovery of the missing Ray Evans of Shawnee . . ."

Ray Evans' missing V-8 was found in a ditch, six miles out of a little town called Maysville. And in the car was a blood-stained sock and a pair of shoes which horrified relatives identified as Evans'.

Of course, police questioned everybody who lived along that road. And in a little farmhouse, nestled in the bottoms along a railroad track two miles from where the car was found, they uncovered their first real clew.

The farmer, Charles Stevens, and his 13-year-old daughter Elizabeth, had a strange tale to tell.

"Sure I know who owns that car out there in the ditch," Elizabeth told the police. "My brother-in-law. He's crazy. He came driving up yesterday, when pa wasn't in the house. He told me he got the car in a trade."

"What's this fellow's name?" a deputy sheriff asked.

"Chester Comer," answered Charles Stevens. "He married my oldest daughter Lucille a few months back. Say I'm worried about Lucille. Chester says she's in Oklahoma City. I dunno. She never writes. I'm kinda scared . . ."

Within five minutes, over police and ordinary radio stations throughout the state of Oklahoma, this message was being sent to radio cars, police stations, sheriffs' offices, private homes and automobiles:

"Attention all peace officers and citizens . . . Attention . . . The following man is wanted for the possible kidnapping and murder of Ray Evans . . . Be on the lookout for Chester Comer . . . age 25 . . . five feet six . . . 140 pounds . . . dark brown wavy hair . . . brown eyes . . . Attention all officers . . ."

Of course the car had been identified as Evans'.

Just about the time police were ques-

tioning Elizabeth and her father, Chester Comer was standing beside the highway near Piedmont—about 35 miles northwest of Oklahoma City.

It was raining furiously—a cold, pouring rain. And Comer looked pathetic. He had two big bags standing by his feet, on the edge of the highway.

Finally a smart-looking Chevrolet sport sedan drove up, slowed and stopped. Comer picked up his bags and loped after it. In the front seat were a man and a boy. They wore suede jackets.

"Thanks!" said Comer as he climbed into the car.

"Going far?" the genial driver asked.

"Well," said Comer, "I been working in the oil fields. I'm looking for work, wherever I can find it." As he uttered that familiar refrain, he looked up and down the highway. Front and rear, the road was entirely deserted . . .

Back in Blanchard, Constable Oscar Morgan cursed his sore foot. It was



"That man Comer—
I heard the broadcast!
I just saw him!
He's driving—"

VOCAATION, MURDER

Calling All Cars
By Fred Kelly

keeping him out of the greatest radio-conducted man-hunt that his part of the country had ever seen. The little radio on his desk spoke suddenly:

"Calling all cars . . . All cars . . . Be on the lookout for a 1935 Chevrolet sports model sedan . . . License number Oklahoma 409-556 . . . Last seen near Piedmont . . . Driven by L. A. Simpson, accompanied by his 14-year-old son, Warren . . . Both missing since yesterday . . ."

Perhaps an hour passed. The broadcast was repeated, with a few new details. Morgan fretfully drummed on the desk with his finger-tips, watched the rain slant past the window. And then all of a sudden the door blew open and a very excited man dashed into the office. It was Oilman Jack Stanley, Constable Morgan's friend.

"Oscar!" he shouted. "That man Comer—I heard the broadcast! I just saw him! He's driving that Chevy sport sedan! The one that belongs to those missing Simpsons. I heard the broadcast and I saw the license—Oklahoma 409-556. I—"

WHERE did you see this fellow?" Morgan was buckling on his .45—quite forgetful of such trifles as a sore foot.

"I passed him, on the road into town. He's coming this way. As I went by he sort of crouched down behind the wheel and—"

"Come on!" snapped Morgan.

Only a mile or so out of town they met the sedan. It wasn't going fast, and Morgan made no attempt to block it. Instead, he slowed down, then swung his car in pursuit. Surprisingly, the fugitive car stopped. Morgan (Continued on Page 13)

THE STORY OF A MERCILESS KILLER'S FATE



**MAJOR
BOWES
AMATEURS**

*Heard on
February 16*

Although Lee Henderson comes from a farm, she never took time from her singing practise to learn how to milk a cow or churn butter. The Four Jacks (below) are from this night's Honor City, Schenectady, New York. From left to right, they are: First Tenor T. S. Brown, Second Tenor Jerry Carroll, Baritone Cyril Cadieux, and Bass Fred Getz



Below, Clara Wellman, the young Chicagoan born in Minneapolis of German and Russian parentage, played her violin through the difficult Wieniawski Concerto No. 2 like a veteran. Musicians agree that this is a gruelling test of technique for even a professional



PLUMS and PRUNES

By Evans Plummer

IF I ONLY could tell you the big things that are going on behind closed doors at NBC and CBS, you'd get the shock of your life. Eut, being the only radio writer privileged to sit in on the great undertaking, I can't. That sounds silly, but the fact is I'm pledged to secrecy.

However, I can tell you this much:

1. You are about to be relieved of the tedium of hearing each and every cafe, beanery and drape-hung saloon monotonously described as having the finest food, the greatest music and the most terrific floor show.

2. Truly better music from the classics instead of inferior (*nice word for lousy*) tunes from Tin Pan Alley will dominate your loudspeaker—and the music will be provided by skilled musicians, not tailors' dummies who have difficulty even in keeping time and playing by ear.

3. The program schedules of both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System will be enlarged greatly in scope to include many of the favorite sustaining programs of days gone by that you've often wished would be returned, together with many new acts, shows and ideas. These will run the gamut of entertainment, education and information. There will be dramas by playwrights who can write and enacted by actors who know their Shakespeare. There will be new comedy sketches galore. And there will be many other things—about most of which I cannot tell you now.

But, should the joint NBC-CBS plan go through—and it is almost certain that it will within the next three weeks—you are going to enjoy your radio receiver better than you ever have before. That's a promise!

PICKUPS pegged by P-Men: Ex-power king Samuel Insull's proposed radio network is still breathing. He expects to launch it before the first crocus blooms—thereby being right on time for the Summer radio slump! . . . The Vagabonds, four Negro lads from St. Louis, Missouri, have been signed by the Chi NBC studios and, to my ears, they make the Mills Brothers sound like gong fodder . . . The reason Eddie Guest is back from Hollywood with no picture to show for it, is that the movie moguls discovered, after Eddie was there six weeks, that they had no story for him! . . . Songstress Gale Page is now out there, but merely for a three-week jaunt with her daughter.

My steno has just reminded me not to forget to tell you how a mixup in switching the telephone lines last week was responsible for the NBC McGee and Molly show going out over the CBS station WBBM for six minutes . . . and was CBS sore and Fibber's sponsor happy! Why not when he got two networks for the price of one?

MORE tips from open mikes: the agency-ousted ex-Greater Minstrel Gene Arnold is now running (*on better than the NYawk plan, I hope*) Chicago's Own Amateur Hour. Tune in WCFL, Chicago, on Fridays at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST) . . . Jesse Crawford may be spending a week in St. Paul, Minn.,

shortly to dedicate an organ there—providing the Twin Cities loan him a bullet-proof vest and surround him with a G-Man escort. Not that he feels St. Paul is *unsafe* or anything, but—he feels Chicago is safer . . . And Don Ameche leaves March 1 for Hollywood and the cameras. First Nighter, Betty Lou Gerson and all, may likewise trek west to be done from the celluloid capital while Don's there . . . The very radiowise Blackett-Sample admen are scheming a new show for General Mills which would popularize psychology and have assigned their ace team of Leston Huntley and Dave Owen to produce it. It's due to pop in two weeks via the Mutual net as a test before CBS.

Uncle Ezra thinks the fan who promised him a pair of baby kangaroos in trade for a row of National Barn Dance ducats was just full of hops!

PODIUM POTHOOKS: Jack Hylton's last S.O. Sunday show is tabbed for April 5. The story circulates that the English bandsman flopped due (1) to a "Buy American" prejudice and (2) failure to please the American taste . . . Bernie Cummins has moved into Chi's Edgewater Beach and there's a rumor Ray Noble may follow . . . Filler-in at the Morrison's Terrace Room is Art Jarrett till Ted Lewis arrives March 13. Art's missus, Eleanor Holm, is on the West Coast Olympic swim training . . . Wayne King plays the Century Theater, Baltimore, Md., the week of Feb. 28; the Stanley Theater, Pittsburgh, Pa., some time in March, and the St. Louis on Parade Exposition from March 20 to 28 inclusive. And Wayne, my fran, the dialers are kicking because you don't carry Announcer Phil Stewart along with your show to pronounce the numbers. How come? . . . Harry Sosnik is doing well enough at the Windy City's Stevens to rate a four-week extension. His charmer Mary Joe Stroud is now going by the tag of Dale Sherman but she still looks just as grand to me.

Accomplishments: Rico Marchelli, when not poring over amateur songs, is a wine and liqueur connoisseur . . . and Charles Previn just dotes on properly frizzled snails. Phooey!

HAVE a heart? You listeners sure have—especially on St. Valentine's Day. When the CBS Broadcast Rhymsters, Eddie and Fanny, read a letter from Marie Kreft, 10 and crippled for three years, and Mary Louise Jones, 10-year-old Negro orphan, who are in the Koch Hospital, St. Louis, what happened?

Well, February 14 rolled around and so did the mail trucks to little Marie and Mary. Forty-one sacks of mail, containing over 50,000 valentines and a thousand packages of candy, games, clothes, blankets—and even a large sum of money was the yield to the two unhappy tots. But they are happy now and sharing their wealth with all at Koch Hospital. And Eddie and Fanny Cavanaugh are just as happy.

By the way, the Cavanaugh's will observe their fourteenth anniversary on the air March 31 . . . You might remember them, too.

INSIDE STUFF

By Martin Lewis

HERE'S a bit of news that's hot and right off the griddle: The expression, "Nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel," will cease to be true as far as the radio version is concerned. After three years on the networks the show folds at the *finis* of the March 15 broadcast, leaving First Nighter to carry on for the sponsor.

Life Is a Song, the Sunday p.m. show featuring Countess Albani and Charles Previn's orchestra, will undergo a complete change within a few weeks. The Countess is leaving for a vacation abroad, and the new set-up will feature a different prominent female vocalist each week as guest stars. Edward Nell, Junior, who hasn't been heard on the networks for some time, will become a permanent member of the show starting March 8. The Countess will exit after the March 22 show.

My keyhole snooper in the East wires the information that a prominent auto maker is auditioning Alexander Gray at the CBS studios with Mark Warnow's orchestra and a chorus. If they sign on the dotted line the show will be heard on Thursday nights opposite the first half hour of the Rudy Vallee program.

Groucho and Chico Marx may go wild on the airplanes any week. That is, if some sponsor can be interested in a sketch written for the comics by Garrett Graham who wrote Queer People, a satire on Hollywood which was a best seller a few years ago. If the sketch can be made half as funny as the gags in Night at the Opera, I for one say, bring them on!

IT ISN'T my intention to appear egotistical so I hope you'll pardon me if I take my bow now for being the first to inform you ever so many weeks ago that The Ziegfeld Follies of the Air would replace the Beauty Box program, and that Rosaline Greene would return to the Show Boat program as *Mary Lou*. I'm wondering, though, how the fans like the idea of *Mary Lou* romancing with another.

THE NEW sketch on CBS called Bob and Renny is composed of Bob Ballin and Renny McEvoy. In case you didn't know, Renny is the son of J. P. McEvoy, the well-known writer for newspapers, screen and radio. Wonder if papa is helping his sonny with the scripts?

On Saturday, February 15, F. Chase Taylor (Colonel Stoopnagle to you) middle-aisled it with lovely Kay Bell (see picture on back page), ex-secretary of Paul Whiteman, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel in Baltimore, Maryland. When you read this the newlyweds will be honeymooning in Miami, Florida.

By the way, the Colonel and his Budd-y will be back on the CBS airplanes on Monday nights beginning March 2.

WHILE the Colonel is naturally elated over his marriage, Johnny Green, whose music makers are heard on the

Jack Benny show, is sad because he and his frau have agreed to disagree and have definitely separated—although last week friend Winchell reported they had made up. When Johnny confirmed the separation, he desired to stress, "We are still very good friends, and no plans for any future action have been made."

MY PAL Plummer told you last week about the visit NBC's new prexy made to the Chicago headquarters. The day before the executive's arrival, one of the boys in the aircastle chirped: "Yeah, I hear he's going to clip expenses. I suppose he'll cut the trios to duos and make trios out of the quartets." Some joke, eh boss?

RIPLEY-it-or-not, Julia Sanderson missed her first broadcast in seven years on February 16. She must have been mighty ill to stay away from the microphone. During that show Guy Bonham, one of the Jesters, did a comic substitute solo for Julia in falsetto that made listeners chuckle.

On March 13 Conrad Thibault is to give a concert at Town Hall in New York. At this early date half the tickets are sold. The members of the Thibault Fan Club are turning out en masse for the occasion.

The body of the Jessica Dragonette Fan Club is a thoughtful bunch, too. Queen Jessica celebrated her birthday on February 14, and was presented with a lovely evening bag glittering with sequins and pearls. An additional gift consisted of two autographed photographs of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, for whom Jessica sang at the White House last month.

ON FRIDAY night, February 14, if you listened to the Al Pearce program you were urged four different times within the half-hour to do Al Pearce a favor and write him a post card in care of the sponsor.

In case you really couldn't guess the reason, the sponsor is anxious to know how popular the gang is, and whether he should renew their contract or take them off the air when their current contract runs out, which will be soon.

IF YOU wondered who causes most of the loud chuckles from the Saturday night Barn Dance audience, you might have guessed it would be Lulu Belle. I saw the show for the first time last Saturday night—and you can't help but howl watching that lass stuff whole bananas into her mouth one after another, and then gulp after each swallow. She consumed at least a half dozen that night.

BOB BURNS with his bazooka signed with Paramount Pictures and will appear in Bing Crosby's next flicker, *Rhythm on the Range*. Incidentally, several readers have asked about the famous bazooka. Bob invented the thing himself—it's made of two pieces of gas pipe and a whiskey funnel. All he has to do is press the middle valve down and it makes the music go 'round and around!



**THIS
WEEK'S
NEWS REEL**

*Latest Shots of
Your Favorites*

Uncle Ezra of the Barn Dance would have Leap Year every year, and his reasons for thinking so are four pretty Barn Dancers. From left, Verne Hassel, Evelyn Wood, Sally Foster and Lee Hassell



Stuart Churchill, the Fred Waring graduate, at right, has charmed audiences for years with his tenor voice, and below, Walter Woolf King of the Flying Red Horse Tavern



When hearing Five Star Jones, serial of a young reporter's love, carry in mind the picture below, for it's Jones himself—John Kane—and his big moment, played by Elizabeth Day



DO YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS?

IF SO, WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON SIROIL!

Don't delay. Siroil has benefited many others. It is a preparation for removing the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieving other of the discomforts and embarrassments of this disease. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not receive benefit to your satisfaction within several weeks—and you are the sole judge as to results—your money will be refunded. Siroil is applied externally. It does not stain clothing or bed linen.

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FIRST LIST IN STAR POLL

THIS week the Tellers in charge of RADIO GUIDE's Third Annual Star of Stars Election caught up with the flood of votes that have been pouring in—caught up far enough to tabulate a great many thousands of votes. This allowed them to compile a list of the leaders in each division of the Election.

The list appears herewith. Study it—see where your favorites are placed. Remember, this very first tabulation is by no means a definite indication of the final standings of the stars, for the Election will last many weeks.

However, this tabulation will show the necessity for voting early and for voting often. You may cast as many ballots for your favorites as you wish, so long as your votes are registered on the Official Ballot you find printed in the bottom right-hand corner of this page, and weekly in RADIO GUIDE.

An analysis of the tabulations will show many interesting facts. Wayne King, for example, has won top honors in the Orchestra division for two successive years, and here, on the first list compiled for 1936, he is in the lead again. Last year's Star of Stars, Jack Benny, again is ahead of all others; and the medal winner of 1935 among dramatic programs, One Man's Family, again is shown in first place. And then, contradicting the secure positions of the above favorites, Amos 'n' Andy, who won their division's medal two years in a row, are listed here in sixth place. And the Hit Parade, a program that was not on the air at the time of last year's Election, has polled more votes than the previous medal-winning Show Boat.

Among the new subdivisions added in this Third Annual Election, Irene Wicker's Singing Lady is tops among children's programs; Bing Crosby is the early leader among male singers of popular songs; Kate Smith outclasses all others of the female singers of popular songs; Grace Moore is the outstanding operatic singer; Jack Benny the No. 1 comedian, and Lowell Thomas the popular news commentator.

If your favorites do not show up as the leaders, they need your votes. If they are tops, then they need your continued support. Vote—and vote often. The ballot is arranged so that you may paste it on a post card. Send your votes to Star Election Tellers, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. And after you vote—see if you can get your friends to support the stars you would like to see win!

The winners each will receive a suitably engraved medal symbolizing victory. In addition, the world of radio has its attention focused upon this Election, for your votes show sponsors and radio executives alike how popular and important as radio entertainers your favorites are. So don't neglect to support your candidates with votes—and a full measure!

Herewith is a tabulation of the twelve leaders in each division, as they stood at the time of going to press:

Star of Stars

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Jack Benny | 7. Joan Blaine |
| 2. Lanny Ross | 8. Bing Crosby |
| 3. Major Bowes | 9. Grace Moore |
| 4. Ralph Kirbery | 10. Rudy Vallee |
| 5. Eddie Cantor | 11. Nelson Eddy |
| 6. Jessica Dragonette | 12. Helen Hayes |



Of all the women on the air who received your support in Radio Guide's Second Annual Star of Stars Election last year, beautiful, exotic Gertrude Niesen was runner up

Musical Program

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Hit Parade | 7. Cities Service |
| 2. Show Boat | 8. Bing Crosby |
| 3. Fred Waring | 9. Wayne King |
| 4. Hollywood Hotel | 10. Nat'l Barn Dance |
| 5. Vallee Variety Hour | 11. Breakfast Club |
| 6. Major Bowes' Hour | 12. Beauty Box Theater |

Dramatic Program

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. One Man's Family | 7. Today's Children |
| 2. First Nighter | 8. Leslie Howard |
| 3. Lux Radio Theater | 9. Grand Hotel |
| 4. Mary Marlin | 10. March of Time |
| 5. New Penny | 11. Crime Clues |
| 6. Myrt and Marge | 12. Beauty Box Theater |

Children's Program

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Irene Wicker, Singing Lady | 6. Coast to Coast on a Bus |
| 2. Orphan Annie | 7. Buck Rogers |
| 3. Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten | 8. Jack Armstrong |
| 4. Horn & Hardart's Children's Hour | 9. Let's Pretend |
| 5. Popeye | 10. Jimmy Allen |
| | 11. Sparreribs |
| | 12. Dick Tracy |

Dance Orchestra

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Wayne King | 7. Horace Heidt |
| 2. Guy Lombardo | 8. Eddy Duchin |
| 3. Hal Kemp | 9. Johnny Green |
| 4. Ben Bernie | 10. Rudy Vallee |
| 5. Jan Garber | 11. Ray Noble |
| 6. Fred Waring | 12. Orzie Nelson |

Male Singer of Popular Songs

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Bing Crosby | 7. Ralph Kirbery |
| 2. Dick Powell | 8. Jerry Cooper |
| 3. Lanny Ross | 9. Frank Munn |
| 4. Frank Parker | 10. Jackie Heller |
| 5. Kenny Baker | 11. Morton Downey |
| 6. Rudy Vallee | 12. Steven Barry |

Female Singer of Popular Songs

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Kate Smith | 7. Deane Janis |
| 2. Frances Langford | 8. Ethel Shutta |
| 3. Harriet Hilliard | 9. Loretta Lee |
| 4. Jessica Dragonette | 10. Jane Froman |
| 5. Alice Remsen | 11. Ruth Etting |
| 6. Dolly Dawn | 12. Gale Page |

Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Grace Moore | 7. Richard Crooks |
| 2. Lily Pons | 8. Nino Martini |
| 3. Nelson Eddy | 9. John Chas. Thomas |
| 4. Lawrence Tibbett | 10. James Melton |
| 5. Jessica Dragonette | 11. Lanny Ross |
| 6. Gladys Swarthout | 12. Conrad Thibault |

Comedian or Comedy Act

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Jack Benny | 8. Fibber McGee & Molly |
| 2. Eddie Cantor | 9. Phil Baker |
| 3. Burns & Allen | 10. Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten |
| 4. Fred Allen | 11. Bob Burns |
| 5. Lum 'n' Abner | 12. Frank Fay |
| 6. Amos 'n' Andy | |
| 7. Pick & Pat | |

Announcer

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. James Wallington | 7. John Young |
| 2. Don Wilson | 8. Paul Douglas |
| 3. Graham McNamee | 9. Tiny Ruffner |
| 4. Ted Husing | 10. Phil Stewart |
| 5. Milton Cross | 11. Don McNeill |
| 6. Harry Von Zell | 12. Ford Bond |

News Commentator

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Lowell Thomas | 7. Jimmy Fidler |
| 2. Buake Carter | 8. Julian Bentley |
| 3. Edwin C. Hill | 9. John Kennedy |
| 4. Walter Winchell | 10. Hugh Conrad |
| 5. Paul Sullivan | 11. H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 6. Gabriel Heatter | 12. Sam Hayes |

OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is _____

My favorite Musical Program is _____

My favorite Dramatic Program is _____

My favorite Children's Program is _____

My favorite Dance Orchestra is _____

My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is _____

My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is _____

My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is _____

My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is _____

My favorite Announcer is _____

My favorite News Commentator is _____

My name is _____

My address is _____

Street and Number City and State

Mail your ballot to Star of Stars Election Tellers, Radio Guide,

3-7-36

731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

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The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. C249, Chicago, Ill.

In Cincinnati With—

Orville Revelle

WSAI will feed MBS the Cincinnati Symphony, under the direction of Eugene Goossens, on future Saturday evenings at 8:30 EST (7:30 CST). The concerts will originate in the Emery Auditorium and Peter Grant will slip over to the Queen City outlet to word-picture them for you.

It's too bad that some secrets don't turn out just right. Tom Slater tells this pillar that we're just a bit fast on the trigger—he isn't getting married until June! That is if the young lady has said yes by that time.

New York and Chicago listeners are in for a treat when the Smoke Dreams airing goes MBS next Sunday . . . On February 21, WLW's Salute to Texas was well done by James S. Alderman. And why shouldn't he? After all James was talking about his home state. If these old ears of ours didn't deceive us he put everything he had into it when reading the message from Vice-President Garner, another Texan. And to top it all off the studio audience was made up of former Texans now residing in Cincinnati.

WCKY

Good Fortune comes in threes for Rosaline Greene, or so it would appear from a letter received from her by Elmer Dressman, WCKY continuity director. First, on her return to New York from Cuba Rosaline was married to Joseph Barnett, former radio executive. Then, she writes, her Mary Lou character has been restored to the Show Boat program, and lastly, she is all set for the heroine role on the new Palmolive hour.

The new George Olsen Ethel Shutta program, with famous guest artists,

VOCATION, MURDER

(Continued from Page 9)

halted his automobile about ten feet behind it. He got out, gave his belt a hitch and advanced through the pouring rain to the car ahead.

Apparently nobody was in the car. Morgan turned the handle of the left front door.

Instantly, like a fiendish jack-in-the-box, the crouching Comer bobbed up—and fired. The bullet ripped through the glass, ploughed through Morgan's left shoulder and jerked him around.

But Morgan's hand slapped to his hip and came up with a roaring gun. In a moment the inside of the car suddenly fell silent. Morgan snapped another shot at a swarthy head that sagged horribly. Then he stood upright in the driving rain, his left arm swinging slightly.

"I reckon that's got him," the police veteran said calmly, as Stanley came running up. Stanley took the gun from Morgan's hand, and with it he smashed the riddled glass. Immediately, a voice sounded inside the car. Not the voice of Comer, for he had a bullet in his head.

It said:

"Be on the lookout for Chester Comer . . . He may now be riding in 1935, dark-colored Chevrolet sedan . . . sports model . . . License number Oklahoma 409-556 . . . His description . . ."

At the hospital doctors labored over the dying Comer. Finally, with blood transfusions and stimulants he was

will have WCKY as its outlet for Cincy coverage each Saturday night.

The Sunshine Sisters, Peggy, Patsy and Polly, heard each Thursday evening, are the McCoy as a sister team. And a fourth sister, Priscilla, is their piano accompanist.

WKRC

Phil Spitalny's versatile gals are back with us starting Sunday. The time will differ with that of his recent NBC b'casts . . . Mrs. Annie Longworth Wallingford, sister-in-law of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, is heard thrice weekly in a new adventure series.

Chuck Wise must be his old self again. He's planning his Summer vacation already.

WSMK and WCPO

That new Robin Hood cavorting before mikes for your pleasure is none other than Bill Martin, jr., with a bow and arrow in one hand and the script in the other . . . George Case is preparing a new show for the waves and it has the earmarks of a honey. It's to be a bit different from the usual run of shows, a satire on the dramatization of news.

Sid TenEyck, movie star! So help me, Sid's been prettied up and fillumed for posterity. Roberta Sease was the leading lady and many of the scenes were shot at WSMK. The title is It Happened in Dayton.

WOWO

The Guest Revue continues to be one of the best programs offered by the Ft. Wayne outlet . . . Franklin Tooke (Uncle Mordecai) passed another milestone last week but wouldn't tell which one it was. However, he did manage to bring his cohorts part of the birthday cake.

brought to temporary consciousness, and made a partial confession.

"But where did you hide the bodies?" frantic police officials demanded.

"Buried bodies . . . piles of bodies . . . buried . . ." murmured Comer—and died.

It took days for the search—the Governor had to call out the state militia to help. But finally the Comer mystery was cleared up.

The very night he died a photograph of a girl found slain in Wyandotte County, Kansas, over a year before, was identified as Elizabeth Childers, his first wife. Weeks later the body of unlucky Lucille Stevens, his second wife, was found in a field 20 miles from Oklahoma City. Two farmers unearthed the body of Ray Evans in a canyon near Lindsay. And finally three Negro hunters found the suede-jacketed bodies of Simpson and his young son in a sagebrush clearing.

There is no doubt that murder was the vocation of Chester Comer. There is no doubt that until he was shot down every man, woman and child in that part of Oklahoma was in danger of instant death. But Constable Morgan refuses to take much credit.

"If Jack Stanley hadn't heard that radio broadcast," he drawled, "I wouldn't have got my chance. And anyhow, there's one good thing about getting a slug in your shoulder. It helps a fellow forget a sore foot!"

Have that healthy **TAN** that Men and Women Admire!

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%



DON'T have that pale, indoor, "pasty" look—when you can have the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. The same kind of Tan you get on a Florida beach! Your personal appearance is either a distinct social and business asset—or a handicap.

■ Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you looking like a Million Dollars—and feeling as physically fit as you look.

LOOK HEALTHY. . . BE HEALTHY

■ A sales manager attributes his recent increase in personal sales to his "prosperous-appearing, healthy, just-back-from-Palm-Beach look." A few minutes each morning or night with his Sun Lamp does it. A leading Hollywood movie star, on leave for personal appearance in a Broadway stage production, keeps her fashionable Tan in the same way.

■ But your daily bath with ultra-violet rays does far more than enhance your appearance. For these rays actually help to increase youthful vigor and vitality. They tend to stimulate glandular functions. Ultra violet rays are known to be remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases and in destroying germ life. Many cases of pimples and temporary hlemishes have yielded quickly to their purifying action. These rays have often been found unusually effective in cases of listlessness and anemia and are an invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets. Children have responded rapidly to this treatment.

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!

■ An inexpensive, pleasant way to safeguard your health. Start now to acquire that summer tan. Mail the coupon today!



■ Build up resistance and vitality the "sunshine way" so that your system will more easily throw off germs and poisons.



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■ "The publishers of CHILD LIFE have granted your company the 'Seal of Approval' on 'Health' Ray Lamps and Carbons. This Lamp has been in constant use by a reputable physician and is still perfect."

COMMAND ATTENTION WITH THE APPEARANCE OF STURDY, VIRILE HEALTH

■ Of all the various appliances for artificial sunlight the Health Ray type is accepted by authorities as most nearly approaching natural sunlight. You can get your tan as quickly as you wish, in the comfort and privacy of your own home. Simplicity and ease of operation make it the ideal sunlamp for children.

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■ We want you to experience the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home. Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of \$7.50. Pay as little as one dollar down.

■ Now, for the first time, a really high grade Ultra-Violet Sun Lamp, bearing the stamp of approval of some of the highest testing laboratories, is within the reach of all. You try before you buy. Mail coupon today!

IF YOU DESIRE SUN LAMP AT ONCE . . . without waiting for literature, send \$1 with coupon and at the end of the 7-day trial send the remaining \$6.50. Or send \$7.50, the total price, at once and receive FREE with the lamp, a box of ten Sun Tan Carbons. In either case, if at the end of the 7 days you decide not to keep the lamp, return it to us and the full amount of money deposited will be refunded without question.

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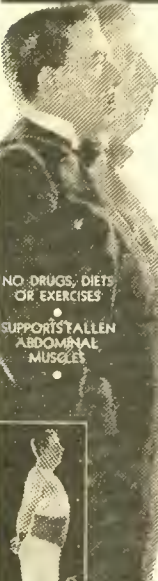
Coming Next Week:

Despite All Men

Secure in Her Place as "America's Leading Dramatic Actress," This Star of Radio and the Stage Is Starved for Love. They Called Her "Pal"—"Good Sport"—"Swell Playmate" When She Wanted So Much More Than Companionship. Read Her Story, Told in Her Own Words, Starting in

RADIO GUIDE—Next Week

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
... writes George Bailey



Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!
YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches"... writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . Hundreds of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS or it will cost you nothing!

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance.

Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

THE WEIL COMPANY
633 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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NEW HOME FACTORY MAKES NEW KIND OF POTATO CHIP

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Stop looking for something different. Turn potatoes into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit. Start anywhere. Very little cash needed. Exclusive location. Profits pour in. No experience needed. I furnish the plans. Begin anywhere—village, small town, city or suburb. A big opportunity is waiting. Business permanent.

Complete 16-unit outfit includes new type vitreous-enameled ROUND Cooking Vat. Direct-to-fat high speed Slicer. centrifugal Grease Extractor. Thermometer — Postively everything necessary to start — all at new low price.

MAKE UP TO 300% PROFIT ON RAW MATERIALS

Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. Highly perfected outfit and confidential plans make operation simple, with startling profits certain.

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and locate you. Send no money. Just name, for book of facts and free opportunity.

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(Petite Recherche) A French Importation. Will BLOOM from Seed in SIX to EIGHT WEEKS. Smallest Rose in the world. Entire plant can be covered by a tea cup yet has the most exquisite Rose blooms. Very hardy and the second year grows as fast as a rambler with THOUSANDS of Beautiful Tiny Roses. Plant in a Pot inside and transplant when ground is warm. Blooms continuously if kept inside. Packet of 6 Guaranteed Seed

for 15c. 2 packets for 25c. 5 packets for 50c.
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Try This On Your Hair 15 Days -

Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald. This Different Method stops thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itching, dandruff, thinned or increasing baldness by strengthening, prolonging the life of hair for men and women. Send your name now before it's too late for free 15-day test offer.
JUEL DENN, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. C-60, Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

I SELDOM hear Major Bowes' Capitol Theater broadcasts, but a friend tells me they were off the air for four minutes last Sunday. It was a mistake and a needless one, as it turned out. The Major's tenor was to sing *Ah! Fuyez, douce image!*, from Massenet's *Manon* (a composition not forbidden by ASCAP or Warner Brothers). But the script read only *Ah, Fuyez*, and when the Major announced it as (approximately) "Fly Away, Sweet Image," the NBC man in charge figured it was some new composition. With all the copyright troubles, he wasn't taking any chances, so he cut the program off the air and substituted studio music!

BEETHOVEN'S only opera, *Fidelio*, will have its first performance at the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoon, March 7, and every music-lover from Maine to California will want to tune in (NBC at 1:40 p.m. EST; 12:40 CST; 11:40 a.m. MST; 10:40 PST).

Mme. Kirsten Flagstad will sing the role of Leonore in *Fidelio* for the first time in her career. It was originally announced that she would sing the title role in Bellini's *Norma*, but that part has been assumed by Dusolina Giannini instead. Most opera-lovers have complained bitterly that Rosa Ponselle arbitrarily chose to omit the Druid priestess from her repertory, and to sing a Mexican-like *Carmen*.

It has been said frequently that Beethoven did not know how to write for voices, that he used intervals impossible to sing. There is an element of truth in the statement, for the greatest symphonic composer of all time was naturally more conversant with instruments and their use than he was with voices. No matter. Some of the noblest sentiments ever expressed in music are to be found in *Fidelio*. Beethoven's tribute to wifely devotion moves all hearers on whom the meaning of the words is not lost.

And Kirsten Flagstad is an ideal artist for the role of Leonore. First of all, she has a voice of sufficient range and flexibility, and it is a role suited to her temperament. She has repose and the inner feelings necessary to be the great heroine. Mme. Flagstad personally does not give out the same indescribable blend of ecstasy and calm that she does on the stage. She is modest, retiring, and shy. But the other evening at her accompanist's, Edward MacArthur, I saw her take a lively interest in the singing of *The Music Goes 'Round and Around*.

A TRIPLE bill will be the feature of the Metropolitan broadcast on Saturday, February 29 (NBC at 1:55 p.m. EST; 12:55 CST; 11:55 a.m. MST; 10:55 PST). Pagliacci with Helen Jepson, Giovanni Martinelli and Richard Bonelli in the leading roles will be followed by *Serenade*, a classic ballet in one act with music by Tschaiikowsky. Gianni Schicchi, Puccini's one-act opera that has been translated into singable English, will have its fifth Metropolitan performance of the season, and its first broadcast.

FRANK BLACK and the NBC String Quartet will play Szabati's difficult piano quintet, opus 5, on the broadcast that concludes the Composers' Awards for Chamber Music (NBC, February 28 at 10:30 p.m. EST; 9:30 CST; 8:30 MST; 7:30 PST).

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SALE CATALOG—FREE
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BE SEDUCTIVELY ALLURING with Nuit d'Amour (NIGHT OF LOVE) Perfume
For the intimate hours . . . the hours of love . . . you should be bathed in that warm, exotic odor of *Nuit d'Amour* (Night of Love) perfume. It will lend enchantment to your personality and leave those around you with a "never to be forgotten" memory of your loveliness. A highly prized perfume, distributed exclusively by us, our introductory flask (1 dram) may be had for only 25c. Obtainable solely from Toiletries Importing Co., 489 Fifth Ave., Dept. RG-4, New York, N. Y.

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Show lovely Fashion Frocks and take orders for these nationally famous dresses at factory prices. Elaborate style presentation in colors furnished. Write for money-making opportunity and get your own dresses free. No investment or experience. Give dress size. FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Deptment CC-405, Cincinnati, O. **Get all your own Dresses FREE OF ANY COST**

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Jeweled strap watches, bicycles, all sorts of sporting goods, electric trains, scout knives, compasses, radio receivers—all these and hundreds of other amazing prizes await you. All you need to do to earn them is give RADIO GUIDE some of your spare time. Fill in the coupon below and receive full details free—no obligation.

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Please send me Radio Guide's FREE PRIZE CATALOG and tell me how I can earn money every week.
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THE VOICE OF THE LISTENER

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters, which MUST NOT exceed 100 words, to VOL, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

Bing—and Bang!

Sirs: What have they done to Paul Whiteman? He is still on the air but he might just as well not be. I have an excellent radio and I had to search plenty and pull with all my might to hear him. Bring Whiteman back where we can appreciate a true modern artist. Incidentally, don't you love Bing's newly-acquired cracked voice? He's lucky he isn't advertising cough drops, in my opinion.
Elkhart, Indiana Mrs. H. C. Yeager

Noise Annoys

Sirs: I wonder if I could protest against so much applause and noise from studio audiences. A little perhaps, but on some programs it drowns out, at times completely, what is being said or sung. Orchestras do drown it out. Especially Al Pearce's; enjoyed it a lot until when someone like Mabel Todd or Arlene Harris was on and lots they say you do not catch, as the applause is so loud.
Have listened to radio for five years now and this is my first complaint—it sure does make one lose patience. Enjoy every copy of Radio Guide.
Painted Post, New York. Mrs. R. L. Ingraham

If you read the story of Bing Crosby's rebellion against studio audiences, in a recent issue of RADIO GUIDE, you will be heartened by knowing that the revolt may prove contagious. Audiences bother many artists who are dominated by sponsor ruling.—Ed.

Leave 'Em Malone

Sirs: May I join with the New Bedford Radio Guide Booster, re: giving more laurels to some of the lesser artists on the air? We of the Sunday afternoon audience are wondering what has happened to one of the most enjoyable programs, *Between the Bookends* with Ted Malone. Here is hoping he will be back real soon radiating much happiness to his unseen friends. Much success to the new Radio Guide.
Newark, Delaware A. C. K.

Back to the Soiled

Sirs: Once again we find the air-waves being contaminated by that famous political game of mud throwing. Though most all of us should take some interest in national government, I'm sure there are a few million who don't care whether there's a complete government or just the Supreme Court. I move that the Supreme Court rule radio political speeches unconstitutional, give the politicians a mud puddle apiece and let them go to it—but keep them off the air!
Bellevue, Nebraska Harry J. Frazier

Old Wine, New Bottles

Sirs: I have never written a fan letter to a radio performer, but millions, I am sure, were tempted to after hearing Grace Moore sing *I Love to Tell the Story*, on the Opera House program Monday, February 3. Miss Moore's clear, limpid voice gave this old song new beauty and a deeper meaning. There is still room on the ether waves for more songs of this type and I hope other singers will follow suit.
Charlotte, North Carolina Corinne Childers

It is our observation that most singers of classical numbers—even many who sing the modern songs—like to include the hallowed favorites of old in their programs now and then. It proves that the tug of home never is completely absent.—Ed.

Un-Molly-fied Listener

Sirs: I listen to each day's episode of *Molly of the Movies* and the sponsors certainly take the prize for stalling and giving half of the fifteen minutes to the announcer. Apparently they have yet to learn that an advertisement of few, but descriptive, words right to the point will win them many more users of their product and listeners to their program. The girl who takes the part of Molly is an excellent actress and it is unjust to permit her so few minutes on the air. Give the radio audience a chance to hear Molly instead of the announcer.
Muncie, Indiana M. F. M.

Sponsors wise, advertise, seems to be the slogan among the commercial firms using radio. But they foot huge bills for listeners' entertainment so it is easier to forgive them than if they offered us the selling pills without a sugar coating.—Ed

ON SHORT WAVES

By Charles A. Morrison
President, International DX-er's Alliance

(Figures in parentheses denote megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles)

EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour

ERRATIC reception continues to be prevalent. The sixteen meter band has been consistently good during this season. GSG, Daventry, England (17.79), usually can be heard with good volume from 6 to 8:45 a.m. The nineteen meter band at present is worthless from a reception standpoint, although Pontoise, France (15.24), sent a fine signal on Wednesday, February 19, at 8 a.m., and RIM, Tashkent, U.S.S.R. (15.25), commercial phone, was heard at the same hour.

The 25 meter band is best towards evening, and on Sunday, February 16, at 6:15 p.m., Pontoise, France (11.71), was equal in volume to the powerful local station, CJRX, of Winnipeg, Canada (11.72). The 31 meter band produces the best enjoyment in the late afternoon. However, on Monday morning, February 17, VK3LR, Melbourne, Australia (9.58), was heard up to 9 a.m. with a broadcast of a cricket match between Australia and Ireland. European reception is best from 10 to 11 p.m., from GSL, Daventry, England (6.11).

RECEPTION from Japan is improving. The overseas hour for Pacific Coast listeners, transmitted daily by JVN, Nazaki (10.66), between 12 midnight and 1 a.m., has been heard with full loudspeaker strength in many localities. The overseas hour for East Coast listeners is now being heard Mondays and Thursdays from 4 to 5 p.m. over JVM (10.74) and JVN.

John Shanks of Russellville, Tennessee, reports a new short-wave station announcing as ZP10, Asuncion, Paraguay, heard irregularly between 7 and 9 p.m. Mondays on 6.66 megacycles. A new Honduran, HRV, located at La Ceiba and calling itself *La Voz de Atlantica*, may be heard on approximately 6.24 megacycles phoning and testing between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m.

DIQ, Nauen, Germany (10.29), is now known as DZC.

The new Venezuelan, YV7RMO, Maracaibo (5.81), just to the low frequency side of YV2RC, Caracas, is now on the air, and according to Stuart Walmsley, of Los Angeles, California, has been heard on Saturdays until 10:15 p.m.

HJ3ABD, *La Voz de Bogota* of Bogota, Colombia, has increased its power and changed frequency to 6.05 megacycles, where it may be heard daily until 11:30 p.m., according to Earl Roberts of Indianapolis.

CO9GC, of Santiago, Cuba (6.145), is shortly changing its call to COKG.

FROM time to time we propose to appoint official RADIO GUIDE short-wave reception posts. These will be chosen from experienced and proficient short-wave listeners in certain key cities. Today we introduce Edward Schmeichel of Chicago as representative No. One. Mr. Schmeichel's reports of the recent reception highlights at his post follow.

ZU6P, amateur station of Johannesburg, South Africa (14.02), is being heard daily from 2:30 to 4 p.m. It has a power of 50 watts. Reports will

be verified . . . HIT, Trujillo City, Dominican Republic (6.63), is a new station, heard from 7 to 9 p.m. daily, with recordings, and is owned by amateur HI6F . . . HIG (6.275) is another new station in the same city, broadcasting daily from 6 to 8:20 p.m. . . . YBG, Medan, Sumatra (10.43), has been heard frequently of late, calling PLP (11) and PLV (9.415), of Java between 6 and 7:30 a.m. . . . Pioneer phone amateur EI2J of Dublin (14.13) comes in Saturday and Sunday mornings from 7 to 8:30 a.m. This is a rare catch and one which is well heard considering its power of but ten watts.

Question box: Bill Culp of Lincoln, Nebraska, wishes the identity of a station using both man and woman announcers, which he heard on January 31 between 12:50 p.m. and 1:45 a.m. on a frequency of approximately 10.1 megacycles. This was probably RIO, Bakou, U.S.S.R. (10.17) . . . Melvin Franks, of Ashland, Ohio, asks the location of WEA and WEM, which he heard contacting Geneva, Switzerland, on February 2 from 3:05 to 3:15 p.m. WEA (10.61) and WEM (7.4) are experimental commercial stations owned by R.C.A. Communications, Inc., and are located at Rocky Point, New York . . . George Keck of Greenville, South Carolina, wishes to learn the identity of a Spanish station slightly lower than COCH, Havana, Cuba (9.428), which calls Vera Cruz. This is commercial phone station XDC (9.4) of Mexico City.

(For advance short-wave programs see Page 29).

LUCKY KEL

(Continued from Page 6)

Broadcasting Company's pioneer station. He became the Prince of Wales' favorite entertainer, and taught the heir to the British throne, now Edward VIII, how to strum the uke.

His luck ran on. Nothing seemed to deter this vivacious and winning American. He and his partner were ideal entertainers. They wore clothes exceptionally well. They knew the moods of audiences. They were sound musicians and Keck knew just what to say and do at the right time. He became, and remains, a suave and delightful master of ceremonies.

Homesickness finally struck him. He had spent almost ten years away from home. He had learned to speak French and Russian excellently. He had acquired a Russian wife who wanted to see this America. So in 1928 Keck sailed for the United States.

For six years he was one of the leading personalities of NBC's announcing staff in New York. Last year he had the courage of his convictions to resign from NBC to engage in program production and free-lance announcing. And still the luck of the Keck clan held good, for immediately he became the announcer on four network shows—at more than twice the salary he would have received had he still been an NBC staff announcer!

Kelvin Keck announces among other programs, 20,000 Years in Sing Sing over an NBC network Wednesdays at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST), and Fireside Recitals over NBC Sundays at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST; 5:30 MST; 4:30 PST).



Give Me 5 Hours and I'LL GUARANTEE to make you a GOOD DANCER!

Good dancers "fit in" with any crowd. They are in demand, popular, interesting, sought after. Their manner is charming, their assurance winning.

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GOOD dancers have great fun, healthful, invigorating exercise that thousands of doctors recommend. They make friends readily, make valuable contacts.

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You start at the very beginning with my remarkably simple lessons and master every step and variation from the waltz to the very newest smart steps now so socially popular.

And you do it in the privacy of your own home, where there's no one to detract your attention, to keep you from concentrating on learning. You practice whenever you want to, at regular intervals or in spare time. No expensive private teacher to pay. Almost before you realize it, you will be a fine dancer, holding your own anywhere, dancing with all the grace, poise, and assurance of an experienced dancer!

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Through my amazingly simple method I have taught many thousands how to be-

come smart, up-to-date dancers. They don't stay at home now, but go out and have great fun dancing with other finished dancers, making friends, knowing what it means to be genuinely popular.

You, too, can become a good dancer through my easy method. I'm so sure you can, that I have decided to offer you my regular \$5.00 learn-at-home course for only \$1.98!

5 DAYS' TRIAL

Just mail the coupon. My regular \$5.00 course will be mailed at once. When it comes, pay the postman \$1.98, plus few cents carrying charges. Use the course 5 days. Practice the steps. Note how easily and quickly you can become a finished popular dancer the Arthur Murray way.

Do it today! If, at the end of 5 days, you are not absolutely delighted with results, return the course and your money will

be promptly refunded.

That's how sure I am you can become a good dancer through my simple, thorough course. Clip and mail coupon, NOW. Arthur Murray, Studio 174, 7 East 43rd St., New York City, N. Y.

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Etc., Etc.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAJOR BOWES "HONOR CITIES"

(Continued from Page 5)

preparations? And they, too, boomed.

Tom Winston was swept to victory on votes from his home town. And those same home-town folk flocked to see him when he appeared within a few days with the Major Bowes unit in a Miami theater. Once again, perfect teamwork, perfect organization, plus a local favorite son did a perfect job.

That is the Miami picture and present-day America presents nothing more astonishing, for it is a picture in which everyone is smiling and happy. Miami got a thrill and a lot of fine publicity. Miami's amateur got a leave of absence from his fire department job and a week's professional work. Chase and Sanborn sold a lot of coffee. The Major Bowes unit got a profitable week's engagement. The radio audience got a good show. And the press agents and exploitation men who arranged the gifts and honors got all the publicity they wanted.

Only one man in the picture is not smiling. He represents the other fourteen or fifteen amateurs on Major Bowes' program that night who were not from an honor city. He wonders how he can win a place in a unit against a singing fireman who has chambers of commerce, trade associations, women's clubs and a vote-getting publicity buildup behind him.

It sometimes happens that an honor city buildup fizzles, with embarrassing results to the Major. Take the case of Oklahoma City.

Here was a thriving, ambitious municipality. Surely its people could be persuaded to buy more coffee. It was

named an "honor city." There was the usual intensive campaign among the grocers, the usual talk of honors and gifts and promotion, the inevitable cooperation from the Chamber of Commerce. Not one, but four amateurs hastened to New York City to audition for Major Bowes. Arrangements were made with the local phone company to handle 20,000 or more votes.

That Sunday night almost every ear in Oklahoma was turned toward a radio set. The Major spoke his piece and then began to introduce his amateurs. Oklahomans sat back, awaiting their own representatives. When the full hour had passed still no Oklahoman had sung.

OKLAHOMA citizens began to get angry. Telephones started ringing in the homes of influential men. Loud voices cried that the Major had insulted Oklahoma City. Why was not at least one Oklahoma amateur given a chance?

The question hasn't been answered to Oklahoma City's satisfaction to this day. Significantly, the special switchboard which had been created to care for extra heavy voting had little to do. The expected 20,000 votes dwindled to a bare 10,976. One record was broken, however, and that was in the number of blue slips which accumulated during the evening. Blue slips were the 'phone company's way of tabulating "protest" calls.

Of the amateurs who went to New York full of hope, Joe Fitzpatrick, a baritone, returned full of bitterness. He had borrowed \$235 in order to make

the trip. He had auditioned for the program, then been told to await a call. On the Monday morning following the Oklahoma City night, the call came from a studio assistant who said something about a "mix-up." Joe called it a run-around and went back home.

Mrs. Suzanne Robicheaux, blind coloratura soprano, had gone to New York, too. A women's club had raised the money. She had arrived in New York, obtained an audition and that was all. The song Mrs. Robicheaux had wanted to sing was Weep, Oh, Weep, My Eyes, by Massenet. She returned after a week's fruitless endeavor to get a direct word with Major Bowes. She returned angry and saddened. And practically penniless.

Oklahoma City still has not forgiven the Major. When his units play the town, there is no line waiting outside the theater. As for coffee sales, most Oklahoma citizens prefer other brands.

Let's look now at next Sunday night's honor city, Madison, Wisconsin. Here is a pleasant town, seat of a great university, in the heart of a Summer vacation country, inhabited by average Americans. This Sunday night those average Americans are planning to make a Roman holiday of their participation in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

What has happened behind the scenes?

Six or seven weeks ago, Alvin E. Gillett, secretary of the Association of Commerce, wrote Major Bowes asking that Madison be selected as an honor city. By the time he had the Major's acceptance, Gillett had organized a committee called Major Bowes Madison Honor City Night Committee.

This committee met three or four times, divided the work and pitched in to do a job. With this result—already the following gifts and honors have been promised:

A—Major Bowes will be presented with a proclamation signed by Governor LaFollette, making Bowes governor of Wisconsin for one hour between seven and eight p.m. Sunday, March 1.

B—He will be given a deed to the Paul Bunyan estate, section 37, bounded by the Round River. What the Major will do with the deed is a puzzler. There isn't any such estate. Paul Bunyan is only a legendary giant whose prowess is the subject of many stories.

In addition there will be a flashlight, an egg cooker, an operating table (with inscription "For your next operation, Major"), ice cream, fancy cheeses presented by the University of Wisconsin, a gavel "to be used on the gong," an automobile muffler, a ham and a few other odds and ends.

Already, Madison has selected its official representative for the Major Bowes show, and already the inevitable disgruntled and disappointed amateurs are registering their complaints.

The girl who bears the blessing of Madison's Association of Commerce is Miss Dorothy Heick, a talented high school graduate who plays the marimba. Her father, the head of a Madison drayage and transfer company, is giving her the trip to New York as a graduation present. And already the live-wire men of Madison are moving heaven and earth to get out the biggest vote for Dorothy ever given any honor city amateur.

But first, how can they be sure that she will broadcast?—for she still has to

pass her audition before Major Bowes. Well, perhaps they have so much faith in her ability to qualify that they are marching ahead with their plans. Let's assume that, anyhow. Now, what are their plans?

Well, for instance:

They are organizing 500 Boy Scouts to go from door to door the night of the broadcast, one Scout to a block, to ask people, "Won't you step to the telephone and vote for Dorothy Heick?"

The Kiwanis Club is expected to mail 15,000 postal cards (5,000 in the state and 10,000 nationally) to other Kiwanians asking them to vote (she's an honorary member).

BULLETIN

Dorothy Heick, mentioned in the above story as being Madison's favorite daughter, made a surprise appearance on Major Bowes' program Sunday night, February 23rd, one week ahead of her expected schedule. In introducing her, Major Bowes mentioned that she was both a pianist and a marimba player. After playing her marimba to sensational applause, he commented to the effect "If she is as good a pianist as she is a marimbist, she might get to play on her honor city night." Radio Guide hopes so. Miss Heick is an unusually talented youngster.

About 10,000 regular Chase and Sanborn ballots will be available at the Association of Commerce office for people who wish to come and get them.

Quoting a Madison civic leader, "We will contact all service clubs and parent-teacher associations, women's clubs, the University, institutions like hospitals, music schools, fraternities and sororities.

A large Madison laundry which distributes a newspaper will get out a Major Bowes special edition. Its circulation is 20,000 and ballots will be included. One of these will go into every home in the city.

Announcements will be made in all the public schools, requesting pupils to vote for Dorothy Heick.

Special editions of daily newspapers will carry Major Bowes' tributes and stories.

A special edition of the Association of Commerce Journal will ask hospitals and hotels to pledge themselves to use only Chase and Sanborn coffee during the week as a special salute to the Major.

A telegram committee has been named to get telegrams from Glenn Frank, president of Wisconsin University; Zona Gale, noted author living at Portage; Governor LaFollette; a cablegram from Colonel Lindbergh, who went to school at the University of Wisconsin; and Movie Actor Fredric March, another graduate. Some of these telegrams may be sent to the Major and read this Sunday, or perhaps none at all. The important thing is that a committee of aggressive business men is working on a list of big names. Which answers a question many people have asked about the origin of many of the Major's greetings.

It reopens, too, the question of how the amateur without an honor city behind him can win against Dorothy Heick if and when she does appear on the Bowes show.

Of course, she may not even be on the air this Sunday night. But if she isn't, public reaction in Madison will make the Oklahoma City fiasco look like a Sunday School picnic. For the Kiwanis Club already has given a special luncheon for the eighteen-year-

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old girl, the Association of Commerce has put her name in its official paper, and the whole town has been told to listen for her. Considering the work her friends have done, they have a right to expect to hear her. It would be heartless of Major Bowes to disappoint them.

There is another sort of heartlessness which crops up again and again in these honor city programs. For every amateur chosen to represent an honor city, many must be left out. Already, in Madison, one unhappy woman is protesting, a Mrs. Herman Laube, who owns one of the most remarkable talking dogs in the world. Mrs. Laube is not well-to-do. Outside her little house there hangs a sign which reads, "Furrier: Coats Relined, Repaired. Cloth Coats Also Repaired." With her lives Barry, one of the most wonderful dogs in America.

MRS. LAUBE is determined to get to New York and Major Bowes. She believes that in any open contest for the selection of a Madison representative, she and Barry would have won. She resents being pushed out of the picture without a chance. As this is written, she is trying to sell her pitiful roomsful of furniture in order to raise traveling expenses. Since Madison night is coming soon, she feels that it may be her big chance, although the Major has said he will audition only applicants who write from New York. It is a chance for which she is prepared to make almost any sacrifice; a chance for which she yearns with a sort of heart-breaking earnestness.

She may get on the air some Sunday night, but it is doubtful for she has a letter from Major Bowes which says, in form letter fashion: "Dear Listener, Thanks for your very nice letter. I'm sorry I cannot be of any assistance to you . . ."

There are thousands of Mrs. Laubes in America, unhappy amateurs who, believing that they have the germ of greatness within them, are denied it by circumstances. It is a pity that the program which arouses and stimulates so much hope is able to be of concrete assistance to so few.

And that disposes of our sample honor cities.

Only two questions remain unanswered: namely—how are these cities chosen, and—how does it happen that a Major Bowes unit so often plays in that honor city?

Answer number one: All cities having radio stations carrying the Bowes programs are used in the order of their population. Next, cities having no radio stations but which have adequate radio coverage are used in order of their population. Certain cities which qualify on a population basis have been omitted when local telephone companies have advised that they did not have adequate facilities for handling telephone voting.

ANSWER number two: Major Bowes units play in Major Bowes honor cities so often and so profitably because the man who directs the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour and who runs the Major Bowes units and sends his greetings to governors and mayors of America's great cities, is the shrewdest man in show business.

And that's the truth.

Next week **RADIO GUIDE** will have the answers to all the questions you have been asking yourself about Life in a Major Bowes unit. What are the amateurs in traveling units paid? How do they get along? Are they happy—disgruntled?—Don't miss the forthcoming issue for an absorbing series of facts and figures.

LONELY LITTLE STAR

(Continued from Page 8)

in the hall, while the door of his own apartment slammed behind him.

One night when I reached home I found a letter on the hall table, post-marked from the little town where Dan's family lived. Eagerly I tore it open. It was from Dan's mother. She wanted me to know that she had had a postcard from Dan from Savannah, Georgia, telling her he had a job as radio operator on a ship bound for South America and would write soon.

South America! Then heaven only knew how long it might be before I saw him again—if ever!

But next morning, when the papers were brought in, I saw that I could well afford to give a little more time and thought to my work if I did not wish to lose my hardwon success.

The only radio critics who mentioned me at all were outspoken in saying that some quality which had impressed them on my opening night was lacking from last evening's program.

I threw myself into my work with a mad fever. But try as I would, I could not still the emptiness in my heart. Every time I closed my eyes to sing a song, I would see Dan's face.

I was passing the time sitting up in bed one morning, my maribou-trimmed negligee drawn snugly about my neck, reading my fan mail, when I ran across this letter:

"I am second mate on a freighter. Last night in the radio shack I heard your voice. Dan Corby, the operator, is a pal of mine and—"

I COULD reach Dan! I could reach him with my voice! I could send my appeal through the air—across all the miles between us—across the dark night over the ocean. Perhaps, if he still cared, it would be enough to bring him back to me. But what could I say that wouldn't anger my sponsor? . . . Then instantly my plan took form. I picked up the phone and called the orchestra leader.

"I want to sing a special number on next week's program," I told him.

From that moment on I began to feel better. I tried to look calm on the night of the broadcast when I took my place at the microphone, but inwardly I was tingling with excitement.

As the time came for my last number, just before I was to sing, I paused and said in a voice that shook a little:

"My next offering is dedicated to one who is very far away—in hopes that it may awaken memories which will help him to understand . . ."

Then softly I began to sing I'll See You Again from Bittersweet.

My eyes were wet when I had finished. I left the stage, scarcely mindful of the storm of applause breaking in waves out beyond the bright border of the footlights.

I went directly home, half expecting some message, perhaps a Radiogram. There was none. Days went by.

That program brought me a little flurry of success, but it did not take my mind off my disappointment. Weeks went by, and no matter how hard I worked, my secret loneliness crept into my voice.

Then one night when I was feeling especially sad and lonely as I was about to step onto the stage for my first number, the production man whispered in my ear:

"Someone is trying to catch your eye from the control-room."

I looked and thought my eyes must be playing me tricks—that I was see-

ing a ghost. No—it was true. It was Dan—Dan come back to me!

His face was no impenetrable mask now. He was laughing and grinning and holding out his hands in greeting. In the brief second before it was time to go into my song, I reached out shamelessly before that whole audience and threw him a kiss!

I sang that night as I never sang before. Sound poured as effortlessly from my throat as from the throat of a bird . . . Then it was over, and in the little runway leading to the dressing-room we found each other.

When we were alone in my room I said, searching his face:

"Dan, darling! You're not angry? You'll let me explain everything?"

"You don't need to explain, sweet," he said. "That night at sea when I heard you sing our song, I knew then that I had misjudged you—that you weren't just playing with me. By the way, did you get that fan letter I sent you? The one about 'my pal, Dan Corby?'"

YOU wrote that?" I could laugh about it now.

He nodded.

"I'd cooled off by then, and I had to let you know I was listening. I came back as soon as the ship had made her run. Then I talked my way back into this job without letting you know. You see—I wanted to surprise you."

Suddenly he held me off and looked at me with a frown.

"By the way, Linda," he said, "you were about six inches too far off-miké for that last number. But I caught it on the panel. You see—you need me at the controls—for life."

"For life, darling," I said, returning his kiss with fervor . . .

There came a knock at the stage door.

"Miss Logan," a voice said, "your sponsor is on his way up with a renewal on your contract for you to sign."

"Tell him to wait," I said, my voice coming out smothered against Dan's shoulder. "I'm busy just now."

THE END

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OUR MISSING GUESTS

LAST week it was announced that **RADIO GUIDE** would publish the story: **Our Get-Rich-Quick Guests**, those artists who prefer guest-starring to regular program appearances. Watch for this in an early issue. It will contain a series of amazing revelations.

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THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF FRANK FAY



What quality has will-o'-the-wisp Frank, that he starts as a one-time guest of Rudy Vallee, then ups with a contract to appear regularly on the Variety hour—and ends with a program all his own?



more having people say 'I saw you in this' or 'I saw you in that.' They don't see me any more; they hear me. Folks let me come right into the house and sit down. When I get up to that mike I imagine the family sitting around the radio, and I talk right to them. I see Ma and Pa and the kids. Maybe some of the neighbors' kids have come in. Not just to hear me, I don't mean, but—say, honest, it's swell. It's the biggest thrill of my life."

"The Biggest Thrill of My Life," I said, taking my notes. "That's a good title. All right, go on—"

Silence.

I looked up. Mr. Fay was seventy-five feet away, over in a corner, talking to a man who looked like Boris Karloff. In fact, he was Boris Karloff, looking very Broadway and not at all sinister, the way he did last Halloween when some kids asked him to please come out with them and help them scare people. Up on the stage the brass choir of the orchestra, three or four trumpets and a couple of trombones, went over and over a hot break.

Mr. Fay sauntered back, and seemed surprised to see me still sitting there. "Do you want more?" he demanded, aghast.

"Well, you've given me one paragraph," I told him. "I think there ought to be a little more." About twenty times as much, in fact.

"Hm. Well"—he sat down again—"I try to please the whole family, see? The grown-ups and the kids too. I

multaneously the whole orchestra began to try things, while the eerie voice from the control-room shouted frantically: "More flutes. Flutes stand up! Saxes pipe down on the second chorus. Too much organ. Too—much—organ! Pipe down, organ!" Organ—a poetic-looking young man with a knot the size of a watermelon in his tie—looked wounded. He gazed at his instrument—an enormous thing with four loudspeakers of its own to give those tinkling, soft bell effects—in acute heartbreak.

"Why," Frank was saying to Rudy, "if I try to make it funny, it won't be funny. It's only funny because I'm trying to sing like you, see? Act as if I were really a good singer. Just give it to me."

"All right," Rudy said.

"Like this," Frank said, and left me and climbed up on the stage again.

"Radio Guide is a fine magazine," I said to myself. "I wish I had the editor here right now. I'd put a stick of dynamite in his hand and hit him on the head with that organ."

FRANK came off the stage and stood looking around as if he had forgotten something.

"Here it is. It's me," I called.

"Oh, yes," he said, and sat down again beside me.

"My name is Jamison," I said. "We're writing a story about you. You know—nice long story, for people to read."

"Something just happened that makes me mighty proud," he said. "I saw the script. There's a place in it where they've written 'Frank Fay. Three minutes.' Most comedians have to submit everything they're going to say in writing. You know what this means? It means they trust me. They know what I'm going to say is clean, and they don't have to worry about it. It's the most flattering compliment I've ever had in my life."

"That's fine," I agreed. "Now, this story—"

"Story?" he demanded, incredulous. "Say, haven't you got that story yet?"

I glanced down at my pad, with about two sentences written on it. "If you'd just talk a little more—"

I looked up.

Mr. Fay was in a seat three rows behind me, busily rewriting his script, his hat on the back of his head.

So I went downstairs to the restaurant in the building and had three more quarts of coffee.

"Say, buddy, you sure like coffee," the waiter said to me.

"I've just been interviewing a \$\$\$()&! named Frank Fay," I told him. "Say—he doesn't ever come down here for coffee, does he?"

"Sure. Once in a while. Why?"

"Well—take this, and the next time he comes down drop some in his coffee, will you?" I asked him. And I handed him the package of gopher poison I always carry around with me in my pocket on the chance I'll run into a gopher somewhere.

So, if you turn on your radio a couple of nights from now, and you don't hear any Frank Fay, you'll know what happened.

Hooray-y-y-y!

The Fleischmann Yeast Company presents Frank Fay with Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour every Thursday over an NBC-WEAF network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).

(Continued from Page 3)
suit, known to some as Rudy Vallee, was standing on a stage regarding an orchestra with a look of complete resignation in his eyes.

"I hear you're pretty big stuff on the air these days, Mr. Fay," I managed to address my companion's tailored, pin-stripe brown back, just as we made it.

"Tops, they tell me. I don't believe it. I never believe any of that stuff," Frank said, over his shoulder.

Which is just as well, because I've hardly ever met a radio star yet who didn't tell me he was getting more fan mail than everybody else put together.

"There are some seats over there," I said. About a thousand of them!

Anybody could see 'em. "We can sit down and get this interv—"

But Mr. Fay was up on the stage shaking hands with an efficient-looking lad at a piano. "Say, maybe it would be a pretty good idea if I learn this song, if I'm going to sing it tonight," I heard him say. He spread a piece of paper on the piano, with the words on it, and began singing in a very bad voice.

The song was okay. He came down. "Now, Mr. Fay," I began.

"Oh, yes," he remarked, tipping his hat to a passing girl and sitting down beside me. (He's divorced from Barbara Stanwyck, you know.) "Well, I'm nuts about radio. Radio is great. Boy, I'm part of the family, now. No

give 'em a little sentiment, a little drama, a little humor. I'm a serious fellow myself, but I've learned from the tough breaks I've had in my own life how humor can help us over the bumps. I'm not saying that when something bad happens to you you can sit right down and laugh at it. Nobody can do that. But you can sort of think you're funny for taking it so hard. For instance—"

"Mr. Fay!"

"Yes, Rudy?"

"How about this song, now? How do you want to do it?"

The trumpets and the trained trombones burst into a circus-cage scream of animal triumph, finally having the hot break the way they wanted it. Si-

TALKERS



Kuku's Ray Knight and Mrs. Pennyfeather, with Robert Armbruster awaiting his cue, tell all and sundry the ver-r-r-y most foh-mal way to be—ah—foh-mal



Above is Boake Carter, the man who's popping off—from Nome to Little America and points between. Ida Bailey Allen, below, tells her chef and her listeners exactly how to mix two teaspoonfuls of this and half a cup of that to get one of those



Does any radio listener need an introduction to the talker with a larger audience than anyone else?—our President Franklin Delano Roosevelt



Father Coughlin, the fighting priest, above, known from coast to coast, and, right, Doctor Daniel A. Poling, whose conduct of religious services has meant much to the shut-ins





Gracie and George and little Sandra Jean reflect the happiness that's always bubbling to the surface as a result of his plan for successful marriage

WHAT GEORGIE TELLS TO JUST ONE GIRL

may have to be an old-fashioned wife but she and her George are the happiest two you can find anywhere in show business.

Which should silence forever the old one about how dumb Gracie Allen really is around the house. She happens to be as brainy as they come.

The funniest part about this old-fashioned marriage is the fact that it didn't start out that way by a long shot. George hasn't always been the King Bee around his house. When he married his vaudeville partner back in nineteen-twenty-six he found himself teamed with a fiery, frivolous, determined little brunette who had up-to-date ideas and planned to keep 'em. And her ideas included things like personal liberty, separate bank accounts, a definite say-so in all business matters and the right to "I Live My Life."

AT THE time they were just another of the too many unknown comedy teams playing the vaudeville emporiums of the outlands, so Gracie's independent ideas didn't have an awful lot of scope. That's why George chuckled. How can you have a separate bank account when there's about two bits left after the landlady in Lancaster has been paid? How much time for living-my-own-life has any gal who plays four shows a day in one-night stands? As for the definite say-so in business matters, well that was a laugh, too. Burns and Allen, in those days, were taking any booking they were lucky enough to get. The say-so had to be yes regardless of whether they liked it.

Anyway, George kept his chuckle to himself and Gracie went right on feeling that she was as blessedly independent as she'd been when single.

And they were completely happy and it worked just swell for three or four years.

Something happened then which was to make their marital bliss take a few skids. Burns and Allen began to become famous. And when Gracie started exercising her rights in a great big way, it was darn near disastrous! Because as clever as she is in a hundred other ways, she's a born rotten business woman.

And by the time they found themselves stranded and flat broke in Sioux City—all because of Gracie's Better Big Business Management—it was the last straw! She was so absolutely furious with herself she sat right down in the station and bawled for the benefit of a gaping crowd of Iowans.

"Listen, Gracie!" George saw his supreme moment and clutched it. "If you'll just leave everything to me from now on you'll never regret it. I'll be the boss and all you'll have to do is what I tell you. I'll see us to the top if you'll let me run this outfit my way."

"G-George," Gracie blubbered, "I-I promise."

And ever since she's kept her word. And believe you me Mr. Burns meant it when he told Mrs. Burns he intended to manage everything!

SAYS Gracie: "At first it used to make me mad, leaving all decisions to George when I'd always managed my own affairs. But after a while I was having more fun that way than I'd ever had before, because I didn't have half as much to worry about and no important responsibilities. Now I wouldn't want it any other way. George attends to everything. George says: 'Gracie,

we're leaving for Hollywood at ten-thirty Saturday morning,' and all I have to do is be dressed to go to the train. He gives the servants their orders, supervises our packing, closes the apartment, makes reservations and handles every bit of detail.

IT'S the same way with radio. Would you believe it?—all I have to do for our program is be at rehearsal every Wednesday afternoon at four. That's all. When I get there George has the script written, he's decided what song I'm going to sing and had it arranged for me, he coaches me on my lines if I need it, and when I've got them pat he says 'O. K., Gracie, we're all set' and then I can go anywhere I want to until time for the show. George is the one who's left with all the headaches. I only have to broadcast."

Well it listened swell to hear Gracie tell it, but I'm an incurable skeptic. I've had so many stars profess blissful married happiness to me one week and start divorce proceedings before I could get my story in print the next, that I just figure on a box of salt to every interview these days. Gracie Allen is a smart, capable person—show me a woman under that classification who wouldn't feel her precious little individuality was being stifled by an old-fashioned marriage! These were my sentiments. I had to be shown.

I was. I spent a delightful day and evening with the Burnses. And in all sincerity I shall have to admit that never have I visited any home that seemed to me more full of laughter and affection and contentment.

Home is a triplex Park Avenue penthouse in the fashionable Fifties. An elevator whizzes you thirty floors above Manhattan, a butler opens a great carved oak door and you step into something that looks as vast and colorful as the lobby of the Plaza. That's George and Gracie's living-room, and it's a dream in beauty and comfort. Two whole walls, from floor to ceiling, are glass and even when you're sunk in the deepest-cushioned chair you can still look down dizzily at all New York and the harbor spread like a paisley shawl at your feet.

The rest of the triplex is equally as large and lovely. A miniature elevator takes you to the second floor where five gay bedrooms and baths open onto a balcony over the terrace. Or to the third floor which is the very private property of Sandra Jean and her new six-months-old brother Ronnie. The children have a nursery, a sleeping-room, a kitchen and a sunny roof garden all their own, which can be shut off from any noise in the rest of the house. And every bit of the interior decorating is Gracie's handiwork.

Which reminds me that right here and now I want to tell you what she's really like, if I can. People have tried before and admitted they couldn't get her personality into words. But Gracie Allen, to me, is like an A. A. Milne play directed by Cab Calloway. One minute she has you in stitches with a perfectly insane remark or antic, and the next minute she's talking politics, modern art or child care with the finesse of a veteran. Seldom have I met a feminine star who impressed me as being more well-roundedly informed. Maybe it's because she reads, often as many as six books a week.

Her interests outside her home and



It's a wonder George has any nails left, the way Gracie runs him ragged—on the air. But wait till you read how things are at home!

LOVE STORY

BURNS and ALLEN

By Mary Watkins Reeves

IF EVER any one man has been the recipient of a nation's heartfelt sympathy, expressed and unexpressed, it's Mr. George Burns. As many million radio listeners will inform you, Mr. George Burns has the sore misfortune to be wed to a pert young lady named Gracie Allen who—and there's usually a discreet lowering of voices before the statement is completed—who is slightly nuts! Goofy, cracked, screwy as they come.

"Poor man!" many have written George, and the more daring have asked him: "It must be awful to be tied down to something like her—is she really that dumb around the house? How do you stand it?" And one con-

dolent old lady even went so far as to inquire of the comedy team's manager: "Where do they keep Gracie Allen at night?" So the widespread opinion is undoubtedly that while she may be an affluence around a microphone she's just an affliction around home. And accordingly her husband gets plenty of sympathy.

All of which is exactly the reverse of the real Burns and Allen situation. It's being married to George that's tough! Gracie's the one who deserves the condolences and doesn't get 'em!

Because Mr. George Burns, whereas he gives every indication of being a modern-thinking young man, fools you. He has a priceless set of antique ideas

on connubial bliss that jelled when he was in his cradle and haven't been defrosted yet. He insists on The Old-Fashioned Marriage in toto, which makes him lord, master, maharajah and sole dictator in his domicile. Mrs. Burns must do what Mr. Burns says.

AND Gracie—which makes her more than ever the sympathy-candidate of the outfit—Gracie just simply loves it that way!

Secret: it's made a success of her marriage. It's kept romance where romance is hard to keep, in a celebrity marriage that's bounced around for the last decade from vaudeville to Broadway to Hollywood to radio and hasn't been scratched yet. Mrs. Burns



SUNDAY AT CBS

*A Few of the Greatest
Great who Come to Your
Loudspeaker on Your Day
of Rest Via the Colum-
bia Broadcasting System*



Lois Long: She's mis-
tress of ceremonies on
that Free for All show



Leslie Howard: The
Amateur Gentleman
seems to enjoy himself



Victor Kolar,
above: He is
maestro of the
Detroit Sym-
phony Orches-
tra on the
Ford Sunday
Evening Hour



Parkyakarkas:
Ever hear of a
Greek Turk?
Well, here you
see Cantor's
Greek mas-
querading as
just that

Below: The
Voice of Ex-
perience and
his father, the
Reverend
F. W. Taylor



Phil Baker: Pre-
sented Beetle's
and Bottle's idea
of the ideal man-
ner in which the
hapless comedian
should do his
future broadcasts

David Ross: The
poetic announcer.



Julia Sande-
son: She and
her husband,
Frank Crumit,
travel from
Springfield,
Mass., for their
Sabbath stint

Below: Jose Manzanares, in
front with Pianist Paquita,
left, and Violinist Dolores,
creates unusual music. Back
row: members of orchestra



Ed McConni: He goes to
his library to find new
gags with which he plans
to keep his audience—
as well as himself—smiling

Arturo Toscanini: He and
Dorle Jarmel consult
about his Philharmonic
broadcasts weeks in ad-
vance. Locale: Austria



DON BESTOR, BATTLE

*He Put up the Fight of His Life
When They Told Him He Was
Through as an Orchestra Leader*

By Kay Morgan

matic tale of a man who let his heart rule his head, and whose reward for a kind act was a kick in the seat of his trousers. But now that he has thrown the yoke of a great injustice from his shoulders, the true story can be told here.

Don Bestor, who had flourished a baton for over ten years, knew all the joys and the advantages of being a musician. But he knew the other side, too.

He knew that a musician's life was glamorous, but it was the most uncertain in the world. He knew that a musician's salary was as unstable as the stock market prices of late '29. He knew that a musician could make \$250 one week and spend it just as quickly. He knew that the same musician could earn nothing the next week and have to live on almost as little.

The wage scale for musicians is set by the musicians' union. It varies in different cities. For instance, a saxophonist may get \$125 if he plays in New York and \$75 if he plays in Whoozisville. Don, a member of the union in good standing, paid his men the prevailing rate when he went on vaudeville tours. But he noticed, when he played a town that called for a low union scale, that the boys generally came to him for loans on their next week's salary. They found it hard, you see, to adjust themselves to such a changing wage. After they had grown used to spending a certain amount on themselves, they suddenly had to change their standard of living

to accomodate the new rate. One week they were on top of the world; the next week they were broke.

It was the boys themselves who suggested the solution to Don. "Why don't you pay us a certain steady salary each week—one that we'll all agree upon as the average—so that we'll know just how we stand. The salary may be below the union scale in certain towns, but then again it may be above the union scale of other towns. It will work out much better for us in the end."

IT DID work out better—so well, in fact, that they wondered why they hadn't thought of the idea before. But it was to be the start of a series of heartbreaks and humiliations for Don.

Don was at the peak of his popularity at the time. His series with Jack Benny had made him one of the biggest name bands in the country, all the hotels were bidding for him, and between broadcasts he and the boys played fat vaudeville dates. He's the Don of the "Play, Don" catch phrase.

The trouble began when the new man left. Oh, not because of the salary arrangement. That had been discussed a year before when he first came on, and he had shaken hands on it. But it seemed that he was a surly sort of fellow who just didn't get along with the boys, and finally after a row with one of them he left.

Don thought nothing of it. His head was too high in the clouds to hear the rumble of thunder below. Why, he was one of the most sought-after band-leaders in the business. He was playing at the French Casino, one of New York's most crowded dining-dancing places, with an NBC wire carrying his music from the place, and now that he had given up the Benny show because it emanated from California, there were a half-dozen sponsors eager to see his backhand scrawl on one of their contracts.

And then—the summons to appear before the local musicians' union. He heard the charge. Here's the gist of it:

The new man who had left had made a formal complaint to the union

about the way Bestor paid his men. He reported the incidents when the boys played outside of New York and received salaries lower than the union scale. What he obligingly forgot to tell were the times when the salary soared above the union scale in so many of the other towns they played. In his heart Don knew he was right. Technically, he was wrong. He had disobeyed the rulings of certain scraps of paper. And that was what counted.

THE punishment was severe and quick: "One thousand dollars fine and return of the union card!"

Taking away the card may not sound like a particularly stiff dose on first hand, but listen to what it actually meant: *he was forbidden ever to conduct an orchestra.* Not on the radio, not in night clubs, not in restaurants, not in vaudeville—not anywhere! It was like saying: "You cannot breathe. You cannot eat. You cannot live."

He was forced to leave his job at the French Casino immediately. He had to drop all of his radio plans.

There was a very fat radio contract done up in cellophane and pink ribbon waiting for him, and he had to turn it back. And don't forget, this was in October, the time of year when sponsors are planning their new radio shows. Can you imagine what it means to a man who's been in a certain business for over ten years, has built up an excellent reputation, has perspired and slaved through the early years to work his way to the top, finally "made it" and then—to have the ladder taken from under him and come toppling down in one long fall! Can you imagine what it means to a man who's made grand plans for the future of his wife and daughter—and then to wonder if he would ever be allowed to support them again?

The boys stuck by their boss. One by one they went up to talk for him—to tell them that Don had only done what they asked him to do; that they were happier with their own individual arrangement. It did no good. Once, all of the boys went up in a body,

(Continued on Page 42)

"Play, Don" was his tag when this photo was taken—before disaster hit him

DON BESTOR has just won the greatest battle of his life!

He has been vindicated for a crime he did not commit—but for which he was persecuted to such an extent that it deadened for a while his career.

You may wonder why you haven't heard Don Bestor regularly on the air during the past few months. Aside from those late night broadcasts from the Mount Royal Hotel in Canada, he has been off the air completely, you know. And yet, just about six months ago he was orchestra leader on the Jack Benny show, with nightly broadcasts from this and that big New York hotel, and vaudeville dates in the best theaters west of the Hudson. Big time. And then oblivion.

Why?—What happened?

The answer is contained in a dra-

Don's nine - and - three - quarters Mary Ann is ten times the inspiration he needs to battle against any odds. Consoling influence and very real helpmate is smiling, brunette Mrs. Bestor at right



**PLEASE
DO NOT WALK
ON THE GRASS**

Mary Ann asks "Have they got grass? Then let's walk on it"—and what can a dozing father do about it?



Night-Clubbing

with the

STARS



Little Jack croons a melody before his crystal keyboard piano—the vanity of some piano-playing crooners!



The Time: The January Night of Little Jack Little's Latest Debut
 The Place: Terrace Room, Hotel Morrison, Chicago
 The Stars: A Glittering Galaxy of Radio's Midwestern Greats

Tea Little is with her husband at left; she's his business manager as well as his guide and mentor. Below, from left, Jack, Ted Weems, Jan Garber, Helen Ward, vocalist for Benny Goodman who's next, Virginia Gilchrist, vocalist, and Al Kavelin



Isn't Announcer Truman Bradley the pretty thing? That's Truman on the left above, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilchrist. Jan Garber, right, is demonstrating how to hold a baton, while Chick Johnson is showing the very latest thing in Bronx cheers



Al Pearce's Gang ganged up with some of their friends on Jack's opening: From left, Tony Romano, Mabel Todd, Maurie Amsterdam, Linda Lee, Harry Sosnik, Dick Lucas and Harry Foster



COMING EVENTS

The Daily Listings Will Show Your Nearest Station for These Programs



Eastern and Central Time Are Given For MST Subtract One Hour from CST

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

CHURCH OF THE AIR

The Reverend Robert Porter, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of St. Louis, Missouri, will be the speaker during the morning period of the Church of the Air, over the CBS network from 10 to 10:30 a.m. EST (9 to 9:30 CST). Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman, of Temple Israel, St. Louis, Missouri, will be heard during the afternoon period from 1 to 1:30 p.m. EST (12 noon to 12:30 CST).

JAN PEERCE

Guest of Music Hall on the Air will be the well-known tenor, Jan Peerce, over an NBC network from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. CST). Maurice Baron will direct a 75-piece symphony.

VERNON BARTLETT

For the Trans-Atlantic News Exchange Broadcast, Vernon Bartlett, Diplomatic Correspondent of the *London News Chronicle*, will speak from London over the CBS network from 12:45 to 1 p.m. EST (11:45 a.m. to 12 noon CST).

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Guests of the Magic Key of RCA, over an NBC network at 2 p.m. EST (1 CST) will be Cornelia Otis Skinner, famous Broadway actress, and Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

LESLIE HOWARD

The Scarlet Pimpernel will be Leslie Howard's vehicle over the CBS network from 2 to 2:30 p.m. EST (1 to 1:30 CST).

ST. DAVID'S DAY

Commemorating St. David's Day a special program featuring the Welch Choir will be presented over an NBC network at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST).

COLETTE D'ARVILLE

Guest of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour over the CBS network from 9 to 10 p.m. EST (8 to 9 CST) will be Colette D'Arville, mezzo-soprano.

RUTH ETTING

Guest of Paul Whiteman will be Ruth Etting, blues singer of stage, screen and radio, on the Musical Varieties Show over an NBC network at 9:45 p.m. EST (8:45 CST).

ARTURO TOSCANINI

On the General Motors Concert over an NBC network at

10 p.m. EST (9 CST) Arturo Toscanini will be guest conductor and Dusolina Giannini, Metropolitan Opera soprano, soloist.

MONDAY, MARCH 2

WILDERNESS ROAD

A dramatic sketch called Wilderness Road will be presented over the CBS network



Lucille Manners, who will be heard on five Cities Service broadcasts over NBC on Friday evenings

from 5:15 to 5:30 p.m. EST (4:15 to 4:30 CST).

RUDY VALLEE

The Pick and Pat program over the CBS network from 8:30 to 9 p.m. EST (7:30 to 8 CST) will have Rudy Vallee as guest.

HENRY LISHON

The debut of Henry Lishon and his Royale Frolics orchestra will be made over an NBC network at 11:05 p.m. EST (10:05 CST), replacing Dorothy Lamour.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3

THE OLEANDERS

A program of songs will be

presented by the Oleanders Trio, over the CBS network from 10 to 10:15 a.m. EST (9 to 9:15 CST).

ROMANY TRAIL

A half hour of instrumental music, Romany Trail, will be heard over the CBS network at 10:15 a.m. EST (9:15 CST).

MARGARET McCRAE

A program of songs will be broadcast by Margaret McCrae over the CBS network from 3 to 3:15 p.m. EST (2 to 2:15 CST).

OPERA MARTHA

Von Flotow's opera, Martha, will be presented by the students of Drake University in a special broadcast from Des Moines, Iowa, over an NBC network at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST). Doctor Herbert Gould, Dean of the Drake College of Fine Arts, will direct the broadcast.

NEW DEAL DEBATE

Representative Kent E. Kellar of Illinois and Representative Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, will debate The New Deal vs. The New Party over an NBC network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). Senator Gerald P. Nye will preside.

VETS' PROGRAM

The fifth annual Veterans of Foreign Wars program, Hello America, will be presented for NBC listeners at 11:30 p.m. EST (10:30 CST). The main portion of the program will originate in Washington, and will include speeches by Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, Mrs. Winifred Tousaint, national auxiliary president of the F.V.A., and music by the U. S. Marine Band. A salute by leading dance orchestras will be picked up from Hollywood, California; Chicago and New York City.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

MAURICE BROWN

The cellist, Maurice Brown, will be heard in a quarter-hour program over the CBS network at 11 a.m. EST (10 CST).

DON PEDRO

Don Pedro and his novelty orchestra have been added



Budd is coming back with a CBS Tuesday night program teamed with his old partner, Col. Stoopnagle

regularly to the Mar-O-Oil Revue heard each Wednesday and Friday over an NBC network at 2:45 p.m. EST (1:45 CST).

ROSA PONSELLE

The noted prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Rosa Ponselle, will be starred on the Chesterfield series with Andre Kostelanetz' chorus and orchestra for five broadcasts beginning today. She will substitute for Lily Pons, who sails for Europe for operatic and concert engagements. This series is heard over the CBS network from 9 to 9:30 p.m. EST (8 to 8:30 CST).

ARTUR RODZINSKI

A concert by the Cleveland

Symphony orchestra, with Artur Rodzinski conducting, will be heard over an NBC network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST).

THURSDAY, MARCH 5

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

The Metropolitan Opera tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, will be the guest soloist with the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra over an NBC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

HENRY HALSTEAD

Dance tunes by Henry Halstead and his orchestra will be heard over the CBS network from 12:30 to 1 a.m. EST (11:30 to 12 midnight CST).

TIME CHANGES

Music Is My Hobby will be heard at 7:45 p.m. EST (6:45 CST) and Cinema Theater at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST)—both over NBC networks.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6

LUCILLE MANNERS

The young coloratura soprano, Lucille Manners, will join the Cities Service concerts for five successive performances as soloist, while Jessica Dragonette is on vacation. The concerts are heard over an NBC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

TIME CHANGE

Airbreaks, popular variety show, will be heard at 5 p.m. EST (4 CST) over an NBC network, replacing Nicholas Mathay.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

OPERA FIDELIO

The Metropolitan Opera will broadcast Beethoven's Fidelio, over an NBC network at 1:55 p.m. EST (12:55 CST). Featured in the cast will be Kirsten Flagstad, Rene Maison, Ludwig Hoffman, Julius Huehn and Edith Fleischer. Arturo Bodansky will conduct.

RABBI LOUIS MANN

A series of five discourses will be delivered by Rabbi Louis Mann of Chicago on the Message of Israel program, broadcast over an NBC network at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST). Rabbi Jonah Wise will continue to officiate.

HERBERT HOOVER

Former President Herbert Hoover will be heard in an address to the Young Republican Club of Colorado Springs, Colorado, over the CBS network from 10 to 10:45 p.m. EST (9 to 9:45 CST).

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Since going to press with last week's issue, the following program changes have reached RADIO GUIDE. They are presented in the hope that they will come to your attention in time to be of service:

SATURDAY, FEB. 29

ELISSA LANDI

Al Jolson will present an all-feminine guest-star bill, headed by Elissa Landi and Una Merkel of the screen, for his

Leap Year Shell Chateau broadcast over an NBC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST). AI will consider all of their proposals.

TRIPLE OPERA BILL

I Pagliacci, Sernade and Gianni Schicchi, three short operas, all will be broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, each with a distinguished cast, over an NBC network at 1:55 p.m. EST (12:55 CST).

SIGMUND SPAETH

Radio's famous tune detective, Sigmund Spaeth, will be guest on the National Barn Dance broadcast over an NBC network from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m. EST (8:30 to 9:30 CST).

KATE SMITH

Guest star on Doctor West's Celebrity Night program will be Kate Smith, heard over an NBC network from 10:30 to 11 p.m. EST (9:30 to 10 CST).

* CBS—N. Y. Philharmonic Society; Haus Lange, dir.: WABC WIAS WSMK WKRC KMOX (sw-11.83-9.59) Concertino in F Minor, Pergolesi-Franco; Piano Concerto in C Minor, No. 3, Op. 37, Beethoven; Five Fairy Tales, Rogers; Symphonie Sketch, "In the Steppes of Central Asia" and Palatinate Dances from Prince Igor

CBS—Crumit and Sanderson; Jack Shillkret's Orch.; Three Jesters: WABC KMOX WHAS WWVA (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC—Words & Music; Soloist & Orch.: WFAE WCKY WTAM To be announced: KDKA WENR WSAI

NBC—E-7 Secret Service Spy Stories: WSAI WGY WHIO WCKY (sw-9.53) * CBS—Eddie Cantor, comedian, with Parkyakarkas and Jimmy Wallington; Bobbie Green; Lonis Gress' Orch.; Ben Bernie, guest: WABC KMOX WHAS WKRC WBBM (sw-11.83-9.59) (also see 11 p.m.)

* NBC—Life Is a Song; Charlie Previn's Orch.; Countess Olga Albani: WJZ WENR WLW KDKA WIAM (sw-11.87-6.14) (also see 12 mid.) WCPO—Johnson's Orchestra WGBF—Classical Hour WGN—To be announced WMMN Pop. Dance Tunes WSAI—We Present

* NBC—Seth Parker: WJZ WSAI WHAM * CBS—Jack Hylton's Orch.: KMOX WBBM KDKA—Y. M. C. A. Program WHAS—Truth Barlow WCPO—Ward's Orch. WENR-Globe Trotter WGBF—News WGN—Arthur Sears Henning WIAS-Dance Orch. WKRC-Lookout House WLW Freddy Martin's Orch.

CBS—Voice of Experience: KLZ KSL KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI (also at 6:45 p.m.) * NBC—Paul Whiteman's Varieties: WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WBAP WKY KTHS KTBS KPRC WOAI (also at 9:45 p.m.)

Night

6:00 p.m. EST 5:00 CST CBS—Hour of Charm; Phil Spitalny's Orch.: WABC WHAS WKRC KMOX WBBM WWVA (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC—Catholic Hour; Very Rev. F. J. Sheen, speaker; Mediaevalists Choir: WFAE WGY WAVE WTAM WSM WHO WSAI (sw-9.53)

7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST * NBC—Robt. "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley; Ozzie Nelson's Orch.; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist: WJZ KDKA WCKY WENR WIAM WSM WAVE WHIO (sw-11.87) * CBS—Phil Baker, comedian; Hal Kemp's Orch.: WABC WKRC WIAS WWVA WSMK (sw-11.83-9.59)

9:15 p.m. EST 8:15 CST WCPO—Dance Revue WGN—News; Sports WMMN—Wilson 9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST NBC—American Album of Familiar Music; Frank Munn, tenor; Lucy Monroe, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Gus Haenschen's Orchestra: WFAE WTAM WSM WGY WAVE WCKY WHIO (sw-9.53)

10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST * NBC—Sunday Concert; Dusolina Giannini, sop.; Symph. Orch. directed by Arturo Toscanini, guests: WFAE WAVE WTAM WCKY WGY WHIO WSM (sw-9.53) CBS—Ghosts Walk: WABC WHAS WKRC KMOX (sw-6.12-6.06)

STRANGE

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DON'T DISCARD OLD SUIT!

Wear your coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send waist or sample of cloth today, and we will exhibit Free Sample of best match obtainable. AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO., 6 W. Randolph St., Dept. 3-D, Chicago

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DON BESTOR BATTLES

(Continued from Page 25)

stormed the president's office and demanded that Don be reinstated. And all they got was an apologetic smile and a "can't-help-it" shrug. I think that in those sickening weeks when Don saw his whole world crash around him, the only thing that made his burden easier was the loyalty of his boys. Why, none of them would even work for another orchestra leader.

They staked their futures in the orchestra world on their faith in their leader's possible vindication. It came. The reversal of the charges against him, I mean. But only after nine long and desperate weeks of despair and nothingness. Don Bestor, who had been accustomed to working until dawn, who spent a busy day rehearsing his men, consulting song publishers and writing arrangements, who lived the hectic pace of a successful bandleader, now had nothing to do but fold his hands—and wait.

The National Board of the Union heard about this case and overruled the local group. "They returned his card to him," Mrs. Bestor remembers with a warm pride, "saying that, officially, he had never really lost it. In other words, he hadn't been suspended in the first place. It meant so much to us. Don would never have wanted it any other way. Before this he could have gone up to the union and asked for his card and he would have received it. That meant he could have played again. But he didn't want it under those terms. It would have meant that he was wrong, that he was begging for another chance. He would rather have starved—and believe me, he stood a good chance of doing so—rather than tear down his reputation for a quicker chance at money."

The significant part of the whole awful experience—and the thing that Don points to with an understandable pride—is that the original boys are with him today. The day the national board ruled in his favor, he leaped to the telephone and called up his boys to tell them the good news. One was in Indiana, another in Chicago, one in Cincinnati—all were home waiting to hear from their boss again. And in the second breath Don accepted an offer from the Mount Royal Hotel in Canada which had an NBC hookup three times a week.

So Don and Mrs. Don and Mary Ann packed up and left for Montreal, where they battled through a cold, bitter Winter, slowly but surely fighting their way back to the top.

Of course he'll never recapture the exact opportunities he lost during the two most fruitful months in radio when he was off the air. The sponsors who wanted him then had to hire other orchestras. The New York hotel spots that he could have had, were filled. And now he has to work harder than ever to regain his old place in the sun. But I have a hunch he'll make it. He has the will to do so. He has the band. Most important, he has his men behind him.

And in the Bestor vault there's a flimsy bit of paper tucked away and guarded like Mary Ann's first baby shoes. It's a bill from the telephone company for \$60.32. It was incurred the day he called up all of his boys to join him again. And because he remembers that the boys all whooped their yesses, it has become a document which lends further proof that Don Bestor was right all the time.

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD

1		2	3	4			5	6	7	8		9
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HORIZONTAL

- 1—A Royal Canadian
- 5—Fire Chief bandleader
- 10—Assistance
- 11—Kennedy, tenor
- 14—Institute legal proceedings
- 15—Metal brad
- 17—Legatees
- 18—Yawn
- 20—They wait for no man—except the man in the moon
- 22—Man's name
- 23—A trade for money (pl.)
- 24—Either
- 25—Light given off by the stars
- 26—You and I
- 28—Allow
- 30—His Myth is Exploded
- 33—Tranquility
- 36—Has ascended
- 37—Roomer
- 38—To soak after washing
- 40—Mental conceptions
- 42—Near relative (colloq.)
- 45—That is (abbr.)
- 47—Activating
- 49—Okey-dokey
- 50—The sound of the gong
- 52—Lincoln and Lyman
- 53—Ferde —, bandleader
- 55—Monarch of the waltz

VERTICAL

- 1—Banjo-eyes
- 2—Foray
- 3—Measure of distance (pl.)
- 4—First name of newscaster
- 6—Plural pronoun
- 7—Xavier —, bandleader

Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week

HARRIS	EAR	SAMPLE
AVE	SHUTTLE	ERASER
YES	HASTE	TALITIAN
TINT	ALICE	GAR
OUR	MED	CAM
WEAR	ALSO	BEESIT
PELLET	TER	BESSI
IS	SEINE	AAR
RID	ORE	NEB
EMIT	ARE	ECLAT
OVAL	GRAVEYARD	
SNAKE	EISNE	YOUR
ASSET	TED	SHE
U	SI	DUET
TITANIC	DAVID	LOO
ELTIDED	PARADE	ASP
SLEDGE	AVE	TRUSTIS

HITS OF WEEK

HEREWITH is presented RADIO GUIDE's tabulation of hit tunes of the past week played most frequently over the networks. It is worthy of special comment that the favorite which swept the country only a few short weeks ago, The Music Goes 'Round and Around, isn't even listed among the fifteen tabulated here. There must be many a listener who still likes the novelty number. Maybe those listeners won't have to wait long for their favorite to catch its second wind and flood the loudspeakers again—coming out here!

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON THE NETWORKS

1. Alone
2. Moon over Miami
3. Lights Out
4. I'm Building up to An Awful Let-Down
5. I'm Shooting High
6. I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze
7. It's Been So Long
8. Dinner for One, Please James
9. Please Believe Me
10. Beautiful Lady in Blue
11. Cling to Me
12. Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes
13. You Hit the Spot
14. Sing An Old-Fashioned Song
15. I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter

THE COVER PORTRAIT

REAMS have been written about Rudy Vallee the crooner, but little about the Love-Me-Love-My-Dogs Vallee.

This week's cover portrait is graphic evidence of the esteem he holds for his four-footed friends.

Rudy owns two genuine Doberman-Pinschers: Himmel, pictured with him, and Kaiser, a half-brother to Himmel. They are his constant companions and protectors, and are of the "Von Reyno" family whose father is Lutz Von Rodelthal, sire of champions. Kaiser takes keen interest in his master's Variety Hour.

If he doesn't happen to like Rudy's tones he places his paw over his nose simulating the familiar gesture used by human beings.

Himmel is back in the kennel to resume belated schooling in decorum which was omitted because of his lean years at the time of his purchase.

Rudy also has a Great Dane and a scrappy halfbreed named Wimpy. These two stay at his Maine lodge. But should you invite Rudy to dinner, there too would go Dobermans Himmel and Kaiser.

STAR OF THE STOCKYARDS

(Continued from Page 7)

Yellow Hammer is? Or a Grass Widow, a Porch-Climber, an Orang Outang—when these terms are applied to the stockyards?

Neither did we until Jim told us. A Yellow Hammer is neither a bird nor something to drive a nail. It is a scrawny, poorly fleshed steer. In the St. Louis stockyards the word is Hecatic. Why? Because an Irishman used it to describe cattle that were no good. A Grass Widow is a sow that has just had a litter, while a Ragged Belly is a sow too old to have any more. A Porch-Climber is a sheep that is always trying to climb fences, always breaking out; the kind that has been known to chase a dog out of the pasture. An Orang Outang is a hairy, rough plains steer while a Chicken-Eater is a type of hog that simply will not get fat no matter how much it eats, spending its time galloping after chickens.

This is Jim Poole's pig latin, the language he has been all his life learning. You see, he was born on a farm in Michigan. He milked cows until milking bored him—and he went off to Montana and became a cowboy.

"If I must have something to do with cattle," he said, "I'll ride 'em."

Two years afterward he saw Chicago for the first time. That was in 1887. With a "belly full of beer and an armful of free lunch" he strolled about the Loop and decided that this was the place to live. He had come into town as nurse to a carload of cattle, so it was in the stockyards he hunted his first city job.

Curiously enough, it was not a stock-tending job he landed—but a writing one, writing about cattle for the stockyards daily. In the course of time he became editor and later started a paper of his own in competition. He was the first to talk livestock news into a microphone, and he did it the moment the invitation was extended. It proved popular—and he has been doing it ever since. Betweenwhiles he found time to marry and raise two daughters, one of whom is now twenty-three years old.

"When I was a kid, I traded a bear for three calves and broke sod on a 160-acre homestead in Dakota," he reports. His conversation is spotted with talk of this kind, talk of cattle and the farm.

Jim owns an 800-acre farm in Michigan which produces a remarkably good income. And now he has bought another, an hour's ride from Chicago. Some day he will retire to one of his farms and the cycle of Jim Poole will be complete—from farm to farm.

Next time you're driving through the West anywhere from Ohio to Kansas and all the states in between, stop and ask the farmers, big ones and little ones, if they know Jim Poole. Watch their faces brighten. No, they haven't met him—but they know him.

You see, Jim Poole speaks their language—and speaks it with understanding of their troubles and pleasures. He gets under their skin—he is not a reader. He is a friend.

And if ever a prize is awarded for newscasting that is sincere, meaningful and of service to the community—Jim Poole should make all the others look like also-rans.

Jim Poole may be heard from Monday to Friday inclusive over Station WLS, Chicago, at 11:35 a.m. EST (10:35 CST; 9:35 MST; 8:35 PST) and at 1:30 p.m. EST (12:30 CST; 11:30 a.m. MST; 10:30 PST) on the same days.

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LOVE STORY OF BURNS AND ALLEN

(Continued from Page 21)

two lead separate lives until evening, and by then they're really excited at the prospect of being together again.

Of course it isn't all pre-War perfection, or else it wouldn't be a really happy marriage. George swears Gracie drives him crazy putting on the light in his face after he's gone to sleep and waking him up. And Gracie has her grievance, too, like the times he lays down the law about her shopping extravagances. There's something funny about Gracie—she's completely daffy over little red dresses.

After dinner the night nurse, cap-and-streamered in the best English tradition, brings the children down into the living-room for their good-nights. Gracie has a lot of time to spend in the nursery, but for George this brief session with the babies is the event he looks forward to all day. Sandra chatters a blue streak, kisses her daddy's ears, totters around breaking every ash tray she can reach, and is old enough to wear ribbons on her fluffy yellow ringlets and be delightfully vain about them. Ronnie just lies there in his bassinet cooing through a tiny mouth that looks for all the world like a cherry-flavored Lifesaver.

Later in the evening while George went into his den to make some phone calls Gracie took a much-thumbed telegram out of her pocketbook and proudly showed it to me. She'd received it from George the morning after she'd left a few weeks before to visit relatives in Pennsylvania. It read: A CITIZEN BY THE NAME OF BURNS SO MISSES A CITIZENESS BY THE NAME OF ALLEN HE IS NOT EVEN SINGING IN HIS SHOWER. And it was signed GEORGIE.

That sentimental after ten years! Well, it looks as if an old-fashioned marriage, dictatorial husband included, is the very best kind after all. I guess neither Gracie nor George deserves a nation's sympathy. I guess instead they both deserve a lot of envy.

Burns and Allen are presented by the makers of Campbell's Soup every Wednesday over the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST); also on a West Coast split at 11:30 p.m. EST (10:30 CST; 9:30 MST; 8:30 PST).

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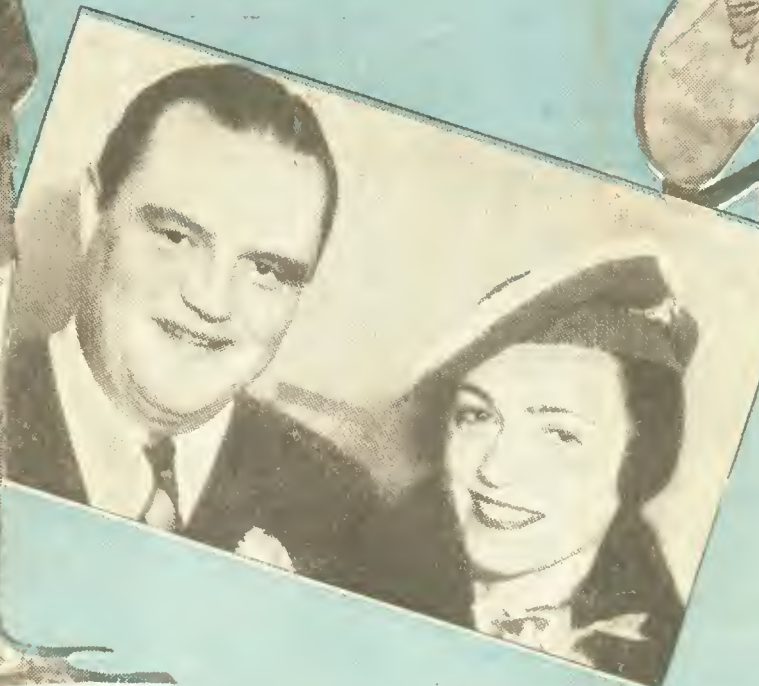
Lulu Belle of the Barn Dance should be praying for television, for her ability to pantomime almost exceeds her knack of putting over a song



Helen Hayes, above, is a make-believe guardian of foundling babies in her radio play, and a real-life guardian as well. These are Mary and Johnnie, two of her charges



Clarence Straight, the lad shown above, imitates dogs and you may see for yourself that he makes his imitations extremely realistic. At left—would you recognize him?—is Big Chief Slay-um You-Talk-an-Awful-Lot Grah-um McNamee, humph!



At left, the very, very new Mrs. Stoopnagle—Taylor on the marriage certificate. And above is a girl who's often a bride—but in scripts only! Betty Lou Gerson, heroine of the First Nighter dramas