

Rampaging with **JANE** and **GOODMAN ACE**

Radio Guide

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY OF PROGRAMS

ESCBDMTSDB7
WEEK ENDING MAY 23, 1936

10
CENTS

LULU BELLE
Goes to Town
...

HOW THE
DUCHINS
ARE DOIN'
ONE YEAR AFTER

Lanny Ross



Radio's Barometer



Number One radio entertainer right now, according to Radio Guide's barometer of public opinion, is Jack Benny

ONE single unsolved mystery still baffles the best minds of broadcasting. That unsolved mystery is you—the radio audience.

Since the first squeal seeped from the first loudspeaker, radio broadcasters have sought an answer to the question of who you are, what you are, whom you like, and what programs you prefer.

Since that first squeal, radio experts have spent much of their time attempting to invent devices for measuring the size of a radio audience and its reaction.

For instance, has your phone ever buzzed busily just when Jack Benny was Jello-ing everybody? And has a total stranger ever asked "Beg pardon, Madame, but to what radio program are you listening?"

That is called the "coincidental" method. During a broadcast special agents stationed at tele-

phones throughout America start calling numbers selected at random from local directories. They complete as many calls as they can before the broadcast is over. From the answers they receive, they calculate the size of the audience listening to the program in which they are interested. From those answers they are able to say that 40 per cent of all radio sets were tuned to Jack Benny, 35 per cent to Eddie Cantor, and the remainder were scattered through other competing programs.

Another technique is named the "recall" method. Once again the telephone rings—but this time it is the morning after—and you are asked politely "What program did you hear last night?" It is a nice method, and occasionally sprightly conversations develop between the caller and the callee, particularly if you have been trying to catch up on your sleep. Unfortunately, this method is not completely accurate because people are prone to remember old established programs and forget the name of the brand new show that had 'em in stitches last night, but has slipped their minds at the moment.

INCIDENTALLY, anyone who can figure out a perfect way of measuring the size of an audience, and prove it, can name his own salary in any number of fine positions.

With the size of the audience Radio Guide's Star of Stars Election is not concerned. Rather, we attempt to determine what listeners like. What old stars are



Truest reflection of interests of the radio audience places Eddie Cantor second in the race to pick the Star of Stars

fading? What new stars are rising? Because we require a reader to express his approval on an official ballot, and because each ballot must be filled in and signed, thereby being the actual opinion of an individual radio listener, we believe our Annual Star of Stars Election is the truest reflection of the real interests of the whole radio audience.

TO SOLVE the one mystery that remains in radio, we need your assistance. All ballots in the current Third Annual Election must be mailed by midnight of May 31, 1936. Several hundred thousand votes already have been received and tabulated. In these remaining days, I hope those of you who have not voted will do so. For on your preferences as expressed in this giant nation-wide poll will many of the great air shows of next year be built.

Sincerely,

Curt Mitchell

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Brothers Forever



*From Immigrant
Poverty to Out-
standing Success
the Howard Boys
Have Certainly
Been Inseparable*

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Eugene, left, has been gag writer and straight man for the combination with never a twinge of jealousy because Willie gets laughs

FOR YEARS now electricians have been arranging electric light bulbs over the marquees of theaters to spell the names of Willie and Eugene Howard. And hundreds upon hundreds of times printers have set up these names on their linotype machines preparing vaudeville programs. Before that in the neighborhood where Willie and Eugene Howard played as boys, their names always would run together from their friends' throats. Even in the poor little flat where all the Howards lived crowded together, it was the same. "Where are Willie and Eugene?" their mother would ask. For with her as with their friends it was a foregone conclusion these two would be together. In fact ever since anyone can remember, the names of the team you now are enjoying on the radio in the "Folies de Parc," might have been one name, might have been Willien-eugene Howard, so!

Willie and Eugene are more than a successful comedy team. They're brothers. And they're more than brothers. Between them there's more than simply a family kinship; there's also an emotional kinship. They're friends.

It's Willie who collects most of the laughs. In a sense he's the front man. But Eugene does his share of the work. He writes most of the lines which con-

vulse people, he asks Willie the right questions at the right time. Interestingly enough, in their private lives the difference in their personalities is about the same.

Eugene always has been the substantial one. The family was willing to make any sacrifice so Eugene might study to be a doctor. They recognized that he thought things out soundly, that he had an exceptionally good head. They felt differently about Willie. "He'll either be a famous man or land in jail," his father used to say. For Willie had a way of getting into scrapes and then, through sheer triumph of personality, of getting out again.

Perhaps Eugene was born practical and industrious and wise. Or it may be his early influences shaped him that way. Several years older than Willie, Eugene had suffered more family hardships and misfortunes.

FOR instance, when the Howards came from Germany via steerage fifty years ago Willie was an infant only eleven months old. The horrors of that voyage have no place in his memory. But Eugene remembers vividly endless days when they were cooped up in close quarters while their ship lurched her way through black mountains of water, and although they were given little to eat they dreaded the moment when another meal of fish

would be dumped into their tin plates. The Howards were exiles, deported when Germany passed an edict that no alien might lead a group of people in worship in any faith. For Mr. Howard came from Russia.

Landing in New York, they moved into a flat on the upper East Side. Eugene, old enough now to attend school, would have known a happier time in a neighborhood where there were more families of the Howards' race and creed. He was an outsider. The boys ran after him on the street and called him "Moxie" and "Chicken killer," the latter because this was what his father did for members of his congregation.

Eugene evened the score the best he could at the time by standing first in all his classes, though handicapped by a limited knowledge of the language in which his teachers gave instruction. But I think it's likely enough that it was finding things more difficult than they had been in the little German village from which he had come, that Eugene squared his shoulders and planted his feet firmly on the ground, ready for a hard fight. And certainly that's the beginning of the attitude you

need to get ahead in this world—in any work, in any profession.

"By the time Willie was old enough to go to school," Eugene told me "things were better. In our neighborhood there were more of our own kind. Willie wasn't up against the sort of thing I had at all."

EVEN though all of this happened over forty years ago, and today Willie Howard knows the position and security which come when you've been a headliner in your profession for tens of years, there nevertheless was satisfaction in Eugene Howard's voice when he told me school-days had been happy enough for Willie. For that's the way it is when two human beings are close. Because of seniority or disposition or both, one always must be the practical fellow and the protector.

Growing up Willie and Eugene Howard knew years and years of poverty; harsh, meager poverty. But their childhood wasn't dreary. They were healthy boys and they had imagination. Corner lots were battlefields across which they led their gang against neighborhood enemies. Fruit-carts of-

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"Betting on the ponies is like being married. You've got to take the bitter with the better . . . Worse? Oh, no—we're both fine!"

SHOW ME a horse running around in circles and I'll show you Jane and Goodman Ace going crazy in a front box at a track. To you and you and you (and me) they may be "The Easy Aces" for forty-five minutes a week, but for the remaining 10,035 minutes they are the Wild Deuces, the gamblingest two-dollar bettors in radio.

They are crazy about horses. It isn't gambling, they insist. It's just that they are crazy. Stop that sentence in mid-space and it tells All. It explains how, without benefit of script writers, they've been an ace ("Scuse it, please!) comedy sketch for six years, a satirical serial of suburban marriage that is 'way above the broadside humor of most of radio's comedy.

Don't get me wrong. They may be as mad as hatters, but there is nothing crazy or haphazard about the way they lose their money. It's scientific. This hobby horse that rides them is a serious animal. They study racing forms and know the family tree of every horse that runs. They scorn the touts with their stable tips. Jane knows that it isn't because of fleas that a horse is scratched. Every day, with her little lucky pencil, she dopes out the best odds and the best horses. Then, just to be absolutely sure, she follows her own hunches.

Goody laughs (You know that radio laugh of his. "Dracula Ace," his friends call him!) at Jane's hunches, but he feels it is only reasonable to bet on any horse named Jane or Ace. "You'd

be surprised," he says, long past any surprise or grief himself, "how many horses have Jane in their names."

They are that crazy. Their comedy is themselves, scarcely exaggerated. They've never been actors and are rather proud of it. Never having known an audience (even in the studio), or audience reaction, they are as natural as your neighbors squabbling across the air-well, and twice as funny.

Jane, as a big-time radio personality, is as naive as she was as a Kansas City housewife. Small, slim and blond, she wears smart clothes and

a slightly worried expression. Goody, with his hat on the back of his head, treats her like a puppy who will chew slippers; fond, indulgent and exasperated. In his manner towards her remain traces of his first radio job: He is the man who started broadcasting the Sunday funny papers to children.

A NEWSPAPER managing editor gets the credit or blame for that, and thereby hangs the tale of Jane and Goodman Ace. (No, Jane, that doesn't make a monkey out of you!)

"Radio," muttered that Kansas City

managing editor, his nose-for-news catching a brand new scent: Sunday morning, pre-occupied parents prattling children. "Daddy, read me the funnies . . . Daddy! read me . . ." Radio and grateful parents increased circulation.

Reporters in that news room guffawed when he asked them to do the job. Not even a ten-dollar bonus would move them. Then the managing editor spied Goody Ace, the paper's dramatic critic. With eye-shade pushed back and jaw protruding, he cornered the very young Mr. Ace at his desk and refused to take "No" for an answer. Was he or was he not the dramatic critic and columnist of the sheet? Radio was like the theater, wasn't it? It was a new idea, but to deny it would deny his job . . . That Sunday the comics were read. The juvenile citizens of Kansas City liked it; the editor liked it; and, strangely enough, Goodman Ace liked it. Soon he was broadcasting a pre-Walter Winchell column of movie and theater gossip, and reviewing over the air the shows that played in Kansas City.

The Aces were feeling pretty good. What with his regular job and three radio extras, he was making almost \$150 a week. In Kansas City newspaper circles that was wealth. Mr. and Mrs. Ace acquired a flivver and a hobby horse.

Racing was no longer just something you gassed about with the sports editor in the speakeasy lunchroom across the street; no longer five-dollar bets on the Kentucky Derby with the

DEUCES WILD

By Hally Pomeroy

RAMPAGING with JANE and GOODMAN ACE

boys in the office, and a couple of sweepstake tickets on the Grand National. They could follow the races now. They actually could see the horses run around in the ovals known as race tracks.

JANE became pony-conscious in a big way. Goody wasn't exactly worried—but it took his mind off his own betting. Something had to be done. Radio's "Easy Aces" was hidden in the trough of his next brain wave.

Jane was phoning. She belongs to that half of womankind that talks for twenty minutes over the phone, with gestures, to someone she is going to see in an hour. Ace rattled his newspaper, trying not to hear her. He tried to concentrate on the next day's odds. He hummed to himself, but there was no avoiding the insistent chatter of Jane's voice.

"Whaat? . . . You talk so fast I can't make heads nor shoulders of what you're saying . . . I'll say the world I've been as poor as a church steeple, but today I broke even and I certainly can use it . . ."

Goody blinked his eyes and sat up. ". . . It's like being married. You've got to take the bitter with the better . . . Worse? Oh, no—we're both fine!"

Goodman Ace chewed on a cigar and paced the floor. Jane hung up and frowned. "I don't know what's the matter with her. She kept saying 'Better or worse' and I told her we were fine, but she kept right on."

"Jane! Will you be quiet? I have an idea."

"You have?"

"Yes. I have!" This was no time for small talk. Big things were brewing.

"How would you like to be on the radio?"

Jane looked puzzled. It is on. Can't you hear it?"

"On it," he shouted, "On it."

"On the radio? For a moment I thought you meant— You mean talk on it the way you do?"

"More or less."

"Which would it be?"

"Which would what be?"

"More or less than you? I don't think I could be as funny as you are, dear. Sometimes you say the funniest things. I have to laugh."

"That's one."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Forget it."

"About the radio, you mean? All right, if you want me to. I guess I could be funny, though. I thought of a joke today."

"Let me do that."

"Oh, you can, too, but this one was

funny. You know that cute horse named Walk In?—the one that came in last. Well, he tried to. Do you get it?"

"Do I get what?"

"The joke. He tried to walk in."

"Isn't that awful?" Goody groaned, but he looked at his wife with something approaching awe. She might be a little goose, sometimes, but the eggs she laid were golden.

CONTRACT was the rage then. All those shuddered-at puns on their name . . . Ace in the Hole . . . Easy Aces . . . He saw a whole series of programs in Jane's futile efforts to master contract bridge. (Remember those early ones? Not as good as they are today, but plenty funny.) They still have their original set-up, four people sitting around a bridge table, with a specially constructed microphone, rather like a goose-neck lamp hung over the center of the table to catch the lines.

"The Easy Aces" caught on. They became big time and left Kansas City and the Fourth Estate for Chicago's WGN and radio; and, in time, Chicago for New York and the national networks. They liked that. There are more race tracks in New York state than in Illinois or Missouri.

How Goodman Ace finds time, between so many races, to write three scripts a week, no one knows; least of all himself. He's not an unkind man, but for their common good he wishes that Jane would have more nightmares.

One morning not long ago she woke up looking more perplexed than usual. When the maid came in with breakfast, she frowned and stared, then sighed with relief and smiled. "That's right," she said.

"What's right?" growled Goody, who believes that nothing is right before he drinks his morning coffee.

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Jane and Goodman Ace as they looked the day she bet ten dollars on Modern Ace at ten to one odds—and the horse came in first but she lost



Patently Goody tries to teach Jane the "hunt" system of typing, but "hunt" means just another race to her

Who has listened to the National Barn Dance and failed to thrill to Lulu Belle's many hillbilly songs

LULU BELLE

GOES TO TOWN



WHEN she deserted the North Carolina hills more than eight years ago, the old folks she left behind were a little bit worried about Lulu Belle.

"Remember, gal," they had warned, "don't talk to men in public places and don't ever give your right name."

If she had been a dutiful daughter and had heeded their well-meant admonitions, she might not be the rapturously happy wife and mother that she is today. For despite their kindly warnings, she soon found herself in the City, not only talking to a man in a public place but giving out her right name as well.

And if it hadn't been for an innocuous bit of cornpone, she might never have become Mrs. Scott Wiseman, and National Barn Dance producers might never have discovered what a swell piece of talent they have in the unbeatable team-combination of Skyland Scotty and Lulu Belle.

It's funny how a sudden romance between a boy and a girl usually hinges on something ridiculous. Two people may like the same sentimental popular

song or the same simple parlor game, and in the quick delight that follows on the heels of this discovery, will promptly fall in love.

That's what happened to Lulu Belle and Scotty. They'd known each other quite a while on the Barn Dance show, but it didn't mean anything much to either of them until one day in a restaurant Lulu Belle casually remarked that she liked cornbread for breakfast.

Scotty looked up in amazement. Here was a girl after his own heart.

"No kidding!" he exclaimed. "So do I. We always have cornbread every single morning down in Ingalls."

"Ingalls!" Lulu Belle gasped. "Ingalls, what?"

"Ingalls, North Carolina," Scotty said proudly, "and don't tell me you've never heard of it, either."

LLULU BELLE had heard of it all right, for it was only forty miles removed from Boone. Unwittingly, they had been neighbors most of their lives, yet it took a thousand miles of travel and a humble cornpone to bring them together.

When they had recovered sufficiently

Scotty Wiseman (Skyland Scotty) was on the same program with Lulu Belle for months before his gigantic and important discovery

from the shock of discovering "someone from back home," Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty exchanged reminiscences and in the space of a few brief hours learned many things about each other that had gone unnoticed before, despite the fact that they had been working on the same program for several months. Their interest increased with each fresh revelation.

Think what meeting someone from home meant to these two lonely kids in the brooding isolation of the big

"Remember Gal," the Carolina Homefolks Warned, "Don't Talk to Men in Public Places and Don't Ever Give Your Right Name." A Thousand Miles from Home She Totally Disregarded The Warning and—

By Lorraine Thomas

town. Heretofore they had been aliens in an alien land. Now they were kindred spirits, and there were a thousand things to be shared. Memories of the mountains and hills that surround the sparsely settled and thickly overgrown countryside about Boone and Ingalls—memories of solitary childhoods in crude communities where the only amusements afforded the countryfolk were the weekly square dances down at the village barn.

Here they were, two youngsters fresh from the sticks, suddenly brought together at a radio barn dance in the heart of the city. It's the sort of thing you wouldn't credit if you read it in a book. They began seeing each other more and more. The country lass who had migrated to the city expecting to encounter the temptations of a big-time villain was finding more fun with a backwoods boy who had spent his early life almost within a stone's throw of her own back door.

Aside from corn-pone and North

Carolina backgrounds, they soon discovered many other mutual interests—small things like steak for breakfast and certain little known and seldom sung hillbilly songs.

One evening they had a serious talk and the next day they had another bond in common. This time it was matrimony.

"You see," Scotty will tell you, "I figured that irrespective of likes or dislikes, if a couple could start the day off enjoying the same things for breakfast, they might just as well be married because other things will just naturally fall in line by themselves."

AMONG those "other things" were their careers. In endowing each other with their worldly goods, Lulu Belle and Scotty automatically had combined their two music libraries. Comparisons of their respective interpretations were bound to follow, and this led to many musical interludes at home with Scotty and Lulu Belle har-

monizing to high heaven before an audience consisting of two overstuffed chairs and a picture of Lulu Belle's Aunt Harriet out in Kansas.

It was during one of these lusty song sessions that Lulu Belle got the big inspiration destined to bring her and Scotty into stellar prominence as one of radio's most romantic husband-and-wife teams. The world of comedy has its Burns and Allen, and its Benny and Livingstone—but the populace can't live on comedy all the time. They must have a little romance once in a while just to even up the balance. Lulu Belle saw no reason why she and Scotty couldn't provide that missing factor.

"Why don't we sing on the air?" she asked her new husband.

Scotty could think of no good reason, and neither could anyone else. That's how it began. You all know the type of work they put over together now. You know how the program built up and featured the two of them. Today

there's hardly a rural household in America that isn't thoroughly familiar with the romantic pair.

HAPPILY, success has not spoiled the Wisemans. Lulu Belle is still the same guileless girl who packed up her straw suitcase and said goodbye to Boone, North Carolina, more than eight years ago. Scotty is the same red-headed boy who chopped kindling and carried water to the heifers on his father's little backwoods farm.

Now, on a wooded plot only a few miles from where they both were born, a rambling, unpretentious lodge is going up. It was designed by Scotty himself.

"It's completely rustic," Lulu Belle will tell you, and Scotty will immediately and unconsciously contradict her by going into details of the power plant he is installing for electricity, the artisan well he is digging, and the modern plumbing he is introducing into the

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Linda Lou has added a third consideration to Lulu Belle's busy routine—but the tike is bountiful treasure to compensate for "those thar C'lina hills"

Are Your Children
Healthy-Minded or
Do They Cling to the
"Clan of the Wild"?
Let Mrs. Reilly Help

Don't Live in Cities

BY MRS. JOHN S. REILLY

PARENTS, are your children "wild"? Do they smoke? Drink? Pet? Stay out late at night? Resent parental authority? Smear their faces with make-up? Threaten to leave home if you insist upon "bossing" them? Sneer at advice? Refuse to consult you about their friends?

If they do, don't be too righteously indignant unless you expect your reprimandations to boomerang, for it is you—not your offspring—who may be to blame.

Wild, harem-scarem children are not, I insist, representative products of modern life. They are much more likely to be warped offshoots of badly managed homes, and in this day and age are decidedly in the minority. It is no longer smart nor in tune with the times to be "wild." That vogue, thank heaven, went out with prohibition. I believe that if an accurate analysis of the average high school boy and girl could be made today, the result would register on the side of conservatism.

Several days ago a noted psychologist said to me: "Mrs. Reilly, what in your opinion are the hallmarks of wildness in young, modern children?"

I preened myself for the attack, and then launched unhesitatingly into a discussion and portrayal of what I believe to be the symptoms of the whoopee clan.

"Suppose," I said, "for the sake of clarity, I give you a composite picture of what I consider a typically wild girl of seventeen. If you observe her closely you will find that she may or may not be attractive, but she will certainly have her cheeks caked with rouge, her nails painted a gory red, her eyebrows plucked like a dead chicken's wing, and her hair bleached a gruesome shade of straw.

"She will naturally insist upon being a law unto herself, resenting all forms of parental guidance, allowing no check on the hours she keeps, the friends she selects, or the men with whom she associates.

"She will stay out until all hours



Mrs. Reilly is a successful mother of seven and author of "Common Sense for Mothers" and other widely circulated books on the problems of children. At the right she is seen as she broadcasts her weekly talks to mothers



of the night and early morning, and will always see to it that she and her escort do a bit of high and lofty drinking.

"Wherever you see her she will be puffing on a cigarette—in subway stations, movie balconies, on the street, in restaurants, in hotel lobbies. In fact, the more public the place, the more the spectators stare, the better!

"If you meet her on the street she

probably will NOT be wearing a hat. Hats are too conventional for her taste. She like to be considered Bohemian.

"In a crowd she will talk more loudly, laugh more boisterously, and go through more absurd antics than all the others put together, because she loves to attract attention.

"She will play truant from school, and will spend night after night away

from home, offering vague, conflicting stories as excuses.

"Perhaps, if she's earning money, she will want to break away from home and lead an independent life in an apartment of her own. Family ties are too tiresome and restricting, you see!

"She will be dressed according to the dictates of fashion, but in all probability not according to the dictates of good taste. Her clothes are likely to be loud, general appearance—cheap.

OF COURSE she will have no regard for morals. She will divorce her emotional life from religion and convention, and set up her own code of ethics. In all probability she will sneer at the idea of matrimony, insisting that the free life is the happy life.

"She will worship eccentricity, and scorn all traditional forms of convention. But if you question her carefully you will find her reasoning confused, muddled.

"She is, in other words, that specie of female which the movies, numerous magazine writers, and some unthinking educators fallaciously depict as the modern girl. She is in reality—except in minor instances—a type which belongs to the past."

When I had finished the psychologist said to me: "How ghastly! But how real!"

He then asked if I thought this type of girl was really bad.

"Certainly not!" was my immediate answer. "The wild girl is not nec-

essarily a bad girl. She's merely a badly brought up, badly guided individual who never has learned that the greatest happiness and contentment lie in the path of conventional living."

Again, I repeat, home environment, home attitudes, and parental example are usually directly responsible for the type of child produced.

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BY JACK JAMISON

STAMPS, Stamps. Upstairs in that old trunk in the attic, have you a one-cent Post Office Mauritius? If you have, you've got \$20,000 in your hands right now.

Have you the purple Spanish stamp labeled "Quinta de Goya," with the engraving of the beautiful woman lying nude on a satin couch? That woman was Maria Teresa, Duchess of Alba, and when her husband, the Duke, learned she was posing without her clothes for the great Goya he swore he would paint Goya's picture in the painter's own blood. But when he arrived at the artist's studio the next day he found his wife in an innocent toreador costume, posing for another picture which Goya slyly had sat up all night to paint.

Is it any wonder there are millions of avid stamp collectors? The stories behind the postage stamps, the rare finds which bring in thousands of dollars, are fascinatingly interesting.

If you're already a collector—and who isn't?—we really don't need to tell you about Captain Tim Healy and his Ivory Stamp Club. Captain Tim is a real Captain. He won his spurs in the War, serving with the Anzacs. He's a heavily set, good-humored man in his forties, with blue eyes and jet black hair shot with white.

He was born in Australia, where his father was a cattle man, and as a boy spent weeks at a time out in the bush. War caught him when he was in college and he enlisted in the Aus-



Captain Tim Healy, above, "a heavily set, good-humored man in his forties, with blue eyes and jet black hair shot with white" and, left, Major Lenox Riley Lohr, the president of NBC, who also is an enthusiast of stamp collecting and collectors

tralian Imperial forces. He was at Gallipoli, the bloodiest battle of them all, where the block-headedness of a General made the British troops try to land on a beach as wide as a pantry shelf, under machine-gun fire so dense—10,000 bullets a minute, they estimated—that the average length of life on the beach was three minutes. Wounded, he was made an officer in the spy service and traveled on secret

missions in India, Egypt, Belgium, France, China, Japan—actually just about every country in the world.

But all this isn't telling you how he happened to start his stamp hour on the air . . . The War over, Tim Healy came to America. He settled in Texas and interested himself in oil. String it rich, he was made a director of one, two, three and then four companies, and vice-president of

the last and largest, a \$30,000,000 corporation. He had a town house on Fifth Avenue in New York at one minute—

And the next he was penniless; poorer even than he had been as a boy in the Australian bush. The old story—1929!

One night a friend of his (now dead, but at that time president of the National City Bank) invited him to the

*Captain Tim Healy
Tells the Story of
Stamp Collecting with
New Twists from His
Club 3,000,000 Strong*

University Club. There was to be a speaker, but the speaker didn't show up. Tim filled in. He chatted informally about stamps, his hobby. When he was finished the club chairman handed him a check.

"This is what we were going to pay the speaker," he said. "You're better than he would have been."

It gave Tim the idea that he might earn a living talking about stamps. He went on a lecture tour across the country, but it wasn't highly successful. However, at each of his stops he talked to the children in the schools, and they were crazy about stamps.

SSOMETIMES half the boys in school would have a collection. How about a radio program for kids, he began to wonder? At first he didn't think the grown-ups would go for it. However, he suggested the idea to Procter and Gamble. It didn't sound any too good to them, but they put him in touch with their advertising agency and let him try out at a small station in Hartford, Connecticut. And then, as Tim says, for six weeks they just plain forgot about him.

But out in Cincinnati a brand of soap manufactured by Procter and Gamble—not Ivory, at that time—began mysteriously to sell like hot cakes! The
(Continued on Page 19)

David Ross Looks Back

BY GUNNAR NORBERG

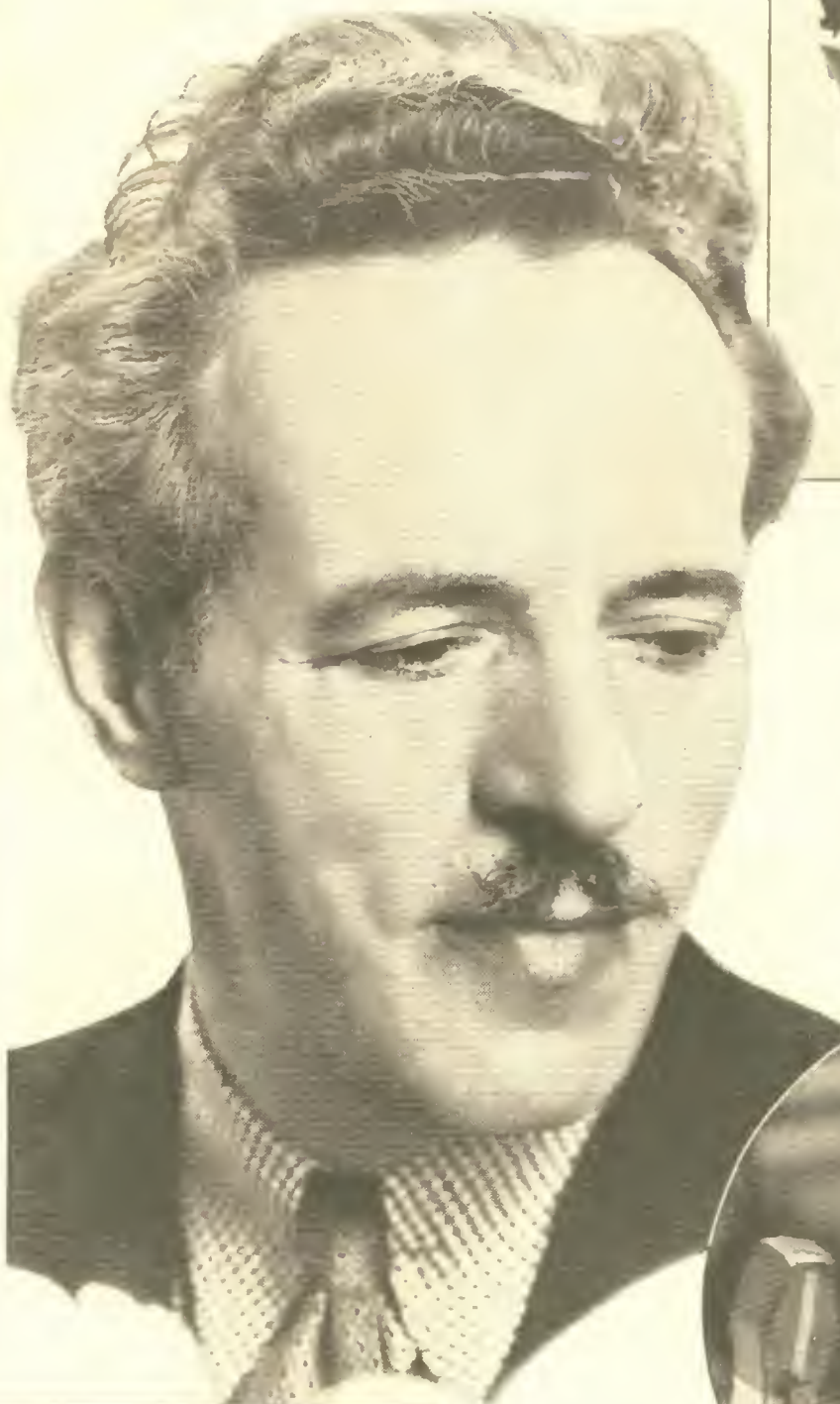
FUNNY how life picks you up and twists you about, fills you with fears and inhibitions, then gives you a chance to overcome them," said David Ross, noted CBS announcer and well-known poet. There was a faraway look in his eyes as he spoke, more to himself in reminiscence, than to me.

Twenty stories below the comfortable and tastefully appointed office in which we were seated, were the sidewalks of a busy New York street. Automobile horns were sounding, bespeaking the mad rush of men impatiently hurrying from one place to another. A policeman's penetrating whistle blew. Newsboys were crying an extra, announcing in shrill voices that another murder had been committed. David heard them. There was still the distant look in his eyes. He had been a newsboy himself not so many years ago, and not so many blocks away.

"As soon as I was old enough to understand the meaning of responsibility, I was forced to share it," he began. "At five o'clock on cold Winter mornings I used to start on my paper route. I remember only too well the gusty, deserted streets. My papers were piled high on a dilapidated baby carriage. It was a long route that I had." There was a hint of infinite weariness in his voice as he recalled the drudgery, the misery of those boyhood days. "Often I would have to go directly from my paper route to school without breakfast," he said.

IT WAS difficult for me to imagine this immaculately attired man before me as the ill-clad Bronx newsboy that he had been, his coat threadbare—and sizes too large for him—his tattered cap askew, the soles of his shoes worn thin.

Crying extras along the dimly lit thoroughfares of New York's tough, hard-boiled slaughter house district,



"Poet's Gold" is the title to David Ross' published volume, and listeners have frequently requested him to read extracts

From the Kaleidoscope of His Past Announcer David Ross Reviews a Career as Bizarre as Any of His Most Imaginative Poet's Dreams



Not a trace of his former timidity and fear remains in any of the multiple activities of his busy week

One of the latest portrait studies of the announcer-poet and, left, a reproduction of the 1932 American Academy of Arts and Letters diction award that he won

where he lived, was the first training in public speaking that Ross had. Little did he realize then that in 1932, at the age of thirty-seven, he would win the coveted Diction Award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for the perfection of his speech. This is especially striking in view of his timidity in school when he had to recite.

"I would immediately draw into a shell when called upon to speak in class," he said, smiling at the recollection. "All that I could see about me when I arose to recite were faces that seemed to me angry and menacing. I used to become so embarrassed that I could only stammer and slutter.

(Continued on Page 18)



A GAMBLER hates to be bluffed. Especially an amateur gambler. It was two o'clock in the morning. Six tense men sat in shirt-sleeves around a dining-room table. Smoke hung in layers up to the ceiling.

"See you, and—raise you five!"

Chips clicked and men sighed stealthily. Was Bower bluffing? Only he and Dokken were left to fight for the poker chips in the center of the table. The other four had been frozen out. Oren M. Dokken, successful business man, looked across the table. Did he imagine it or—was the face of Roswell Bower just a little too bland?

The host, Charles J. Stier, smiled. Head of an up-and-coming business in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he especially enjoyed this duel of wits because Dokken was his particular friend and Roswell Bower was his sales manager.

Dokken's strong face tightened. He was a fighter. To him the few dollars in the "pot" were unimportant as money. But he hated to let anybody put anything over on him.

"I'm in," he said a little grimly. "And I'll up it another five."

Bland-faced Bower smiled gently. Bulldog tactics, whether in business or poker, couldn't frighten a man who had what it takes to be a successful sales manager during the depression. Bower had what it takes.

"And five," he droned. Again a little rain of chips clicked upon the cloth. And again a couple of watchers sighed to ease the tension of the moment. A faint shade of annoyance crossed the face of Dokken—Dokken who hated, above all things, to be bluffed. He eyed the cards, tight-clutched in his hand. Every shirt-sleeved man in the room was looking at him.

"Well," he said, "I'll see you."

NEVER mind!" snapped a gruff voice. A new voice. It came from the dining-room doorway. Six startled men jerked heads and eyes to take in a slim stranger. He had a handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face.

"I'm doing the calling!" said the slim stranger. He had a pistol in his hand.

"Who—Where—How did you get in?" demanded Stier.

The masked stranger laughed arrogantly. The handkerchief moved with the breath of his mirth, but Dokken the fighter noticed that the pistol held steady.

"I knew all about your poker games," the gunman said. "I've cased this joint, all right." He tossed a small cardboard box on the table. "I even brought a box along to hold your dough. Okay—shell out!"

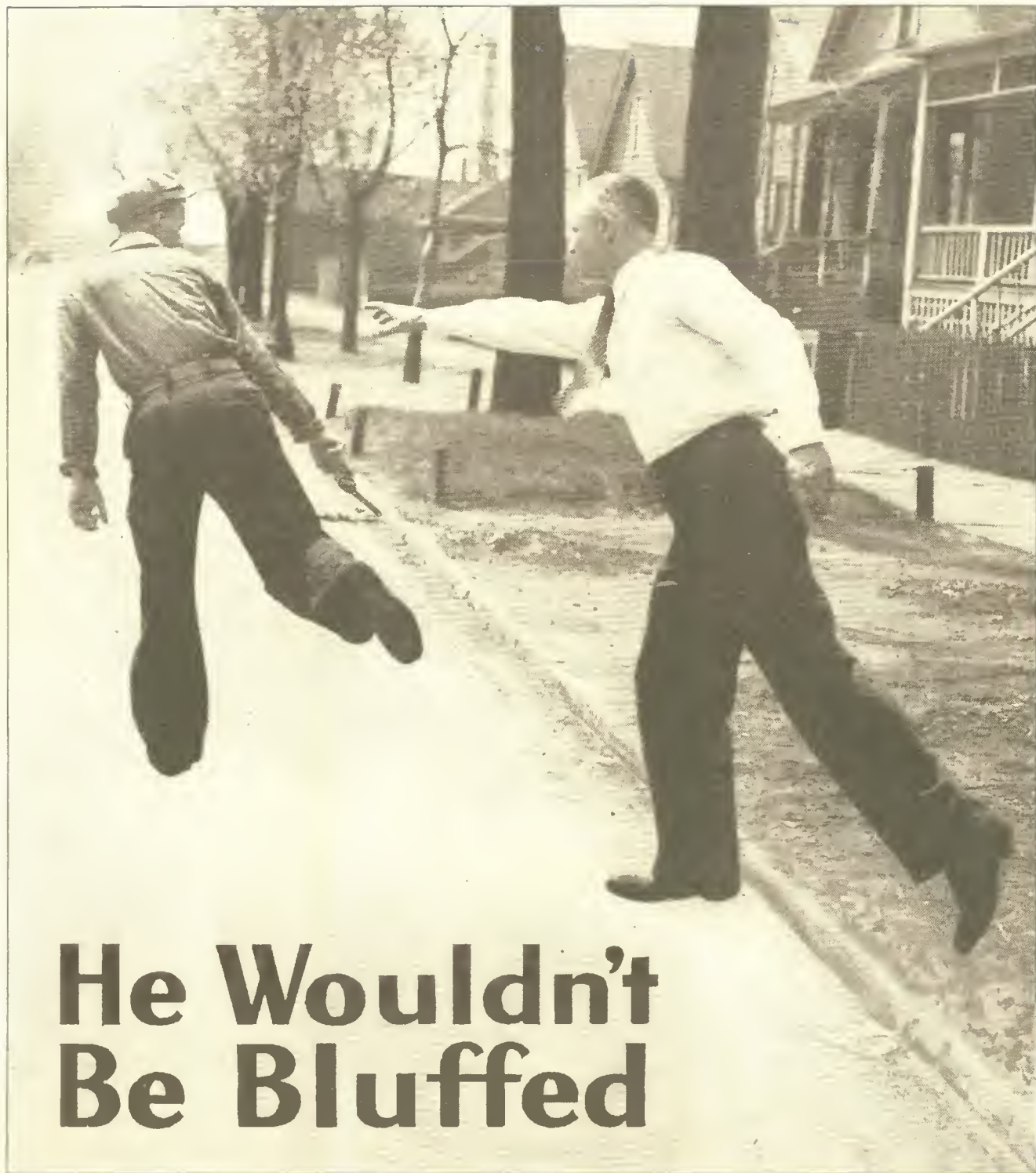
Charles J. Stier laughed a little uneasily. Even now he couldn't quite believe that this was real—that a gunman was here, in the flesh, invading his own home, robbing his guests and himself. Why, holdup men are fellows you read about—not actual flesh and blood men who walk into your dining-room!

"Say," said Stier, "is this a gag? Did one of you fellows put this lad up to this?"

"Come on, you!" snarled the masked man with the gun. "Get it up! Get it up, or you'll see if it's a gag!"

The men around the table looked at one another—at Stier. Slowly Stier reached into his pocket, took out his wallet.

"Take out the dough!" taunted the



He Wouldn't Be Bluffed

Bowers set his teeth and sprinted. Elated, he saw that the distance between himself and the man ahead was narrowing. Second by second he overhauled him, until—

Give a Poker Player a Dangerous Situation to Face, and He Will Use His Poker Technique—Even as Did Oren Dokken—If His Very Life Is the Stake!

voice beneath the mask. "Put it right in the nice little box!"

As Stier obeyed, placing a plump roll of bills into the marauder's cardboard box, Dokken's lips stiffened. His eyes flicked around the room. Here they were, six husky men. Six to one. What if the bandit did have a gun. He wasn't expecting any trouble. Maybe he wouldn't even have the guts to shoot. Maybe he was bluffing.

Dokken hated to be bluffed!

One by one the gamblers, amateur but expert, passed out their money,

placed it in the little cardboard box beneath the gleaming, shifting eyes of the bandit. And steadily Dokken watched that gun.

"Come on, you!" rapped the bandit at last. "Get it up!"

DOKKEN stepped forward quietly. Lamblike, he fished his money from his pocket, dropped it into the box. The bandit snatched up the box, and immediately began to back towards the door. For an instant the muzzle of his gun lowered just a mere trifle.

Dokken sprang. He landed. He kicked.

But the kick which he aimed at the bandit's gun missed. The swinging foot struck the cardboard box, and bills scattered to the floor.

"Crack!" The gun spoke, and the bandit cursed. But the slug flew past Dokken's head, and the masked gunman stumbled backwards over a chair. For an instant time stood still in that room as if the courageous Dokken successfully had called a bluff.

(Continued on Page 44)

A CALLING ALL CARS STORY—BY ARTHUR KENT

PLUMS and PRUNES

By Evans Plummer



Above: Rudy Vallee has the tables turned on him. Usually the host, here he is guest of the Woman's National Radio Committee who voted his program the best non-musical broadcast on the air. Below: Suave and handsome Charles Lyon, popular NBC mickeman

YOUR CELEBS AT WORK

Recent Events In the Studios



Above: Agnes Moorehead offers suggestions to announcer Harry Von Zell as they go over the scripts for the "Great American Tourist" and below, Phil Baker of the same broadcast glowers at Maestro Richard Himber for a sour note



OFF A LIVE MIKE: Jack Oakie has been signed by the Gillette Safety Razor Company for a new show to begin airing over NBC late in July. And an unconfirmed report is that Harry Conn, the momentarily ailing gag writer for Jack Benny, has been signed to a 52-week contract at \$1500 a week to write and put the edge on the Oakie material! . . . Fred Astaire has been placed under a long-term contract for his first regular air series by Packard Motors, show to begin in early Fall. What Astaire will do is not yet determined . . . Margaret Speaks and William Daly's ork will carry on for that tire firm when Nelson Eddy winds up. Eddy'll do some guest turns for that company, despite the fact he's signed up for a series come Fall for the ointment-making sponsor who had Grace Moore last Winter.

Walter Wicker has received indefinite leave of absence from his radio work, to enable him to carry out certain business obligations. He'll leave Chicago in July, but his wife Irene will carry on with her Singing Lady shows . . . And the Singing Lady is righteously miffed at the Woman's National Radio Committee which, despite Irene's program receiving more votes than any other children's program, awarded this year's first prize to Wilderness Road as the best of children's programs! . . . Rudy Vallee's program will come from Hollywood for an indefinite number of weeks presently when he starts playing the lead in a picture in which Dick Powell, laid low with voice trouble, was to have been starred.

Irna (Today's Children and Welcome Valley) Phillips is absent from her *Mother Moran* role at the moment because she's doing a Garbo, and doesn't want people to be bothering her where she is. But she'll be convalesced soon and back at the mike . . . Fritzi Scheff was given two weeks' notice by Lavender and Old Lace effective May 13. No replacements named at press time . . . Walter Woolf King, baritone star of Broadway and Hollywood, has been renewed by Flying Red Horse Tavern.

Horrible example of how not to advertise on the radio: The commercial patter preceding and ending Irene Rich's drama for Welch's Grape Juice.

RECENTLY you read here that the Columbia network had sold out its orchestra booking business to the Music Corporation of America . . . So of late I have detected that the CBS late night programs are turning away from dance music! Instead, Franklyn MacCormack's poetic "Nocturne" has become a CBS wee-hour show. Others of the ether owls added recently over a West Coast CBS net are Organist Eddie House's "Musical Nocturne" and a vocal program, "Songs at Midnight," offering WBBM's 1936 audition winners, Alida Sturman and Philip Crane, with organ accompaniment.

In other words, now that CBS is not interested in the orchestra business, listeners may have a chance to hear something besides swing music and repeated song plugs between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m.

CELLULOID FLICKERS: Captain Tim Healy (*See Page 9 of this issue*) is readying a movie short script on stamps and their collection . . . One of RKO's younger contract players who is about to make her screen debut hails from radio. Patricia Wilder, the Georgia girl who was Bob Hope's original *Honey Chile* on the air, will be seen in "Bunker Bean" . . .

Another recently contracted young singer and actor, Edward Sheppard Price, formerly did his stuff in the California radio studios.

ADD ODDITIES: When Rudy Vallee's show went on the air about five years ago, Natalie Bodanskaya was the very first person to be auditioned—and rejected as unsuitable. You heard her guest recently. She was plumpful. Last week Natalie made her Metropolitan Opera debut and she'll be guesting soon again for Rudy!

THIS pillarer had a swell time last week as the guest and dinner partner of Auntie Bea Lillie, the Flying Red Horsewoman. Auntie Bea, it seems, is irked at her position on the show. Being spotted at the very end, and cut into the New York program from Chicago where she is engaged on the stage, Auntie cannot amble on overtime. Her bedtime story must conclude on the dot—and sometimes dotter—if the "fifty-three choruses" (Lillie quotation) happen to run long.

Auntie Bea would like to cut a few of the choruses and talk a wee bit more. And she has another swell idea. She'd like to cut in at the end of the commercial announcement with a "lade-dah" or something to the effect of "What a pretty speech!" . . . And, although nobody asked me, I say it would oil up the show.

LADY PEEL (that's her evening gown tag) is a radio fan. She goes for Fred Allen in particular and is amazed at his quick-witted ad lib comments during the amateur section of his program. The lady is also a regular tuner-inner of those two Vox Poppers, Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson. "Only," admits Auntie Bea. "I can't think of the right answers before they've asked the next question!" That, coming from Lady Peel, is something. But take it from Plummer, if she can't think of the right answers, I still bet she's a whizz at thinking up some very swell wrong answers, and quickly, too.

Our condolences to Connie Osgood, veteran radactress of Chicago, who's been heard in *Myrt and Marge* and many other programs. Connie's mother passed away last Wednesday, May 6.

ROMANCE CORNER: Dave Rubino and Lavonne Rindy, Dallas beaut, are still making eyes—and after a year, too! . . . John D. Fitzgerald, the CBS Special Events mickster in Chicago, is making Virginia (Helen Trent) Clark his extra special event . . . Edwin Morse, current author of the Betty and Bob sketches, and Alice Davenport, of the Billy Batchelor program, said it to wedding bells last week . . . And vice versa, Comedian "Doc" Rockwell made himself a Reno widower.

STORKCASTS: Born Wednesday, May 6, to Joan Winters (Mrs. Frank Bering), a nine-pound boy, Frank, Junior . . . Born Monday, May 4, to Sunda Love, Florence Nightingale in the CBS Junior Nurse Corps, a seven-pound boy, Ronald.

TAG LINES: On May 24, NBC's oldest program celebrates its twelfth anniversary. It's Milton Cross' Children's Hour, now entitled "Coast to Coast on a Bus." And just to set the record straight, this is the ORIGINAL radio amateur hour! . . . Kate Smith is to be paired with Big Bill Tilden in an exhibition tennis match for charity! Facing the team probably will be John Charles Thomas and one of the ranking woman players.

INSIDE STUFF

By Martin Lewis

CHANGES: The Voice of Experience is going to shift his airings from the CBS chain on Monday, May 25, and will broadcast daily except Saturday over an NBC network.

Ted Weems replaces Rico Marchelli on the Monday night NBC Fibber McGee and Molly program on June 15. Reason for switch—'tis said sponsor wanted more of a dance tempo band.

Bill Krenz, the piano tickler of the NBC Breakfast Club, deserts the piano stool for a baton and has made his debut as an orchestra leader in a program heard each Saturday morning.

SPECIAL EVENTS: Early Thursday evening, May 14, over CBS. Ex-President Herbert Hoover speaks from Philadelphia on "A Republican Program." One week later at the same time and over the same network, Mr. Hoover talks again from Philadelphia, his last formal address preceding the Republican convention. May 26, CBS, shortly after midday—The National Spelling Bee finalists from Washington, D. C.—The daily broadcasts beginning May 27 and continuing until the last line is out to the dock in the North River telling of the maiden voyage of the new British liner *Queen Mary*. Both NBC and CBS will carry these broadcasts.—If NBC can gain the cooperation of the Russian government, it will broadcast the eclipse of the sun from Omsk, Russia, on July 19.

The special Pan-American concert will be broadcast over an NBC network on Thursday night, May 28. It will come direct from the Esplanade of the Pan-American Union in Washington, D. C., and will be short-waved to Central and South America.

The A. A. U. marathon race from the ancestral home of George Washington, in Mount Vernon, to the White House will be broadcast over an NBC network on Saturday, May 30.

The Radio City Music Hall Glee Club spends the week of May 22 at the Earle Theater in Washington, D. C. . . . Isham Jones opens at the Palomar in Los Angeles, May 13.

SPECIAL: Jack Hylton will not go into the Astor Hotel in New York. It has been reported that the English maestro is not satisfied with the spot and may tour vaudeville if the question of line charges can be straightened out with his sponsor.

RADIO IN HOLLYWOOD: Bing Crosby and Bob Burns blossom out together in a movie for Paramount, June 15. It's called "Rhythm on the Range" . . . Frances Langford is teamed with Smith Ballew for a picture called "Palm Springs" to be released by Paramount June 5 . . . May 15 is the date the new Grace Moore movie is to be released. It's a Columbia film tagged "The King Steps Out!" . . . "Hearts Divided" is the new play Dick Powell made for Warner Brothers, which will hit the screens June 6 . . . Don Ameche's first vehicle is "Sins of Man" for 20th Century-Fox, to be released May 29 . . . Lionel Barrymore has two films for early Summer release. "Witch of Timbuktu," an M-G-M Movie, will debut June 15. "Road to Glory," made for 20th Century-Fox, is for July 1 release . . . Bobby Breen, the new child star of the Eddie Cantor radio show, is starred in "Let's Sing Again," made for an independent producer and released the week of May 8 . . . Leslie Howard will appear in "Romeo and Juliet" for M-G-M, which will be released this Fall . . . "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is Alice Faye's next screen venture. 20th Century-Fox will release it July 24 . . . Allan Jones, the

tenor who made such a hit on his radio guest spots, appears in Universal's "Show Boat" which opens May 17.

DEATH: Thomas Broadhurst, lovable 82-year-old character of the sea who wrote CBS' "Sea Stories," died May 1, the day before his regularly scheduled broadcast. You may also remember him as the author of that best seller of three years ago, "Blow the Man Down."

LATE FLASH—Ethel Shutta has signed for some film work with one of the big movie companies.

ANSWERING the swarms of requests from readers asking information about Conrad Thibault, here 'tis: He is taking a much-needed rest and will not return to the air until the Fall. In the meantime, he is preparing material for his 1936-37 contract season.

ODDS AND ENDS: The 52-week contract which the Lux Radio Theater had with CBS ends on July 15. The question of whether the show will remain on the air during the Summer still hangs fire . . . Willard Robison, who features a particular type of music on each week's program, will play all Southern music on his Tuesday, May 19, CBS program . . . Richard Stevenson, author of "Wilderness Road," the CBS children's program, has just returned from a trip to the real Wilderness Road. It is a 145-mile stretch from Virginia into Kentucky in the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" country. He has been gathering material for future shows.

Betty Lou Gerson is not letting marriage interfere with her career, or vice versa, if you'd rather. Betty is back on the air taking the role of Aunt Sue in "Flying Time" and Helen Adams in "Girl Alone."

MENTIONING Girl Alone reminds me to tell the readers who no longer can hear this program over their local stations, that it is broadcast daily over WMAQ, Chicago, only. A sponsor grabbed it for a local Windy City show, but I understand is contemplating putting it back on a network. He would, if he knew how popular it is.

COMMENT: One of my readers would like to know if Parks Johnson's kids call him "Vox Popper" . . . Another wants to know why police and airplane calls are announced in a monotone.

MY FRIEND Irving Hoffman observes that the radio serial, "Roses and Drums," which has been on the air for four years and three months, has actually taken longer to fight the Civil War on the air than it did in Dixie.

PERSONAL OBSERVATION: Ken Murray and Eddie Dowling are both suffering from a bad case of scriptitis.

KAY KYSER made his first guest appearance with his orchestra at the Aragon Ballroom to bid farewell to Freddie Martin. Before he went on the platform he stood out in the middle of the dance floor, while the orchestra was playing its first number, to see if it had the proper balance. A bouncer, who didn't recognize Kyser, ushered him off the floor because he didn't have a dancing partner.

DON'T BE surprised if Johnny Green's orchestra isn't with Jack Benny when he returns to the air next Fall after his usual Summer lay-off. And don't be a bit surprised if it's Don Bestor who returns to his old job.



THIS WEEK'S NEWS REEL

Latest Shots of Your Favorites

Lum 'n' Abner see the town of Waters, Arkansas, become Pine Ridge in their honor. Governor Futrell welcomes Chester Lauck (Lum) and Abner's wife, left, and Norris Goff (Abner) and Lum's wife. Below: Gale Page and a fan offering of real Guinea pigs



Above: Newlyweds are First Nighter Betty Gerson with her new husband, Joe Ainley, advertising man. Below: Uncle Ezra arrives in Walton, Illinois, for Rosedale Day. They got out the old cart for him. Or maybe it wasn't put away



STAR POLL DRAWS TO CLIMAX

SLIGHTLY more than two weeks to go! Look at those standings in the lists below! Zowie! How they are jumping up and down and all around. Come on, supporters, get into the fray and stand up for your rights. And one can use the word "rights" advisedly, too.

Your favorite radio stars and radio programs become your rights, do they not? You listen to them so often that you begin to take them for granted. When a thing reaches that stage, you would be indignant if it were to be taken away from you. In other words, you would rise in righteous wrath against whoever deprived you of something that has become part of your life—in short, yours.

A PROGRAM taken-for-granted becomes a program most in need of your support. Perhaps you say, "Gee, that is a swell show, the best on the air," after hearing the weekly or daily broadcast. Then, because you figure everyone must think as you, you sit back and do nothing about it. No such thing! Everybody's tastes are different. Preferences change and twist, and if you want your favorites to keep their top standings, do not expect them to do so unless you join in the active campaign to maintain their high places.

RADIO GUIDE'S Star of Stars Poll is regarded by authorities and radio officials as a just and accurate barometer of radio standings. The reason is that the listeners alone do the choosing. A low rating here may prove disastrous to your favorite. Prevent any such calamity. Do your share. Do more than your share, and protect your rights to the radio entertainment that suits your tastes best.

The fair sex—which specifically means Jessica Dragonette, Joan Blaine and Grace Moore—have stirred up sudden rebellion in the Star of Stars positions this week, and who knows that one or all of these three lovely stars may threaten even King Jack Benny's position this time next week? And by then there will be but one week left!

No time for dilly-dallying about with daily procrastinations and delays. Get your votes in now and be sure that your constituents will lead the race. Nor should you stop there. The stakes are too great for any single votes to be risked in this sea, this onrushing wave of public opinion. Vote often; get your friends to vote often. Do not leave a particle of doubt in your own mind or the minds of the all-important sponsors as to who and what you want.

WHICH puts the burden of the proof upon your shoulders. Your stars have been forced to the test. See to it that they meet it successfully. Grace Moore's fans are not letting her down. She not only came up this week in the Star of Stars division, but she held her own little niche in second place in that other hotly contested group, the singer of operatic or classical songs.

Get behind your favorites and vote. Remember, protect your rights! The Official Ballot on this page is of convenient size for pasting on the back of a penny post card. Clip it out now.

A medal and no end of honor awaits the winner in each division. Will your favorite win by being the most popular on the air? Make your votes count! Vote as often as you like—but vote!

It is impossible to list all contestants in all divisions now—but here are the twelve leaders in each division:

Star of Stars

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



Grace Moore is the exquisite lady whose popularity in the Star of Stars division put her ahead two places this week

Musical Program

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

Dramatic Program

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

Children's Program

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

Dance Orchestra

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Wayne King | 7. Rudy Vallee |
| 2. Guy Lombardo | 8. Jan Garber |
| 3. Richard Himber | 9. Ozzie Nelson |
| 4. Horace Heidt | 10. Ray Noble |
| 5. Ben Bernie | 11. Hal Kemp |
| 6. Fred Waring | 12. George Hall |

Male Singer of Popular Songs

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Bing Crosby | 7. Frank Munn |
| 2. Lanny Ross | 8. James Melton |
| 3. Frank Parker | 9. Ralph Kirshery |
| 4. Dick Powell | 10. Jack Owens |
| 5. Kenny Baker | 11. Jerry Cooper |
| 6. Rudy Vallee | 12. Morion Downey |

Female Singer of Popular Songs

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

Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs

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

Comedian or Comedy Act

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Jack Benny | 7. Fibber McGee |
| 2. Eddie Cantor | 8. Pick and Pat |
| 3. George Burns and Gracie Allen | 9. Easy Aces |
| 4. Lunt 'n' Abner | 10. Phil Baker |
| 5. Amos 'n' Andy | 11. Bob Burns |
| 6. Fred Allen | 12. Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten |

Announcer

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. James Wallington | 7. Don McNeill |
| 2. Don Wilson | 8. Harry Von Zell |
| 3. Ted Husing | 9. Phil Stewart |
| 4. Milton Cross | 10. David Ross |
| 5. Graham McNamee | 11. Truman Bradley |
| 6. Tiny Ruffner | 12. John S. Young |

News Commentator

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

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

OLIN DOWNES, music critic of The New York Times, caused considerable controversy by his discussion recently of the comment made during Metropolitan Opera intermissions. He said, in part: "Some scripts have been useful and informative. Others have been astonishingly cheap. No one with a real love of music could possibly listen to certain comments and interviews dispensed aerially with the Metropolitan performances, and properly designated as 'silly, uninteresting, and insignificant,' without annoyance."

SHOULD singers of exceptional gifts perform cheap, trashy, and trivial songs? Is it good practise to hire high-grade talent and place it in alien surroundings? Should a renowned orchestra leader exchange naive chit-chat with a crooner, granting that each is superb in his field? Is anything gained from having Bach and Debussy mixed in with hot trumpet playing?

Mr. Downes believes it out-of-date as well as cheap to pursue this course. He asks the Metropolitan and the other institutions presenting great music and great musicians on the radio to be as jealous of standards as Mr. Toscanini is of a false note in a symphony by Beethoven.

The question asked by every advertiser is: Does such a policy pay? Only the public can answer.

CARMEN will be the first broadcast in the Metropolitan Opera popular season (May 16, NBC network). Bruna Castagna, 26-year-old Italian soprano, will sing the title role, essayed during the regular season by Rosa Ponselle.

Miss Castagna, for whom a great career is promised, began to study music at the age of seven, and at ten she was a child prodigy as a pianist. Liking her own voice, she decided to train it. Afterwards, without consulting anyone, she sang for the manager of the Montova Opera House and was engaged on the spot. Toscanini finally accepted her for La Scala and Tullio Serafin took her to the Colon in Buenos Aires. She broadcasts a recital every Saturday evening over CBS.

RICHARD HAGEMAN'S "Caponsacchi" is promised for the third Metropolitan broadcast on May 30. It is based on Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book" and came about as a result of the composer's visit to Walter Hampden's theater, where the actor was playing the role. "I wanted to get up from my seat," Mr. Hageman says, "and tell him that the play ought to be sung and not spoken. Instead, I persuaded the man who had adapted the play to write a new libretto and unless you know the poem by heart, it's impossible to tell where his libretto begins and Browning ends. And a libretto is more than half of an opera."

GILBERT and Sullivan fans will find music to their liking in the spot where the NBC Music Appreciation series was, Friday mornings... Wagner is the hero on the Music Hall of the Air, Sundays. It is the annual Spring Wagnerian Festival featuring excerpts from the great Richard's music-dramas.

Two tenors, Martinelli and Bentonelli, are scheduled for the Ford Sunday Evening Hour on May 17 and 31 respectively... The concertmeister, Michel Piastro, and several "first-chair" men of the General Motors Symphony, will make bows this Sunday.

E. Robert Schmitz, who broadcasts regularly on CBS each Wednesday afternoon, is listed in his biography as "one of the twelve great concert pianists of the world." We'd enjoy seeing

(Continued on Page 18)

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, 731
Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. (Can be pasted on a post-card)

5-27-36

DEUCES WILD

(Continued from Page 5)

"I dreamed it."
 "You dreamed what?"
 "It. About the jewels."
 "For crying out—what jewels?"
 "You know, dear, the jewels I dreamed about. Oh, but you don't know about them, do you?"

Goody guessed he wasn't a mind reader, let alone a dream reader.

"Well," said Jane with a business-like deep breath, "I dreamed . . . I guess I must have dreamed it." And there, ready-made, was the series about the maid and the gangsters and the stolen jewels.

Jane is still a little worried about that. She hopes that dreams won't come true; but then, she figures that if a maid were going to hide stolen jewels in their apartment, she wouldn't now that it had already been on the air.

She was worried, too, about this interview. "We'd have a lot more to talk about if it was only next month. Dear, can you think of anything to talk about?"

"She means," Goody explains, "after the New York racing season gets under way."

"Dear, tell her about the time I won."

"You tell her—and you didn't win."

"But the horse did, dear."
 It was Jane's big splurge—the time she *didn't* win \$90. Modern Ace was the horse, and odds at nine to one. Jane bet her shirt (\$10) on the name and saw Modern Ace come in first. Wild as a filly in pasture, as overjoyed as a setter puppy off the leash, she rushed through the throng to Goody, crying, "Dear, I won, I won! How much is nine times ten? Ninety dollars. I won ninety dollars."

Ace looked at her and knew the worst. "On Modern Ace?" he asked. She nodded ecstatically, "He came in way ahead. Did you see?" He had come in first all right, but had been disqualified!

IT COST Jane some time to take that in, but when she did the surrounding crowd scattered like leaves before the storm of her wrath. She didn't think it was fair and said so—loudly—which is the only time she's really kicked when she's lost.

That's one sane thing about these Deuces Wild Easy Aces. They know they can't win. Over it they have a long standing argument with their friends, George Burns and Gracie Allen. George and Gracie think that betting on races, every day the way the Aces do, is—well, just a little bit sinful. "Fun to lose money? They're crazy."

The Aces praise the fresh air and sunshine that goes with the sport of kings and Aces.

"Hot spots," they sneer.

"Why," says Goody, shaking a finger under George's nose, "I'd rather know I was going to lose \$25 a day on the horses than spend the same amount of money at the Stork Club the way you do."

"And we might win," Jane adds. George shakes his head. "I'll get you. You might win! Ha!"

"We won't win," Goody shouts. "We don't want to win."

"But, dear, I want to," puts in Jane.

Gracie giggles. "I bet you say that to all the men."

Jane looks triumphant. "See? You're betting, too!"

And so it goes. The Aces are two-dollar bettors (most of the time) who don't give a darn if they win or lose. They love horses, but like the sailor who loves the sea and can't swim, they don't know how to ride. Every day, rain or shine, they go to a race if there's one in driving distance.

There was the rainy day in Kansas City. The road to the race track was deserted. They decided they must be late. Stepping on the gas, they sped through the downpour to the track. There was no track. It had been washed away by the storm.

DURING the Winter, when there are no races in the North, they install a Teleflash machine in their apartment. With binoculars and clam chowder for atmosphere, they gather Harry Conn, Georgie Price and other race fans to listen to the minute-by-minute descriptions of races being run in Florida or California.

They wistfully window-shop at yearling sales. Last year, tempted by the big brown eyes of a little filly, they almost bought her, but the manager of their hotel apartment objected. "Madam," he cried, "The Essex House can not be a stable for horses!"

Literal-minded Jane was impatient with such stupidity. "Not horses! Horse!"

"That's right. A stable of horse." Goody continued, but the manager had walked away.

It's catching, this nonsense of theirs. Jane is not only superstitious about sitting in a "lucky" seat in a certain box at each race track, but she has her lucky pencil.

Normally sane (I hope) I said: "But what do you do when it wears out?" imagining the tragedy when the merest stub of a pencil finally vanished.

As seriously as I, Jane explained: "It's the refillable kind."

Goodman Ace snorted and walked away all in a thoroughbred's huff.

Jane and Goodman Ace—"Easy Aces"—broadcast over an NBC network every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening at 7 p.m. EDT (6 EST; 6 CDT; 5 CST; 4 MST; 3 PST).

HITS OF WEEK

AMERICA may be going "swing" right and left, but the most popular tune of the week, according to the "Your Hit Parade" program, is once more "Lost," an ostensible "sweet" song. Right behind it in second place, having jumped up from down around eighth, is another soothing melody, "You." A pair of newcomers, deservedly popular, have crept onto the tail end of the bunch, and will probably start the trek up the list.

Within a month or less you may read of "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" being on the top of the heap, then, following the usual course, another month may see it off the list entirely. That is, unless it matches "Goody Goody," which is still up around the head of the list, or like the Egg song, which staged a heroic comeback, reinstating itself in sixth place after a week's rest in twelfth.

Most frequent requests of "YOUR HIT PARADE"

1. Lost
2. You
3. Melody from the Sky
4. Goody Goody
5. Touch of Your Lips
6. I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket
7. All My Life
8. Love Is Like a Cigarette
9. You Staid Me Dreaming
10. It's Been So Long
11. Let Yourself Go
12. Tormented
13. Let's Face the Music and Dance
14. Is It True What They Say About Dixie?
15. I Don't Want to Make History

GOING AWAY?

SUMMER is almost here. Those cool lake breezes and that moon-kissed beach beckon, don't they? But—if you do go away for a vacation this year, be sure not to miss out on a single copy of the new, bigger and better RADIO GUIDE. Hurry and send any change of address to the Circulation Department, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

ONLY

1.75 a month
 (at age 30)

\$1000.00
 for this

Whole Life Policy!

Low Rates At All Ages—Men or Women

CONSULT THIS CHART FOR LOW RATE AT YOUR AGE PER \$1000 OF INSURANCE

AGE	MONTHLY PREMIUM	LESS 9 1/2% DIVIDEND	AGE	MONTHLY PREMIUM	LESS 9 1/2% DIVIDEND
15	51.36	51.25	38	52.44	52.23
16	1.38	1.27	39	2.53	2.32
17	1.41	1.29	40	2.62	2.40
18	1.44	1.32	41	2.71	2.48
19	1.47	1.35	42	2.81	2.57
20	1.50	1.37	43	2.92	2.67
21	1.53	1.40	44	3.04	2.78
22	1.57	1.44	45	3.16	2.89
23	1.60	1.47	46	3.29	3.01
24	1.64	1.50	47	3.42	3.13
25	1.68	1.54	48	3.57	3.27
26	1.72	1.58	49	3.73	3.41
27	1.77	1.62	50	3.90	3.57
28	1.82	1.67	51	4.08	3.73
29	1.86	1.70	52	4.28	3.92
30	1.91	1.75	53	4.49	4.11
31	1.97	1.80	54	4.73	4.33
32	2.03	1.86	55	4.98	4.55
33	2.09	1.91	56	5.24	4.79
34	2.15	1.97	57	5.53	5.06
35	2.22	2.03	58	5.84	5.34
36	2.29	2.10	59	6.18	5.63
37	2.38	2.18	60	6.51	5.95

Note: Twice the rates shown for \$2000.00. 3 times for \$3000.00. 5 times for \$5000.00 etc.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS. You share the savings we make by eliminating commissions, branch office expenses, and high overhead charges. Low initial rates—reduced still further by TWO DIVIDENDS: Guaranteed 9 1/2% dividend, and an additional contingent dividend as earned. Policies include all standard Privileges, Benefits, and Values.

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Postal offers you the life-time protection of real 100% Life, Legal Reserves Life Insurance with cash and loan values and all standard provisions guaranteed in the policy. This strong 30 year old company operating under the rigid New York State Insurance laws has paid out over \$43,000,000.00 to policy holders and their beneficiaries. Insurance is vital!

9 1/2%
 Dividends
 Guaranteed

Get Protection At Once

Find out how Postal can lower the cost of insuring your life. Find out what Postal can do for you. Find your age in the chart at left. Note the low monthly rate at your age. Note the further reduction due to Postal's guaranteed 9 1/2% dividend. Sign the coupon and attach just one month's net low premium. This is all it takes to put the insurance wheels in motion for you. But act at once. Now!

FOR QUICK ACTION CLIP AND MAIL. AT ONCE

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 511 Fifth Avenue, Dept. RW120, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to apply for a life insurance policy.

My exact date and year of birth is

My occupation is

I wish to pay a premium of per month, for months of insurance. I enclose the month's premium which will be returned to me at once if my application is not accepted.

Name

Street and No.

City

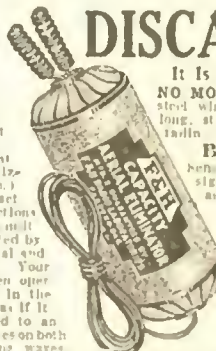
State

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

BUY DIRECT and SAVE MONEY

What's holding Ramona, of Paul Whiteman's orchestra, back? Here is a girl destined for individual stardom, yet she stays with Whiteman. What's the answer? Read it in next issue of Radio Guide

DISCARD YOUR OLD AERIAL



It is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Noisy Connections
NO MORE BUZZES, CLICKS and shots from summer rains and winter snow and steel when using an E. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator. Equals an aerial 15 ft. long, string 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1 1/2 inch by 4 inch space behind your radio. Guaranteed to give you unobscured reception or your money back.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED
 Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly leads and aerial wires. Makes your set complete in itself. Forget aerial wires and troubles, move your set anywhere.

NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED
 On the market five years, 100,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and foreign countries. In use from the Arctic Region of Norway in the Tropics of Africa. Chosen by Government for use on Naval Hospital bedside radio. Each factory tested on actual long distance reception. Guaranteed to work. Easily connected to any radio including radios having no ground or radio for double aerial.

5 DAYS TRIAL. Mail coupon at once. Postpaid \$1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

WHAT USERS SAY

San Antonio, Tex It might interest you to know that with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator I get European stations easily and in the winter get Australia, Russia, Honolulu and many Jap Short Wave Stations. I get all Pacific Coast Stations on the broadcast band.
 Signed: J. K. Somerville

Davenport, Ia. I received your Radio Aerial Eliminator and it sure works fine. Also works swell on Short Wave band. Wish I had found it long ago.
 Signed: F. B. Boxler

— JUST MAIL THIS COUPON —

[E. & H. Radio Laboratories, Dept. 57, Fargo, N. Dak.]
 [Send E. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus ten cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund. Check here if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost. Same refund guarantee. Check here if interested in dealer's proposition.]

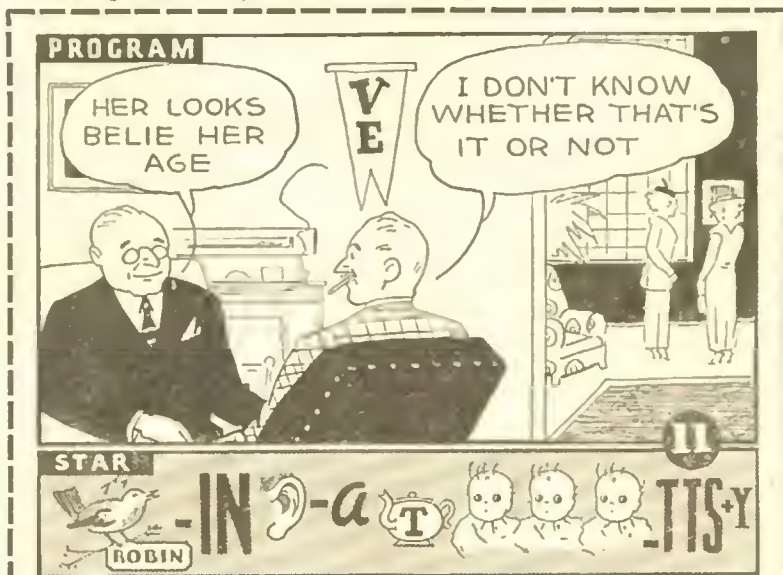
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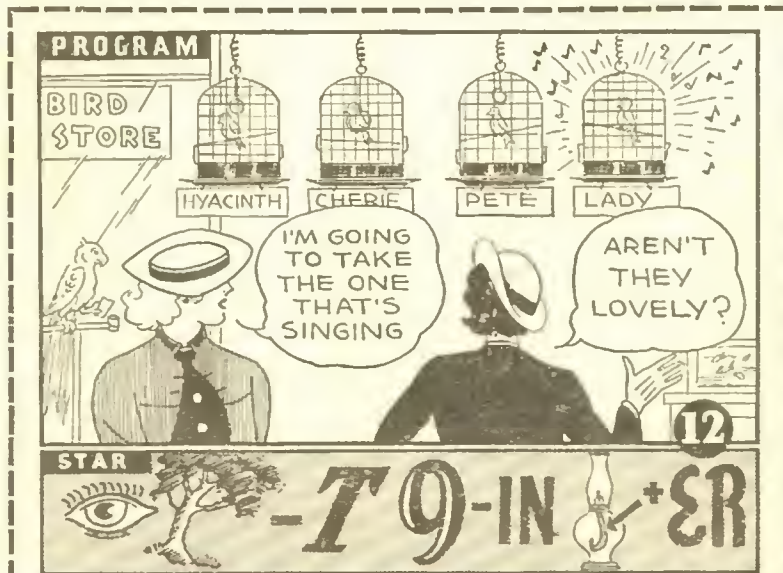
CITY STATE

RADIO GUIDE \$ **5,000** IN CASH PRIZES
WILL PAY FOR SOLVING
RADIO **PUZZLE-PIX**

Printed Below are Pictures No. 11 and 12. For previous pictures get back copies of Radio Guide from your newsdealer.



The Name of the Program Is:.....
The Name of the Star Is:.....



The Name of the Program Is:.....
The Name of the Star Is:.....

THE PROGRAMS ABOVE ARE AMONG THESE: Shell Chateau • The Singing Lady • Fleischmann's Yeast Hour • New Penny • Believe It Or Not • Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing

• THE RULES •

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? This contest is open to everyone except employees of Radio Guide and their families. It is FREE.

WHAT TO DO? Name the Radio Programs and Stars represented by the PUZZLE-PIX appearing each week in Radio Guide. Two Puzzle-Pix, each representing a Radio Program and the name of its featured star, will be published in each consecutive issue. There are twenty-four Puzzle-Pix in all—representing 24 Radio Programs and 24 stars. In naming these programs and stars be sure to use the full names as indicated in the cartoon pictures and rebuses. All programs used in this contest will be those regularly listed in the pages of Radio Guide.

WHERE TO SEND? Hold all puzzles until you have the complete series of 24. Then send them to "Radio Puzzle-Pix," Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago. All entries must be in by midnight fifteen days after the date of issue containing the last set of puzzles.

You need not necessarily name all the programs and stars correctly to win. The prizes will be paid to those who send in the most nearly correct answers. With your entry send a short letter of 50 words or less giving your name and address and telling which of the 24 radio programs in this contest you like best and why. Letters accompanying entries will be considered by the judges only in the event of ties in naming the programs and stars.

THE JUDGES: \$5,000 in cash prizes will be paid by Radio Guide to the persons who send in the best answers in accordance with these rules. A Committee of Judges will be appointed by Radio Guide and its decision in all matters will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

NO HARD WORK! This contest is presented solely for your entertainment. Just test your skill. You do not have to solicit subscriptions or do any other work. You do not even have to buy Radio Guide. You may copy or trace the Puzzle-Pix. Radio Guide may be examined free at our offices or at libraries.

440 CASH PRIZES

- 1st Prize \$1,000
- 2nd Prize 500
- 3rd Prize 250
- Next 2 Prizes \$100 ea. 200
- Next 5 Prizes \$50 ea. 250
- Next 20 Prizes \$25 ea. 500
- Next 50 Prizes \$10 ea. 500
- Next 360 Prizes \$5 ea. 1,800

440 PRIZES TOTALING \$5,000

GET NEXT PICTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S RADIO GUIDE

IN CINCINNATI WITH—

Orville Revelle

DEAR O. R.: This being the time of the year when artists prepare their Summer vacations I'll take the column over while you scout among them to find out who's going where. In case you meet a nice young man contemplating a trip to Niagara tell him you have a number one guide who knows the place by heart now. After all, I'm entitled to a second glimpse at all that water!

While you were away I learned that Jack Edmunds, the Crosley production man, made the fatal leap. Jack married a girl from St. Louis whose name appears in the social register.

Did you know that Chief Announcer Dick Reid of WHIO isn't the only breadwinner in his little family? No sir, the missus, the former Ruth McDole of Terre Haute, is well paid for modeling clothes for a Dayton concern. She was Miss Indiana not so long ago.

Bill Bond, the WAVE announcer, writes that brother Ford, of NBC, is building an eleven-room house on Long Island. Bill's to see it when he vacations this Summer. He also promises to bring back a few of Ford's favorite fish stories.

Perry Como, the Ted Weems vocalist heard over Mutual, is an example of the man who won fame singing in a barber shop. Only Perry did his singing in his own shop at Warren, Ohio. It was here that both Weems and Paul Whitman heard him warble but Weems was the quickest on the draw with pen and contract. The very next day the For Sale sign adorned the Como barber shop and Perry took to singing instead of shaving.

A REPORT from Bill Bailey, the Crosley booster, says that Boss Johnson of the R. F. D. Hour has been chosen Master of the Hounds for the annual fox hunt at Dillsboro, Indiana, scheduled for the week of October 20. I'll wager that's the first time a master of ceremonies was tendered that honor.

Nathan Lord, the WAVE manager, met up with an odd accident during his trip to Cincinnati the other day. Lord and Wilbur Hudson, chief engineer, were driving along when the car owner in front of them decided to make an unwarned left turn. The cars collided and Lord, the only passenger to suffer injury, received a broken finger.

The University of Cincinnati's Fresh Painters' show. Quack Quack, was by the pen of Eddie Birnbryer, member of the WLW music staff, this year. The show experienced one of its greatest seasons—speaking well of Mr. Birnbryer's ability as a musical comedy author.

Earle Cone, president of the Three-S company, sponsors of WLW's Music Box hour, made a hurried trip to Cincinnati to hear Nina Paisley make her debut on the show. Cone was well pleased with the show. Music Box now is heard at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST) on Wednesdays.

That new Mutual program, Tambour Battant, heard on Mondays at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) originates at a Canadian station.

Chuck Wise dropped in. Said to tell you Dick Bray, the R.B. Sportsman, is in line for a medal of some sort as he doesn't use tobacco in any form and has never taken a drink. Like all others, he has one weakness, women! However Dick's best gal is his mother! The others just don't count.

I just laughed and laughed when I tuned in WGN Sunday night at 9 EST (8 CST) because I knew that some day Little Audrey would succumb to the

lure of the ether waves. By the way, Jess Kirkpatrick is worth a mention on the same show.

This next one forced me to walk six extra blocks the other eve. I had to leave the street car to give forth to mirth after hearing it. Two little old women were discussing a certain ether actress and her sudden rise to fame. The first one leaned over close to the other and whispered, "My dear, I have a niece working at the station and she told me that this actress was auditioned six times before she got the job." The other, a haughty old dame, sniffed, "In my time a young lady would have been horse-whipped for such carryings-on!"

The "Alice in Wonderland" show, featuring 600 voices picked from the schools of Louisville and fed to NBC by WAVE the other afternoon, received so many fine comments that the Lord station is preparing for a repeat before the termination of this semester.

Get in line, folks. WLW's Stumpus Club gives ten dollars to any listener sending in a tune they can't play!

IT MUST make a local outfit feel pretty good to have a program good enough to feed the nets. WOWO sent in the announcement that CBS has asked for the Hoosier Hop offering, which will be heard from coast to coast on Mondays at 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST).

Now that the Carefree Carnival has returned to WCKY I'll know where to find you on Fridays nights at 9—next to your radio.

The stork stopped off at the Epps (WLW) Bauers long enough to deposit six pounds and ten ounces of blessedness!

Dorothy Moeller and Martha Scheerer have put in a standing order for the next few days. They eat standing, perform before the mikes standing and sleep facing the bad place since returning from their first experience with a horse's back!

A note from WGN's publicity department wants you to know that the Mutual net will carry both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions. Quin Ryan, Gabriel Heatter, Arthur Sears Henning and Art Evans will be at the mikes.

Stealing one of Evans Plummer's choicest plums I'm tossing it to the oldest ether show in Cincinnati—The Doctors of Melody. This act, composed of Charlie Daneron and Herschel, has been on the air since 'way back when, and the nicest part of each broadcast is that it gets better with age. The show has shifted to WSAI and is heard each Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST).

NO DOUBT you've heard of the fellow who didn't know a hole-in-the-ground when he met one. Well, I ran into him recently through the broadcasting of "Lucky Escapes from Death" over WKRC. It seems that this chap dug a well on his farm and later on fell into it and almost suffocated from damp gas before he was rescued.

The above reminds me of a story about a physician, who gave up listening to radio after meeting one of its well known comedians in the hospital. The doc was there as a patient, having fallen into a well and fractured a leg. The comedian, hearing of the doctor's plight, wise-cracked, "It was your own fault, Doc. You should tend to the sick and leave the well alone." P. S.: The comedian's visit was extended through the courtesy of other patients.

More anon. Your Cora Spontent.

ON SHORT WAVES

By Charles A. Morrison

President, International Dr.-er's Alliance

ALTHOUGH not a single broadcast band station could be pulled through the barrage of static resulting from a violent electrical storm on the evening of Friday, May 1, signals from short-wave station GSP, of Daventry, England (15.3I), romped merrily in with unusual volume and bell-like clarity. GSP is the choice of the Daventry stations on the 6-8 p.m. EST (5-7 CST) transmission.

PHI, Huizen, Holland (17.77), has been giving GSG, Daventry, England (17.79), some strong competition for the production of the best morning reception from Europe on the 16-meter band. PCJ, Eindhoven, Holland (15.22), has been by far the best heard European station on the 19-meter band during the past few mornings . . . IRY, Rome (16.12), has been heard in conversation with Asmara, Eritrea, concerning the winding-up of the military campaign in Ethiopia, during several early mornings recently . . . Although reception from Latin stations on the 49-meter band has held up exceedingly well this Spring, these stations now are sinking fast into a mire of noise . . . The 20-meter band stations have been extremely active of late. Reception on this band, with its daily cargo of signals from the far corners of the earth, is a constant challenge to the long distance listener.

After being off the air for several weeks, TFJ, Reykjavik (12.235), the voice of Iceland, again has resumed its regular Sunday broadcasts from 1:40 to 2 p.m. EST (12:40 to 1 p.m. CST). Iceland radio officials state that the station soon will adopt a regular broadcasting schedule . . . A verification just received by William F. Boyle, of Youkers, New York, states that RNE, Moscow, U.S.S.R. (12), is broadcasting in English on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4 p.m. EST (3 CST); Sundays at 6 and 10 a.m. EST (5 and 9 CST), and on Wednesdays at 6 a.m. EST (5 CST).

According to latest advices from Edward Startz, of short-wave station PCJ, Eindhoven, Holland, a special experimental program is now being radiated on Wednesdays from 7 to 10 p.m. EST (6 to 9 CST), on the station's 9.59 megacycle frequency.

Egyptian Radio states that subscriptions are being raised by a group of wealthy Syrians in the United States to provide the necessary capital for the installation of a powerful short-wave station in the French mandate territories of the Levant, in order that programs from the homeland might be broadcast overseas. The site of the transmitter would be Homs, to the northeast of Beyrouth.

M. E. Laul, of Birmingham, Alabama, writes that he is hearing a mysterious station on 9.99 megacycles, between 5 and 6 a.m. EST (4 to 5 CST). The station announces as KZRM, Radio Manila, Inc., Manila, Philippines. Each announcement is preceded by three chimes. Judging from the frequency, it would be safe to assume that this is commercial station KAZ, Manila, relaying broadcast station KZRM.

WITH all of us looking forward with anticipation to the near advent of television broadcasts in this country, it is interesting to learn that on March 1, a telephone-television circuit was inaugurated between Berlin and Leipzig, in Germany. It is said an excellent head and shoulder image of the person talking at the other end of the line may be observed.

R. Davies, of Aylesbury, England, notifies me that HB9B, owned by the

Radio-Club Basel, of Postfach, Basel, Switzerland, is now broadcasting weekly, on a frequency of 7.022 megacycles, Wednesdays at 4 p.m. EST (3 CST).

The Spring season of the Metropolitan Opera will be radiated by short-wave stations W8XK, Pittsburgh (15.21) and W3XAL, Boundbrook, New Jersey (17.78), on May 16, and by Schenectady stations, W2XAD (15.33) and W2XAF (9:53), the following week. The two sets of stations will rebroadcast the concerts alternately each Saturday afternoon thereafter.

The Chicago Short Wave Radio Club announces that HJ2ABC, "La Voz de Cucuta," Cucuta, Colombia (5.975), will shortly increase its power to 1,250 watts and transmit on a new frequency of 9.58 megacycles.

The new schedule of operation for



Dion Wheeler, veteran of the theater in South Africa and Australia, is announcer for VK2ME, Sydney

South Rhodesian short-wave stations, Salisbury (6), and Bulawayo (6.147), is Sundays from 3:30 to 6 a.m. EST (2:30 to 5 CST), Mondays from 11 a.m. to 12 noon EST (10 to 11 a.m. CST), Tuesdays and Fridays from 1 to 3:15 p.m. EST (12 noon to 2:15 p.m. CST), and Thursdays from 10 a.m. to 12 noon EST (9 to 11 a.m. CST).

It is reported that LZA, Radio Sofia, at Sofia, Bulgaria (15.075), is being heard between 3 and 4 p.m. EST (2 to 3 CST). Announcements are made in several languages.

ACCORDING to Manager C. H. Weser, apex, or ultra short-wave station W8XWJ, owned by the Detroit News and located on the 44th floor of the Penobscot building, Detroit, Michigan, transmits on a frequency of 31.6 megacycles through the week. Code classes are conducted on Sundays from 7 to 7:30 p.m. EST (6 to 6:30 CST), Tuesdays and Thursdays from 7:30 to 8 p.m. EST (6:30 to 7 CST). A short-wave listener program is transmitted on Tuesdays at 7 to 7:15 p.m. EST (6 to 6:15 CST). The officials of W8XWJ are very eager for reports of reception on this new station.

Of unusual interest to any radio listener wishing to learn the German language, are the German lessons transmitted each week, on Mondays and Thursdays over Zeesen, Germany, stations DJD (11.77) and DJM (6.079).

WXE, commercial phone station at Anchorage, Alaska, works WVD, at Seattle, Washington (8.9), during the late evenings. WXE has a power of 500 watts, and uses a frequency of 5.96 megacycles in the Winter and a frequency of 8.86 megacycles Summers.

RADIO GUIDE RECEPTION POST Observer J. Miller, of Brooklyn, New York, reports hearing FZR, Saigon, French Indo-China (16.2), calling FTK, Paris, France (15.88), at 7 a.m. EST (6 CST) . . . PSII, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (10.2), conducts a commercial schedule with CEC, Santiago, Chile (10.67), every night.

J. J. Kolibonso, of Batavia, Java, writes that the following D. E. I. commercial stations are seldom listed in short-wave logs, although they are in regular operation: PMC, Bandoeng, Java (18.12); PLK, Bandoeng (14.48) and YCP, Balikpapan, Borneo (8.575).

For short-wave programs for the week see pages 31 to 43 inclusive.

LULU BELLE GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from Page 7)

plumbing he is introducing into the hill regions. The big feature of the house of course, is the nursery; and if you don't know what it's for, then you won't rate very highly with the Wisemans, who are justifiably proud of flaming top-knotted Linda Lou, born shortly after Christmas time and named for the late Linda Parker, another principal from the Barn Dance cast who, until her death, was one of Lulu Belle's closest friends.

Intimates of the Wisemans view this fine new house with a shade of apprehension. They whisper among themselves that it means nothing less than professional retirement for Lulu Belle and Scotty. But that new automobile hammock they've bought for the back of the car counteracts any immediate possibilities of their retirement, for it means that they are planning to take Linda Lou with them on their annual Spring personal appearance tour.

Lulu Belle herself has little to say about the matter, even to her own relatives. She always used to believe that a girl could have a career, a husband and a family and still keep her balance on the threshold of mental equilibrium. So far she's been able to maintain the pace. But will she continue to be able to meet the terrific drain imposed upon all her countless sources of energy by long road tours, the late broadcasts and the irregular rehearsals? Who knows?

In any event, it's safe to assume that Lulu Belle isn't forgetting Skyland Scotty's teacher's degree from the West Virginia Teachers' College, and that she also is aware of Carolina's eagerness to get native teachers back into its own hills. As for that rustic Summer lodge, it wouldn't take a great deal of alterations to make it liveable the year around.

There was plenty of skeptical head-shaking down in the North Carolina hills when Lulu Belle set out for the city.

There's still plenty. The only difference is, they're wagging their skulls up and down now, instead of sideways.

For Lulu Belle has proved that a girl can go to town and still not get stung by a city slicker.

Lulu Belle may be heard on the National Barn Dance program every Saturday over an NBC network at 9:30 p.m. EDT (8:30 EST; 8:30 CDT; 7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST) and later at 7 p.m. PST (8 MST; 9 CST).

HERE'S YOUR "KEY" TO THE THRILLS and Adventures of SHORT WAVE RADIO!

"International Chart of the Air"

GIVES VALUABLE RECEPTION SUGGESTIONS—Lists U.S., Canadian and Foreign stations, including U.S. High Fidelity and Ultra High Frequency stations—Suggests best hours for listening. Contains official International Radio Spectrum 4 to 2400 meter Band Scale.



Open Flap 191 Inches
ATTRACTIVE—DURABLE
Endorsed by Leading Radio Authorities
FAIRFIELD PUBLISHING CO., Fairfield, Maine

AMAZING DISCOVERY FOR ALL BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN

PAYS YOU \$275.00 A WEEK

On Only 3 Sales A Day!

What is this sensational new discovery that is paying men even without experience as much money in one week as many men earn in six? A positive necessity in every business, store, professional office. Most selling propositions ask customer to pay money out. This invention brings money in and instantly increases profits for users. Easy to prove

Place on FREE TRIAL Customer need not pay a cent until he takes money in. No canvassing or hard selling.	because results guaranteed by one of the largest companies of its kind in world. Customers fight to continue being in-ventured, bringing you automatic repeat business. Many biggest	Get into the BIG MONEY McCarthy, Wis. earned \$16,145. Liverpool made \$750 in 4 days. McClung pocketed \$125 in 10 days.
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runnables sing its praises. Exclusive franchise. Permanent. No experience needed. You start without risking one cent. Learn about it quick—by writing for FULL DETAILS.

THOMAS YOUNG, General Manager,
Dept. GA-29, 105 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

SEND YOUR PICTURE!

PICK out the snapshot you like best and send it to me. I'll make it into a Lifetime Portrait—a sensational new kind of picture that appears to be painted on Porcelain. So realistic, so mysterious that it defies description.

SENT ON APPROVAL
I will enlarge your snapshot to 5" x 7"—treat it with the Lifetime PORCELAIN PROCESS and send it back to you postage prepaid, with your original snapshot unharmed. Hang it in your home for ten days. Then if you want to keep it, send me only \$2.00 in full payment—otherwise return the Lifetime Portrait and the inspection costs you nothing. Send no money. Don't pay the postman anything. Your portrait is delivered without charge on approval. I will also show you how to make money taking orders from your friends. Take advantage of this FREE INSPECTION Introductory Offer NOW. Send your snapshot today with your name and address.

LIFETIME PORTRAIT SOCIETY,
1037 Evans St., Dept. 135-C, Cincinnati, Ohio

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Dept. 728, 1525 East 53rd Street, Chicago

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Our reputation as the largest approval house in the world demands that we supply collectors with stamps from every country including stamps not easily obtainable. To the advanced collector and also to the beginner we offer a service without equal any where. Send for one choice assortment 100 stamps or if you prefer 1 and 1000 stamps with your valuable booklet "Building Successful Collections". Fully illustrated, including attractive approval selections. Order today.

GLOBUS STAMP CO. 268-4th Ave., Dept. 117, New York, N. Y.

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MANY OTHER NOVELTY YARNS

WRITE 400 SAMPLES FREE

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Satisfaction in Money Returned

I feel you will remember you, specialists for over 25 yrs
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MONEY in MUSHROOMS

Grow mushrooms in cellar, shed. Exclusive new process. Bigger, better, quicker crops. More money for you! Endless new demand. We buy mushrooms. Write for book.

AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES, LTD., Dept. 627, Toronto, Ont.

DAVID ROSS LOOKS BACK

(Continued from Page 10)

And this feeling grew upon me until it became an obsession. I remember, for instance, one day during a spelling bee when I was given the word 'field.' A very simple word. I could have written it without even conscious thought. But, aloud, I misspelled it. A trivial incident, but it shows you how little confidence I had in myself."

Frightened by the world as he knew it, David withdrew into himself. "There seemed to be nothing secure or warm or comforting anywhere," he said, thinking of those dismal days.

Time passed. Dull, unending days became years. Only at home in the evenings did David escape from his fears and timidities. There he could feel at ease. And, paradoxically enough, what he most loved to do was to read aloud to his family, books rich in imagery. Poetry was what he seemed particularly fond of reciting. Unsuspected then was his own talent for creating verse, a talent which found expression years later in a book, "Poet's Gold," which brought him fame, and in 1935 election to the distinguished Poetry Society of America.

THERE was little that was unusual about David during the years while he grew to manhood. One day he followed a band into downtown Manhattan, became lost, spent the night in a police station. Some years later his first poem was published in the school paper. Sent to the College of the City of New York by his parents, he enrolled in a liberal arts course. Then recalling a brief interlude during his childhood when his parents had tried farming in Virginia, he left New York and entered Rutgers, intending to study agriculture. Finding this not congenial, he returned to study journalism at New York University. Feeling that the sacrifices which his parents were making to provide him with an education were unwarranted, David quit college. It was time that he try to make his way in the world, he thought. Coming to this conclusion one Spring day, he started to look for a job.

A warm noontime sun lighted New York's canyon streets, silhouetting giant skyscrapers, when David began enthusiastically to search for a position. But the afternoon was a discouraging one. Nobody wanted David. There seemed to be no market for what he had to offer. By the time the sun set that day David's first enthusiasm had fled.

Arriving home that night, he was told that an old college friend wanted him to go fishing the next day. Unfamiliar though he was with boats and tackle, he agreed. Renting a small boat, the two friends rowed out some distance from shore on Long Island Sound. The day was destined to be a memorable one in David's career.

IT WAS calm when we started out," David said to me. "There was hardly a cloud in the sky. But two hours later, we found ourselves suddenly in a terrific gale. It was a nightmare. We were tossed about like leaves in the wind. Clad only in bathing suits, we seemed to feel the cold penetrate to the very marrow of our bones. Shivering, we lay on the floor of the tiny boat, while lightning flashed and thunder growled. My friend's face was white and drawn. He babbled incoherently, fear of death in his eyes.

"Curiously enough, the sight of my friend's abject terror gave me courage—I, who always before had been afraid. Strangely calm, I pitied my companion, sought to comfort him. At that moment I felt a sense of power for the first time in my life. I knew that if I should ever come out of this storm alive, nothing ever would frighten me again. Finally the gale subsided and we rowed back to shore.

"Afterwards my friend said to me: 'If you could be as calm and as cool before a classroom audience as you were in that boat, you'd be the best speaker in college.' But I had no intention of going back to the university. I was ready to tackle the world. Nothing, I felt, could stop me now."

David turned slightly in his chair, glanced out over New York's skyline. "I started my job hunt again, this time with new confidence. And this time I was successful."

THOUGH David's first position was insignificant, it marked a beginning. Cutting out samples in a shirting factory was hardly inspiring, nor was the six-dollars-a-week salary that this work earned him. But it was a job. Soon he was promoted to a clerkship and given a three-dollar raise.

"Then one day my boss read the riot act to me in the presence of all the other employes because I had abbreviated the names of states on the envelopes I had been addressing. I waited until he finished. Then I began to talk. When I finished, my boss stood there in open-mouthed astonishment."

I began to see this quiet, cultured man before me in a new light. The man who presented the "Poet's Gold" program on the air for so long, was no mere scribbler of rhymed verse, aloof from the world. Here was a man who had found his way not only out of poverty, but a man who had triumphed over more timidities and fears than many men ever had known, before finding himself.

"At one time I tended babies in an orphan asylum. Then I was a secretary to a temperamental Russian baroness. Later I worked as a press agent for a publishing house. Occasionally I wrote

book reviews, earning barely enough to pay for my typewriter. I played in amateur theatricals; I tried my hand at vaudeville.

"Amusing in this connection is an incident on the day when I made my stage debut with Eva Davenport in a little skit called 'The Latin Lover.' Before going to the theater I had eaten a huge dinner prepared by my mother. Knowing that I liked garlic, my mother had included that." David's dignity disappeared as he talked about this occurrence. The office rang with the resonance of his laughter. "Embracing Miss Davenport on the stage, I spoke tender words of love with true gallic fervor. Garlic fervor, I should say," he amended as he rocked with laughter. "Miss Davenport fainted. And the audience applauded, thinking this a part of the act. Needless to say, I didn't touch garlic before a performance after that!"

AFTER appearing in vaudeville, off and on, for a while, Ross decided he wanted to work with more assurance of permanence than the comic stage could offer. Employed in a big department store selling pianos, he found little satisfaction in his labor. What he did find fascinating, however, was the fact that there was a small radio studio on the floor below. The station was WGES.

"Ten years ago," said David, "performers weren't paid for their services. They went on the air for the fun and the glory in it. Consequently they often failed to appear when the weather was bad. And that was why I got my break. One day during a pouring rain the studio manager was looking frantically for somebody to fill a vacant spot on the air. Remembering me as

the piano salesman upstairs who recited poetry, he sent out a call for me.

"From that day my piano sales dwindled. But, when I was fired, there was a vacancy at WGES. And I was hired. My salary was thirty-five dollars a week. Never since has any amount of money seemed as big as that first week's check. This was the beginning of three years of the most pleasant work that I ever had had." David frowned as he continued. "Just as I was beginning to feel that this new life offered security, everything collapsed. The station was discontinued. Once more I found myself out in the streets hunting a job."

Having lost confidence in the future of radio after this disappointment, David decided that he would return to writing. His decision made, he started to look for a job as an advertising copy writer. Invariably he was asked the same question: "What experience have you had?" And he hadn't had any. At each agency he was told that there was no place for him. In one advertising office, however, he was given a letter of introduction to Julius Seebach, CBS executive.

"I had heard so many polite evasions before this," said David, "that frankly, I thought this was only a stall. But a week later I received a letter from Mr. Seebach, asking me to call. Our interview was brief. I cited my record. Experienced announcers were needed, and he hired me without even an audition.

AND that," David said emphatically "was the turning point in my career. At Columbia I found myself once more in ideal surroundings. Breaks came. I was advanced steadily. Looking back over the years, I recall how meaningless life once seemed. Sometimes it appeared futile for me, an ill-fed boy from the Bronx, ever to hope for anything beyond a bare existence. Then, in a boat on storm-swept seas I found new courage, made new resolves, and truly a new day dawned for me."

Leaving David, I knew that I had talked with a man who had won his battle gallantly despite great odds, a man whose life is an inspiration.

David Ross may be heard with the Chesterfield program over the CBS network Wednesdays at 9 p.m. EDT (8 EST; 8 CDT; 7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST) and Fridays at 10 p.m. EDT (9 EST; 9 CDT; 8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 14)

the fight to determine the other 11.

Reed Kennedy finishes the Pittsburgh Symphony series this coming Thursday night . . . Cesare Sodero is offering condensed versions of opera for Mutual Broadcasting listeners each Friday evening . . . Advertised as the first program which calls for active participation on the part of every listener is John Barclay's Community Sing on Sunday evenings. A typical studio audience along with glee clubs and choral groups gathers in a CBS playhouse and follows the songs, which are thrown on a screen. Each week there is a "Remember When" selection, songs that people everywhere associate with a certain year or event. Davidson Taylor directs the program and the studio audience gathers a half-hour before the broadcast for a mass rehearsal. It's really great fun. Try it next Sunday night in your own home.

Leopold Stokowski concludes a coast-to-coast tour with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Madison Square Garden, Sunday evening, May 17. Part of the concert will be broadcast by NBC. Mr. Stokowski is leaving shortly for Europe, and when he returns will devote himself to a film version of Carmen.

CREED OF THE LISTENERS' GUILD

Wesley Franklin, Director

WE BELIEVE that the air should be kept clean.

We believe that the advertising of hard liquor should not be broadcast.

We believe that local stations should not cut into network programs for local spot advertisements thereby mutilating network broadcasts.

We believe that the horror element should be eliminated from all programs designed for children.

We believe that advertising should be restricted to the basis of four minutes for each hour program.

We believe that broadcasting should be free from medical quackery, nostrums, cure-alls and the like.

We believe that broadcasting should

be kept free from fortune-telling, crystal-gazing and other pseudo-sciences.

We believe that broadcasters should refrain from the discussion of subjects that are offensive to people of refinement and good taste.

We believe that advertising should be truthful.

We believe that the cause of broadcasting as well as the public would be served better by the further separation of kilocycle allocations so as to prevent one station from overlapping another on the listener's dial.

We believe that nothing should be broadcast which will offend any race, color or religious group.

Wesley Franklin, Director,
Radio Guide Listeners' Guild,
731 Plymouth Court,
Chicago, Illinois.

5-23-36

Dear Mr. Franklin: I desire to become a member of the Radio Guide Listeners' Guild. I subscribe to all the beliefs in the Guild's creed; and I hereby agree to tune in on such radio programs as the Director may ask me to review, also to report faithfully and to the best of my ability on the programs I may be called upon to review. I promise to serve the Guild in the interests of improved radio entertainment. I understand that no obligation is imposed upon me save those outlined in this application.

Please Check Proper Squares

My name is Miss Mrs. Mr. _____ (Please Print)

I live at _____ City _____ State _____
(street and number)

My age is _____ There are _____ in my family. I am in business
_____ a housewife

My occupation (if employed) is _____

My husband's occupation is _____

I am married I own my home My radio is _____
I am single I rent my home _____ (state brand name)

I have been a radio listener regularly for _____ years. My favorite radio program
of all is _____ (Number)

This form can be pasted on a post-card and mailed

STAMP, STAMP, STAMP

(Continued from Page 9)

sales department said Tim was doing it. The New York office called him in. "Say," they told him, "our sales department seems to think you're great stuff. But, frankly, we don't believe it. Who cares about stamps?" They pointed to a letter lying on the desk. "There's your fan mail."

One letter!
Big Tim Healy looked at that one, lone letter. He gulped. He needed that job badly, but it didn't look as if he were going to get it if he could pull only one letter.

"At least it came special delivery," he said weakly. "Whoever wrote it was that interested."

And while he talked, the phone rang. . . . Now, don't call us seven kinds of a liar. This isn't a movie. It's a true story. And we know that in true stories things don't happen at the right, psychological, dramatic moment. But just the same, this time it really happened.—The phone rang. They handed it to Tim. "It's for you."

The voice at the other end sounded mad. "Is this Tim Healy?" it asked. "Oh, it is, is it? Well, where the dickens have you been? This is NBC. We've been trying to get hold of you. What are we going to do with all this fan mail of yours? We've got 4700 letters here!"

So today the Ivory Stamp Club is a regular feature. It has 2,700,000 members. Mail, which averages 50,000 letters a week, so far has piled up to a grand total of 3,200,000. 400,000,000 stamps have been sent out to fans in all parts of the country. And Captain Tim, ex-oil magnate who found himself broke and pounding the pavement six years ago, has a very swell job indeed these days, with a salary not quite as full of zeroes as those big figures up above, perhaps, but still very handsome. There's a real-life success story for you! Up—down—up again!

NOW what are some of the questions asked in those fifty thousand letters a week? What human interest stories, what dramas do they bring to light? . . . They range from humor to the grimmest of tragedies.

There is the little girl who wrote in and asked for an album. It was sent to her, along with some stamps. As she took the first stamp out of the envelope, her face changed expression. "Mama," she said, "Captain Tim doesn't tell the truth." Her mother bent over her and saw that she was looking at the plain, mullage-covered back of the stamp. She asked her what was wrong with it. "He says there's a story behind every stamp," the child complained. "I can't see any story behind this one."

Heirs to estates often write in. Someone in the family, who collected stamps, has died and they want to know what the collection is worth. One woman in Canada wrote in, asking this question, and refused to describe the stamps for fear Tim would steal them. Evidently she thought he was a mind reader. Contrarywise, a foreigner who spoke hardly a word of English, trustingly and faithfully sent in stamps which on appraisal turned out to be worth from \$2500 to \$8000 apiece!

One man said: "My son must have his appendix taken out. This is my only chance to raise the money." Just two stamps in his album were more than enough to pay for the operation!

And there was the Army officer's daughter, a girl still in pigtails, who turned up with a scuffed old album "full of junk." She gave it a contemptuous kick. The first page held 40 stamps worth \$80 apiece. The whole book was saleable at \$17,000. The most pathetic story ever to come

to Captain Tim is that of a blind man who lived on Long Island. For years he had built up his stamp collection—ever since he was a boy. He lost his eye-sight in middle age, in an accident. But as his children grew up they had taken care of him. Then suddenly his grown sons and daughters, too, found themselves out of work. Things drifted on from bad to worse for a year or two. At last the blind man decided to make the greatest sacrifice in his power and part with his dearest possession—his stamps. He advertised them for sale and a firm which specializes in valuable collections sent a man to look at them. The expert opened the album and gasped.

"Is anything wrong?" asked the blind old man fearfully.

In the background, his daughter lifted her finger significantly to her lips.

"**N**OTHING. Nothing at all," the prospective buyer stammered. "You have a splendid collection, but we're not in the market right now."

The book was full of ordinary stamps which, all together, would not have added up to a dollar. Stamp by stamp, as they had become pressed for money, the sons and daughters had taken the valuable ones out and sold them, replacing them with others. For more than a year those sensitive fingers had been caressing lovingly a collection that was worthless. The great treasure he counted on to save his family was a joke—and the future was darker than ever. Darker than his blind old eyes could see!

But, to turn from tragedy to some of the special questions that come in, here are the ones that are propounded to Tim most often.

Question: What country has the best looking stamps?

Captain Tim says: "On the whole, the British and United States stamps are the best looking. The United States stamps have the most beautiful colors."

Question: What stamp is connected with the greatest moment in our history?

"I think I'd say the 1928 stamp commemorating Valley Forge," Tim answers that one. "It shows George Washington alone in the forest, kneeling in prayer. That was certainly an historical moment."

Question: What is the queerest stamp you know of?

"The Pilgrim series. The engravers forgot to put the word 'Postage' on it, and it doesn't even say 'U.S.' If you didn't know about the Pilgrims you wouldn't have the least idea what country the stamps came from. It might be Tasmania."

Question: What is the biggest United States stamp?

"The stamp put out in commemoration of George Rogers Clark."

Question: What is the most valuable stamp in the world?

"British Guiana—if you can get it."

Question: What is the most unusual stamp?

"In my opinion," Tim says, "the Tanna Touva series. It shows the life of the people of the region—how they hunt, how they farm, how they go to market."

AND then, of course, there are the questions people ask about Captain Tim himself. We'll let him answer those for you, too. The two they ask the most often are "What nationality are you?" and "How old are you?" The answers to those are "Australian" and "Forty-four."

Captain Tim Healy may be heard on an Eastern NBC network Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:15 p.m. EDT (5:15 EST; 5:15 CDT; 4:15 CST; 3:15 MST; 2:15 PST).

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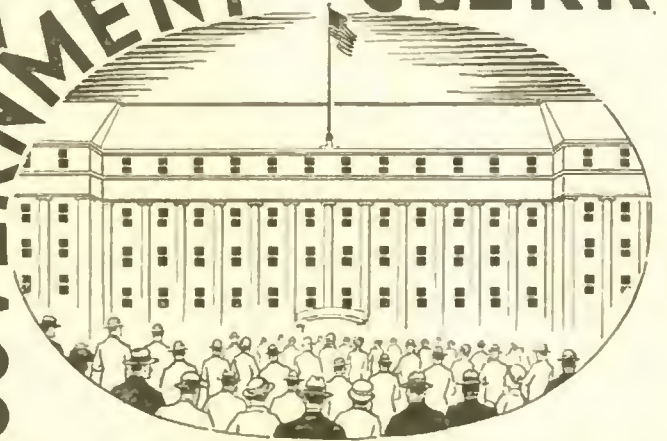


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Name

Address

BROTHERS FOREVER—WILLIE AND EUGENE HOWARD

(Continued from Page 3)

ferred bananas and peaches and other delicacies infrequent on the Howard table, and outwitting the huckster was the best kind of fun. Usually too they had coins to jingle in their pockets because cash prizes were given in the local theaters on amateur nights.

Even then Willie and Eugene Howard "had something." Sometimes it was Eugene who stood on the stage to sing a song, and Willie who joined in from the audience. Other times it was Willie who took the spotlight while Eugene, waiting in the wings to join in the song and dance which comprised their finale, would marvel still again at Willie's gift for putting over a line. The things Eugene wrote never seemed half as funny to him as Willie made them sound. And so gradually he came to learn the sort of things Willie did best and Willie, in turn, came to know how to get the utmost out of Eugene's lines.

AFTER a while the managers of the local theaters came to resent the consistency with which Willie and Eugene walked off with whatever first prize they might offer. In fact the storm of applause which broke out the minute either of them would walk onto the stage, was enough in itself to discourage the other contestants.

"You kids can't go on here any more," one manager after another told them.

"So," Eugene said, "the next week Willie and I went over to a place on Tenth Avenue—that's Hell's Kitchen, you know. Our prize was a watch, and I'll never forget the gang that was waiting for us when we came out. They meant business. They wanted that watch. I stuck it inside my shirt and Willie and I made a beeline for the trolley car . . . The next day we pawned that watch for a dollar. We could divide a dollar, and besides the watch was starting to tarnish."

They went on from there, the Howard Boys. In 1899 Eugene sang in the chorus of "The Belle of New York" and the next season played a small part in a musical comedy called "A Million Dollars." In 1901 Willie, a boy soprano, sang from the gallery as a feature of "The Little Duchess" which starred Anna Held.

It was in a vaudeville number known as "The Messenger Boys' Trio" they first appeared together professionally. According to Eugene they were finally fired from this number because Willie was too good. When Eugene, impressed with what Willie was able to do with inferior material, began writing his patter for him again and Willie began getting all the breaks in the newspaper notices, the third member of the act who happened to own it, grew jealous. Whereupon Willie and Eugene returned to New York, discovered they already were known to the agents, went on in an uptown New York vaudeville house, stopped the show, and found themselves with as many bookings as there were weeks in the year.

DURING this time Mr. Howard, Senior, found his comfort in his other children. Over Willie and Eugene he shook his devout head. Most of all he despaired when they sang at a road house which was situated at the upper end of Central Park and patronized by men and women of the sporting world who drove there after the theater and after midnight supper parties.

Willie used to sing the songs popular at the turn of the century . . . "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," "Where Did You Get That Hat?" "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" . . . and, discovering his genius for imitations, he also delighted the customers with impersonations of David Warfield, De-



We pull like zis, we push like zat—and presto! we have ze varrry Franch haircut, a la the brothers' latest starring broadcast over NBC, "Folies de Paree"

Wolfe Hopper, Chauncey Olcott and other current celebrities. However, Willie was only about seventeen, so he didn't intrigue the ladies who would come alone in the afternoon to sit and drink champagne at secluded tables. It was Eugene who sang ballads like "The Palms," and "The Rosary" and "After the Ball." Those ladies came back to see him, and to throw hundred-dollar bills.

"You're turning into bums," their distracted father used to cry. "My sons, no good bums!"

Eugene Howard isn't sure that in time he wouldn't have been that very thing. He admits he used to think very well of himself when women, beautiful and famous, sought him and invited him to drink wine with them at their reserved tables, and to ride with them in their fine, closed carriages.

"Fortunately," he says, looking backwards, "things changed. The tavern lost its crowd. I had a chance to look around at life. I managed to get my bearings."

Always the rest of the Howards prospered with Willie and Eugene. Their Mother died when they were

children. But they prevailed upon their father to retire and they moved him and their stepmother, whom they loved dearly, also their brothers and sisters, away from the upper East Side.

Whenever they received a raise in salary or returned from a tour they celebrated with presents. They bought their stepmother a fine fur coat and silk dresses. And one present Willie gave his father was a diamond which had belonged to the beautiful Lillian Russell. It was the pride of the old man's life, perhaps because the son over whom he had worried most was successful enough to buy it for him.

BOTH Willie and Eugene are grateful their father lived long enough to see them established, successful and famous. Also that he saw them happily married with homes of their own. Eugene, incidentally, married Maud Fisher who came over from England with the "Six Empire Girls." And Willie married Emily Miles who used to play at the Winter Garden.

These marriages changed nothing, however. Professionally the brothers continued to climb together just as

they had when they were single. It was when they left vaudeville that they were starred in revues on Broadway. In the "Passing Show." In "Scandals." In "Ziegfeld's Follies." And it was the way it always had been with them. Eugene continued to write most of the patter and with a straight face to ask the questions which permitted Willie his wise-cracking replies. That he didn't get most of the laughs, never worried Eugene. It was all right with him for Willie to get them. He's always known, you see, that if Willie wouldn't be half as funny without his lines and his straight-faced efforts, that his lines and his efforts wouldn't be half as funny without Willie.

And so for thousands of nights their names have blinked over Broadway in bright lights. Willie and Eugene Howard . . . Willie and Eugene Howard . . . Willie and Eugene Howard . . . Without one name the other would be incomplete. That's the way it always has been and the way it always will be. That's the way it was long ago when they played amateur nights, when they appeared in vaudeville, when they were stars of the most successful revues on Broadway. And that's the way it is now that they're headliners in the Folies de Paree.

Brothers forever!

Willie and Eugene Howard may be heard on the "Folies de Paree" program Wednesdays over an NBC network broadcast at 8 p.m. EDT (7 EST; 7 CDT; 6 CST; 5 MST; 4 PST).

THE COVER PORTRAIT

THE owner of the beaming smile on this week's cover is, of course, none other than your Show Boat star, Lanny Ross. No wonder he is beaming, too, with the distinction he holds in RADIO GUIDE'S Star of Stars Poll. Even when occupied with rod and reel, he probably can not forget that he is the only radio performer who lays claim to coveted positions in three of the eleven groups in the widespread Election.

Lanny's popularity did not start with radio, either. Back in college, when Yale and Harvard and Princeton used to clash for their annual track competitions, Ross used to carry home the bacon in the three-hundred-yard dash for the Elis of New Haven. In fact, he was national intercollegiate champ—no small achievement in this era of Cunninghams, Venzkes and Owens. As you can see, he is still an ardent sportsman; and that's not all.

About a year ago Lanny made the statement that he was far too busy to be classified as an eligible bachelor. Then within a month or so he married his personal representative, which definitely removed him from that classification. Perhaps he wanted to put a stop to the endless proposals that were coming in the mails. At any rate, his marriage hardly served to stomp his popularity, ever on the up and up.

For a fellow who started in radio as a guitarist without ever having played a guitar, this tenor has done very nicely. The job came when Lanny was trying to finance a law course in New York. When he applied to Raymond Knight for work as a tenor, he was told that a cowboy guitarist was the only vacancy. Glibly, the Yale grad fibbed his way into the opening and rushed out to get himself a six-dollar, second-hand guitar.

From then on he continued singing started as a member of the famous Yale singing society, the Whiffenpoofs.

Lanny Ross may be heard in Show Boat every Thursday evening over an NBC network at 9 p.m. EDT (8 EST; 8 CDT; 7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).



A sweet person at a sweet occupation. Kate Smith beams a "come-and-get-it" smile as she revels in the delights of going domestic. No shrew, your songbird Kate

HOW ARE THE DUCHINS DOIN'?

The Married Life of the Society Gal and the Ork Pilot Is a Continual Denial of the "It Can't Last" People Who Don't Know the Facts

Almost as soon as Eddy was married he began a tour of one-night stands that carried him many thousands of miles—and Marjorie enjoyed every minute of it

By Mary Watkins Reeves

AS SOON as Eddy Duchin and Marjorie Oelrichs were wed on a sun-splashed morning last June, Cupid hung his harp on a Central Park locust tree, stretched out in total satisfaction on the first shady clover patch that caught his eye, sighed profoundly and decided to take the afternoon off. He had, he concluded, just closed the deal on one of the most momentous achievements of his career. Rare events in the annals of radio history, two people who really should have met did meet, and two people who unmistakably should have been attracted to each other were attracted. And now a very celebrated bride and groom were about to be off on their honeymoon.

Before the evening sun went down, from Park Avenue all the way to Hollywood Boulevard, a general rumpus called Rumor began to be kicked up. Blue Book ladies murmured it into their telephones, radio folk talked confidentially over cocktails, movie-dom's Grapevine System for Relaying Choice Tidbits had a thorough workout, even the public read the late editions and wondered:

"How long is it going to last?" To everybody who didn't know the newlyweds personally, one thing about the nuptials was of paramount, practically unparalleled importance. The groom, piano-playing son of a small

town Massachusetts pharmacist, had that day crashed New York's Four Hundred via the only route anybody can crash it who isn't to the Blue Book born. He had married into one of the oldest and most ultra-ultra families that ever graced the Social Register.

THAT was the first thing that started people talking about the Duchins. But it was only a small beginning as compared with the juicy items the gossips were going to have to chew over later. First off the groom took his bride on one of the seemingly most unglamorous wedding trips a Park Avenue debbie ever had to put up with—a three months' bus ride of one-night stands in the broiling hot Summer-time. When they returned to Manhattan in the Fall society sat back to watch how successfully Eddy could transplant his hothouse orchid from the life of a pampered butterfly to the

lonely, tied-down, necessarily neglected lot of a musician's wife; to see how he'd fit in with her background, her relatives and snitzy friends.

The choicest tidbit of all, however, was abruptly occasioned just a month or so ago. The new edition of the Social Register had omitted completely the name of Marjorie Oelrichs Duchin,

when her husband is working 'til almost dawn? How does she keep up with her old friends without a husband to escort her to parties, the opera and elsewhere? How does she entertain without a host? Has marriage to Marjorie changed Eddy any? Has it affected his career? What are the mutual interests of two people of such widely different backgrounds? How do they keep romance alive, and how is their home run? Was theirs really a love match?

What's Marjorie doing with the long lonely evenings, seven nights a week,

when her husband is working 'til almost dawn? How does she keep up with her old friends without a husband to escort her to parties, the opera and elsewhere? How does she entertain without a host? Has marriage to Marjorie changed Eddy any? Has it affected his career? What are the mutual interests of two people of such widely different backgrounds? How do they keep romance alive, and how is their home run? Was theirs really a love match?

DEVOTEES of the Duchin broadcasts lately have been asking those questions, too. They are the folks who have a genuine friendly interest in the handsome young ork leader and his pretty bride, and I felt they had a right to know. So for my story I

went to the only authentic source there is—Eddy and Marjorie themselves.

It was just by the merest chance that Captain John Wanamaker, department store magnate, happened to drop into the fashionable Central Park Casino one night in 1929 with a group of friends and invite the young musician to his table during intermission. Seated next to Eddy was one of the most feted debutantes of the season. Her name was Marjorie Oelrichs and she was slender and tall with Garboesque ash blond hair and wide shallow hazel eyes. There was a startlingly bizarre sort of beauty about her that for several years had famously disturbed the hearts of the very Social young men of two continents.

But if you'd asked Eddy Duchin the

very next morning the name of the girl he sat beside, he couldn't have told you. He just plain out-and-out didn't remember. In those days he had his mind on one thing alone and that was making good at his job.

IT WAS not just by the merest chance that Marjorie Oelrichs came back to the Casino the following night. She sat with her escort at a table close to the bandstand, smiled to Eddy to join them. Marjorie, it turned out, played a pretty mean piano herself and she wanted to know if Duchin would take her as a pupil. He was already giving a dozen or so private lessons a week and making a substantial income at it, so he agreed. It was decided that every Friday at four thereafter he was to call at her Park Avenue residence and teach her jazz tricks on the piano-forte.

It all began on as casual and completely businesslike a basis as that. But anybody with an eye for potential romance could have seen then and there that it hadn't a chance of end-
(Continued on Page 44)

When Eddy was a bachelor playing his piano and leading his orchestra at the Central Park Casino, and Marjorie was a traveler-at-large, they spent every minute of her Gotham visits together



From piano-player to orchestra leader, while he nursed ambitions to follow in his father's footsteps as pharmacist—that's the outline of Eddy's life—'til he met Marjorie and fell in love with her. Now he says she's entwined somehow in every melody that he plays

MAURICE SEYMOUR PRESENTS



Above: The Tragedian of Jazz, the eternal Ted Lewis, who entertains with dance music. Below: Another old-timer, Sophie Tucker, now on the airwaves via NBC with a band of her own



(Above) Truman Bradley, who airs the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, and enchanting Vivian Della Chiesa (below) of the glorious soprano voice, are two CBS standouts



Newest Portraits of the Celebrities in Their Latest Programs as Interpreted by Chicago's Famous Maurice Seymour, Who Poses Most of the Stars in That City



Handsome Jack Fulton, formerly with Whiteman, now directs the Sophie Tucker band. And below: Glorious Ruth Etting rescues a languishing public with guest appearances



Above: Pert Adele Girard, the singing harpist. Below: Reveling in the glories of her new hit on the Celebrity program is Ethel Shutta



Tiny, tantalizing Helen Ward should be inspiration enough for any swing music, and Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, might well dub his vocalist his Crown Princess





MUSIC IS
THEIR HOBBY

Because They Consider That Music Is Fun, These Bankers and Brokers and Business Executives Are Contributing Some of Radio's Most Delightful Hours

By Hally Pomeroy

MUSIC is fun. It is making a noise that pleases you. If it pleases others, it's better music; or, if you don't shy from the word, it's Art. Everyone makes music in one way or another.

On this simple principle is based radio's most unusual amateur hour, NBC's weekly fifteen minutes called "Music Is My Hobby." Making music, they want you to know, is fun.

It may mean headaches and hard work to the Kreislers and Tibbetts of the world, but that is their worry and the worry of those who would trade fun for professional fame and fortune.

The first time my dial wandered on to this program, a superb baritone voice filled the room. The singer was a bank president. "What is this?" I exclaimed. "Why, he's good. He could get a job anywhere. He could sing at the Metropolitan."

It seemed almost shocking that he didn't want a job as a singer; never has and never will. He likes being a banker and he likes being a singer, so he's both. Music is his hobby, nothing more. Not a career or a frustrated ambition, but a means to no end except pleasure. He is, in brief, an amateur in the true sense of the word, "one who cultivates an art from love or at-

The socially prominent Philadelphia family of John Norris Childs consists of Jackie, violin; Mr. Childs, cello; Mrs. Childs, piano and Carla at the harp

Attorney Hartwell Cabell makes of his home a rendezvous for musicians who find an appreciative listener and an artist in their host



Mrs. Mark Hafner and Mrs. David Lanenbaum, each with a son beside her, enjoy nothing so much as playing as a two-piano team, with the sons as aspirants

tachment and without reference to gain or emolument."

A group of men at NBC had an idea some time ago. So many prominent people were talented amateurs. The more they thought about the idea the better it seemed. The hitch was, could they get the people to appear?

It took tact and persuasion to get the program started. The men and women of prominence and culture, the bankers, lawyers, professors, doctors, society women and business men whom they sought shunned publicity. An amateur program? The very word brought to mind the restless, meagerly-talented hordes who would give their eye-teeth (or hiteh-hike from Omaha) for one brief flash of lime-light.

The guests would be called not "amateurs," but "non-professional artists." The program, NBC exhorted with evangelical zeal, would be inspirational. It would revive a dying interest in real music, so superior to the canned perfection of a great deal of radio music. (What a thing for a national network to say!) Young people would cease their feverish demands for paying audiences, and love music for itself again. NBC would share their amateur standing. The program would be presented "without reference to gain or emolument." Since its success sponsors have sought the program, but have been refused. Business men hardly can be asked to appear on what might be a rival's program.

Edgar Howard Boies, president of the General Re-Insurance Corporation, declares that music is a lifelong friend that has been a comfort and an uplift

THE response of the public has more than justified the experiment, begun for a brief time three years ago, and revived last Fall. Pianos have been tuned, fiddles taken from their dusty cases and restrung. Thousands of people throughout this country and Canada have rediscovered the obvious truth, stressed by each performer, that making music is more fun than listening to it, as playing a game is more

fun than standing by and watching.

A Maine farmer's wife wrote that she had renounced music bitterly a few years ago when circumstances had thwarted her ambition to be a concert singer. The program opened her mind to the truism that music is music whether it is private or public. Singing again at home, she is happy.

A touching letter in German came from a Lutheran home for the aged. It said that the pleasure of a society woman violinist in making music had inspired them to gather around the piano and sing old songs until bedtime. Singing, the quavering old hand wrote, made them feel young again.

THE "non-professional artist" is as proud of such fan mail as is any star, not because of vanity, but because his fifteen minutes on the air brings another person to the happy ranks of music-makers.

What kind of people, I wondered, are these music enthusiasts? What, exactly, has music meant in their lives?

When I had talked to a few of them, I found them earnest or lyrical. A world-famous scientist declares that the precision required in expert music disciplines his mind for the exactitudes of science. An insurance salesman says he transposes his knowledge of harmony in chamber music to his sales talks which become in his mind, according to his prospect's mood, fugues, sonatas or rhapsodies. A lawyer finds the same mental processes are needed for composing music as for preparing the arguments in a legal brief. An architect finds that music and buildings are constructed on the same esthetic principles. His hobby, composing, and his work aid each other.

Music, each insists, gives a required escape from reality. They say: "Others take it out in liquor or gambling."

(Continued on Page 46)

Corner FOR Romance



Above: Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, found himself on the listening end recently, and it was the Wedding March he heard with the former Mrs. Jean Harmon, friend of long standing



Right: Jimmie Fidler, the West Coast Winchellater, got all mixed up in his reports and so did Roberta Law, and now they are Mr. and Mrs. Fidler



And at left, we see Sally Singer (Sarah Schermerhorn) prettyin' up for that new hubby, Eddie Ellinger, Jr., whom she married in his Central Park West, New York, home recently

Below: It started for Lee Sullivan and Ann Zahn when they were both just kids, and boss George Oisen says that Lee's singing is better 'n' better



In the heart at left is singer Jerry Cooper. The nearby neighbor above is Joan Mitchell. The two hearts are in reality even closer than this, and rumor has it that a merger is about to be negotiated



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, MAY 17

CHURCH OF THE AIR

A sermon by Doctor Zenan M. Corbe, executive secretary of the Board of American Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America, will occupy the morning period of the Church of the Air broadcast over CBS at 9 a.m. EST (8 CST). During the later period beginning at 12 noon EST (11 a.m. CST), the Most Reverend George L. Leech, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, will conduct the solemn services.

WAR VETERANS

Postmaster-General James A. Farley will be the principal speaker at the Forty-first annual Memorial Service of the Jewish war veterans of the United States, which will be broadcast over NBC at 10:05 a.m. EST (9:05 CST), direct from Temple Emanuel. State Senator Julius S. Berg, chairman of the service, will introduce cabinet member Farley.

NEWS EXCHANGE

Pierre de Lanux, foreign editor of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, returns to the CBS network summarizing the European situation from Paris at 11:45 a.m. EST (10:45 CST).

BALLET MUSIC PREMIERE

Richard Rodgers, composer, conducting the premiere air performance of his new ballet, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," from the current musical comedy, "On Your Toes," will be a highlight of the Magic Key program over NBC at 1 p.m. EST (12 noon CST). Other guest artists will be Hilda Lashanska, operatic soprano, and the Westerners, popular male quartet.

SCHOOL CONCERT

A concert by the Northfield, Massachusetts, schools, comprising twelve hundred students, will be broadcast over NBC at 2:30 p.m. EST (1:30 CST). Wilfrid W. Fry, president of the Board of Trustees of the Northfield schools, will open the concert by giving an introductory address.

FORTY-NINERS DAY

The annual champion Jumping Frogs contest, a description of a Spanish fiesta and a re-enactment of Gold Rush days in California, features of the "Forty-Niners Day" celebration in Angels Camp, California, will be broadcast for NBC listeners at 4:45 p.m. EST (3:45 CST).

TOMMY DORSEY

Tommy Dorsey conducts his orchestra in the air debut of a new series of programs featuring dance melodies to be heard at 6 p.m. EST (5 CST) over a large CBS network.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

The Metropolitan tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, is featured as the guest star on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour with the Ford Symphony orchestra and chorus conducted by Victor Kolar at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST) over CBS.

MONDAY, MAY 18

CAMPING JUBILEE

In connection with the approach of the camping season, CBS will broadcast the National Camping Jubilee at 2 p.m. EST (1 CST).

EDUCATIONAL PROJECT

The Department of Education presents the second of its series of broadcasts known as "Safety Musketeers" over CBS at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST). The series which is under the supervision of the Educational Radio Project, employs a great deal of WPA talent and is designed to show various phases of safety—in the home, on the highway and on playgrounds.

WOMAN'S INTEREST

Nancy Hale, young and brilliant author of "Earliest Dreams," will outline "What Women Are Interested in and Why" when she makes a guest appearance on the "Let's Talk It Over Program" over NBC at 4 p.m. EST (3 CST). Mrs. Parlan Semple, Junior, president-general of the National Society of New England Women, will be another guest.

SKY DRAMA

An early evening broadcast is heard at 5:35 p.m. EST (4:35 CST) over CBS from the Hayden Planetarium in New York City detailing the aspect of the planets.

DANIEL C. ROPER

Daniel C. Roper, secretary of commerce, will speak over NBC at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST), when he addresses the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce.

GOVERNOR LANDON

An address by Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas before the graduating class of the Attica, Kansas, High School, of which he is an alumnus, will be heard at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) over an NBC network.

TUESDAY, MAY 19

SONG STYLISTS

The Song Stylists, a male quartet, will be heard at 9:45 a.m. EST (8:45 CST) over CBS.

BENNY FIELDS

The dance orchestra conducted by Benny Fields, long popular in the Middle West, will be heard at 1:45 p.m. EST (12:45 CST) over CBS.



Ralph Kirbery: The Dream Singer can be heard again on NBC



Bebe Daniels: With husband Ben Lyon she will guest-star for Ben Bernie



Margaret Mc Crae: CBS songstress featured in current musical show



Tommy Dorsey: Conducts his orchestra in a new CBS program

TRADE WEEK

Willard Thorpe, director of economics of Dun and Bradstreet, will speak in connection with National Foreign Trade Week at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST) over CBS.

MOVIE STARS

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, screen stars, will make a guest appearance with Ben Bernie and All the Lads over NBC at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

REP. ELLENBOGEN

The Wagner-Ellebogen Bill on Housing and Slum Clearance will be discussed by Representative Henry Ellebogen of Pennsylvania in a special talk over NBC at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST).

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

DEAD LETTER SALE

Uncle Sam's annual sale of unwanted material, dead letters and parcel post, will be broadcast over NBC at 10 a.m. EST (9 CST) over NBC direct from the new city post office building in Washington, D. C.

MARGARET MC CRAE

Margaret Mc Crae, CBS songstress, will be featured in a program of current favorites at 4 p.m. EST (3 CST).

JAMES A. FARRELL

Another program in connection with National Foreign Trade Week will be offered by CBS when James A. Farrell, chairman of the Board of the National Foreign Trade Council, delivers an address at 5:35 p.m. EST (4:35 CST).

POSTMASTER FARLEY

A defense of the New Deal will be made when the Honorable James A. Farley, Postmaster-General of the United States, speaks in the Civic Auditorium in Grand Rapids, Michigan, before the convention of Michigan State Democrats. His address, "The New Deal and Its Critics," will be heard over CBS at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST).

BOXING BOUTS

The battle of the Olympic giants to determine the amateur heavyweight boxers who will represent America at the coming Olympics, will be described from Chicago's ring-side by Hal Totten and Bob Brown, sports commentators, over NBC at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST). At 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST) CBS microphones also will pick up the broadcast.

THURSDAY, MAY 21

DREAM SINGER

Ralph Kirbery, the Dream Singer, with Al and Lee Reiser, popular piano duo, have returned to the air in a new

weekly series and are heard over NBC at 9:30 a.m. EST (8:30 CST).

FRAY AND BAUM

The piano duo of Fray and Baum play sophisticated arrangements of popular tunes and classic selections at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST) over CBS.

FRIDAY, MAY 22

THREE STARS

CBS' girl' trio, singing popular hits, will be heard at 1:30 p.m. EST (12:30 CST).

WOMEN'S CLUBS

Doctor Joseph H. Sizoo, pastor of St. Nicholas Collegiate Dutch Reform Church in New York City, will be the guest speaker on the program of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, heard over NBC at 1:45 p.m. EST (12:45 CST), speaking on the subject, "The Peace of Religion in Culture."

MARK WARNOW

The Blue Velvet orchestra which Mark Warnow originated and conducts will play unusual arrangements of new and old hits at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST) over CBS.

NICKELODEON

Nickelodeon, weekly series featuring Sylvia Clark, returns to the air tonight over NBC at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST).

SOCIAL WORK

Monsignor Robert F. Keegan, executive director of the Catholic Charities of New York and president of the National Conference of Social Work, will speak from New York over CBS at 9:45 p.m. EST (8:45 CST). His talk, "Human Capital," will be heard in connection with the Sixty-Third annual meeting of the National Conference of Social Work, currently being held in Atlantic City.

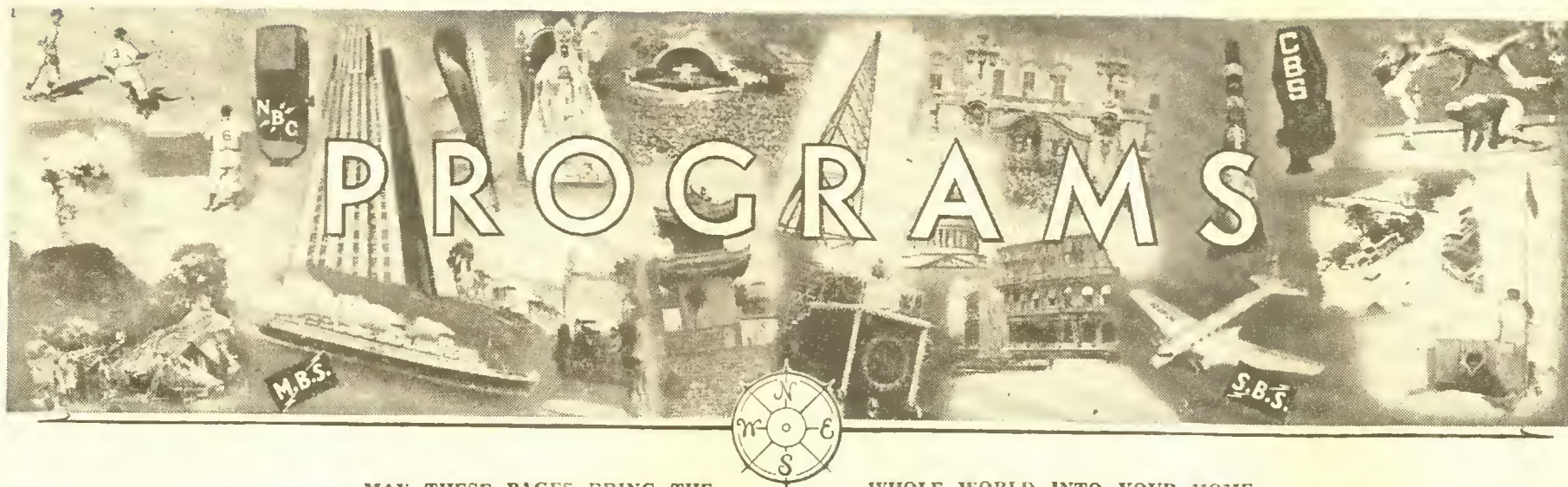
SATURDAY, MAY 23

SOCIALIST CONVENTION

The opening of the nominating convention of the National Socialist Party will be broadcast over CBS at 10 a.m. EST (9 CST). In the evening at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST) microphones again will be turned on the activities of this convention.

KEYNOTER

At 11 a.m. EST (10 CST), NBC will pick up the convention and Leo Krzycki, chairman of the National Executive Committee of the National Socialist Party and vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, will deliver the keynote speech of the National Socialist Convention from the floor of Cleveland's convention hall.



MAY THESE PAGES BRING THE WHOLE WORLD INTO YOUR HOME

SUNDAY

CBS—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's; WLAC WFIM WMMN (sw-21.52)

May 17

Network Changes

Chicago U. Round Table Discussion will be heard at its old time; NBC 11:30 a.m. EST (10:30 CST)
 Anne Jamison, formerly 2:15 p.m., now NBC 2 p.m. EST (3 CST)
 Songs of Russia will be heard at its old time; CBS 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST)
 Eddie Cantor leaves the air this date to be replaced by Tommy Dorsey's Orch.; CBS 6 p.m. EST (5 CST)

News

9:30 a.m.—CBS-WSMK
 10:00 a.m.—NBC-WCKY
 11:45 p.m.—International News Exchange; CBS-WKRC
 8:30 p.m.—Walter Winchell; NBC-WJZ
 10:00 p.m.—CBS-WABC
 10:30 p.m.—NBC-WEAF

Classical Music

9:35 a.m.—Beethoven Sonata Series; CBS-WSMK
 11:30 p.m.—Radio City Music Hall; NBC WLW
 2:00 p.m.—Symphony Orchestra; CBS-WKRC
 6:30 p.m.—Fireside Recitals; NBC-WEAF
 8:00 p.m.—Sunday Evening Hour; CBS-WABC
 9:00 p.m.—General Motors Concert; NBC-WEAF

Comedy

6:00 p.m.—Jack Benny; NBC-WJZ
 6:30 p.m.—Phil Baker; CBS-WABC

Drama

3:00 p.m.—The Widow's Sons; NBC-WCKY

Talks

4:30 p.m.—Malcolm La Prade; NBC-KDKA

Morning

7:00 EST 6:00 CST NBC-William Meeder, organist; WSM
 CBS-On the Air Today; Organ Reveille; (sw-21.52)
 NBC-Melody Hour; WTAM
 WVA—Wheeling Gospel Tabernacle
 7:30 EST 6:30 CST CBS-Lyric Serenade; (sw-21.52)
 NBC-Tone Pictures; WSAI
 WOWO—Old Time Religion
 7:45 EST 6:45 CST CBS Radio Spotlight (sw-21.52)
 8:00 EST 7:00 CST NBC-Coast to Coast on a Bus, children's prgm.; WLW KDKA
 WMAQ (sw-21.54)

Log of Stations

Call Letters	Kilo-cycles	Power Watts	Location	Network
KDKA	930	50,000	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	NB
KMOX	1090	50,000	St. Louis, Missouri	C
WABC†	860	50,000	New York City	C
WAVE	940	1,000	Louisville, Kentucky	N
WBSM†	770	50,000	Chicago, Illinois	C
WCKY	1490	5,000	Cincinnati, Ohio	N
WCPO	1290	250	Cincinnati, Ohio	L
WEAF†	660	50,000	New York City	NR
WENR	870	50,000	Chicago, Illinois	NB
WFBM	1230	1,000	Indianapolis, Indiana	C
WGBF	630	500	Evansville, Indiana	L & M
WGN	720	50,000	Chicago, Illinois	C
WGY†	790	50,000	Schenectady New York	NR
WHAM†	1150	50,000	Rochester, New York	NB
WHAS	820	50,000	Louisville, Kentucky	C
WHIO	1250	1,000	Dayton, Ohio	N
WIRE	1400	1,000	Indianapolis, Indiana	N
WJB†	750	50,000	Detroit, Michigan	C
WJZ†	750	50,000	New York City	NB
WKRC	550	1,000	Cincinnati, Ohio	C
WLAC	1470	5,000	Nashville, Tennessee	C
WLS	870	50,000	Chicago, Illinois	NB
WLW	700	500,000	Cincinnati, Ohio	H & M
WMAQ†	670	50,000	Chicago, Illinois	NR
WMMN	890	500	Fairmont, West Virginia	C
WOWO	1160	10,000	Fort Wayne, Indiana	C
WSAI	1330	2,500	Cincinnati, Ohio	N
WSAZ	1190	1,000	Huntington, West Virginia	L
WSM	650	50,000	Nashville, Tennessee	N
WSMK*	1380	200	Dayton, Ohio	NR
WTAM	1070	50,000	Cleveland, Ohio	NR
WVVA	1160	5,000	Wheeling, West Virginia	C

WGN-Singing Canaries
 WKRC-Salt Lake City Choir and Organ (CBS)
 WMMN—First Presby. Church
 WSM—First Baptist Church
 11:00 EST 10:00 CST
 CBS-Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir & Organ; (sw-21.52)
 NBC—Amer. Pageant of Youth
 Johnny Johnson's Orchestra
 Guest: KDKA WSAI WLS (sw-15.21)
 WAVE—St. Paul's Evangelical Church
 WCPQ-Amateur Revue
 WGBF—Agoga Tabernacle
 WGN—Univ. of Chicago Chapel
 WHAS To be announced
 WHIO—Watch Tower
 WIRE-News
 WLW—Cradle Tabernacle
 WMAQ—Sunshine Hour
 WSM—Presbyterian Church
 11:15 EST 10:15 CST
 WIRE-Radio Warblers
 11:30 EST 10:30 CST
 NBC-Univ. of Chicago Round Table Discussion; WFAM
 WCKY WMAQ (sw-15.33)
 NBC-Romany Trail; WHAS WLAC
 KMOX (sw-21.52/9.59)
 * NBC-Radio City Music Hall;
 Jan Pearce & Viola Philo;
 WLW WAVE KDKA WSM (sw-15.21)
 Duel from the Second Act "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," Wagner; Siegfried's Funeral March from "Gotterdammerung," Wagner; Prelude and Liebestodt from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner
 WFBM-Star Dust Melodies
 WIRE-Melody Hour
 WKRC—Amer. Legion Prgm.
 WOWO-Mayfair Revue
 WSAI-Organ Highlights
 11:45 EST 10:45 CST
 * CBS-Int'l B'cast from Paris; News Exchange; WHAS WLAC
 WSMK WOWO WKRC KMOX (sw-21.52)

SHORT WAVES

Symbol after a program, like (sw-9.53), means that program is broadcast on short waves on 9.53 megacycles.
 C—CBS (Columbia Broadcasting System)
 L—Local Programs
 M—MBS (Mutual Broadcasting System)
 N—NBC (National Broadcasting Company)
 NB—National Broadcasting Company Basic Blue Network
 NR—National Broadcasting Company Basic Red Network
 †—Night Programs
 *—Network Programs

NOTICE: The programs as presented here were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and RADIO GUIDE could make them at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise at the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh hour changes in program listings, time, etc.
 Bell Δ indicates religious services and programs. Star * indicates high spot selections.

If your favorite station is not listed at quarter or half hour periods, consult the time listings immediately above. The chances are that a network program of 30 or 60 minutes' duration is on the air at a quarter-hour when you do not find your station listed.

10:00 EST 9:00 CST WKRC Treasure Chest
 WLS-Roy Anderson, bar.; Ralph Emerson, organist
 WSAI-Dr. Courbois, organist
 10:30 EST 9:30 CST
 * NBC-Major Bowes Family; Waldo Mayo, conductor & violinist; Joey Nash, tr.; Three Majors; Nicholas Cosentino, tr.; Helen Alexander, sop.; WTAM WAVE WCKY WHIO WMAQ WIRE (sw-15.33)
 CBS—Salt Lake City Tabernacle; Choir & Organ; KMOX WLAC WOWO WSMK
 NBC-Honeymooners; WLW
 WCPQ-Gladys & Mary
 WFBM-Δ Christian Men Builders WGY-Musical Prgm.
 WHAS—Δ Sunday Jail Service WKRC-Rug Weavers
 WLS-Otto Marek, tr.
 WMMN-Reading the Funnies
 WSM—John Ford, Bible lecture
 WVVA—Δ Judge Ruthertord, Tamburitza Orchestra
 10:15 EST 9:15 CST
 NBC-Rudd & Rogers, songs and piano duo; WCKY
 NBC-Pearless Trio; WHIO WTAM; WIRE (sw-15.33)
 WCPQ—Jimmy Lee
 WGN-Carverth Wells, explorer

Afternoon

12:00 EST 11:00 CST
 NBC-Songs of Spring; Salon Orch.; WTAM WHIO WCKY WMAQ (sw-15.33)
 CBS—Δ Church of the Air; WVVA WKRC WHAS KMOX WMMN WSMK (sw-15.27)
 WCPQ-salvation Army Prgm;
 WENR-Radio City Music Hall (NBC)
 WGN-Reading the Comics
 WLAC—Δ Church of Christ
 WOWO-Mayfair Revue
 WSAI-American Family Robinson
 WSAZ Light Classic
 12:15 EST 11:15 CST
 WCPQ-Jewish Community Prgm.
 WSAI-Land of Manana
 WSAZ-Uncle Henry
 12:30 EST 11:30 CST
 NBC-White the City Sleeps; WHIO WCKY WIRE WMAQ (sw-15.33)
 CBS-Poets Gold; David Ross, readings; WFBM WHAS WKRC WVVA KMOX WOWO WSMK (sw-15.27/9.59)
 NBC-Sunday Forum; "The Cost of Conviction," Dr. Ralph W. Sockman; Organist; WSM WENR WLW WAVE
 1:00 EST 12:00 CST
 * NBC-Magic Key; Symph. Orch., dir. Frank Black; Milton J. Cross, m.c.; Hilda Lashanska, sop.; The Westerners; Richard Rodgers, composer, guests: WENR WLW WSM WAVE KDKA (sw-15.21)
 CBS-French Trio; WHAS WKRC WLAC WSMK WVVA WMMN (sw-15.27/9.59)
 NBC-Walter Logan's Musicale; WMAQ (sw-15.33)
 KMOX June & Jerry
 WCPQ-Bowling News
 WFBM-Friendship Circle
 WGBF—Golden Hour of Music
 WGN-Man About Town
 WHIO-Defiance College Prgm.
 WIRE-Air Parade
 WOWO-Salon Orchestra
 WSAI-News
 WSAZ-Varsiteers
 WTAM-To be announced
 1:15 EST 12:15 CST
 KMOX-Book Review
 WCKY-Walter Logan's Musicale (NBC)
 WCPQ—German Hour
 WGN-Palmer House Ensemble
 WOWO-French Trio (CBS)
 WSAI-Concert Interlude
 1:30 EST 12:30 CST
 NBC-Peter Absolute, sketch;
 WMAQ WCKY WHIO (sw-15.33)
 CBS-Ticonderoga Week; WKRC WHAS KMOX WOWO WVVA WLAC (sw-15.27/9.59)
 WFBM-Rainbow Rhythm
 WGN-Aft. Serenade
 WIRE-Rhythm Makers
 WMMN-Mello Tone Poems
 WSAI—Sermon & Hymn Time
 WSAZ-Upper Window
 WTAM-Oberlin Hour
 1:45 EST 12:45 CST
 CBS-St. Louis Blues; WFBM WHAS WVVA WLAC WOWO KMOX (sw-15.27/9.59)
 WCPQ-Deep South
 WIRE-Home Beautiful
 WKRC—Stardust Serenade
 WMMN Hugh Ike Shott, political
 WSAZ-AJ Bowly
 2:00 EST 1:00 CST
 NBC-Anne Jamison, sop.; Josef Hont's Orch.; WCKY WIRE
 CBS-Symph. Orch., Dir. Howard Barlow; WFBM WHAS WLAC WSMK WKRC (sw-15.27/9.59)
 Overture to "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Mozart; Symphony in C Major from the Salomon Set, Haydn; Classical Symphony, Prokofiev
 NBC-Your, Gilbert Seldes, commentator; KDKA WENR WSM WSAI (sw-15.21)

MBS-Lamplighter: WLW WGN... Baseball Game: WCPO WHIO...

WAVE Jewel Box... WCPO Laura Shields... WGBF Hoosier Hot Shots...

6:30 EST 5:30 CST... NBC-Robt. "Believe It or Not" Ripley...

WGN Sunday Evening Club... WMMI Polish Alliance Orch... WSAI-Bob Nolan's Orch.

WCPO Bradford's Orch... WFBM Piano Twins... WHAM County Medical Talk...

WLW Dick Messner's Orch... WSM-Francis Craig's Orch... 11:30 EST 10:30 CST...

2:15 EST 1:15 CST... NBC-Joe Venuti's Orch.: WENR... KDKA WSM WAVE WSAI...

4:45 EST 3:45 CST... NBC-Forty-Niners Fiesta: WENR... WLV...

3:00 EST 2:00 CST... NBC-Widow's Sons, sketch... WCKY WMAQ WTAM...

9:00 EST 8:00 CST... NBC-Sunday Concert; Guests: Erno Rapee...

10:15 EST 9:15 CST... NBC-Shandor, violinist: WJZ... WHAM WSAI...

12:00 EST 11:00 CST... CBS Phillip Crane, bar.: WBBM... KMOX...

2:45 EST 1:45 CST... NBC-Henri Deering, pianist: KDKA...

5:00 EST 4:00 CST... NBC Catholic Hour; "The Tribute of the Heart"...

7:00 EST 6:00 CST... NBC-Meredith Willson's Orch.: WJZ... WLS WCKY WHAM...

9:15 EST 8:15 CST... WGBF Classical Hour... 9:30 EST 8:30 CST...

10:30 EST 9:30 CST... NBC Charles Dornberger's Orch.: WJZ... WHAM WSAI...

12:15 EST 11:15 CST... CBS-Abe Lyman's Orch.: WBBM... KMOX...

3:00 EST 2:00 CST... NBC-Children's Amateur Hour... WAVE... Musical Prgm.

5:15 EST 4:15 CST... KDKA Thank You, Stusia... WCPO-Dixie Trio...

7:15 EST 6:15 CST... WCPO-Supper Dance... WGN-Palmer House Ensemble...

9:45 EST 8:45 CST... CBS Community Sing: WABC... KMOX WHAS WMMN...

10:45 EST 9:45 CST... NBC News; Fletcher Henderson's Orch.: WEA...

12:30 EST 11:30 CST... NBC-Carl Schreiber's Orch.: WIRE... WENR WSM...

3:15 EST 2:15 CST... WSAZ-Nazarene Sacred Singers... 3:30 EST 2:30 CST...

5:30 EST 4:30 CST... NBC-Navier Cugat's Orch.: WHIO... WCKY WTAM...

7:30 EST 6:30 CST... CBS-"The Quality of Mercy... True Broadman: WABC...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:00 EST 10:00 CST... NBC Freddie Bergin's Orch.: WEA... WCKY WIRE...

12:45 EST 11:45 CST... CBS-Notturne: WBBM WFBM... KMOX When Day Is Done...

3:45 EST 2:45 CST... NBC-Adventure Society: WMAQ... WIRE WTAM...

5:45 EST 4:45 CST... CBS-Voice of Experience, advice: WWVA... KMOX...

7:45 EST 6:45 CST... WBBM-Abe Lyman's Orch.: WIRE... WCPO Cafe Continentale...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

End of Sunday Programs... SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR SUNDAY... EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour...

4:00 EST 3:00 CST... NBC Sunday Drivers; Fields & Hall... WCKY WTAM...

6:00 EST 5:00 CST... NBC-Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone... WENR KDKA...

8:00 EST 7:00 CST... CBS-Sunday Evening Hour; Giovanni Martinelli... WABC...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)

4:30 EST 3:30 CST... NBC Travel Talk, Malcolm LaPrairie: KDKA WENR (sw 15.21)

6:15 EST 5:15 CST... WCPO-Basin St. Hammers... WLAC Male-M. Tate...

8:15 EST 7:15 CST... WCPO Frank Stoffer's Orchestra... WGBF-Barons of Rhythm...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)

4:45 EST 3:45 CST... WHIO-To be announced... WMMN-Thomas A. Sweeney...

6:30 EST 5:30 CST... NBC-K-7 Secret Service Spy Stories... WGY WHIO WCKY...

8:30 EST 7:30 CST... NBC-American Album of Familiar Music... Frank Munn...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)

4:55 EST 3:55 CST... WHIO-To be announced... WMMN-Thomas A. Sweeney...

6:45 EST 5:45 CST... NBC-K-7 Secret Service Spy Stories... WGY WHIO WCKY...

8:45 EST 7:45 CST... NBC-American Album of Familiar Music... Frank Munn...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)

5:00 EST 4:00 CST... NBC Catholic Hour; "The Tribute of the Heart"...

6:55 EST 5:55 CST... WCPO-Basin St. Hammers... WLAC Male-M. Tate...

8:55 EST 7:55 CST... NBC-American Album of Familiar Music... Frank Munn...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)

5:15 EST 4:15 CST... KDKA Thank You, Stusia... WCPO-Dixie Trio...

7:05 EST 6:05 CST... NBC-Meredith Willson's Orch.: WJZ... WLS WCKY...

9:05 EST 8:05 CST... NBC-Sunday Concert; Guests: Erno Rapee... WEA...

10:00 EST 9:00 CST... NBC Phil Levant's Orch.: WEA... WGY WTAM...

11:15 EST 10:15 CST... WAVE-Rhythm Parade... WFBM-Frank Dailey's Orch. (CBS)

Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown)



Phillips Lord See 9 p.m. EST (8 CST)

Frequencies

Table with 3 columns: Station Call Letters, Frequency, and Station Name. Includes KOKA-980, WGN-720, WLW-700, etc.

CBS Alida Sturman: WBBM KMOX Dance Orch.: WHAS WAVE WENR Fletcher Henderson's Orch.

12:15 EST 11:15 CST CBS Abe Lyman's Orch.: KMOX WBBM WAVE-Art Kassel's Orchestra WTAM-Manuel Contreras' Orch.

9:30 EST 8:30 CST CBS-March of Time: WABC WFRM WBBM WHAS WKRC KMOX WJR (sw-6.12-6.06) NBC Olympic Boxing Finals: WJZ WCKY WHAM WENR WSM KDKA WHIO (sw-6.14) WCPD Boxing Matches WGN Mardi Grads; Dance Orch. WIR Rhythm Revue WLAC Sports WMMN News WWOV Evening Concert WSAI Kenny's Orch. WSM-Fisk Jubilee Singers

7:15 EST 6:15 CST WCPD Rev. H. S. Bigelow WGN Rubinioff & His Violin WHIO Harry Kalb's Orch. WIRE-Brother Low-down's Jau Tewn WMMN Pop. Dance Tunes WWOV Jack Lloyd 7:30 EST 6:30 CST NEC-Lavender & Old Lace; William Meeler, organist; WJZ WHAM KDKA WLS WSAI (sw-11.87) CBS-Burns & Allen; Milton Watson, tr.; Jacques Henard's Orch.: WABC WKRC KMOX WBBM WFRM WJR WHAS WLAC (sw-11.83-6.06) NBC-Wayne King's Orch.: WFAF WTAM WAVE WHIO WCKY WSM WIRE WMAQ WGY MBS-Music Box: WLW WGN WCPD-Sport Review WMMN-Musical Moments WWOV-Mellow Melodies WWOV News 7:45 EST 6:45 CST WCPD-Leaders in Dance Time WJZ-Thank You Stusia WLS Rhythm Orch. WMAQ Benny Goodman's Orch. WMMN-Studio Theatre WWOV-Musical Moments 8:00 EST 7:00 CST NBC-Fred Allen & Portland Hoifa; Art Players; Anatole & Peter Van Steeden's Orch.: WFAF WTAM WAVE WMAQ WSM WLW WGY (sw-9.53) CBS-Lily Pons, sop.; Andre Kostelanetz' Orch.; Chorus: WABC WKRC WHAS WJR KMOX WFRM WLAC WMMN WBBM (sw-11.83-6.06) NBC-Concert Hour; Orch., dir. Cesare Sodero; WJZ WCKY WHAM KDKA (sw-15.21) WCPD-James E. O'Connell WGN-Lone Ranger WHIO-Barney Rapp's Orch. WIRE-Gilbert Mirehon WLS-To be announced WSAI Concert Hall WWOV Musical Varieties 8:15 EST 7:15 CST WCPD Stoifer's Orchestra WLS Concert Hour (NBC) WSAI Amer. Legion Auxiliary WWOV All Star Revue 8:30 EST 7:30 CST CBS-Postmaster General James A. Farley, "The New Deal & Its Critics": WABC WWOV WMMN WBBM (sw-11.83-6.06) KMOX-Rhythm Revue WCPD-Ward's Orch. WENR-Concert Hour (NBC) WFRM Piano Twins WGN-News; Sports Shots WHAS-Opening of Macauley's WHIO Musical Review WIRE-Top Tunes of Today WJR-Strange at it Seems WKRC Dance Orch. WLAC-Musical Moments WSAI Community Chest 8:45 EST 7:45 CST CBS-James A. Farley: WFRM KMOX-To be announced WCKY-Rubinioff, violinist WCPD-Monte Carlo Orch. WGN-Witch's Tales WHIO-Sammy Watkin's Orch. WJR-Sports Parade WKRC-Honor the Law WLAC-Murder Mysteries 9:00 EST 8:00 CST NBC-To be announced: WJZ WHIO WCKY WENR CBS-Gang Busters; Crime Drama by Phillips Lord: WABC WHAS WKRC WBBM KMOX WWOV WFRM WJR WLAC (sw-6.12-6.06) NBC-Your Hit Parade; Al Goodman's Orch.: WFAF WTAM WAVE WGY WMAQ WSM WLW (sw-9.53) KDKA To be announced WCPD-Bill Dietrich's Orch. WGN-Horace Heidt's Orch. WHAM-Piano Duo WIRE-Opportunity Night WMMN-Varieties WSAI-Husbands & Wives 9:15 EST 8:15 CST WCPD-Bradford's Orchestra WGN-Music Makers WHAM-Musical Moments WIRE-Strange As It Seems

NBC-Easy Aces, sketch: WJZ WCKY KDKA WHAM WHIO WENR WIRE (sw-15.21-11.87) CBS-Gratude Niesen, songs: WABC WKRC WLAC WSMK WWOV (sw-11.83) KMOX Old Scoutmaster WAVE Round the Town WBBM Pat Flanagan, sports WCPD-Spring Prom WFRM-Butler Serenade WGN-Palmer House Ensemble WJR Jimmie Stevenson *WLW-The Johnsons, sketch WMAQ Donald McGibeny, news WMMN News WSAI-Omar, the Mystic WSAZ-News WSM-Pan-American Broadcast WTAM Sportsman WWOV-Radio Gossipers; Baseball Scores 6:15 EST 5:15 CST NBC-ALKA-SELTZER PRE sents Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: WFAF WGY WTAM WHIO WIRE WMAQ WCKY (sw-9.53) CBS-Blue Flames: WABC WKRC WWOV (sw-11.83) NBC-Olympic Prospects, 1936; Guest Speaker: WJZ WENR WSM WSAI Diary of Jimmie Mattern: WLW WMMN Dinner Music: WGN WSAZ KDKA-Slim & Jack KMOX-Renew of the Mounted WBBM-Adele Starr WCPD-Moods WFRM School Sketches WGN-Dinner Music WHAM-Kendall Sportcast WHAS Dick Tracy WJR-Adv. of Jimmie Allen WLAC Nat'l Youth Admin. WWOV-Terry & Ted 6:30 EST 5:30 CST NBC-Gabriel Heatter, news: WFAF *NBC-HOKLICK'S MALTED Milk Presents Lum & Abner, sketch: WJZ WLW WENR WSM CBS-Kate Smith's Hour; Jack Miller's Orch.; Ted Collins, announcer: WABC WBBM WKRC WHAS KMOX WWOV WFRM WHIO (sw-11.83-9.59) KDKA-Rhythm Revue WCKY Arty Hall's Rubes (NBC) WCPD-Merchants' Bulletins WGBF-Hoffman's Boys Club WGN-Sports Review WGY Jim Healey WHAM Rhythm Review WHIO-News; Si Burick WIRE-Black Magic WLAC-World Review WMAQ-Xavier Cugat's Orch. WMMN-Eve. Organ Melodies WWOV True Detective WSAI News WSAZ-Light Classics WTAM-Youth & Experience 6:45 EST 5:45 CST NBC-To be announced: WJZ *CBS-Boake Carter, commentator: WABC WHAS KMOX WKRC WBBM WJR (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC-Our American Schools: WFAF Diary of Jimmie Mattern: WMAQ WWOV News: WFRM WHAM KDKA-Romance of Dan & Sylvia WAVE Sport Program WCKY Golden Voice Canaries WCPD-Asher & Little Jimmie WENR-Star Dust WGBF-Club Time WGN-Sally Ja Nelson, songs WGY Rhythm Parade WHIO-To be announced WIRE-Sport Slants WLAC-Sons of the Pioneers *WLW-Lilac Time WMMN-Tracin' the Sports WWOV-Musical Moments WSAI-Knut Hole Club WSAZ Dance Orch. WSM-Sarin & Sallie WTAM-Passers By 7:00 EST 6:00 CST NBC-One Man's Family, serial drama with Anthony Smythe: WFAF WTAM WMAQ WSM WAVE WGY WLW *CBS-Cavalcade of America, historical drama; Harold Levey's Orch.: WABC WHAS WKRC WBBM KMOX WFRM WJR WLAC (sw-11.83-6.06) NBC-Folies de Paree; Willie & Engene Howard; Fifi D'Orsay & Orch.: WJZ WHAM KDKA WLS WSAI (sw-11.87) WCKY-Fireside Hour WCPD-Soft Lights & Sweet Music WGBF-Rhythm Revue WGN-Ted Weems' Orchestra

CBS Buddy Clark, songs: WHAS WMMN WSMK WLAC (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC Twin City Foursome: WAVE WCKY WHIO WCPD-News WENR-Musical Grab Bag WFRM-Wheeler Mission Prgm. WGBF-News WKRC-Eddie Schoelwer WMAQ-Larry Larsen, organist WSM-Health Department WTAM-Musical Cocktail WWOV-Shopping Synchronism 4:45 EST 3:45 CST NBC-Dom Pedro's Orch.: WTAM WMAQ CBS-Wilderness Road, sketch: WHAS WWOV WFRM WKRC WSMK WLAC WMMN (sw-11.83) NBC-Orphan Annie, sketch: WLW KDKA (sw-15.21) NBC Top Hatters: WHIO WAVE WCKY-Dick Tracy, sketch WCPD-Carnival WENR-Sandy Williams' Orch. WGBF-Musical Masterpiece WSAZ-Dance Music WSM Twin City Foursome (NBC) 5:00 EST 4:00 CST NBC-Flying Time: WCKY WAVE WMAQ CBS-Buck Rogers, sketch WKRC WBBM (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC-Animal News Club: WSAI CBS-The Chicagoans: WLAC KDKA-News WCPD-Final Headlines WENR Topsy Turvy Time WFRM Indiana Central College WGN-Archair Melodies WHAS-State Teachers College WHIO-Dick Leibert, organist WLW Kay Kyser's Orchestra WMMN To be announced WWOV Mellow Music WSAZ-Bargain Counter WSM-Jack's Gang; Pan American Broadcast WTAM Pie Plant Pete WWOV Royal Serenaders 5:15 EST 4:15 CST NBC-Clark Dennis, tr.: WCKY WIRE WENR (sw-9.53) CBS-Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim: (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC-Mary Small, songs: WAVE WSM (CBS Chicagoans: WSMK WKRC KDKA Charlie Reber, songs WCPD-Galvano & Cortez WFRM Tea Time Tunes WGBF-Radio Revival WHIO Bumbly & Ginger WLW Biltmore Boys WMAQ-Spareribs (NBC) WMMN-Eve. Shopping Notes WWOV Jungle Jim WSAI-Friendly Councilor WSAZ Briarhoppers WTAM-Bronley House WWOV-Economy Notes 5:30 EST 4:30 CST NBC-The Singing Lady: WGN CBS-News; Foreign Trade Week: WSMK WLAC WWOV WHAS (sw-11.83) NBC-News; Three X Sisters: WSAI KDKA Baseball Scores; Weather WAVE Roller Derby WCKY-Buddy and Ginger WCPD-Dixieland Band WENR-What's the News? WHIO Tarzan of the Apes WKRC-Spring Prom WLW Toy Band WMAQ-News; Dorothy Page, contralto (NBC) WWOV-Musical Prgm. WSAZ-Clark Randall; Orch. WSM-News WTAM-News; Tommy & Betty 5:45 EST 4:45 CST NBC-Little Orphan Annie: WGN WSM *NBC-Lowell Thomas, commentator: WLW KDKA WTAM (sw-15.21-11.87) CBS-Renew of the Mounted: WFRM WWOV KMOX WSMK WBBM (sw-11.83) WAVE-To be announced WCKY-Musical Moods WCPD-Smilin' Dan WENR-Adv. of Jim Foster WHAS-Melody Cruise WHIO-Jimmy Allen, sketch WLAC-Charlie & Red WMAQ-Three Scamps (NBC) WMMN-Sons of the Pioneers WWOV Baseball Series; News WSAI Baseball Resume WSAZ-George Hall's Orch.

SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR WEDNESDAY

(See Page 31 for List of Stations and Frequencies) EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour 6 a.m.—Mail box: VK3ME 6 a.m.—Moscow broadcast: RNE 7:25 a.m.—Jack and Jill: GSG GSH 10:30 a.m.—Vatican City hour: HVJ 11 a.m.—Commerce hour: COCD 11:30 a.m.—Talk, Ships: GSG GSF GSD 12:15 p.m.—Stage star interviews: GSB GSD GSI 1 p.m.—Cuban dance music: COCD 2 p.m.—Latin-American music: COCD 3:30 p.m.—Scottish music: GSB GSD GSI 4 p.m.—Talk: RNE 4 p.m.—Penny hedge planting: GSB GSD GSO 4:30 p.m.—Kyte's band: GSB GSD GSO 4:55 p.m.—Listener greetings: DJD 5 p.m.—Mayor's program: COCD 5 p.m.—Romance music: DJD 6 p.m.—Casino orchestra: COCO 6 p.m.—Novelty band: GSC GSD GSP 6 p.m.—Soldiers-Comrades: DJD 6:30 p.m.—Surprise item: GSC GSD GSP 7 p.m.—Holland program: PCJ (9.59) 7 p.m.—Current topics: 2RO 7 p.m.—South American program: COCD 7:15 p.m.—Lorenzo Herrera, songs: YV2RC 7:30 p.m.—Merry miscellany: DJD DJM 7:45 p.m.—Jesus Paiva, crooner: YV2RC 8 p.m.—Cuban dance music: COCD 8 p.m.—Continental: YV2RC 8:15 p.m.—Betty Boop: YV2RC 8:30 p.m.—Aboard the Etherbus: DJD DJM 9 p.m.—National Tourist program: TTPG 9:15 p.m.—Symphony orchestra: DJD DJM 10:05 p.m.—Jack and Jill: GSC GSD 10:30 p.m.—Opportunity program: COCD 11:30 p.m.—Hunt the Tiger: GSB GSN 12 mid.—Oversun hour: JVN JV11 12:37 a.m.—Fiji hour: VPD 12:55 a.m.—Penny hedge planting: GSB GSN

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Night

6:00 EST 5:00 CST *NBC-Amos 'n' Andy: WFAF WGY (sw-9.53)

Frequencies

Table listing radio frequencies for various stations including KDKA 980, WGN 720, WLW 700, etc.

Table listing radio frequencies for various stations including 1:30 EST, 12:30 CST, etc.

SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR SATURDAY

(See Page 31 for List of Stations and Frequencies) 10:30 a.m.—Vatican City hour: HVJ 11 a.m.—Commerce hour: COCD 12:15 p.m.—Children's hour: GSB GSD GSI...

CONTESTS ON AIR

SUNDAY 6:45 p.m. EST (5:45 CST), NBC network. Sunset Dreams. Rebroadcast for West at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). Jingle contest, wrist watch prizes. TUESDAY 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC network. Vox Pop. Wrist watches weekly for questions or problems...

WHIO News; Walter Born, dir. WJR-Jimmie Stevenson WKRC-Harmony Highways WLW-R. F. D. Hour WGOV-Bassball Scores WSM-Musical Program WTAM-Sportsman 6:15 EST 5:15 CST CBS-Song Stylists, male quartet: WABC WHAS WJR KMON WOWO WWVA (sw-11.83) * NBC-Edwin C. Hill, news commentator: WEAFF WTAM WCKY WHIO WIRE WMAQ WGY (sw-9.53) NPC-Home Town: WJZ KDKA WSM WSAI (sw-15.21 11.87) WBBM Eddie House, organist WENR Musical Grab Bag * WFBM-Bohemians WGN-Bob Eison's Sports Review WIAM Sporteast WKRC-Sports, News WLAC-Church of Christ WMMN Rev. W. T. Hoffmeyer WSAZ Dinner Music 6:30 EST 5:30 CST NBC-Message of Israel; Rabbi Irving Reichert, guest speaker: WJZ WSAI WENR CBS Frank Parker, dir.; Bob Hope & Guests: WABC WWVA (sw-11.83-9.59) NBC Hampton Inst. Singers: WEAFF WCKY WMAQ WIRE CBS-Herbert Foote, organist: WHAS WKRC MBS-Sherlock Holmes: WGN WLW KDKA To be announced KMON-Ozark Carnival WBBM-Jimmie Evans, sports WCPQ-Merchants' Bulletins WGBF-Hoffman's Boys Club WGY-Variety Prem. WIAM-Rhythm Orch. WHIO News; Harry Kall's Orch. WJR Musical Prem. WMMN-Evening Varieties WGOV-Variety Program WSAZ-Musical Moments WSM-Sunday School Lesson WTAM-Don Jose 6:45 EST 5:45 CST NBC-Muriel Sport Page of the Air: WEAFF News: WFBM WIAM WAVE Sport Program WBBM-Eleona Moneak's Ensemble WCPQ-Asher & Little Jimmy WGBF-Seroco (Hub WJR-Dr. McArthur WLAC-Sons of the Pioneers WSM-Sacred Quartet WSMK-Herbert Foote, organist (CBS) WTAM-Hampton Institute Singers (NBC) 7:00 EST 6:00 CST NBC-Carl Ravazza's Orch.: WEAFF WLW WCKY WMAQ WGY (sw-9.53) * CBS-"Ziegfeld Follies of the Air," starring Fannie Brice, Benny Fields, Jack Arthur, Patti Chapin & Al Goodman's Orch.: WABC WKRC WHAS WBBM KMON WFBM WJR WLAC (sw-11.83 6.06) NBC-El Chico, Spanish Revue: WJZ WHIO WIRE WAVE KDKA-ABC of Faith WCPQ-Galvano & Cortez WGN-Tom, Dick & Harry WIAM-Hank & Herb WLS-Henry Hornsbuckle & Ramblers WMMN Joe Larosa & Betty Allen WSAI-Dick Stabile's Orch. WTAM-Harl Smith's Orch. WWVA-Flyin' X Roundup 7:15 EST 6:15 CST NBC-El Chico, Spanish Revue: KDKA WIRE (sw-11.87) Rubinoff & His Violin: WGN WSM WAVE-Rhythm Caravan WCPQ-One Night Bandstand WLS-Hilltoppers & George Geibel WMMN-Pop. Dance Tunes WTAM-Carl Ravazza's Orch. (NBC) WWVA-Where to Go to Church 7:30 EST 6:30 CST NBC-Springtime; Emil Polak's Orch.: WEAFF WTAM WMAQ WGY (sw-9.53) NBC-Boston Pop Concert; Besta Symph. dir. Arthur Friedler: WJZ KDKA WHIO WCKY (sw-11.87) WAVE-Roller Derby WCPQ-Sport Review WGN-Dance Orch. WHAM-Dudley Brothers WHAS-Barn Dance Party WLW-Clyde Trask's Orch. WOWO-Earl Gardner's Orchestra

WSAI-Nemo Eddy's Orch. WSM-Delmore Brothers WWVA-All Star Revue 7:45 EST 6:45 CST Rubinoff, violinist: WAVE WGBF WCPQ-Soft Lights & Sweet Music WIAM Party WLS-Hoy Anderson, bar.; Ralph Emerson, organist WSM-Musical Memory Time WWVA-Bible School 8:00 EST 7:00 CST NBC-Frank Fay, comedian: WEAFF WLW WTAM WMAQ WGY (sw-9.53) CBS-Bruna Castagna, contralto; Orch.: WABC WWVA WFBM KMON (sw-11.83-6.06) NBC Pop Concert: WAVE WCPQ-Charter Committee WBBM-Harry Richman WGN-News WIAM-Dr. Charles W. Welch WLAC-Barney Rapp's Orch. WJR Musical Moments WKRC-Stardust WLAC-Sports WLS-Barn Dance Jamboree WMMN Carl Smith, talk WSAI Concert Hall WSM-Hilltop Harmonizers 8:15 EST 7:15 CST CBS-Bruna Castagna, contralto: WKRC WMMN WCPQ-Staffer's Orchestra WBBM-Abe Lyman's Orch. WGN-Joe Sanders' Orch. WHAS-Junior Bar Conference WJR Musicale WLAC-Church of Hollywood WLS-Hilltoppers WSAI-Bob Nolan's Orch. WSM Musical Moments 8:30 EST 7:30 CST * NBC-Chateau; Smith Ballew, m.c.; Victor Young's Orch.: WEAFF WTAM WMAQ WLW WGY (sw-9.53) CBS-Socialists' Nat'l Convention: WABC WMMN WWVA WFBM WLAC KMON (sw-11.83 6.06) * NBC-ALKA-SELTZER Presents National Barn Dance; Maple City Four; Sally Foster; Henry Burr, tnr.; Uncle Ezra; Verne, Lee & Mary; Hoosier Hot Shots; Lucille Long; Novelclowns; Joe Kelly, m.c. & Others: WJZ KDKA WIRE WHAM WLS WAVE WHIO (sw-11.87) (also see 10 p.m.) WBBM-Frankie Masters' Orch. WCKY-Front Page Dramas WCPQ-Ward's Orchestra WGN-Grit Williams' Orch. WHAS-Louisville Ensemble WJR-Strance as it Seems WKRC-Moods WSAI-Let's Go to the Music Hall WSM-Thank You Stusia 8:45 EST 7:45 CST * Smiling Jack's Missouri Mountaineers: WSM WCBP WPAD WBBM Musical Revue WCKY Hit Tune Revue WGN-Kay Kyser's Orch. WJR-Sports Parade WKRC-Musical Moments WLAC-Murder Mysteries 9:00 EST 8:00 CST * CBS-Your Hit Parade; Fred-Dir Bieh's Orch.; Buddy Clark & Margaret McCrae, vocalists: WABC WBBM WKRC WHAS WWVA WMMN WFBM WLAC WJR KMON (sw-6.12 6.06) NBC-Nat'l Barn Dance: (sw-6.14) MBS-Titans of Science: WSAI WGN WCKY-Radio Parade WCPQ-Bill Dietrich's Orch. WSM-Possum Hunters; Uncle Dave Macon; Gully Jumpers 9:30 EST 8:30 CST NBC-To be announced: WEAFF WLW WGY WTAM WMAQ (sw-9.53) NBC-To be announced: WJZ WHIO WCKY WIAM KDKA-To be announced WAVE-To be announced WCPQ-Monte Carlo Orch. WGN-Horace Heidt's Orch. WIRE-Rubinoff, violinist WLS-Front Porch Serenade WSAI-Lloyd Huntley's Orch. WSM-Dixie Liners; Court Foul-ter; Jack's Missouri Mountain cere 9:45 EST 8:45 CST MBS-Sophie Tucker's Orch.: WGN WSAI WIRE-To be announced (NBC) WSM-To be announced 10:00 EST 9:00 CST * NBC-ALKA-SELTZER PRE-sents The Nat'l Barn Dance: WLW (also see 8:30 p.m.) CBS-Bob Crosby's Orch.: WABC WMMN KMGX WSMK WBBM

NEC-Dick Mansfield's Orch.: WJZ WHAM NBC-Clem McCarthy, sports: WEAFF News: WIRE WWVA WKRC KDKA News; sports; Weather WAVE-Happy Hamilton's De Re Me Trio WCKV-Five Star Final WCPQ-Bradford's Orch. WFBM Sports-light WGN-Ted Weems' Orchestra WGY News; Eddie Lane's Orch. WHAS-Hor's to You WHIO News; Sammy Watkins' Orch. WJR-Rackets Expose WEAC-Around the Town WMAQ-Phil Levant's Orch. WSAI-Clyde Trask's Orch. WSM-Dixie Liners; Uncle Dave Macon; Fruit Jar Drinkers 10:15 EST 9:15 CST NBC-Mitchell Schuster's Orch.: WEAFF WCKY WIRE WAVE WTAM WHIO CBS-Bob Crosby's Orch.: WFBM WKRC WWVA NBC-Dick Mansfield's Orch.: KDKA (sw-6.14) MBS-Kay Kyser's Orch.: WSAI WGN WLS-Nat'l Barn Dance WMAQ-Henderson's Orch. 10:30 EST 9:30 CST NBC-(News, WEAFF only) Russ Morgan's Orch.: WEAFF WGY WAVE WHIO WCKY WIRE (sw-9.53) CBS-Henry Halstead's Orch.: WABC WJR WWVA WSMK WHAS WKRC NBC-Glen Gray's Orch.: WJZ WHAM KDKA (sw-6.14) MBS-Grit Williams' Orch.: WGN WSAI KMON-News & Sports WBBM-John Harrington, news WCPQ-Dream Weaver WFBM-Law for the Layman WLAC-News; Marcia Mauners WLS-Nat'l Barn Dance WMAQ-Henry Busse's Orch. WMMN-Melody Manor WSM-Crook Bros.' Band; Sarie & Sallie; DeFord Bailey; Possum Hunters WTAM-Emerson Gill's Orch. 10:45 EST 9:45 CST CBS-Henry Halstead's Orch.: WBBM WFBM WLAC KMON 11:00 EST 10:00 CST NBC-Eddy Duchin's Orch.: WEAFF WCKY WHIO WTAM WIRE WGY (sw-9.53) CBS-Abe Lyman's Orch.: WABC WKRC WSMK WMMN WJR WLAC WBBM WHAS NBC-George Olsen's Orch.: WJZ WAVE WHAM WSAI KDKA-Messages to the Far North KMON-Tenth Inning WFBM-News WGBF-Colonial Club WGN-Shep Field's Orch. * WLW-Duke Sullivan, news room WMAQ-Paul Ellington's Orch. WSM-Uncle Dave Macon; Crook Brothers WWVA-Midnight Jamboree 11:15 EST 10:15 CST CBS-Abe Lyman's Orch.: WFBM KMON Travelogue WGBF-News WLW-Bob Nolan's Orch. 11:30 EST 10:30 CST NBC-Henry King's Orch.: WJZ WAVE KDKA WHAM WSAI (sw-6.14) CBS-Frankie Masters' Orch.: WABC WSMK WMMN WHAS WKRC WJR WBBM WFBM NBC-Phil Harris' Orch.: WEAFF WHIO WCKY WIRE (WGY (sw-9.53) KMON-To be announced WGBF-Coral Room WGN-Joe Sanders' Orchestra WLAC-Dance Music WLW-Dance Orch. WMAQ-To be announced WSM-Sid Harkreader; Delmore Bros.; Robert Lunn; Delord Bailey; Binkley Bros. 11:45 EST 10:45 CST WCKY-Slumber Hour WLW-Milton Mann's Orch. WMAQ-Navier Cugat's Orch. WSM-Robert Lunn; Delord Bailey; Binkley Brothers 12:00 EST 11:00 CST CBS-Phillip Crane: KMON WBBM NBC-Phil Levant's Orch.: WIRE WMAQ WHIO Dance Orch.: WHAS WGY WAVE-Club Hollywood WENR-Fletcher Henderson's Orch.

WFBM-Atop the Indiana Roof WGN-Sophie Tucker's Orchestra WHAM-Dave Burnside's Orch. WJR-Max Leib's Orch. WLAC-Malcolm Tate, organist WLW-Al Katz' Orchestra WSAI-Slumber Hour WSM-Curt Pearton WTAM-Ray Pearl's Orch. 12:15 EST 11:15 CST CBS-Joe Nash, songs; Orch.: KMON WBBM KDKA-Messages to the Far North WAVE-Art Kassel's Orchestra WSM-Crook Bros.' Band 12:30 EST 11:30 CST NEC-Carl Schreiber's Orch.: WIRE WENR MBS-Ted Weems' Orch.: WLW WGN WAVE-Fletcher Hart's Orchestra WFBM-Dance Orch. (CBS) WHAS-Dream Serenade

WHIO-Sleepy Valley WJR-Ar Close of Day WMAQ-Navier Cugat's Orch. WSM-Gully Jumpers; Sam & Kirk McGee; Binkley Bros. WTAM-Manuel Contrera's Orch. WWVA-Organ Interlude 12:45 EST 11:45 CST CBS-Musical Nocturne: WBBM KMON WFBM WIRE-DX Radio News WTAM-Paul Burton's Orch. WWVA-Midnight Jamboree 1:00 EST 12:00 CST KMON-Joe Nash's Orchestra WBBM-Musical Weather Man WGN-Horace Heidt's Orch. WHIO-Dance Hour WLW-Moon River

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HOW ARE THE DUCHINS DOIN'?

(Continued from Page 23)

ing that way. There were too many reasons why Eddy and Marjorie should be attracted to each other, and too much was slated to happen in the next two years.

Eddy soon discovered that his new pupil was totally unlike the average arrogant spoiled-darling deb. Her folks never had pampered her; they didn't believe in it. She was democratic, she always had been insatiably interested in music, she occupied her leisure time with profitable hobbies instead of gadding and gabbing, and went to art school three nights a week. She'd been wealthy most of her life but it hadn't seemed to distort her sense of values one whit. Twice she'd gone to work when the family fortune had been wiped out—once as a clerk in a Fifth Avenue department store, another time as a *rendeuse* for Mainbocher in Paris—stood on her feet all day and punched a time clock like any other salesgirl. Her close friends came from every stratum of society instead of the upper crust alone. All in all, Marjorie Oelrichs was just a regular girl, a pal, and Eddy couldn't help liking her for it.

THE pupil, pretty fed up with the Blue Book brand of stuffed-shirt playboy, discovered a few perturbing items about teacher, too. Here was a man who really had something to be conceited about and *wasn't*. His unique style of piano-playing was fast making him the sensation of the town; nightly the loveliest ladies in Manhattan clustered around his keyboard. Yet none of the hullabaloo mattered to him a smidgeon as much as another year at school and a drug store in Boston. He was electrically alive, ambitious, and there was an alert dark handsomeness about him that most of the boys a deb met didn't have. Here, rare luck, was a man with brains—humorous, keen and kind. It was almost too much for Marjorie.

Amazing, too, how many friends they found they had in common! Paul and Margaret Whiteman, Irving and Ellen Mackay Berlin, the Dick Barthelmesses; also the Wanamakers, George Gershwin, producer Gilbert Miller and his wife, song-writer Vincent Youmans, Michael Strange who is Marjorie's aunt and one of John Barrymore's former wives. Marjorie had known all of them intimately since she was a little girl, and they were active acquaintances of Eddy's. Soon the two met each other at the same cocktail parties, opening nights and previews. Soon they began to be invited places together. Then came an occasional matinee, an exchange of good books, a twosome at golf in the afternoon. It wasn't love and it wasn't a case of the Piano-Player and the Debutante. It was simply that Eddy and Marjorie met each other as equals on the basis of mutual tastes—and gradually they came to enjoy it more than they ever had enjoyed anything.

IT HADN'T gotten to be a Thing at all, though. It hadn't even progressed to the stage of the first kiss or the first broken date when Marjorie tooted off to Europe with her mother. Eddy was invited to their merry *bon voyage* party, presented his hostess with a stack of new novels, gaily shook her hand in parting and dashed back to his piano at the Casino. But along about three, when the band had shut up shop and he'd started walking toward his hotel, he began to realize something was wrong.

He was totally, inexcusably miserable.

Somehow when the *Bremen* had moved off into the darkness amid a splash of fanfare, it had left a hole in his world. Suddenly *Marjorie* throbbed in the beat of his pulses.

She was the music in his heart and fingers. He hadn't realized that before. Now he could only kiss the empty air and imagine the sound of her sweet, low voice in his ears. Eight months she'd be gone, too . . . Eight whole endless months.

Eddy walked a long time under the fierce far stars of Central Park. Thinking. He was in love. And he didn't care whether she was Marjorie Oelrichs of uptown, downtown or Flatbush Avenue, or whether there was an unbridgeable social gap between the two of them or whether he was just plain Eddy Duchin of Cambridge, Massachusetts—he was going to tell her so. He stopped at a telegraph office on Columbus Circle, slowly poured his heart into a radiogram. Ten words. "Without having the least right to miss you—I do." Then he went home to lie awake the rest of the night.

It was Winter when she came back. The Hudson was caked with choppy little icebergs and the wharf poles along the river wore skull caps of dirty snow. But to Eddy Duchin and Marjorie Oelrichs it was June in January in the very worst way. They were terribly awfully in love. Eddy had a surprise for Marjorie, too. The Casino had asked him to organize his own band, he was making records and

broadcasting, he'd composed two songs and he'd changed his mind about the drug store. He was going to be a musician and be a darn good one, too. For her.

That was the first of 1932—and they weren't wed 'til the middle of 1935 although they had the money, the love and the full approval of both families. Why? Because along with all their other assets they happened to have a goodly amount of good old common sense.

EDDY knew, although Marjorie was willing to give up all immediately, that they'd better wait a while. She was only twenty-two and so was he. She was used to the spangled life of a popular debutante—scads of parties, wealth, the admiration of men, seasoned jaunts to Miami, Newport, Quebec, the Riviera. If those things were taken from her before she had had her fill of them, she might regret it after the first breathless bloom of married happiness had worn off. What kind of life would she have as a hard-working musician's wife anyway? His career had just begun; he was in a tough business and he might not succeed. Better that all that be certain first.

"I won't ask you to marry me, Marge," he told her, "until I feel that

HE WOULDN'T BE BLUFFED

(Continued from Page 11)

But even as the fighting poker-player tensed to spring again, the bandit fired another shot. And this time he didn't miss. Dokken stumbled. He fell, wounded, but seized the thug around the legs. Now the other five men scrambled to their feet. Chairs scraped as they started to go to Dokken's aid.

Horrified, they saw the gunman aim his weapon carefully at the man who still gripped his legs. The gun was less than a foot from Dokken's body when the thug pulled the trigger again and again. Sound rocketed through the house. Somewhere a woman screamed—and Dokken fell dying to the floor as his murderer turned and ran.

They swarmed after him. When men have a leader who can inspire them, they are capable of unimaginable heroism—and for the next few minutes those five poker players were heroes. Heroes, taught by Dokken, the man who could be killed but not bluffed.

BEFORE their fast, concerted charge, the thug's gat was as useless as a pop-gun in the face of a stampede. Firing, the gunman turned and ran. They chased him right off the veranda into the night—Stier shrewdly remaining to flash a telephone call to the police, so that before even the sounds of pursuit had begun to die away, every radio car in Fort Wayne resounded with this alarm:

"Calling all cars . . . all cars . . . Robbery and shooting at 2210 Florida Drive . . . Calling all cars . . . Robbery and shooting at . . ."

Meanwhile the bandit had escaped from everyone except Bower. First he dropped his gun. Bower wasted a precious second to scoop the bit of gleaming metal from the pavement of the dark alley along which they were running. He wasted two more seconds to pause, aim at the dim figure ahead, pull the trigger. But only a little *click* followed. The gun was empty!

Bower set his teeth and sprinted. Elated, he saw that the distance between himself and the man ahead, was narrowing. Second by second he overhauled him.

And then, faint and far away, Bower heard—even over the pounding of his feet on the pavement, and the pound-

ing of his own pulse in his ears—the first low, whining wail of the police sirens. Radio had summoned help!

WITH a spurt Bower leaped ahead. He grasped one of the murderer's flailing arms. The thug spun. He swung the other arm and fist. Bower ducked, and they clinched, strained and crashed to the pavement. And while they sought each other's throats and tried to knee and elbow and gouge each other's eyes, the wail of the squad cars was growing in volume like the shriek of an approaching tornado.

This avenging howl fired the murderer with the strength of desperation. He wrenched his right hand free and plunged it into his pocket. Then, in the dim light, Bower saw the gleam of metal.

It was another gun!
Bower let go. With both hands he grabbed for the gun. He missed, but caught the hand that held it and swiftly shifted his grip to the wrist.

The thug snarled like a wild beast. He wrenched. He twisted. He bit and kicked. One of his kicks landed in the pit of Bower's stomach. It almost paralyzed the fighting sales manager. His grip loosened somewhat. The dim night went quite black before his eyes, and in his ears there was a roaring which almost deafened him to the blessed sounds of those police sirens. Radio had summoned help—but would it arrive in time to prevent another murder?

Bower knew that his life depended upon hanging on to that wrist and keeping the thug from getting the gun into his other hand. And steadily slowly, his grip was weakening. He could do no more, not even for life itself. Bower let go.

And just at that moment the lane was flooded with the bright glare of headlights. It rang with the dying wail of a siren, echoed the rasping peal of brakes.

"I—give up!" panted the murderer, as police poured out of the car. Brokenly, he admitted his crime and his identity. He was Raymond Fortune, 25, of Marion, Indiana, a paroled convict with a record for burglary.

Radio had revenged Dokken and saved Bower, his poker adversary.

both of us are really ready for it. I'm taking a chance, I know, because you're beautiful and popular and time and some other man might make you change your mind—but waiting and working is the most I can do right now to insure our happiness. Don't you see?"

Marjorie did. They agreed that each should go ahead with his own life. And, as is the case where love is real, their "own" lives became more and more each other's. Eddy and Marjorie grew together those years almost like two halves of the same thing. She had her parties and trips but they fast became fewer and fewer because her real interests were with him and his career. She hadn't an engagement ring, she hadn't made Eddy any promises. They didn't need those things. The words didn't need to be spoken. They knew and waited.

It was Tuesday night the third of June that Eddy finally proposed. He remembers the date exactly because it was the evening of the *Normandie's* arrival at New York on her maiden voyage. The Duchin band had the honor of playing aboard ship for the brilliant First American Ball and during its progress Marjorie was due to arrive back in Manhattan from Florida.

Eddy hadn't planned to propose on exactly the third of June.

When he got ready to say it he didn't know how. He hadn't planned that either. But he took one look at her pretty sleep-flushed face, her eyes wide as daisies with breathlessness and the words started pouring out. Verily, they surged. And in about two minutes it was all decided and they were excited to death and Marjorie woke her mother and she got excited, too, so they just didn't bother to go back to bed. They had breakfast early and started telephoning people, all their closest and most beloved friends.

At eleven o'clock, on a June morning that would have torn your heart out it was so beautiful, they were quietly married in the Oelrichs' suite overlooking Central Park. That night they staged a wedding celebration at El Morocco, the next night Eddy played his sixth anniversary at the Casino, and the next day bright and early Mr. and Mrs. Duchin stepped into a bus that was to bump them and the band over some ten thousand miles of road between New York and the West Coast. Eddy had signed a contract for a three-months' tour of one-night stands and theater engagements. And if anybody thinks that tour constituted an unglamorous honeymoon for his bride, he's sorely fooled; she had such a swell, interesting time she's writing a book about it, which will soon be in publication.

EDDY told me some things about the trip that put a clear light on his wife, how fully she enjoyed everybody they met and played around with—vaudeville folk, dance promoters, gasoline dealers' wives, Duchin fans, the fellows in the orchestra. She did her own laundry and slept on a bus seat and waited long hours alone in hotel rooms without chirping once. She got an infinitely bigger kick out of that trip than she would have out of another jaunt to Europe. Marjorie is like that. You know it as soon as you meet her. She's as regular and down-home as your own best girl friend.

With that same capacity for the enjoyment of simple things, the Duchins are making a beautiful success of their marriage. Each of them has a moderate spending allowance out of Eddy's income, and the rest goes into the bank. They live in a small but adequate suite at a Central Park hotel—three rooms and a kitchenette for breakfasts; they keep one car and one servant. Once a week they entertain,

Sunday midnights when Eddy is free at that hour instead of the usual three a.m.; they have a group of friends in for late supper, or go out and do the town's night spots together. Marjorie attends every one of her husband's broadcasts, does his shopping, even manages his personal bookkeeping. There's one thing sure—she certainly is taking good care of her man and she loves doing it. She told me so—and blushed.

IT'S NOT, Eddy explained to me on the side. "It's not like Marge is a fluttering debbie any more. You see, it's worked out just the way we planned it. She's twenty-seven now and she's had enough of that life. Parties and attention and gaiety are all old stuff to her. Why, if I could hand her a million dollars, even, she wouldn't get a new thrill out of it; she's had money all her life and now she knows how to handle it. She knew exactly what she was getting into when she married me so there aren't any broken illusions around our house. There's nothing glamorous or unexperienced left to tease her with dissatisfaction at the life we lead; she's reached the stage of maturity where the happy medium is the desired thing.

"In everything," he added, "but traveling—and that's why we're saving our money. We're itching to travel, Marge and I. She's been around the world once, so she can show me things."

EDDY doesn't have it as lucky as most husbands because he has to be away from his wife every evening in the week, but she's upholding her end of the bargain by letting him be sure where she is every hour of the time they're separated. She doesn't go out with other men and if she wants to entertain with a host she does it at whatever night spot her husband happens to be playing. The young marrieds who are their friends sort of look out for both of them by providing Marjorie with "crowd" theater and opera parties where she won't be an extra nor will she have a definite date with any one man. Then the whole gang usually drops in on Eddy when the party's over.

That arrangement keeps both the Duchins happy. When the situation's reversed, when Eddy's fair dancing customers are prone to pursue him, Marjorie is understanding and sophisticated enough to laugh it off as an inevitable and amusing part of marriage to an ork leader.

She's doing nobly with the famous long lonely evenings every musician's

wife has to put up with—simply because she's smart enough not to let them be a bore. She has dinner with her mother every night, then comes home to draw or practise her music or design another of the stunning gowns she's always making for herself. She interior-decorates to perfection and picks up quite a little income at it; her "doing" of Bill Leeds' apartment got pictured in all the home-and-garden magazines, and she's just finished equipping a ski lodge for some friends in Montreal.

Their daytimes are the only free hours Eddy and his wife have together and they plan them and live them to the fullest. Marjorie told me they hadn't missed a single Friday afternoon Philharmonic concert. Both are members of the Museum of Modern Art, and they're ardent golf enthusiasts. Many afternoons they spend rummaging in dinky little shops all over everywhere for additions to their collection of two thousand Chinese fish models. They've more things planned than they can get around to in the next ten years of daytimes.

Has marriage to Marjorie changed Eddy any? People want to know that, too. Well, so far as being just plain Eddy—not an iota; and I can vouch for that because I've known him since he was an unvarnished piano-player who wore tails that obviously got in his way. He's still sweet and swell and his career is progressing better than ever.

But for the best, Eddy has changed, and I think he owes a debt to his wife for that. She has opened to him vistas of culture and interests that no other girl could have given him who was less her intellectual equal. They become Eddy. They make him a well-rounded individuality instead of a lopsided musician. And now—secret!—he wants eventually to become a concert pianist. He plans one of these days to skip off into retreat somewhere abroad where nothing can possibly lure him away, and get ready for his real career. Marjorie is all for it. Eddy loves her for that, calls her "my blessing" and you know he means it. His happiness these days is something to see.

SO IF it's the first year of marriage that's the hardest, then the young Duchins have a lot to look forward to in their private lives. He'll be up against the champion Juliet and she'll be up against the champion Romeo.

Eddy Duchin and his orchestra may be heard every Tuesday over an NBC network at 9:30 p.m. EDT (8:30 EST; 7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).

BULLS AND BONERS

ANNOUNCER: "Insure your moths against furs."—A. LeRoy Mull, Harrisburgh, Pa. (April 28; WHP; 9:44 p.m.)

JOE KELLY: "Wouldn't it be grand to have strawberry shortcakes in August in your own garden?"—Josephine Weitzel, Springfield, Illinois. (April 27; WLS; 11:10 a.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "The game due to inclement weather between the Cubs and Brooklyn Dodgers has been called off."—Miss Frances Sweet, Champaign, Illinois. (April 28; WFCL; 12:30 p.m.)

QUIN RYAN: "Here's the kind of people you see in roadsters, two modern people with their tops down."—Juanita Garberick, Elkhart, Indiana. (April 27; WGN; 1:50 p.m.)

REVEREND PERCY CRAWFORD: "I care not who you are, those listening or those in the audience."—A. Estella Haddaway, Dover, Delaware. (April 26; WIP; 5 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "Remember to put your husband on your today's shopping list."—Theodore Kokjohn, Fort Madison, Iowa. (April 29; WMT; 11:50 a.m.)

PROF. ISAAC SUTTON: "Many of the boys and girls have pledged themselves to raise canned vegetables this Summer for the flood sufferers."—Sherman L. Roney, Massillon, Ohio. (April 18; KDKA; 6:23 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "For only \$12.75 you can get a suit formerly priced at \$25.50, for \$15.00."—E. L. Du Pree, Macon, Georgia. (April 25; WSB; 7:32 a.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "Here is something for those who smoke too much to know."—Hazel W. Walker, New York City. (April 21; WHN; 7:24 p.m.)

KEN CARPENTER: "— has the flavor that men like as well as women."—R. B. Walsh, Terre Haute, Indiana. (April 23; WLW; 9:14 p.m.)

NEWS ANNOUNCER: "The weather is warm enough to go coatless today."—Mrs. M. J. Boussough, York, Nebraska. (April 25; WOW; 8 a.m.)

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MUSIC IS THEIR HOBBY

(Continued from Page 27)

"It minimizes the disappointments of the day." "It's a surcease from care." "It makes life worth living." "Without an escape from reality we would all go 'nerts.'"

These are successful people talking. There is not an "arty" one among them. They are keen, happier-than-ordinary men and women who have found making music in their spare time preferable to the "relaxation" of mystery novels, puzzles and games.

Take Louis J. Fink who, with his violin, has appeared twice on the program. Last year he sold more insurance than any man in the country, \$8,000,000 worth. Every Friday evening for eighteen years he has held musical open house. Old friends and strangers arrive; make music together or listen quietly; depart or s'fay for tea and sandwiches at midnight.

The evening I spent at the Fink home was quiet. Old friends played trios, quartets, quintets, of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Schumann. Other evenings have had comedy or drama.

On another evening a hatless, gray-haired German in an old Prince Albert coat came to listen. No one knew him. He had heard the music as he was passing, he said. From his corner he stared, as though hypnotized, at the cellist. With the final chord he called: "Paul!" The cellist looked up, rushed to him, embraced him, wept. They had been prisoners of war together in Russia and had not seen each other since.

One of New York's most enthusiastic music missionaries is Mrs. Lionello Perera, wife of a prominent banker, mother of five grown children. With more energy than many women half her age, brimming over with ideas and ways to waken others to the enjoyment of good music, she is constantly affected by what might be called the secondary characteristics of music.

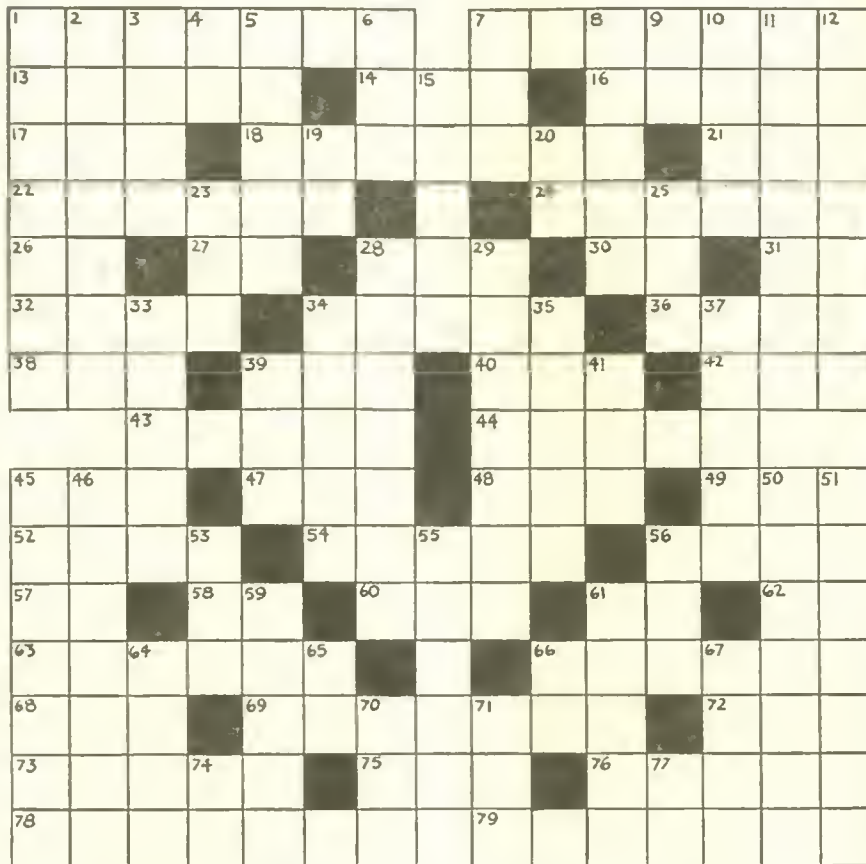
Stimulated by the fresh contacts that music gives her, she delights in bringing other musicians together. It was through her that three young men and a young woman met and formed what is now WOR's famous Perole String Quartet.

Scrub women, architect Alfred Hopkins likes to say, are the severest critics of his compositions for trio and quartet. Each Wednesday night he, with his viola and three friends, with cello and violin, play in his New York office while the scrub women s'lop their pails outside and pause in their work to listen and comment—none too kindly sometimes. A jolly, white-haired man, famous as an architect for country houses, and more recently prisons, he still takes lessons in musical composition. His latest, a serenade for violin, cello, flute and viola, was played first in distinguished company. Dedicated to three friends and himself, who all had birthdays on March 14, the four men met in Mr. Hopkins' home in Princeton, New Jersey, for its first rendition. The violinist was Doctor Albert Einstein, the famous physicist and originator of the Theory of Relativity.

Teaching himself to play the violin in his youth, Doctor Einstein, who likes a birthday party as much as anyone, has become one of the world's most famous amateurs, and a fine musician. His keen, mathematical mind, Mr. Hopkins says, makes him a perfect partner for unrehearsed chamber music.

With an inventor's ingenuity, Professor Vladimir Karapetoff, world-renowned electrical engineer, has developed a musical trick which delights and amuses him. When he is unable to find someone to make music with him, he makes it with himself, not by himself. He plays and records the piano half of a duet. With this home-made record playing on the victrola, he accompanies himself on the cello or the bass viol! Or, wishing for even more distinguished company, he plays with Kreisler on the phonograph, or the

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

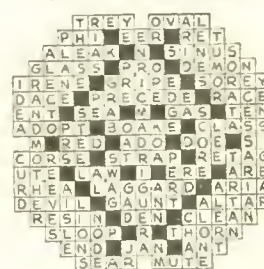
- 1—Al —, bandleader
- 7—Former sponsor of Lawrence Tibbett
- 13— Rich, actress
- 14—Employ
- 16—Estimator
- 17—Fish eggs
- 18—Colorless gas
- 21—Poem
- 22—Dig
- 24—Appeared
- 26—Plural suffix
- 27—One
- 28— Haenschen, band-leader
- 30—Thus
- 31—Initials, conductor of Goldman Band
- 32—Harvest
- 34—Vivienne —, soprano
- 36—Moniker
- 38—Measures of length (abbr.)
- 39—Debar
- 40—Muck
- 42—Worm
- 43—German monoplane
- 44—Before
- 45—Insect
- 47—Assent
- 48—Loretta —, songstress
- 49—Anger
- 52—Scarce
- 54—What the sun does every morning
- 56—Observed
- 57—Comparative suffix
- 58—Initials, leader of Palmer House ensemble

- 60—Help! Help!
- 61—Company (abbr.)
- 62—Thorofare (abbr.)
- 63— Spaulding, violinist
- 66—Not rude
- 63—Knot
- 69—Unlawful
- 72—Heavy weight
- 73—Part of the foot (pl.)
- 75—Affirmative
- 76—Out in the open
- 78—Eccentric
- 79—Graham — announcer

VERTICAL

- 1—Dream singer
- 2—Awakened
- 3—Turn off
- 4—Printer's measure
- 5—Sour
- 6—Sap

Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week



Philharmonic-Symphony on the radio.

The John Norris Childs family, socially prominent in Philadelphia, appeared as a quartet; Mr. Childs, cello; Mrs. Childs, piano; twelve-year-old Jackie, violin; eleven-year-old Carla, harp. Mr. and Mrs. Childs, each raised in a musical home, have made music an integral part of their own family life. Jackie likes to play baseball and skate, but he'd feel left out of things if he couldn't play his violin well enough to join in with the family. Carla wants to go professional and be harpist for the Philadelphia orchestra when she grows up. In the meantime there is a bond of interest between the generations that far too few families have.

Music truly is, as pianist-executive Edgar H. Boles says, a lifelong friend!

Music Is My Hobby may be heard on NBC Thursdays at 7:45 p.m. EDT (6:45 EST; 5:45 CST; 4:45 MST; 3:45 PST).

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DON'T LIVE IN CITIES

(Continued from Page 8)

Show me a child, and I can pretty accurately predict the kind of home from which he comes.

It is almost a truism that slipshod homes produce slipshod children. If a child is wild and unruly, the chances are his home is carelessly run. His parents are probably bad disciplinarians. They are likely to quarrel frequently between themselves, nag each other about money matters, make their very fireside a literal battlefield.

Particularly deplorable is the home where either or both parents drink to excess, are completely indifferent toward their children, and having no religious belief of any kind rear their children in ignorance of religious idealism and moral standards.

Children, I insist, should be taught from the beginning to be decent for the sake of God, their neighbors, and themselves.

Furthermore, one of the most important assets a child can possess is a thorough understanding of, and regard for, GOOD TASTE. When boys or girls reach their teens, their emotions are likely, on occasion, to betray them. But good taste, which is another form of self-respect, will never fail them. It will prove to be their salvation in times of stress and emotional instability. It will help them to avoid many of the pitfalls of adolescence.

I am continually being asked by mothers, friends and educators, how respect for authority and older persons' opinions can be instilled in young boys and girls.

The answer is simple and brief: Rarely command children dogmatically! Reason with them instead, give them proof of your greater wisdom, and try to bring them around to your point of view!

IN MY family there are seven children—three boys and four girls. My eldest child, John Sheridan, is now sixteen. My youngest, Myles, is six. Between there are Joan Gilroy, fourteen; twins, Macy Ann and Gregory, thirteen; Mary Agnes, ten; and Madeline, nine.

I never have tried to order any of my children about as if they were puppets. Instead, controversial subjects are thrashed out reasonably and calmly in family conference. My husband or myself naturally plays the role of judge, but the children are allowed to act as attorneys for themselves and plead their own cases.

I find that when children are convinced that you are basing your decisions on reason rather than blind and stubborn prejudice, they are willing not only to accept but also to adhere to your ultimate judgments.

There are, to my mind, five basic rules which parents should follow if they hope to guide their children successfully. They are, in order of importance: Be patient! Be a good sport! Give your boys and girls as wide a scope as you can! Be reasonable! And never allow yourself to fall behind the times, or your opinions will be discarded by your children on the grounds of ignorance and antiquity!

The argument is advanced frequently that some children are just by nature rebellious, aggressive and hard to manage, and can't consequently be brought to think mother's way.

Up to a certain point this is true. Children are constituted differently, from a temperamental standpoint. Some are more self-willed, domineering and egotistic than others. But despite this fact there is no child who can't be dealt with reasonably.

Personally, I like aggressive children—children who can think for themselves. But I do believe they need closer guidance than the clinging child.

I am not, in other words, an advocate of the self-expression school of

thought. I firmly believe that children, if left to their own devices, are almost certain to develop along unpleasant lines. They will become show-offs, egotists, selfish little animals. It is for their parents, who are supposedly mature, sensible, experienced individuals, to mold and season their children's point of view.

The child whose manners, customs, morals and mode of dress conform closely to convention and tries to go through life bucking the tide.

I am not an old fossil, nor yet the Great-1-Am, but I am sure mothers—and children as well—will agree with me on most of the points which I have already advanced.

I FURTHER believe that reasonable parents would agree with me that boys should be asked to refrain from smoking until they are at least nineteen or twenty, and should keep away from all forms of alcohol except possibly a little wine or beer in their own homes until they have passed the age of twenty-one. If, when they have reached the age of maturity, they choose to go in for smoking and drinking, it has then become their own affair. At that age they should be adequately prepared to make their own decisions, if they are ever to be.

There is, of course, nothing intrinsically bad in such customs as smoking or even in drinking in moderation. It is what these habits may lead to that worries us parents and brings us to urge our young girls and boys to avoid habits like these until they are old enough to cope safely with them.

One other point. I am frequently asked whether I believe that boys and girls should be treated alike. The answer, paradoxically, is "Yes and No."

So far as things like drinking, smoking and automobile driving are concerned, I believe the same rules apply for boys and girls—both need to be disciplined by appeals to their reason and their good judgment. But in the matter of freedom, I believe naturally that girls should be restricted more than boys.

It is one thing for a son to be allowed out until two in the morning; another for a daughter to be granted the same privilege. A girl, after all, is surrounded by greater dangers than a boy, and should therefore, be doubly protected. I don't mean that she should be incarcerated either in a home or a boarding school, and never permitted to see or speak to a boy—but she should be watched carefully and shielded to a certain extent from the real dangers which lie in her path.

IN CONCLUSION let me advise that if you have children, and your income is limited, don't live in the city! Choose a nice, inexpensive home in the country or suburbs, where your children will be able to satisfy their longing for activity in outdoor sports and country-club life rather than in movies, dance halls, and night clubs—about the only amusements offered by the city.

And now, parents, in the light of what I have said, how do YOUR children shape up? Are they modern, healthy-minded youngsters, or do they belong to the Clan of the Wild which, though they may not know it yet, is definitely out of date and out of style?

Check up on them tonight! Or let them check up on themselves. You may be amazed at the results!

Mrs. Reilly may be heard over the CBS network every Tuesday, on the program, "Woman's Place," which is broadcast Mondays through Saturdays at 10:15 a.m. EDT (9:15 EST; 9:15 CDT; 8:15 CST; 7:15 MST; 6:15 PST).

DICK POWELL'S Road to Romance



In this array of colorful and never-before-told anecdotes about one of our most personable young stars can be traced a life that could have happened only in America. This fascinating story starts with a house, "the biggest in town" and finishes with a house, "the place I've wanted all my life." You'll enjoy traveling from a small town in Arkansas to Toluca Lake in California with this writer who knows Dick as few others do. This story will run for four issues.

Prize Money—Are You Getting Your Share?

One of America's favorite indoor pastimes nowadays is contesting. This second article reveals some of the big winners and how much they have won. If ever you sent in a box top in vain, this story may show you why you failed to get anything.

Behind the Eddie Cantor Contest Fiasco

When a young Missouri farm boy was announced as the winner of the \$5,000 fund offered by Eddie Cantor to the writer of the best essay on peace, it set off an explosion which might have ruined a life. Why it didn't is told here for the first time.

What's Become of Annette Hanshaw?

This scintillating star disappeared at the height of her career. Why? Where to? Whose advice did she follow? Is she planning a comeback? These questions and many others about the ex-Camel Caravan songbird will be answered next week.

Boake Carter, Crusader

The most revealing story ever published of a man who is becoming one of America's foremost molders of public opinion. Carter has been called the "stormy petrel" of the air. He has been called a wanton trouble-maker. This story explains why.

Radio Guide

On All News Stands Next THURSDAY

JUNE GOLFERS

Is George Olsen checking Ethel's score and vice versa? Or if not, is Ethel Shutta going to concede her bandleader husband a putt on the eighth? Anyway, both are experts



"Lookit — a hole in one!" says Abe Lyman. Johnny Weismuller doesn't take him seriously



No, Fred, out of the bag—Comedian Allen is fussed

Kenneth Roberts tells Connie Gates how he is going to sink the pill right smack into that little tin cup

"Fore! I'm coming through" warns lovely Elaine Melchior