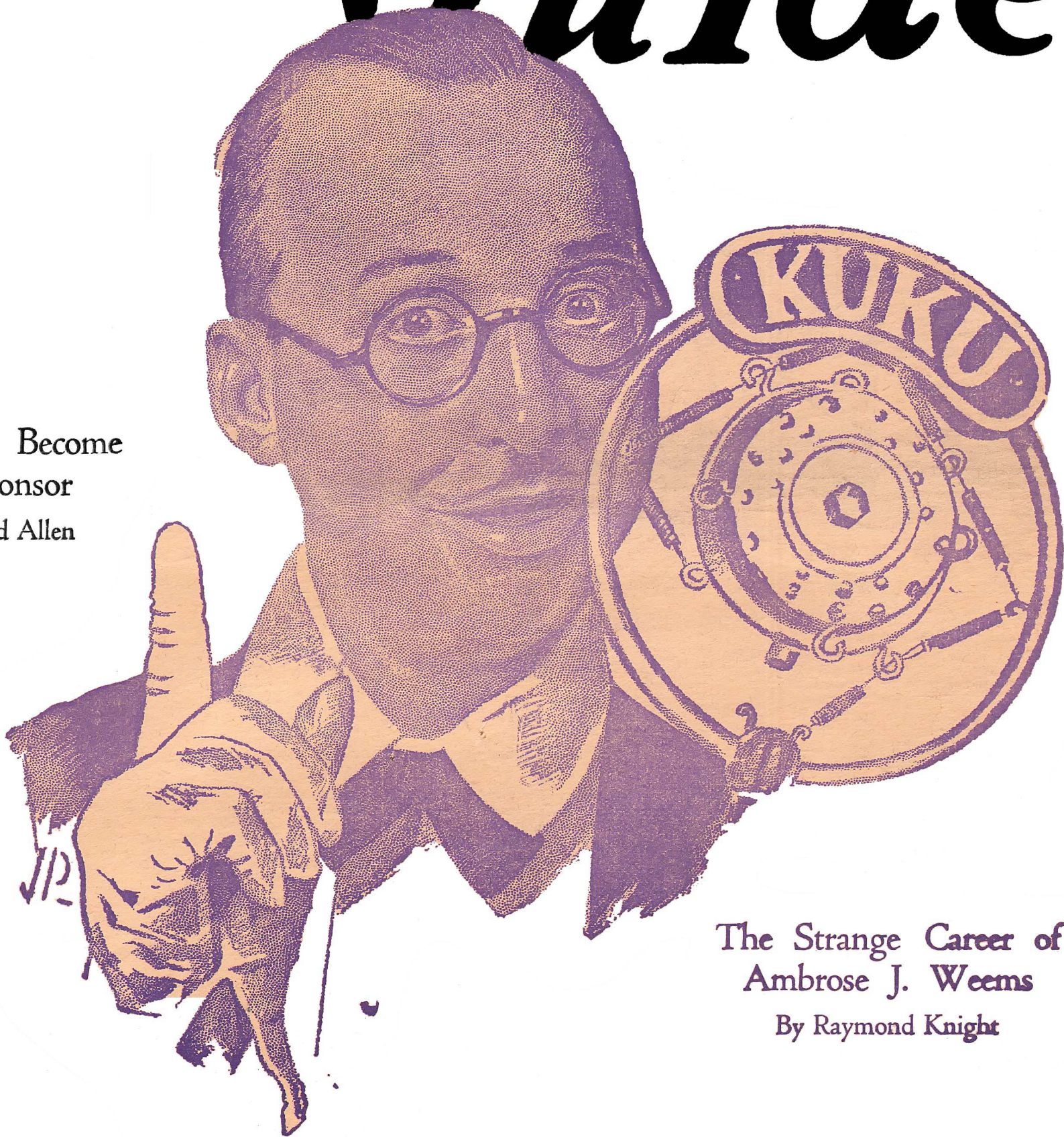


Radio 5¢ Guide

New York, N. Y.
Week of March 19-25, 1933
Vol. II, No. 22

How to Become
a Sponsor
By Fred Allen



The Strange Career of
Ambrose J. Weems
By Raymond Knight

The Inside Story of "THE MARCH OF TIME" by Tom Everitt

TF all the little gadgets, in a little room in the National Broadcasting Company Building at 711 Fifth Avenue in New York, were let loose, a real thunder storm would sound like a falling penny in comparison.

I have never tried to unleash all the fury of the whistles, bells, horns, hammers and drums to discover if my laboratory really was one of the noisiest spots in the world.

Yet, neatly stacked and accurately tagged are shelf after shelf of nature's and man's every sound—storms, rain, thundering hoofs, pistol shots, motor drones, wild waves and hundreds of other sounds necessary for the portrayal of a radio drama.

It is a quiet, orderly looking room; yet thunderstorms and hurricanes lie carelessly in one corner, side by side with the zoom of an airplane and the drone of summer insects. One shelf is devoted to the echoes of disaster, from a breaking window to a train wreck.

If the visitor has a colorful imagination, entering this mysterious room is a more thrilling experience than midnight in Fingal's Cave or the Hall of the Mountain King. If a careless elbow merely happens to brush a strange contraption hung on the doorknob, it gives forth the sound of booming surf along a rocky coast. A belching fog horn hangs from a nail nearby; next is the brazen clang of a bell-buoy marking the reef; last, the hoarse voice of an ocean liner far out at sea—and the illusion is complete.

Sitting quietly in this room is to obtain a magic passport to every corner of the world. With these contraptions, the booming surf becomes the lazy wash of sun-flecked waves on a pebbly beach in the South Seas. Rustling palm fronds and the cries of wheeling gulls help to create an actual sensation of tropical heat.

The fiercest roars hang on separate pegs along the wall. That big one at the last, which is a real old whiskey-keg with pierced drumhead and resined cord, is the same "lion" which roared from the screen in the first showing of motion pictures brought back by Theodore Roosevelt from the "River of Doubt"—that fantastic stream which was supposed to flow up-hill.

Many are the amusing devices developed here by NBC to fool the sensitive microphone. So sharp are its ears that in many cases the actual sound cannot be used; it sounds unreal when magnified to the degree that radio "boosts" all sounds.

One such case was the crackling of underbrush. Snapping actual twigs near the microphone sounded like rifle shots, so some substitute had to be found. Today, the laboratory boasts the widest assortment of underbrush and tangled jungle vines to be found anywhere. In fact, the same shelf boasts a whole primeval forest of rustling leaves and swaying boughs. It's commonly called a whiskbroom.

The thunder-drum is a terrifying instrument. Over a framework of resonant wood six feet square is stretched a cowhide. The usual sheet of tin couldn't fool the microphone, which only emphasized its futile metallic rattle. The special thunder-drum had to be built, in order to create satisfactory rumbling echoes.

To create these various sounds necessary for the many programs produced over NBC networks, a huge collection of noise making devices has been collected in the NBC sound effects room. There are cow bells, ordinary garbage cans, wind machines, motors, tackles, ropes, hammers, knives, forks, graters, sandpaper blocks, winches, whistles, pasteboard boxes, whips, and hundreds of other articles.

Clashing knives and forks together, for instance, sounds like duelling rapiers.

Yet, I have discovered that frequently "things are not what they sound." For instance a scene in a recent NBC series called for the "ting-ping" of a bus conductor's fare register. The genuine device was tried, but the resultant sound during a rehearsal was far from realistic.

Hours of experimentation followed before a double telephone bell was tried. This gave forth the elusive "ting-ping" in the correct tone when an exposed corner was struck with a twenty-five cent piece while a hand covered the second bell.

NOISES *That* ANNOY *a* Sound Engineer

And this is how the Sound Effects Man Looks in the Noise Room at NBC as he Manipulates his gadgets.



It Took Years of Experimenting Before Gadgets Could Be Perfected That Would Fool That Exaggerating Old Microphone

By N. Ray Kelly

NBC Sound Effects Engineer

The report of a pistol shot in a broadcasting studio would wreck several hundred dollars worth of equipment. Production men use different methods of simulating a shot. By accident, it was discovered that snapping a spectacle case close to the microphone sounded like a gun's explosion. Striking a padded board with a flat stick also is used to indicate a pistol shot.

Telegraph instruments register realistically over the air and a ratchet serves admirably as a subway turnstile. Alarm clocks with bells deadened have been used as riveting machines and a stock ticker once did duty for a whole battery of linotype machines in a newspaper sketch, although the NBC staff spent days before it discovered that electric buzzers did nobly as stock tickers.

If the roar of waves coming over the prow of a boat is desired, half a dozen marbles or shelled peas are rolled on the head of a bass drum; if the ship is sailing in a calmer sea and the waves swish gently past, a corn-popper containing a handful of gravel is waved before the microphone.

The crumpling of stiff paper sounds like a crackling fire, while running the fingers over a comb's teeth will, with proper pressure, sound like the mournful notes of a tree toad. The swish of heavy rain is produced when excelsior is rubbed against the closed side of a microphone. A downpour is produced by pouring salt on wax paper.

The sound of a dog tapping his tail on the floor is produced by a man tapping his forehead with a padded stick. Airplane motors are simulated by use of electrically

whirled straps that beat against drum heads at varying speeds, ranging from the slow, uncertain sputter of warming motors to the high-pitched drone when the pilot "gives it the gun."

In the NBC sound laboratories is a wooden board two feet square to which is attached a variety of automobile horns, including a siren for hair-raising fire scenes. The sound of a threshing machine is produced by a combination of intricate machinery and a baby's rattle.

A one-man railroad is one of my recent inventions. I spent several hours in the Sunnyside, Long Island, yards of the Pennsylvania railroad, carefully listening to the chugs, puffs, and clinkety-click of the railheads as the train wheels passed

over them. The apparatus is housed in a wooden box three feet square and from it one can release at will most of the noises to be heard in railroad operation.

Most animals can be imitated by the human voice, while many trained or domestic animals have "gone on the air" on their own account. It is a matter of pictorial record that a trained seal has shared honors with Gilda Gray in an NBC studio.

One of the funniest things in sound effects, so far as the layman is concerned, was one of the contraptions used in the early days. It was the mechanism used for reproducing those roaring, wild wild waves.

One of the programs which achieved intense popularity was that in which an "alleged" sea captain unexpectedly met old friends and told them yarns of the bounding main. Of course, this sort of program needed a background. It needed the slushing sound of beating surf, waves, wind and the atmosphere which one gets standing on the shore on one of those nights when Neptune is ruling angrily and supreme in Oceanid's land.

The device by which this effect was produced in the old days always brought a hearty laugh from visitors to the studios. It was a screen cradle. And I must say a very funny thing. The screen cradle rocked just as the cradle rocked in which you spent your early days.

But the interesting thing about it was the fact that it contained dried peas. When these dried peas slid from side to side they made that shushing noise which caused listeners-in from coast to coast to get the vicarious thrill of being at the seaside during a storm. The particular program I refer to was for a fish concern. Fan letters came in by thousands. The listeners agreed that the particular program was one of the most realistic ever produced by radio talent.

But the funny thing comes back to me through recrudescence, always re-asserting itself when I think of sound effects. That cradle of dried peas.

People who visited the studios used to feel more foolish when listening and seeing how it operated first hand than they did at the simple device of stuffing a newspaper into an electric fan to produce that throbbing, whirring thrill of an airplane.

That crunching sound of someone walking in the snow is another difficult auditory illusion to produce. Obviously one can't keep fresh untrammelled snow in a steam heated studio. Many unusual efforts have been made to bring about this particular effect accurately. Finally someone discovered that it could be done by squeezing bulk corn starch with a certain type of glove.

The simplicity with which sound effects are achieved should not be taken with too much levity by those who read about them or visit the studios and see the strange gadgets which have been mentioned.

Every sound effect apparatus used today is the result of ten years of thoughtful experimentation. It is probably the one-hundredth thing of its kind. It represents the outgrowth of brains, worry, many trials of predecessors. And after all these toilsome years it is possible to reproduce almost anything in the way of sound. The movies have borrowed from radio and the radio has borrowed from the movies. But if there is any difference between the two sides of the ledger, that difference is in favor of the radio.

And I trust that the little secrets I have briefly expounded to you will cause for you a brand new appreciation of radio drama. As a good after dinner speaker would say, I thank you.

The LIFE of the PARTY

EDITOR'S NOTE — Raymond Knight, NBC production manager, is one of the busiest men in radio. In addition to writing continuity, directing and performing as Professor Weems in the Cuckoo Hour, he has the same duties in the Wheatonville Sketches. He is a product of Professor George Pierce Baker's "47 Workshop" at Harvard. In 1927 he won the Drama League prize with a one-act play, "Strings". He directed a Boston theater and wrote "See America First," produced in 1928. This led to his engagement by NBC as director and writer of feature presentations. Nobody would suspect that he was such a serious and hard-working young man of thirty-three from this autobiography.

Being an Intimate as Well As Indiscreet Autobiography Of Professor Ambrose J. Weems

By Raymond Knight

His Alter Ego

PEOPLE have been saying who is the true Raymond Knight? . . . They have been saying who is the real man behind the mask that we know as Raymond Knight? . . . And they have even been saying who is the woman behind the man behind the mask? . . . In a few cases (isolated) they have been saying who is the man behind the woman behind the man behind the mask behind the house that Jack built.

The time has come, my friends, to take off this mask and let you see the true Raymond Knight as I really am when I am away from the maddening influence of the microphones and at home with my books, my rare old sporting prints and my white mice—with, of course, a few old Rembrandts and a dash of bitters thrown in for good measure.

In the space allotted to me here, of course, I can't tell you *everything*, but I can tell you enough to get you curious. (Incidentally I have collected curious from all over the world.)

As I sat down to write this little article, I smiled quietly at myself in the mirror. It was time for reflection. So my public wants the facts about my inside life, or I should say—the inside facts about my life, eh? Very well then, they shall have it. Clara Bow had it—why not my public.

As my thoughts flashed back over the past, I thought of the two old hags who had read my palm those many years ago. We had sat there in the twilight—the three of us—I and haig and haig—and they had foretold the fortune that awaited me. How uncanny I thought—they hadn't come anywhere near it.

And now for the story of my life.

From birth to the age of ten, I had shown no promise. From the age of ten to twenty, I was all promises. This brings me up to my twenty-first birthday. From then on things were a shambles. First came my initial public recognition in 1922. That was when I invented three new "weeks" and became a national hero.

Having been a close student for years of Mother's Day, Father's Day, Flower Day, Music Week, Spinal Meningitis Week and other festive occasions, I decided to promote not one, but *three* new weeks. My first was "Be Kind to Father Week," my second was "Be As Kind As You Can To Father Week" and my third was "Don't Hit Grandmother When She's Down Week".

The first two "weeks" were amusing and mildly stimulating but it was the last which was downright genius. It was my idea of "Don't Hit Grandmother When She's Down Week" which won me really national acclaim.

I think this "week" is a lovely idea. The younger generation is too prone to forget their grandparents. One of the slogans of this week urged all grandchildren to look through their closets and in the attic to see if they had mislaid a grandmother. I got the slogan, and as a matter of fact the idea of the "week" itself, from a boy of thirty-two who was erecting a target in his attic for mothball practice and while engaged in this he discovered a grandmother of his hidden behind a blush where she had been for ten years. In 1909 when short skirts came in . . . (You remember the short skirt which showed the kneecaps and part of the esophagus) . . . she had hidden her discomfiture behind a blush and had been unable to get out. The blush was part of an old red

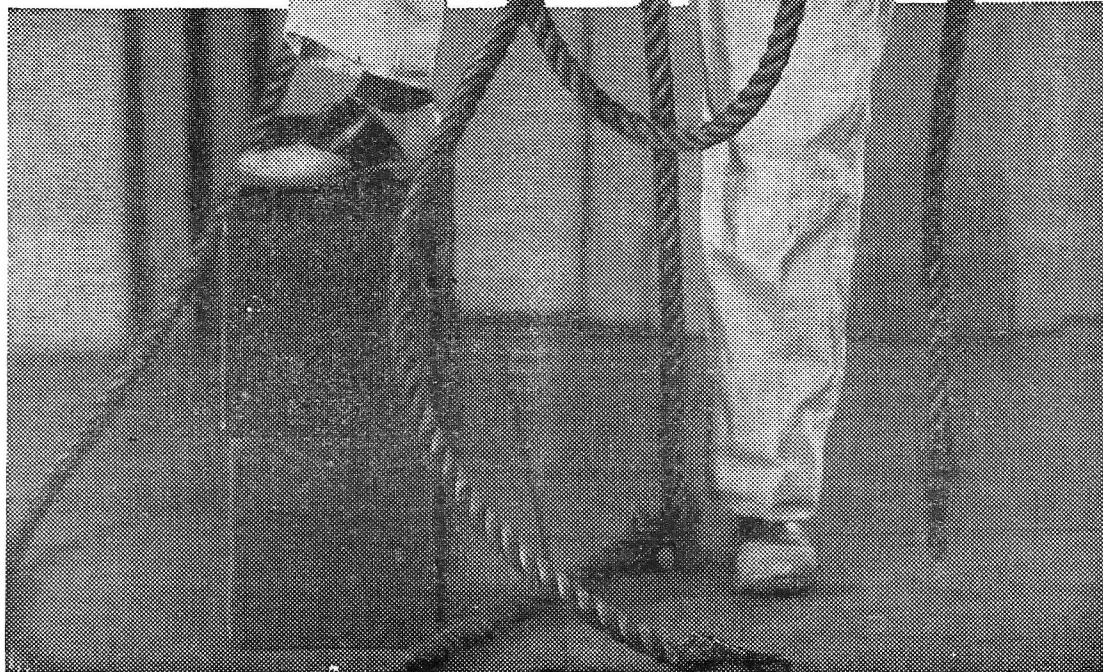
blush sofa which had been moved up to the attic when modern furniture came in and people took to standing up. You can imagine what a reunion there was in that family.

The grandson dusted his grandmother off and she was nearly as good as new, although economically speaking, she was a loss as she could have been working for him during the entire ten years.

But to get back to "Don't Hit Grandmother Week". All over the country it was a great success. One local man, during the celebration of the "week" discovered fourteen grandfathers hidden in his cellar, where they had been concealed for a week, but they didn't count. Only female grandfathers counted. As a matter of fact, by that time, they were unable to count.

At noon on the final day, a parade of striking floats was held. They struck about fifteen grandmothers before the parade was over. The parade *would* have taken over an hour to pass a given point but nobody had the forethought to give one. Among its floats was one entitled "Who Was That Lady I Seen You With Last Night", closely followed by another

The Professor in one of his best quandaries after a mechanical experiment



captioned "That Was No Lady, That Was My Grandmother." The prize winner was one showing a little vine-covered grandmother waiting in the doorway of a white-haired cottage. It was a great success and I received great applause as I stood on the reviewing stand with Herbert Hoover, John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford, Chief Justice Hughes and the Diplomatic Corps. At least I assume the applause was for me.

After the parade that day I hurried over to the happy home where the original missing grandmother had been recovered. I stopped outside the door and peered through the keyhole. I am glad that this instinctive habit stayed with me because I was able to record the following in my diary.

Grandson: Well if her pension ain't come through, who's gonna pay her expenses?

Grandaughter: Don't ask me—It's *your* grandmother.

Great Grandson: Maw—Why does gran'm have so many wrinkles?

Grandson: I put up with your mother for twenty years.

Grandaughter: Oh yeah! I noticed you were glad to get her board money every week.

Great Grandaughter: Why ain't gan' ma got no teeth?

Grandson: It ain't my fault I got her is it?

Grandaughter: Well—you needn't have been born.

Both Children: Maw, what's a grandmother?

(Knocking at Door)

Grandaughter: Hush Edgar, here come the reporters. Are you comfortable gran'ma dear?

(The reporters entered here and the family grouped themselves around the old lady.)

Reporter: Have you folks any statement to make?

Grandson: I'm so happy.

Grandaughter: I'm so happy.

Grandmother: So's yer old grandmother!

The following years were busy ones. Standing on the sidelines with a cool, farseeing eye I watched the development of radio and waited for the opportune moment to step in and take my part in the great drama.

I was already familiar with the background upon which this great industry was to be built. I found the first mention of radio in history during the battle between the Constitution and the Guerriere, when the American Commander shouted "Every man to his station."

Some years after this, about 1835, a Yankee by the name of J. Phineas Tidbit, who lived in Massachusetts, (although he paid alimony in New Jersey), erected a broadcasting station in the hoopskirts of Boston. Think of this, a broadcasting station in 1835! The radio, however, had not yet been invented, so the project fell through.

In 1875 the first great step toward radio was made. The President at Washington gave a reception to his Cabinet and the Speaker of the House. This gave us three important parts of radio—reception, the cabinet, and the speaker.

On a September evening in 1901, Eustace T. Winterbottom, the man who discovered fly paper, after a famous detective had given him the glue—suddenly conceived an idea. It was to send voices over the air! Hastily seizing a pencil and a piece of drafting paper he sat down at his desk. Unfortunately there was no chair there—he was thrown back upon his own resources—and was laid up for several months.

The next step came in 1908. During the great tonsillitis epidemic of that year thousands of people lost their voices and could speak only in whispers. About half of these opened speakeasies, and the rest became crooners.

In 1914 when the War began, an unconscious contribution to the science of radio was made by the British army, which equipped its soldiers with khaki breeches and tunics. It was summer and the men took off their tunics to keep cool. They would crowd around the army radio headquarters to watch the Morse operators at work and they would use their tunics to tunic-in on the radio.

In 1916 the first broadcasting (Continued on Page 22)

An AUDITION at NBC

Miss Alden, a recognized New York player whose engagements have included work with the austere Theater Guild and the frivolous "Scandals" of George White, offers these actual reports of her efforts to get on the radio with complete sincerity. She reports her reception at the various broadcasting studios in New York until one decides to engage her or until all have been exhausted. RADIO GUIDE publishes the series as Miss Alden writes it and without deletion or change. It is a remarkably interesting commentary on radio today from the point of view of a talented person who decided to get a job on her own talents and without recourse to friends, influence or social contacts.

—THE EDITORS.

No. 3: NBC

STATION WMCA, small but home-like, having decided, seemingly, that it could go right on to success and fame without the avail of my services, I set about the work of girding myself for the Big Task. The Big Task, I had been told over and over, was to get into any one of the big chain stations. Not, you understand, to get on one of them but just get in one, just get in as far as the receptionists.

It seemed that telephone calls were lost howls in the wilderness, that thousands of persons telephoned every day and thousands of persons got no farther than the switchboard of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. I live near the president of one of these corporations

"Certainly, this afternoon."

"It's a waste of time, you know."

"Why is it a waste of time. They can read, can't they?"

"Of course they can read. The point is: they never answer such letters and if they do it is a form letter saying: 'We are not at this time giving auditions. Thank you for your interest.'"

"Well, it didn't hurt to try."

"Naturally not. But why should they send for you when they must get dozens, scores of such things every day? Who are you to be culled out of the mob?"

"Not dozens or even scores have had my experience."

"Who cares about experience, Jane?"

"They do, if they want good talent. I think you're wrong. I'll get an answer." And I did. It came on the morning of February 7. It said:

"Miss Jane Alden
— Beekman Place,
New York City.
Dear Miss Alden:
"Your recent letter addressed to the National Broadcasting Company has found its way to my desk.

"I will be glad to see you on Tuesday, February 14, at 3:30. Will you kindly call my office and verify the time?"

"Yours very truly,
William S. Rainey,
Production Manager."

I telephoned Mr. Rainey and confirmed the appointment and then waited a week. On St. Valentine's afternoon I went to Mr. Rainey. That is, I went to the offices of the National Broadcasting Company. It was exactly 3:30

"I sat down and wrote a letter . . . to the Program Director of NBC."



and daily I see his shining black Rolls Royce purr him off to work. I thought I might throw myself beneath the wheels of his car and thus attract his attention. Then better sense told me that, probably, I'd only get maimed and nothing would come of it.

Finally, seizing a typewriter, I sat down and wrote a letter. It was addressed to the Program Director of The National Broadcasting Company. It was simple and terse. It recited my experience on the New York stage, it gave the names of the managers who had seen fit to engage me and my services. It told that I could sing, read lines and otherwise make myself useful. It asked for an audition. There was no foolishness or excess verbiage about it.

I signed it, sealed it and mailed it and sat back wondering what would happen, if anything.

That evening the man who talked me into the thing from the beginning dropped around. He had come to make his regrets for his loss of temper at my flippancy when discussing ways and means of crashing into radio. I told him about the letter.

"Have you mailed it?" he asked.

o'clock, B—a watch time, when I got there. The receptionist was charming, gracious. I was asked to wait only a few minutes and presently I was sent for. Mr. Rainey apologized for the delay. It was the second delay of the afternoon but he won't know that until he sees this, if he sees this.

A uniformed page, young and pink and very eager to be of service, was sent to bring me to Mr. Rainey. We started down a long corridor and it ended in a door which obviously led to nowhere, unless it was a Fire Stairs. The page blushed, looked around and stammered:

"I—I guess I'd better get a map. This place is pretty big."

"Yes, it is," I said, "but don't worry about it, son, we'll get there after while."

He tried another corridor and that ended blind spang up against a concrete wall. This time he was embarrassed beyond speech. A third exploration down a corridor brought us to the right place. The page was so charmingly embarrassed that I hadn't the heart to say anything about it. And why should I have? Anyone, even persons who work there, could get lost in halls as vast and laby-

My Treatment at "711" Was Most Courteous But I'm Not on the Air Yet

By Jane Alden

is and has to be a special technique for radio broadcasting is absurd. It is a blasted theory."

"That's a help and probably the most sensible thing I've heard in any radio station."

"It's obvious on the face of it, Miss Alden." He glanced again at the letter. "I will arrange a special audition for you which will take care of your singing and dramatic possibilities. Please leave everything in my hands. You'll hear from me direct."

There was (and still is for my money) a man of charm!

I rose to go.

"Thank you for calling, Miss Alden. I will call you in a day or so."

Time passed, much time, and then I got this letter which plainly was neither a telephone call nor a note from Mr. Rainey. It was from Miss Hansen, but I suspect, that is, I choose to suspect, that Mr. Rainey managed it for me. It said, this one, which was, by the way, mimeographed:

Dear Miss Alden:

"We have arranged a dramatic audition for you at 11:10 AM o'clock Tuesday, February 28th, 1933. If you will report to the hostess on the thirteenth floor she will direct you to the proper studio.

"The purpose of this audition is to give the casting directors an idea of your abilities. To this end it is requested that you prepare two or three speeches from plays, about ten lines each in length, in the various parts, straight or dialect, you are capable of portraying.

"For any further information you may desire, kindly communicate with the secretary of this committee.

"Very truly yours,
Miriam Hansen, Secretary,
Dramatic Auditions Committee.

"PS

"Kindly fill out the top of the enclosed blank and return as soon as convenient. This is in answer to your letter addressed to the Program Director."

So I filled out the blank, completely and returned it. I also got up in (a) an introspective love soliloquy from "Marco Millions," (b) a strong dramatic scene from "Strange Interlude" and (c) a denunciation scene from "Mourning Becomes Electra." O'Neill would get me into radio or I wouldn't go into it. None of your obscure playwrights, thank you! I wanted to read from the works of the Head Man.

At precisely 11:08 o'clock on the designated morning I arrived at the studio and sat in a chair facing a long line of chairs. Each was occupied by a jobless actor. Some of them I knew personally, some by reputation, a few others by having seen them act and a few not at all. One, a woman whose name is known to every one who has gone to the theater in the last ten years, sat there nervously. She dressed up as for a wedding or a funeral—I couldn't guess which. But her courage, her determination to turn the tide of black fortune shone in her eyes. It was pathetic and inspiring at the same time.

Then I studied the men: shoes polished but worn thin, clothes pressed but shabby. Their brave front was pitifully apparent. It was a sight to wring the heart of anyone who ever had been on the stage. This was their last stand against want and poverty and obscurity, the last more important to them than the first or even second. An actor can stand want and poverty because sometime in his career it is part of his life: that is inevitable. Obscurity is the bitter dose, obscurity and silence, the dreadful silence of no applause.

Miss Hansen came in after a long while, apologized for being tardy and took me into a broadcasting studio. She led me to a microphone and faced me toward a glass wall that separated me from the control room. There were several men in there, members (Continued on Page 21)

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How to BECOME a SPONSOR

I HAVE been asked to write a series of instructive articles having to do with the attainment of success in the various fields of what is so laughingly called RADIO. Laughingly called . . . by those who do not tune in on comedy programs.

"But who wants to go into Radio?" you will say, and if you do I'm stuck. Still, that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that many people are seen daily walking through the streets muttering to themselves. No one knows the identity of the mumblers. Few know what they are saying. Determined that the man who talks to himself shall receive an answer, I have made it my business to find out what goes on in the mouth of the average Internal Conversationalist. I am happy to publish the result of my findings. To-wit:

Most of the Amateur Babblers rampant today, dawdle along the streets, missing taxicabs by inches and chiropodists by feet, saying over and over again to themselves, "How can I become a Sponsor" . . . "How can I become a Radio Artist" . . . "How can I become a Radio Critic" . . . and last, but not least by any means, "How can I become a Radio Listener". In an effort to stop mumbling as an outdoor sport, I am prepared to answer these questions. As Washington said, when he was surprised by an eminent English General, "Here's Howe".

In this treatise you will learn HOW TO BECOME A SPONSOR for he is the backbone of the radio industry. Without him, there would be no Commercial Programs. Without Commercial Programs, radio systems could not afford to support Sustaining Features and minus the latter, radio entertainment would dwindle down to nothing

It Is Necessary to Begin Your Training To Become a Backbone of Radio Industry From the Cradle If You Have Ambitions

By Fred Allen

but an unseen gentlemen hitting a musical note, or gong, every fifteen minutes throughout the day. The theme song of all broadcasting companies would be "That Old Gong of Mine" and listeners would be throwing radio sets out of windows in such quantities that it wouldn't be safe to walk the streets.

TO BECOME A SPONSOR it is well to be born a boy and the son of wealthy parents, named Boggs, if possible. If your father is the owner of a flourishing pig's foot business, so much the better. It will be yours, in years to come, and the bigger the business, the larger the radio program you will need to exploit your wares.

The first few years of the prospective sponsor's life should be devoted to the usual boyhood activities. Growing, school, leap-frog and whittling are recommended. High school and college years should be passed over hurriedly. They can be utilized to stunt the sense of humor and to court a girl who is attending the local Conservatory of Music. If the girl plays the bag-pipes, and you finally marry her, it will be to your advantage. She will be a great help at auditions.

The years spent mastering your business and proving that you are the boss in your own home do not interest us.

You are not yet . . . THE SPONSOR. It is only when you decide that the Pigs' Foot Business is on its last legs, and that you are going to put a Boggs Pigs' Foot Program on the air, that we are aware of your presence. From the morning you advise the advertising agency that you want to engage talent for the forthcoming radio premiere, you are known as "The SPONSOR". Overnight, from an obscure owner of an ex-thriving Pigs' Foot Business, you become a critical judge of singer, comedian and musician. Business conferences give way to auditions.

Prospective customers are pushed out of your office by anemic song-pluggers who smell blood. Your relatives, getting wind of your intentions, suddenly appear in droves telling you to be sure and hire their favorites. Trying to please everyone, you rush from audition to control room and run the gamut of talent from the eminent Colonel Stoopnagle to a crack-voiced niece who recites. Months pass and, hopelessly confused, you regret the day that radio crept into your conversation . . . not to mention your life.

Meanwhile, your wife has been bidding her time. To her, the singers have been flat and the comedians flatter. The Scat Callers have been too soft and the Crooners too loud. Your business has gone to the dogs and wins a Blue Ribbon at a Kennel Show. When you finally go on the air, the opening program consists of fifteen minutes of assorted bag-pipe concertos played by your wife and the Boggs Pigs' Foot Theme Song is "A Farewell to Arms". The next morning you arrive at the office to find that the critics have panned the bag-pipe soloist. Your wife is in tears. Thousands of Pan Letters arrive in the first mail. As you reach for the revolver that should be in the top drawer of your desk you know that the epitaph will read . . . "Here Lies . . . The Sponsor".



Fred Allen, in person, demonstrating how to be a sponsor. Aspirin and red ink are essential accessories.

The Microphone MURDERS

THE STORY THUS FAR

By Leslie Harewood

AFTER reading one sentence of an expose, "The Truth About the Reds," United States Senator Henry Sterling is mysteriously murdered while standing before the microphone at Station WQI. A bullet pierces his back. Suspected and later released, Sexton Royal, owner of the station, who posts a \$10,000 reward for the capture of the murderer, is himself murdered in the same eerie fashion as was Senator Sterling, as he is about to broadcast announcement of the reward. It is proved no one was in the studio when Senator Sterling was murdered, though Dick Paulett, war ace and announcer, is held on suspicion, while the only person in the studio when Sexton Royal is murdered is Inspector Malone, chief of the homicide bureau. This plunges the mystery into channels even more baffling than before.

Eve Randall, WQI star vocalist and in love with Paulett, is captured at the point of a gun by Dolores Saurez, another vocalist at the studio, while attempting to engage a private detective to establish Dick Paulett's innocence. She is spirited away in a sedan with shades drawn by a ratty looking foreigner, who jabs a hypodermic needle into her arm. Monte Drake, reporter for the Vindicator, sensational tabloid, boldly hints in his paper that the murders are the work of gangdom. Hearing in the Tombs that Eve Randall has been kidnapped, Dick Paulett begs a twenty-four hour parole to institute search for her. This is granted. As Dick Paulett alights from a taxi in front of Station WQI, after leaving the Tombs, he suddenly is accosted by Paul Spearman, Radio Inspector for the U. S. Department of Commerce. They are old acquaintances and it becomes apparent to Dick Paulett that the Government has injected itself into the case.

The story continues:

VII.

AND, maybe I'm not glad to see you!" Dick said warmly. "I'm just sorry you've found me in such a damnable hole—"

"Don't talk about it, old timer," the government men remonstrated. "Come across the street—you're the very man I need. Now hurry because it's important."

Dick held back. "But I can't. You see, there's something else—Miss Randall—"

Paul Spearman, muscular, square-jawed and steady-eyed, a few years older than Dick, but of more powerful physique, gripped the distressed announcer's arm.

"Come on Dick. Make it snappy! When I was a kid, in Mississippi, we used to duck obstinate boys in the river. Now, if we've got any talking to do, we'll do it in the car—then if you don't want to go. Well, it's okay, pardner."

Dick yielded reluctantly. Crossing the street, as they approached the big Department of Commerce test car, the southerner's voice sounded in his ear:

"There's a chance for you in this, Dick. I've got clues!"

Dick's curiosity soared sky high. "You mean something that might help me find Eve?" he demanded eagerly.

"That's it in a nutshell," was Paul Spearman's confident reply. "Now, listen, Dick. It's just a hunch. I've got to talk fast. Then, if you want to go, we'll drop the rag and travel.—Remember that short wave equipment that was stolen from Royal a long time ago?"

"You mean the transmitter he bought to broadcast programs to foreign countries?" Dick asked eagerly.

"You're hitting the right nail," said Spearman. "Okay. Now, that's where we start. It was stolen from the studio . . . fact was the crates hadn't been opened. Naturally, it would be common sense to think it was a job pulled by someone familiar with WQI. And, of course, someone who could use it. Well—" Spearman took a deep inhale of his cigar.

"All along," he continued, "My undercover men have been trying to tune in their short wave receivers—they're licensed amateur operators, you see—to try and pick up a signal from that equipment. We always figured it would come on the air as an outlaw wireless."

Dick emitted a low whistle. "You think they could be rum runners or gangsters?"

"I don't know what they are," said

Spearman. "But they've been on the air for two nights!"

"And you know where they are?" Dick demanded, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Roughly speaking, I do," said Spearman. "The funny thing is, they think they're getting away with it. They're using a higher frequency—wave length, you know—than the regulation equipment's tuned to pick up."

"And what's all this got to do with me, Paul?" Dick asked anxiously.

"Just this," Spearman replied. "It's a dirty bunch, whoever they are. They must be trying to do something crooked in a big way. And I'd almost be willing to stake my wooden head, that when we catch them, we'll find them at the bottom of all WQI's troubles."

To Dick, Spearman's theory did look plausible. And it was the first tangible idea, which had come to his ears, out of the entire magic of catastrophe.

"Can't we take the police?" he asked.

"No, because we've got to go to Jersey," Spearman asserted impatiently. "It'll probably be in the country. And they've got no jurisdiction over there. We've got to spot the station, first. Then we can arrange, later, for the arrest. What do you say? Is it worth a try?"

Dick opened the front door of the test car. He had already decided. It was not a time for deliberation. The scant passing of minutes might be the margin between life and death for Eve.

"Get in," he said tensely. "I'm game!"

Spearman checked the supply in the gas tank. A moment later, he kicked the starter, and the big, black speed wagon lurched away from the curb.

"We'll take Park Avenue, then Fifth to Central Park," he yelled to Dick above the hum of the motor. "From there, we'll cut over the Drive and up to the ferry."

The car careened around a corner, narrowly averting a collision with a taxi. "You haven't told me, how you got out yet!" Spearman shouted.

Dick told his story briefly. They were turning up Park Avenue, passing rows of gray stone apartment buildings, the exclusive homes of New York's ultra rich. He recited his conversation with Chief Stevenson, and told of the agonized hours in the Tombs.

"Maybe, we'll turn the tables on them," the man at the wheel commented. "At any rate, I hope we can." He

With each step forward Dick became more imbued with a sense of impending danger.



Left to right, Fred Uttall as Dick Paulett and George Brooks as Paul Spearman. Courtesy CBS.

was driving slowly now, going around the massive Grand Central railroad station.

Dick had little to say. But his heart throbbed as never before with the hope of success. Suddenly he recalled that, in his mental panic at news of Eve's strange disappearance, he had forgotten that she had been on her way to employ a private detective. Poor girl. She had known his impoverished financial condition, had meant to sacrifice her own meagre savings to absolve his name from guilt. And in doing so, she might already have forfeited her own life.

SPEARMAN was crossing Central Park. "No time to look at the swans tonight," he laughed good humoredly. "Been driving all day—they phoned me in Washington."

Dick offered to take the wheel, but Spearman dissented. "Wait till later," he said. "By the way, what do you suppose the crooks in that outlaw station mean by broadcasting wheat prices?"

"Maybe it was rye," Dick smiled, temporarily forgetful of his despondent mood.

"And the boys picked up something about planes," Spearman continued. "God pity them, if they killed Senator Sterling. The whole capital's gone wild over that."

The car shot across Central Park West and into Seventy-Second Street. Two minutes later, they saw the lights of upper Broadway, waited for the passing of a sea of traffic.

"I'd like to take the main stem," Spearman remarked, "but somebody in cahoots with the damn bozos would be sure and recognize this buggy."

The conversation rambled on, until they reached the ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street. Fortunately a boat was loading, when Spearman drew up to the wharf. He got aboard among the three last cars.

Soon the whistle sounded, and scurrying deck hands detached the old river boat from her moorings. There was a swishing sound, the thud of falling hemp ropes, and the squish-squish of the big side wheel propellers. The rays of a pale moon fell faintly on the dark waters of the Hudson.

"Get out and listen to the wop sing, Dick," Spearman said facetiously, jerking his head in the direction of the itinerant musician, who was entertaining a group of passengers, some distance away.

"And have a hundred people recognize me," Dick returned.

Spearman smiled. "Go on. You know I was kidding."

"How do we find this outlaw station?" Dick asked.

Spearman smiled again. "With an electric detective, that's in the back of this buggy," he replied. Then he explained to Dick, the functioning of the intricate equipment in the back of the test car, the government apparatus for detecting unlicensed wireless stations.

"We check all of them, you see," Spearman went on, "even broadcasting stations—"

"But I thought the Radio Commission—"

"So does everybody else," the other interrupted. "They do the parading—we do the work."

THAT makes you another one of those tired, underpaid government workers, we read about," Dick laughed. He had not forgotten Eve, but Spearman's wholesome presence went a long way toward restoring his shattered spirits.

"Right now, I'm extra tired," Spearman yawned.

The ferry was docking, and he kicked the starter. Soon, the procession of cars, ahead, moved forward. There was a din of toots and sirens which mingled with the mysterious noises of the river.

As the car emerged from the ferry house, Dick saw that it was cloudy, that the moon was obscured. It was the kind of night, when anything could happen. Spearman followed the line of cars around a curve, but at the crest of Palisades Hill, he slowed down to get his bearings.

"Let's see—South," he said. "That would be left, wouldn't it? We want to go toward Grantwood."

A left turn of the wheel nosed the car around a corner past a filling station. But at the deserted gate of an amusement park, Spearman applied the brakes.

"See if that gate's open, Dick, old boy," he said abruptly.

Dick hopped out and tugged at the iron handles. "It's locked," he announced. "You don't think it's here, do you?"

Spearman shook his head in the negative. "No, not (Continued on page 22)

Stoopnocracy MARCHES ON!

A CONVENTION of Stoopnocrats! That's what the country has been clamoring for these last few days, and A. S. Markson, of Syracuse, N. Y., has some peachy ideas on the subject.

"Why not," he writes, "have a national convention of Stoopnocrats? Under Stoopnocracy each member would meet right in his own home and in that way eliminate travelling and the quarreling between cities for the honor of where the next conclave will be held."

Which reminds us that Stoopnocracy has some birdie improvements to make in travelling. George P. Buckley, of Montpelier, Vt., wrote to us recently about this matter, asking that we do something about eliminating the flat drinking cups on railway trains.

"When you get thirsty on a train, you have to go to the end of the car and coax one of these rascal cups out of its burrow by its hind fin, and you finally end up by inadvertently pouring seven-eighths of the contents down your sleeve," he wrote.

We mulled over that one for a bit. At first we thought of making these cups with only one side to them to save paper, on account of you never get much water in them anyway. Then we thought it would be roguish and sort of in the spirit of the thing to put grease on the flaps of the cups just to see if it could be any more difficult to get one of the cups out of its little niche in the wall. But it was Mr. Buckley, himself, who solved the problem for Stoopnocracy.

"My suggestion is that we have the conductor squirt a certain amount of water up each passenger's sleeve as he collects the tickets," he said. "That will save you the trouble of walking all the way to the end of the car to do the same thing."

Mr. Buckley was even more waggish. He would like to have Stoopnocracy eliminate all styles of women's hats that now are in vogue and suggests that henceforth all women's hats be made of sheepskin so a man can pull the wool over his wife's eyes once in awhile.

The back-seat driver. There, indeed, is something for the Stoopnocrats to tussle with. We think we have the solution to the problem of eliminating this irk with the invention of the new automobile, a drawing of which is shown on this page. It was a simple matter. We just took the rear of a regular automobile and put it in front of the front, or something, so that the people who were in the rear are really in the front, while the people who are in the front are in the front. Well, the hell with it, then.

David Ray, of Galesburg, Ill., is a Stoopnocrat who has been doing some really serious thinking. In fact, it is practically a possibility that he has been mulling. He has been considering turnips and spinach, and as virtually everyone knows, turnips and spinach are two things that Stoopnocracy should do something about.

"On account of it's so difficult to get ketchup out of their bottles, what with punching and thumping and thwacking and everything before you can get a drop out," he writes, "why can't the Stoopnocrats do something about having turnips and spinach packed in ketchup bottles on account nobody wants to get turnips and spinach out anyway, or something like that."

Last week we took up the subject of olives, both stuffed and unstuffed, and how to get those elusive little pixies on the bottom row to come out. Our suggestion was to put the bottom row of olives on top. We have tried this out since then, and find it to be highly successful. On this page you will see some illustrations that will show you the great sense of gratitude the olives on the bottom layer feel

Stoopnocrats Can Attend Convention in Their Own Homes, Thereby Eliminating Traveling Expenses Etc., or Something

By Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd

towards the Stoopnocrats on account of we helped them up the ladder, rung by rung, until they reached the top.

Next we come to a man who should know whereof he speaks. John M. Tait, director of a school of modern music, in Brooklyn, N. Y., asks that the Stoopnocrats arrange to substitute hack-saw blades for the hair in the violin bows of all children learning to play this instrument.

From Herman Gross, of Staten Island, N. Y., comes a peachy idea. Herman contributes the suggestion that we manufacture miniature lawnmowers to go with every new suit you buy so that you can mow down those little pieces of horse-hair that insist on jabbing into you. (The first person who says "There ain't gonna be no mow" will please leave the room.)

W. Henry Boller, of Philadelphia, Pa., would like us to do something about those elfish people who borrow your books and then "dog-ear", or bend over, the corners of the pages to mark their place. He thinks that under Stoopnocracy the people who insist on bending the pages should, instead, just tear the page out and carry it around with them so they will be able to remember what page they were on when they resume reading again.

"When they start in reading again they could throw the page away," he says, "this will greatly improve the appearance of the book."

Getting gravy up from your plate is another thing again, as somebody once said. G. Hart, of Queens Village, N. Y., said it, too.

"Since I am particularly fond of gravy and do not like to mop it up with bread, I suggest that we eliminate the space between fork prongs so that the gravy can be scooped up rather than left to go the way of all dinner plates."

From an anonymous member of the staff of the *Tennesseean*, the well-known newspaper of Memphis, Tenn., came a

long dissertation on "Stoopnocracy in Politics." His idea is that when two candidates are aspiring to a seat in the House of Representatives during election, the one getting the most votes on election day STAYS AT HOME, but is paid a Congressman's salary. The defeated candidate goes to Washington to become a member of the lower house, receiving his salary from the winner, or the latter's party. Further, the one going to Washington must carry out the campaign promises made by the candidate who received the plurality.

There, indeed, is a ducky idea. It's advantages are stoopendous. Every candidate would want to win so that he could stay at home. Every loser would devote his time in Washington to improving business and economic conditions of his district, so that he would assure himself of a better salary in case he *lost* another election. For spite, if he is a meany, he might attempt to vote lower pay for the winner he left back home. This would save the taxpayer money.

And here, folks, (everybody in radio has to say "folks") is, you must admit, something in favor of the plan. All the unpopular candidates would be in Washington. The only difference between this new Stoopnocratic plan and the old system would be that their unpopularity would be admitted before they went rather than afterward. The popular fellow could stay at home, where he could be a source of interest to his many friends, and local government would be greatly improved.

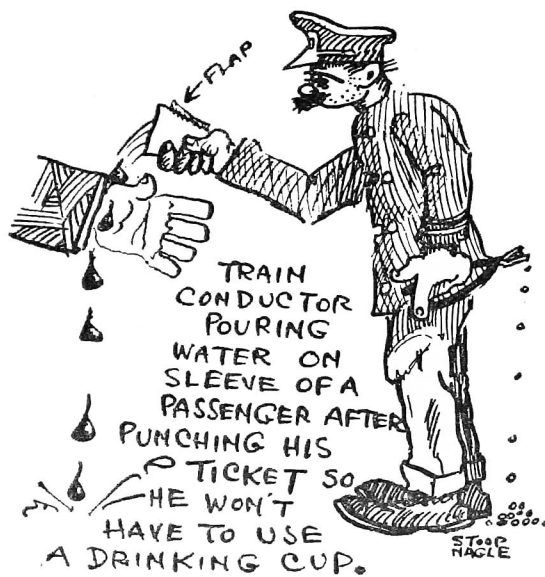
Oh, there are ever so many advantages to this system. We don't know our own strength, it seems. But we're afraid we're getting a bit silly now. To get back to the seriousness, H. J. McAdam, of Rochester, N. Y., thinks he has the problem of eliminating Sunday automobile accidents well in hand. He thinks that all we would have to do would be to eliminate all calendars. Then, he points out, people won't be able to tell what day it is and they won't save up until Sunday and then go out and go athumping into people and acrasing with abandon.

Tommy Hughes, of Teaneck, N. J., suggests that we invent nonelastic garters for people who aren't particularly interested in keeping their socks up, and white dirt for kids who feel they must smear up the wall-paper after they've been out tussling with a ton or two of mud and dirt.

Well, we can't think of any other stuff right now. We are becoming convinced more and more each day that Stoopnocracy is going to sweep the country, and we're more convinced than ever that it's about time something or somebody did.

Well, goodbye.

If, for some reason or other, you want to become a Stoopnocrat, you may join the ranks by sending a "disinvention" idea to Col. Stoopnagle, care of RADIO GUIDE, 345 West 26th Street, New York City. When you are elected a member of the Stoopnocrats, Col. Stoopnagle will send you a Stoopnocrat button.



BOTTLE OF STUFFED OLIVES REJOICING BECAUSE THE BOTTOM OLIVES ARE ON TOP.



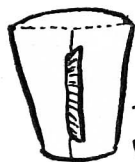
CLOSE-UP OF A BOTTOM OLIVE SLIGHTLY DISGRUNTLED ON ACCOUNT OF IT CAN'T BE REACHED.



THE SAME OLIVE FEELING HAPPY ON ACCOUNT OF NOW IT'S ON TOP INSTEAD OF ON THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE.



REVERSIBLE, NON-POURING, CORRUGATED OLIVE OIL WHICH WILL NOT RUN OUT OF BOTTLE WHEN BOTTLE IS TIPPED UPSIDE DOWN UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT IT TO.



PULLMAN DRINKING CUP WITH ONLY ONE SIDE TO CONSERVE PAPER. THE FLAP IS MOISTENED WITH GREASE SO AS TO MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO PULL IT OUT WHEN A DRINK OF WATER IS DESIRED.



REGULATION PULLMAN DRINKING CUP FULL OF WATER*

LEFT: ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH (ENLARGED) OF AMOUNT OF WATER IN PULLMAN DRINKING CUP WHEN FILLED TO OVERFLOWING.

*H₂O



SPECIAL TRAIN JUST STARTING AFTER CONDUCTOR HAS POURED WATER DOWN SLEEVE OF PROSPECTIVE PASSENGER BECAUSE THE TRAIN HAS NO DRINKING CUPS ON ACCOUNT OF A PASSENGER WOULD GET WATER UP HIS SLEEVE IF THERE WERE DRINKING CUPS ANYWAY, (BLUES)



ENLARGED SIDE VIEW OF MATCH USED TO START FIRE UNDER BOILER OF ENGINE OF ABOVE TRAIN.

RIGHT: TREE FROM WHICH MATCH CAME.



Ben Bernie

Wayne King

Willard Robison

(TUESDAY CONTINUED)

2:15 P.M. CBS—Ann Leaf at the Organ: WABC NBC—Red—The Girl Who Lives Next Door; dramatic sketch: WEAFF WASH WAAB—Request Selections; shopping news WGY—Household Chats WNAC—Ann Leaf at the organ (CBS) WOR—Margaret DuVal, soprano 2:30 P.M. CBS—American School of the Air: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Syncopators; dance orchestra: WJZ WBAL NBC—Red—Dorothy Berliner, pianist: WEAFF KDKA—Health Talk by Dr. Royal S. Copeland WBZ-WBZA—Rotary Club Program WASH—New England Kitchen of the Air WEEI—New England Kitchen of the Air WGY—Piano Chats, Edith Cook Smith WOR—YMCA Spanish Lessons, Professor Maximo Iturralde WTAG—New England Kitchen of the Air WTIC—New England Kitchen of the Air 2:35 P.M. KDKA—Syncopators; orchestra (NBC) 2:45 P.M. NBC—Blue—Sisters of the Skillet; songs and patter: WJZ NBC—Red—Dr. E. M. Bluestone; talk: WEAFF WASH WEEI WGY—Robert Rissling, baritone WOR—Ann Wylie, mezzo soprano WTAG—Varieties WTIC—String Quartet 2:55 P.M. WOR—Health Talk by Dr. Royal S. Copeland 3:00 P.M. CBS—Columbia Artist Recital; Barbara Maurel, contralto; Theo Karle, tenor: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Betty and Bob, dramatic sketch: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Vocal Art Quartet; mixed voices: WEAFF WEEI WASH WTAG WGY WAAB—Boston News Flashes WCAU—The Hour of Waltzes WOR—Newark Museum Lecture; Dorothy Gates WTIC—Si Yaffe's Orchestra 3:15 P.M. NBC—Blue—Strollers Matinee; Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA WBAL WAAB—Al Hewitt's Music WLW—Radio Guide Program WOR—Hawaiian Knights with Mildred Cole Hawaiian Ensemble 3:30 P.M. CBS—Frank Westphal's Orchestra: WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC CBS—Salvation Army Speaker: WABC NBC—Red—Women's Radio Review; talks; Orchestra: WEAFF WTAG WASH WGY WAAB—Organ Tones; Harry E. Rodgers WBZ-WBZA—Home Forum Cooking School WCAU—Around the Theater with Powers Guraud WEEI—WEEI Reading Circle WOR—Home Economics Lecture WTIC—The Mixing Bowl 3:35 P.M. CBS—Frank Westphal's Orchestra: WABC 3:40 P.M. WOR—Nina Quartin, soprano; orchestra 3:45 P.M. NBC—Blue—Tommie Watkins' Orchestra: WJZ KDKA—Congress of Clubs Period 4:00 P.M. CBS—Tito Guizar, Mexican Tenor: WABC WNAC WEAN WDRS WORC WCAU NBC—Red—Curtain Calls; Musical Revue: WEAFF WASH WTAG WGY KDKA—Work-a-Day Thoughts WAAB—Women's Federation Program WBZ-WBZA—Tommy Watkins' Orchestra (NBC) WEEI—Stock Exchange Quotations WOR—"Living in the 20th Century" 4:05 P.M. KDKA—Business News 4:15 P.M. CBS—Curtis Institute of Music Program: WABC WDRS WCAU WEAN WAAB NBC—Blue—Meredith Wilson's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL KDKA—To be announced WBZ-WBZA—Organ Recital WEEI—To be announced WNAC—Spotlighting Modern Education WOR—Department of Education Program 4:25 P.M. WBZ-WBZA—Piano Miniatures, Doris Tirrell 4:30 P.M. NBC—Red—Ramona, Songs and Piano: WEAFF WTAG WASH WGY KDKA—Weather Report; Market report WBZ-WBZA—Health Clinic WEEI—Corea's Orchestra WNAC—The Dance Parade, orchestra WOR—Ariel Ensemble WORC—Curtis Institute of Music (CBS) 4:35 P.M. WGY—Studio Ensemble

4:45 P.M. NBC—Blue—To be announced: WJZ NBC—Red—Lady Next Door; Children's Show: WEAFF WTAG WGY KDKA—Piano Interlude WBZ-WBZA—Agricultural Markets; talk WASH—Maine Federation Women's Clubs 4:50 P.M. KDKA—David Lawrence Dispatch WGY—News Items 5:00 P.M. CBS—Meet the Artist: WABC WNAC WEAN WDRS WORC NBC—Blue—Stage Relief Fund Talk: WJZ NBC—Melodic Thoughts: WEAFF WTAG WGY KDKA—To be announced WAAB—Elliot Jaffee's Orchestra WBZ-WBZA—Discoverer's Club WCAU—Sunshine Discoverers' Club WINS—Variety Musicale Program WEEI—Guy Principato's Hawaiian Orchestra WGY—Stock Reports and Police Notices WOR—Contest Band 5:05 P.M. NBC—Harold Stokes' Orchestra: WJZ WOR—Program Resume 5:15 P.M. CBS—The Melodeers: WABC WDRS WAAB NBC—Blue—Adventures of Dick Daring; Children's program: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA WCAU—The Strollers WEAN—Morton Bowe, tenor, orchestra WEEI—Golden Bird Program WNAC—Morton Bowe, tenor; Orchestra WOR—Hazel Arth, contralto WORC—Morton Bowe, tenor, orchestra 5:25 P.M. WASH—Closing Stocks, Weather Report 5:30 P.M. CBS—Skippy; children's playlet: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN NBC—Blue—The Singing Lady: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA WAAB—Harry E. Rodgers, organist WASH—Skippy, children's skit WEEI—Rock-a-bye Lady WGY—Smiling Ed McConnell WOR—Indian Pow-Pow; Lone Bear WORC—Melody Mart 5:45 P.M. CBS—Cowboy Tom and Indian Chief: WAAB CBS—True Animal Stories: WABC WCAU NBC—Blue—Little Orphan Annie; Children's Playlet: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Secretary Hawkins; Children's playlet: WEAFF WTAG WEEI WASH WGY WDRS—Madhi's Magic Circle, drama WEAN—Sunshine Discoverers Club WNAC—Sunshine Discoverers Club WOR—Al and Whiskers Around New York WORC—Tea Time Tunes 6:00 P.M. CBS—George Hall's Orchestra: WABC WAAB WORC WDRS NBC—Blue—Booth Tarkington Skit: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Mme. Frances Alda, soloist: WEAFF WTAG WCAU—Asco Musicale WASH—Secret Three; child's mystery tales WEAN—General and Sport News; Weather WEEI—The Evening Tattler WGY—Joe and Eddie WNAC—News Flashes WOR—Uncle Don 6:15 P.M. CBS—On the Air Tonight: WABC CBS—George Hall's Orchestra: WDRS WORC WAAB NBC—Blue—Joe Furst's Orchestra: WJZ KDKA—Sport Review WBZ-WBZA—The Monitor Views the News WCAU—Band Music WASH—Old Tavern Farm; songs WEAN—Voice of the Saxophone WGY—Musical Interlude WNAC—Voice of the Saxophone 6:20 P.M. CBS—George Hall's Orchestra: WABC KDKA—Press News WCAU—Esslinger Sporting Page 6:25 P.M. KDKA—Strange Facts 6:30 P.M. CBS—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: WABC WCAU NBC—Red—Mid-week Hymn Sing: WEAFF WGY KDKA—KDKA Orchestra WAAB—Perley Stevens' Orchestra WBZ-WBZA—Sports Review, Bill Williams WASH—News Flashes WDRS—Harold B. Smith, pianist WEAN—Hazel Baker Quartet WEEI—News Dispatches WNAC—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra WTAG—News Reports; Weather 6:40 P.M. WASH—Interlude WEEI—The Sign of the Red Apple WGY—Gray McClintock in the Canadian Northwest WOR—Jack Berger's Concert Orchestra WTAG—Mid-week Hymn Sing (NBC)

6:45 P.M. CBS—Just Plain Bill. WABC WCAU WAAB NBC—Blue—Lowell Thomas; Today's News: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA NBC—Red—Drifting and Dreaming; Harding Sisters, piano duo: WEAFF WTAG WASH—White Cross Night Club WDRS—Chandu, the Magician WEAN—Chandu, the Magician WEEI—Phil Saltman, piano selections WGY—Chandu, the Magician WNAC—Chandu, the Magician 6:50 P.M. WOR—Dramas of Real Life 6:55 P.M. WOR—Musical Moments 7:00 P.M. CBS—Myrt and Marge; showgirl skit: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN NBC—Blue—Amos 'n' Andy: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra: WEAFF WTAG WASH WEEI WAAB—News Flashes WGY—Antoinette Halstead, contralto; orchestra WOR—Ford Frick, Sport Resume WORC—News Flashes 7:15 P.M. CBS—Buck Rogers in the Year 2433: WABC WNAC NBC—Blue—National Advisory Council: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA NBC—Red—Dramatic Program with Ray Knight: WEAFF WEEI WGY WAAB—Meyer Davis' Orchestra WASH—Chandu, the Magician WDRS—Evening Moods WEAN—Meyer Davis' Orchestra WOR—"Raising Junior"; sketch WORC—Meyer Davis' Orchestra WTAG—Chandu, the Magician 7:30 P.M. CBS—Keller, Sargent and Ross; comedy team: WABC WDRS WNAC WCAU NBC—Red—James Melton, tenor; String Ensemble: WEAFF WGY WASH WTAG WAAB—New England Council; direction Josef Zimble WEAN—New England Council Program WEEI—The Edison Salute WGY—Johnny Albright, crooner WOR—Musical Revue; Orchestra; soloist WORC—New England Council Program 7:35 P.M. WGY—James Melton, tenor (NBC) 7:45 P.M. CBS—Poake Carter; Newscasting: WABC WCAU WNAC NBC—Blue—Townsend Murder Mystery by Octavus Roy Cohen: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—The Goldbergs; comedy sketch: WEAFF WTAG WEEI WASH WGY WAAB—Leo Reisman's Orchestra WDRS—Dr. Copeland; health talk; musical program WEAN—Leo Reisman's Orchestra WOR—Pauline Alpert, the Whirlwind Pianist; Orchestra WORC—Leo Reisman's Orchestra 8:00 P.M. CBS—Easy Aces, skit: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN NBC—Blue—Crime Club; mystery drama; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, soloists: WEAFF WEEI WGY WTAG WASH WAAB—"Man Hunter"; drama WOR—Chandu, the Magician WORC—The Manhunters, drama 8:15 P.M. CBS—The Magic Voice, drama: WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN WOR—Bronx Marriage Bureau 8:30 P.M. CBS—Kate Smith; songs: WABC WCAU CBS—The Dictators; dance orchestra: WORC WEAN WDRS WNAC WAAB NBC—Blue—Adventures in Health: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Wayne King's Orchestra: WEAFF WEEI WGY WASH WTAG WOR—WOR Minstrels 8:45 P.M. CBS—Lyman Orchestra and Hollywood Newsboy: WABC WDRS WCAU WEAN WNAC NBC—Blue—To be announced: WJZ KDKA WAAB—Old Hank Penny's Cronies WBZ-WBZA—Arthur Wilson Singers WORC—Old Hank Penny 9:00 P.M. CBS—Jane Froman, blues singer; Leonard Hayton's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRS WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Musical Memories; guest artists; Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA NBC—Red—Ben Bernie's Orchestra: WEAFF WEEI WTAG WASH WGY WAAB—Harry Rodgers, organist WCAU—Philadelphia Electric Half Hour WOR—Frank and Flo, the Tea Timers

NOTICE! On account of the moratorium, and an emergency musicians union ruling permitting ballrooms, cafes and cabarets to dispense with music on but twenty-four hours' notice, many of the dance orchestra programs listed herein will have been changed after publication of RADIO GUIDE. Please bear with this unavoidable situation.

9:15 P.M. CBS—Threads of Happiness; Tommy McLaughlin, baritone: WABC WNAC WCAU WDRS WEAN WAAB—More Saxe's Orchestra WOR—Lillian Shade; blues singer WORC—Song Recital 9:30 P.M. CBS—California Melodies; guest stars; Raymond Paige's Orchestra: WABC WDRS WEAN WORC WNAC NBC—Blue—Willard Robison's Orchestra: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA NBC—Red—Ed Wynn and the Fire Chief Band: WEAFF WTAG WASH WGY WEEI WCAU—Wayside Cottage WOR—Footlight Echoes; Moonbeam Girls 9:45 P.M. WCAU—Blanche Calloway's Orchestra 10:00 P.M. CBS—Five Star Theater; Guest Star and Josef Bonime's Symphony Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRS WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Tune Detective; Sigmund Spaeth: WJZ NBC—Red—Police Dramatization; guest orchestra: WEAFF WGY WTAG WEEI WASH WAAB—Meyer Davis Orchestra WBZ-WBZA—Headliners, drama 10:15 P.M. NBC—Blue—Vic and Sade, sketch: WJZ KDKA WOR—Jolly Russians 10:30 P.M. CBS—Edwin C. Hill; Newscasting: WABC WDRS WEAN WORC WAAB NBC—Blue—Sophie Breslau, contralto: WJZ KDKA WAAB—General and Sports News WBZ-WBZA—Jimmie McHale's Orchestra WCAU—Vincent Travers' Orchestra WNAC—Leo Reisman's Dance Orchestra 10:45 P.M. CBS—Chales Carlile, tenor, dance orchestra: WABC WAAB WDRS WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Prof. McLallen; Three Keys, harmony team: WJZ KDKA WBZ-WBZA—Late News Flashes WCAU—Voices of the Evening WNAC—Leo Reisman's Orchestra WOR—Harry Breuer, xylophonist, orchestra 11:00 P.M. CBS—Columbia Symphony Orchestra: WABC WAAB WDRS WORC WEAN NBC—Blue—Joe Green's Marimba Band: WJZ

NBC—Red—Reese and Dennis, songs and patter: WEAFF KDKA—Sport Review WBZ-WBZA—Weather and Sports Review WCAU—Boake Carter, talk WASH—News WEEI—Weather, Road, Fishing Forecasts; News Dispatches WGY—Debate; Union College vs. Middlebury College WNAC—Movie News; Weather Report; News Flashes WOR—Moonbeams WTAG—News Bulletins; Weather Report 11:10 P.M. NBC—Red—Ted Weems' Orchestra: WEAFF WASH WTAG WEEI 11:15 P.M. NBC—Blue—Heart Songs; Women's Octet: WJZ WBAL WBZ-WBZA KDKA—News Flashes WCAU—Voice of the Evening WNAC—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra 11:20 P.M. KDKA—Smith Ballew's Orchestra 11:30 P.M. CBS—Isham Jones' Orchestra: WABC WAAB WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC NBC—Blue—Old Fashion Dance Program: WJZ NBC—Red—Harold Stern's Orchestra: WEAFF WASH WTAG WEEI KDKA—Smith Ballew's Orchestra WBZ-WBZA—Jackie Jackson's Cotton Pickers WNAC—Perley Stevens' Orchestra WOR—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra 12:00 MIDNIGHT CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN NBC—Blue—Duke Ellington's Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC—Red—Don Bestor's Orchestra: WEAFF WGY—Steve Boisclair, organist WOR—Freddie Martin's Orchestra 12:30 A.M. CBS—Leon Belasco's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN NBC—Blue—Sam Robbins' Orchestra: WJZ KDKA NBC—Red—Mark Fisher's Orchestra: WEAFF WGY—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra 1:00 A.M. CBS—Roseland Ballroom Orchestra: WABC 1:30 A.M. CBS—Empire Ballroom Orchestra: WABC

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Marion Hopkinson, beautiful New York society girl, impersonator of many feminine celebrities in the March of Time, temporarily abandoned pursuit of an operatic career for radio. Her life-time association with women of distinction enables her to portray their subtle mannerisms almost to perfection.

WAY, way back before Technocracy had given way to Stoopnocracy—in fact before Rome was anything more than a flourishing village, a great news event took place. On the slopes of Marathon a few hundred hardy Greeks completely repulsed an invading horde of Medes under Darius. Today the battle is chiefly remembered, not because Greece had won a battle that would change the history of the world for centuries to come, but because a sleek-limbed Olympic runner named Pheidippides got the news to Athens, 22 miles away in about two and a half hours.

Shortly after, reporter Pheidippides fell dead, not from running twenty-two miles, but because just a few days before he had run from Athens to Sparta to bring news to the Spartans and ask for troops. That took him two days and two nights running, but it was the news-scoop of the age.

On September 18, 1931, a band of Chinese irregulars above Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, blew up the Nonni River

bridge, causing considerable irritation to the Japanese in that part of Manchuria. On September 19, to an intelligent farmer in Iowa who owned a radio, this explosion on the other side of the world was already old news. He was already discussing with his neighbors the possibility of the Nonni River becoming another Sarajevo, its effects on wheat if it did, and mentally computing the number of days before he would be beyond the age when he could be legally drafted into the army. It was, moreover, more than possible that the Iowa farmer knew of the event before a Mongolian peasant some fifty miles from where the event actually took place.

And "believe it or not," he knew of some of the events in the subsequent Manchurian crisis the day before they occurred. Due to the fact that there is thirteen hours difference between New York and Shanghai time, an event which occurs, for example, on September 18 at 7 a. m., is being printed in Manhattan papers on September 17, the day before.

In other words, efficiency in spreading the news had reached a speed beyond which there was no point in going.

But it could be improved in one way, namely, by bringing the news home to the listener more intimately, that is in the vital and life-like way in which it occurred. Hence the "March of Time" and its re-enactments of the news.

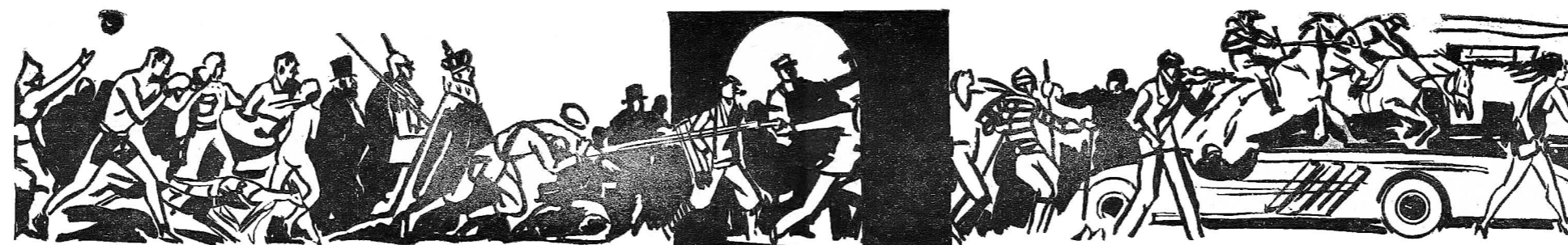
Our Iowa farmer was no longer content with hearing that such and such an event had taken place; that Sandino had murdered nine American marines in Nicaragua, or that King Alfonso had abdicated or that a new play in New York, "Of These I Sing" had opened. He wanted to be on the scene, to get the feeling and meaning of it. So TIME went a step beyond the news-broadcaster and presented the "March of Time," the first dramatization of live, living news.

And it is living news. From the point of view of the scriptwriter, that's the trouble. The news won't stand still. You think you have got Osaf Adolf Hitler safely tucked away out of trouble and the next day he is made Chancellor of Germany! You have a fully rehearsed, well-timed show ready to go on the air and suddenly a little, half-crazed Italian in Miami takes a shot at the President-Elect and hits the Mayor of Chicago. It is a scene which the "March of Time" obviously can't overlook, and so, out goes one act, in comes a re-enactment of the attempted assassination.

"How is it done?" asks a curious listener.

The Zangara episode is a good instance of a major news event occurring between the time TIME goes to press and the time the "March of Time" goes on the air Friday night. It's

In this rehearsal of the March of Time, Producer Don Stauffer is standing behind the window of the control room where he listens to the tentative presentation while signalling coaching instructions.



"TIME MARCHES ON"

By Tom Everitt

Author of "The March of Time"



TOM EVERITT

in instances like this that the scriptwriter sweats, for the "March of Time" is not only a dramatization of TIME, but often means a transition between two issues.

It was slightly after 9:15 p. m. on a Wednesday night that Zangara shot five shots in the general direction of President-Elect Roosevelt. By that time the script for the "March of Time" was in the hands of the producer, ready for the first (Thursday) rehearsal. I had gone home to bed. It wasn't until Thursday morning that I saw the headlines.

As any radio or theatrical producer knows, there are few original dramatizations that can't be improved after the first playing. The more often a script is heard "played," the better it is likely to be at the time of broadcast. It was, therefore, my job, to get the Zangara-Roosevelt script written in time for Thursday's first playing at quarter to one.

By a quarter to nine I had all the morning papers, United Press bulletins and such information as TIME had on hand. First task was to sift through the varying versions to find what actually happened, no small task, because

some reporters sometimes go on the principle that any news is better than a completely detailed account. (I have often given silent thanks that the "March of Time" was off the air during the Lindbergh case.)

The next task was to eliminate

the irrelevant—one can't tell everything in a five-minute re-enactment—and, finally, write the script.

At quarter to eleven, the original script was written. It was taken to the offices of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne to be mimeographed. Meanwhile I had got in touch with Tom Harrington, the casting director, in order to give him a rough idea of the characters necessary. Over the telephone:

"There'll be a short speech by Roosevelt."

"That's all right. Bill Adams, our 'Roosevelt', is already in the studio."

"Then there's Zangara—young Italian."

"We'll give that to Frank Readick. How about women?"

"Yes, there's a Mrs. Cross and a friend."

"Where do they come from?"

"Mrs. Cross is from Florida—about middle-aged, I think. Her friend's from Georgia. I think Marion Hopkinson could do the first part."

"Good. Anyone else?"

"Cermak."

"Gee, Frank's always done our 'Cermak'. I'll have to give Zangara to someone else."

And so it goes. By noon the mimeographed scripts are in Studio I on the twenty-second floor of the Columbia headquarters in New York. There they are distributed: one to

him in the tedious job of re-writing work, are producer Don Stauffer, Miss Ann Louise Barley, a graduate of George Baker's dramatic school at Yale, and the writer. What happens to the original scripts I hate to confess. Suffice it to say that the charwomen have long finished their work in the offices of B.B.D. & O., and a nasty grey light remarkably like dawn is usually apparent before the last script is ready for final mimeographing.

Friday morning at 9 a. m. finds Don Stauffer, as fresh as one can be after eighteen hours' work and two hours' sleep, back on the job at CBS rehearsing the revised show. At 2 p. m., there is a dress rehearsal, the final preliminary audition and the "March of Time" sometimes is ready to go on the air. Many times, even at that late hour, wholly new re-enactments have been written, inserted and rehearsed up to within minutes of broadcasting time.

To an outsider it is hard to explain why a half-hour broadcast of from six to eight news re-enactments should require so much work. When, for example, a listener asks me "What else do you do during the week beside write the 'March of Time'?" I find myself stumped for an answer. As patiently as possible I take him aside:

"Did you happen to hear our re-enactment of the Seabury investigation ending Mayor Walker's tete-a-tete with Governor Roosevelt?"

"Yes, I thought it was swell."

"Thanks (dryly). Do you remember we built the scene up with about a score of short quotations from previous Seabury cross examinations?"

"Yes, but it was quite short."

"To be accurate, the entire twenty quotations took about a minute over the air."

"Well?"

"Well, have you ever looked through the newspaper accounts of the Seabury investigation?"

"No."

Here we have an actual broadcast scene from the March of Time with principals, mob, sound effects and everything in action. Producer Don Stauffer at microphone in foreground is taking a leading role.

producer Don Stauffer, one to conductor Howard Barlow, one to Mrs. Nichols at the sound effects machines, the rest to the actors, engineers, mob . . . 45 minutes to rehearse.

After the Thursday rehearsal, the really hard work begins—polishing, cutting, bringing the news up to date, substituting whole new scenes, timing and all the business of turning out a smooth show. Final arbiter in this painstaking process is TIME'S Circulation Manager and Vice-President Roy E. Larsen, whose particular pet the "March of Time" is. With

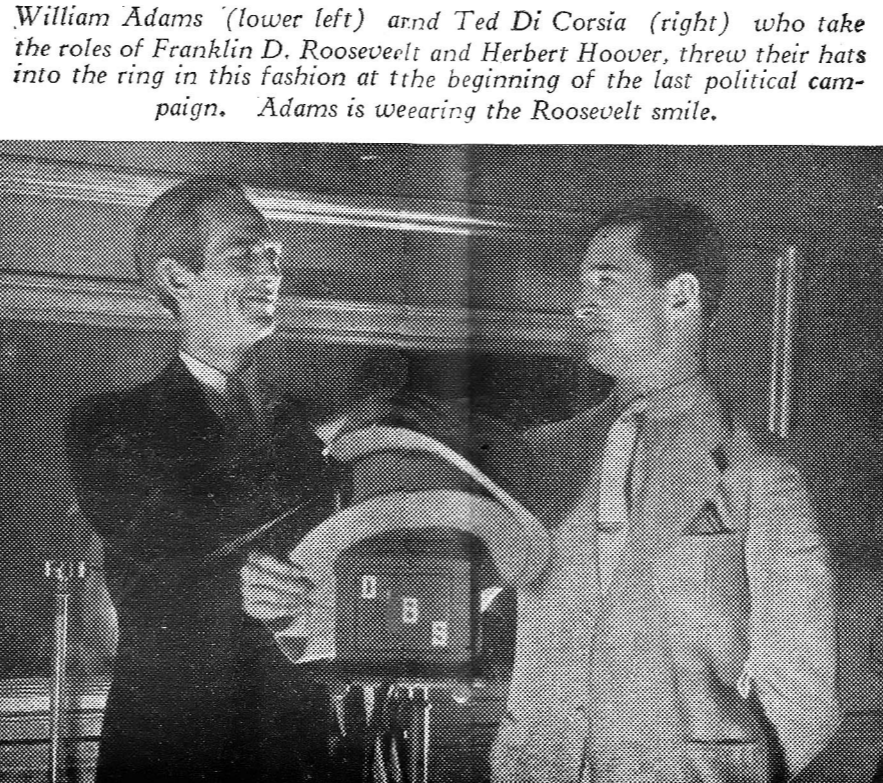


Frank Readick was first picked for the role of Zangara, in the March of Time program depicting Roosevelt's attempted assassination, until it was remembered he had always impersonated Mayor Cermak, of Chicago, in previous broadcasts. In the final presentation, Readick became Mayor Cermak.

"There are about four pounds of them. And to get the sharpest and most significant quotations, above all to be accurate, it took two people eight hours of searching to give you that one-minute curtain raiser."

One hand on the Congressional Record, one hand turning the leaves of a new book reviewed in TIME, one hand going through the script of a play opening on Broadway, one hand on the telephone, talking to TIME's editors about the situation in Manchuria or Germany, the Scriptwriter of the "March of Time" often goes to bed to dream he has suddenly become an octopus with a tentacle in every pudding.

In the end, however, the chief task of the scriptwriter is not making the news dramatic, but keeping it dramatic—retaining in its essence the dramatic aura which seems invariably to surround the actions of the world's great—the Gandhis, the Snowdens, the Hitlers, Stalins, Mussolinis, the Al Smiths and Roosevelts and the countless others who parade across the news-spotlight.



William Adams (lower left) and Ted Di Corsia (right) who take the roles of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover, threw their hats into the ring in this fashion at the beginning of the last political campaign. Adams is wearing the Roosevelt smile.



Thursday, March 23

Features:

Jack Pearl

Showboat

8:00 A.M.
 CBS—Salon Musicale; WABC WCAU
 NBC—Blue—The Wife Saver; WJZ WBAL
 NBC—Red—Organ Rhapsody; WFAW WGY
 WTIC—WEEI WCSH
 KDKA—KDKA Kiddies' Klub
 WBZ—WBZA—Morning Minstrels
 WDR—Shoppers' Special
 WEAN—Rhode Island Information Service
 WOR—Daily Produce Reporter
 WORC—Heralding the News
 WTIC—Collins Driggs, organist

8:05 A.M.
 WOR—Al Woods, Songs and Patter

8:10 A.M.
 WCAU—Band Music

8:15 A.M.
 NBC—Blue—Morning Devotions; musical concert: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 WCAU—Children's Stories
 WCSH—Morning Devotions
 WEEI—E. B. Rideout, meteorologist
 WORC—Musical Time Table

8:20 A.M.
 WEEI—Looking Over the Morning Paper

8:25 A.M.
 WOR—Sherman Keene's Orchestra

8:30 A.M.
 NBC—Blue—Breakfast Club; Dance orchestra: WJZ WBAL KDKA
 NBC—Red—Cheerio; Inspirational Talk and Music: WFAW WTIC WTAG WCSH WGSW WGY
 WAAB—News; Weather
 WBZ—WBZA—Weather and Temperature
 WCAU—Salon Musicale (CBS)
 WEAN—High School Quarter Hour
 WOR—Martha Manning, sales talk

8:45 A.M.
 CBS—Bill and Ginger, songs: WABC WCAU
 WAAB—Francis J. Cronin, organist
 WBZ—WBZA—Breakfast Club; orchestra
 WEAN—Francis J. Cronin, organist
 WOR—Musical Novelties; Orchestra
 WORC—Morning Watch

8:55 A.M.
 WNAC—Gold Medal Contest Band

9:00 A.M.
 CBS—Tony Wons; Are You Listenin'? WABC WAAB WORC WEAN WDR
 NBC—Red—Marguerite De Vine, pianist; WFAW WGSW WTIC
 KDKA—Press News-Reeler
 WBZ—WBZA—Talk by Miss Virginia Reade
 WCAU—Words and Music
 WEEI—Caroline Cabot's Program
 WGY—Forrest Willis, crooner
 WNAC—Nine O'Clock Serenaders orchestra
 WOR—Miss Kath'rine 'n' Calliope, sales talk
 WTIC—Piano Capers

9:10 A.M.
 WEEI—What the Well Dressed Home Is Wearing

9:15 A.M.
 CBS—Reis and Dunn, comedy and songs: WABC
 CBS—Silver Dust Twins: WDRC WORC WCAU
 NBC—Red—Current Events: WFAW WGY WGSW
 KDKA—Style and Shopping Service
 WAAB—The Syncopators, orchestra
 WEAN—The Yankee Singers, male quartet
 WNAC—The Yankee Singers, male quartet
 WTAG—Shopping Around

9:30 A.M.
 CBS—Health Talk: WABC WNAC WEAN WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Moss and Jones; songs and patter: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—The Upstaters, male quartet: WFAW WGY
 KDKA—Dave Roberts, left-handed banjoist
 WAAB—Fred Gilbert and His Uke
 WCSH—Smooth Rhythms
 WDR—Fred Gilbert and his Uke
 WEEI—Smooth Rhythms
 WOR—Home Service Institute Extension Talk
 WORC—Fred Gilbert and His Uke
 WTIC—Smooth Rhythms

9:35 A.M.
 WTIC—Smooth Rhythms

9:45 A.M.
 CBS—Little Jack Little, songs and piano: WABC WAAB WDRC WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Nothing But the Truth; queer facts: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Otto Fassell; Viennese baritone: WFAW WTIC
 KDKA—Weather Report; Press News
 WCAU—Behind the Scenes
 WDR—Bill and Tillie; dialogue
 WEEI—To be announced
 WGY—Mid-Morning Devotions
 WNAC—The Guardsmen, orchestra
 WOR—Sales Talk

10:00 A.M.
 CBS—Melody Parade: WABC WCAU WDRC WAAB WORC
 NBC—Blue—Musical Melange; concert orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—The Mystery Chef: WFAW WTIC WGSW WTAG WGY WEEI
 WEAN—Song Album; Emily MacKenzie, soprano
 WNAC—Song Album, Emily MacKenzie, soprano

WOR—McCann Pure Food Hour

10:15 A.M.
 CBS—Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen: WABC WAAB
 NBC—Blue—Clara, Lu 'n' Em, skit: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Young Artists Trio: WFAW WTIC WTAG WGSW
 WCAU—Tom Dawson, songs
 WDR—McMullen Cooking School
 WEAN—McMullen Cooking School
 WEEI—Del Castillo, organist
 WGY—Rex Koury, organist
 WNAC—McMullen Cooking School
 WORC—McMullen Cooking School

10:30 A.M.
 CBS—The Four Clubmen, quartet: WABC WAAB WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Happy Jack; songs: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—The Happy Ramblers; piano duo: WFAW WTIC WTAG WGSW WEEI
 KDKA—Chuck and Russ
 WGY—Shopping Bag

10:45 A.M.
 CBS—Barbara Gould, beauty talk: WABC WAAB WCAU WEAN WDR
 NBC—Blue—Emily Post, hostess; Edward Nell, baritone; Harding Sisters; piano and organ duo: WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Breen and de Rose; vocal and instrumental duo: WFAW WTIC WEEI
 WGSW—Thru the Sops with Margie
 WGY—Organ Recital
 WNAC—Toreadors; Spanish Music
 WORC—Toreadors; Spanish Music

10:50 A.M.
 WTIC—Conn. Congress Parents-Teachers Program

11:00 A.M.
 CBS—Fashion Forecasts: WABC
 NBC—Blue—Singing Strings; string ensemble: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—May We Present; Marjorie Horton, soprano: WFAW WTIC
 WAAB—Uncle Ted, the Farm and Garden Expert
 WDR—School of Cookery
 WEAN—School of Cookery
 WEEI—Friendly Kitchen Program
 WGY—School of Cookery
 WNAC—School of Cookery
 WOR—Nell Vinick, beauty talk

11:05 A.M.
 CBS—Morning Moods: WABC WORC

11:15 A.M.
 NBC—Red—Cooking School with Frances Lee Barton: WFAW WTIC WTAG WGSW
 WEEI—WCSH
 WAAB—Request Record Selections
 WBZ—WBZA—Ronnie and Van, harmony
 WDR—Morning Moods (CBS)
 WEAN—Morning Moods (CBS)
 WNAC—Morning Moods (CBS)
 WOR—Elizabeth Ann Baker's Cookery

11:30 A.M.
 CBS—The Magic Tenor; Round Towners Quartet: WABC WNAC WEAN WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Rhythm Ramblers; dance orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA
 NBC—Red—Hugo Mariani's Marionettes: WFAW WTIC WEEI WGSW
 WDR—Hartford Better Business Bureau
 WOR—Ann Stevens' Thrift Hour, Sales Talk
 WORC—Morning Melodies
 WTIC—Pop Concert

11:45 A.M.
 CBS—Keenan and Phillips, piano pictures: WABC WORC WDRC WNAC
 WCAU—The 11:45 Meeting
 WGSW—News; Interlude
 WEAN—Lucy Lee's Shopping News
 WOR—Mary Harrison, soprano; "The Waltz Girl"

11:55 A.M.
 WEEI—What's News in the World
 WGY—Aviation Weather Report Time
 WTIC—Household Hints; Florrie Bishop Bowering

12:00 NOON
 CBS—Buddy Harrod's Orchestra: WABC WDRC WORC
 NBC—Blue—Smack Out, comedy duo: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Johnny Marvin, tenor: WFAW WGY
 KDKA—Time; Market Reports
 WAAB—Francis J. Cronin, organist
 WBZ—WBZA—The Monitor Views the News
 WCAU—Radio Highlights
 WGSW—Larro Boys, hill billy songs
 WEAN—Health Talk; Dr. R. S. Copeland
 WEEI—Larro Boys, hill billy songs
 WNAC—Shopping News; News Flashes
 WOR—The Voice of Experience
 WTIC—Larro Boys, hill billy songs

12:05 P.M.
 WCAU—Arabian Knights
 WEAN—Lenten Service, Grace Church

12:10 P.M.
 WNAC—Lenten Service; St. Paul's Cathedral

12:15 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Neil Sisters; harmony trio: WJZ

NBC—Red—On Wings of Song, string trio, WFAW WTIC WGY

WBZ—WBZA—New England Agriculture, WCAU—Health Forum, talk
 WGSW—Farm Flashes; Stocks, weather
 WEEI—News Dispatches; Stock Quotations and Produce Market Report
 WOR—Beautiful Lady; Sales Talk
 WTIC—Motor Vehicle Department Bulletin

12:20 P.M.
 KDKA—Dairy Talk by Ella Fried
 WTIC—Farm and Home Forum
 WOR—Figures that Tell; Talk

12:25 P.M.
 KDKA—Henry Halstead's Californians
 WOR—Music

12:30 P.M.
 CBS—Concert Miniatures: WABC
 NBC—Blue—National Farm and Home Hour: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 KDKA—Press News-Reeler
 WAAB—Stock Market Quotations and News
 WCAU—Harold Knight's Orchestra
 WGSW—Garden Talk
 WDR—The Ad-Liner
 WEAN—Billy Lossez' Concert Ensemble
 WOR—Carnegie Hall Organ Recital
 WORC—News Reports
 WTAG—Produce Market Report; Farm Flashes

12:35 P.M.
 KDKA—Smith Ballew's Orchestra
 WGY—"Bonding Protection for Milk Producers"

12:45 P.M.
 WAAB—Farm Flashes
 WCAU—Noontimers
 WGSW—Church Federation Mid-week Service
 WEEI—Del Castillo, organist
 WGY—"Going to School at Home"
 WNAC—Concert Miniatures (CBS)
 WORC—Concert Miniature (CBS)
 WTIC—Popular Program

12:50 P.M.
 WTIC—Blue Room Echoes

1:00 P.M.
 CBS—Marie, the Little French Princess: WABC WCAU WNAC
 NBC—Red—Market and Weather Reports: WFAW
 KDKA—National Farm and Home Hour (NBC)
 WAAB—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
 WDR—Phil Boudini, accordion
 WEAN—Rhode Island Information Service
 WGY—Albany on Parade, orchestra
 WOR—Contest Band
 WORC—To be announced
 WTAG—News Bulletins

1:05 P.M.
 WOR—Tiffin Music; Orchestra

1:15 P.M.
 CBS—Vincent Travers' Orchestra: WABC WAAB WDR
 NBC—Red—Julian Woodworth's Orchestra: WFAW WGSW WEEI
 WNAC—Musical selections; shopping news

1:25 P.M.
 WTIC—Department of Health, talk

1:30 P.M.
 CBS—Palmer House String Ensemble: WABC WAAB WDRC WORC
 NBC—Red—Popular Varieties; Erva Giles, soprano; Joe White, tenor; accordion; piano: WFAW WTIC WEEI WGSW
 WTIC—Department of Health, talk

1:40 P.M.
 WCAU—News Flashes

1:45 P.M.
 KDKA—The Arkansas Traveler
 WCAU—Harmonia Masters
 WGSW—Bible Story Hour
 WEAN—Rhode Island Federation of Women's Clubs
 WGY—Chansonettes, women's vocal trio

1:50 P.M.
 KDKA—Lucile Bauch, soprano
 WGY—Chansonettes, women's vocal trio

2:00 P.M.
 CBS—Ann Leaf at the Organ: WABC WCAU WEAN WNAC WDR
 NBC—Blue—Weather Report: WJZ WBAL
 NBC—Red—Dick Fiddler's Orchestra: WFAW WTIC
 KDKA—KDKA Home Forum
 WAAB—"Aspects of Modern Poetry"; talk
 WGSW—Kotzschmar Memorial Organ Program
 WEEI—Silver Lining Hour
 WGY—Southern Jubilee Singers
 WOR—"What About Meat"; Edith M. Barber
 WORC—Matinee
 WTIC—Playhouse Matinee

2:05 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Words and Music; string ensemble: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA

2:15 P.M.
 CBS—American Museum of Natural History: WABC
 WAAB—Request Selections
 WCAU—Don Bigelow's Orchestra
 WEEI—To be announced
 WGY—Household Chats
 WOR—Radio Garden Club

2:30 P.M.
 CBS—American School of the Air: WABC WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Syncopators; dance orchestra: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Kathleen Stewart, pianist: WFAW WGSW
 KDKA—Health Talk by Dr. Royal S. Copeland
 WBZ—WBZA—Chickering Hour, vocalists and piano
 WEEI—New England Radio Kitchen
 WOR—To be announced
 WTIC—New England Radio Kitchen
 WTIC—New England Radio Kitchen

2:40 P.M.
 WOR—N. J. League of Women Voters; Speaker

2:45 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Sisters of the Skillet; songs and patter: WJZ WBAL
 NBC—Red—Art Appreciation for All: WFAW WTIC WEEI WGSW
 WGY—The Powder River Kid
 WTIC—Julius Hartt School Recital

2:55 P.M.
 WOR—Health Talk by Dr. Royal S. Copeland

3:00 P.M.
 CBS—La Forge Berumen Musicale: WABC WNAC WDRC WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Betty and Bob; dramatic sketch: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA
 NBC—Red—Three Mustachios; string trio: WFAW WTIC WGSW WEEI
 WAAB—Weather Report; News Flashes
 WCAU—Thursday Matinee
 WOR—Florence Johnson, contralto
 WTIC—Daytime Dancers

3:15 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Radio Troubadours: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Piano Pals; duo: WFAW WGY WTIC WGSW
 KDKA—A. Classic; All Request Program
 WAAB—Piano Recital; Donald Van Wart
 WBZ—WBZA—Edwin Otis, baritone
 WEEI—Andrew Jacobson's Orchestra
 WOR—Newark String Trio

3:30 P.M.
 CBS—Salvation Army Speaker: WABC
 CBS—Frank Westphal's Orchestra: WNAC WDRC WEAN WORC
 NBC—Red—Woman's Radio Review; talks; orchestra: WFAW WTIC WGSW WEEI
 KDKA—Radio Sky Pilots
 WAAB—Organ Tones; Harry E. Rodgers
 WBZ—WBZA—Home Forum Cooking School, talk
 WCAU—Song of the Show
 WEEI—WEEI Reading Circle
 WOR—John Patterson, tenor
 WTIC—The Mixing Bowl

3:35 P.M.
 CBS—Frank Westphal's Orchestra: WABC

3:45 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Morin Sisters, harmony trio: WJZ
 KDKA—State Federation of Pennsylvania Women
 WCAU—Behind the Scenes
 WOR—To be announced

4:00 P.M.
 CBS—Stage Relief Speaker: WABC
 CBS—U. S. Army Band: WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten; comic skit: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Headlines in Song; Henry Neely; Macy and Smaller: WFAW WGY
 KDKA—Work-a-Day Thoughts
 WAAB—Women's Federation
 WGSW—YWCA Program
 WEEI—News Dispatches; Stock Exchange Quotations
 WOR—Ariel Ensemble; Orchestra
 WTIC—Love 'n' All That

4:05 P.M.
 CBS—U. S. Army Band: WABC
 KDKA—Business News

4:15 P.M.
 NBC—Red—Allan Grant and Claire Wilson: WFAW WTIC WGY WEEI
 KDKA—To be announced
 WNAC—Spotlighting Modern Education
 WORC—Mass. Department of Education Program

4:30 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Thursday Special; Lucille Long, contralto; Reinhold Schmidt, baritone; orchestra: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Adventures of Dr. Doolittle; Comedy skit: WFAW WTIC WGSW WGY
 KDKA—Weather and Market Reports
 WAAB—The Danceapators; Orchestra
 WBZ—WBZA—Hum and Strum, harmony

WDR—Young Folk's Program
 WEAN—The Dance Parade, Orchestra
 WEEI—Ted Sand's Orchestra
 WNAC—The Dance Parade, Orchestra
 WOR—Beau Balladeer
 WORC—The Dance Parade; orchestra

4:45 P.M.
 CBS—American Legion National Trade Revival: WABC WAAB WORC
 NBC—Red—The Lady Next Door, children's program: WFAW WTIC WGSW
 KDKA—Blue Ridge Buddies
 WBZ—WBZA—Agricultural Markets, talk
 WCAU—Jane Froman
 WOR—To be announced

4:50 P.M.
 KDKA—David Lawrence Dispatch
 WGY—News Items

4:55 P.M.
 KDKA—Program for the Day

5:00 P.M.
 CBS—George Hall's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Sonata Recital: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Schirmer and Schmitt, piano duo: WFAW WTIC WGSW
 KDKA—Debate; Princeton vs. Lafayette
 WAAB—Elliott Jaffee's Orchestra
 WBZ—WBZA—Sunshine Discoverers Club
 WCAU—Young America, Juvenile Program
 WGY—Stock Reports and Police Notices
 WOR—Contest Band

5:05 P.M.
 WOR—Program Resume

5:15 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—The Adventures of Dick Darling; children's program: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Three Scamps, instrumental trio: WFAW WTIC
 WAAB—Harry E. Rodgers, organist
 WCAU—Strollers
 WGSW—Variety Musicale Program
 WEAN—Morton Bowe, tenor and orchestra
 WNAC—Morton Bowe, tenor and orchestra
 WOR—To be announced
 WORC—Morton Bowe, tenor and orchestra

5:25 P.M.
 WCAU—Health Talk by Dr. Coles

5:30 P.M.
 CBS—Skippy, children's playlet: WABC WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN
 NBC—Blue—The Singing Lady; WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Genia Fonarivova, mezzo-soprano: WFAW
 WGSW—Skippy, children's playlet
 WEEI—Dr. Ross' Dog Talk
 WGY—Father John's Program
 WOR—Pauline Alpert; Whirlwind pianist
 WORC—Melody Mart
 WTIC—Nail Farrow, concert pianist

5:45 P.M.
 CBS—Cowboy Tom: WAAB
 CBS—True Animal Stories: WABC
 NBC—Blue—Little Orphan Annie, children's playlet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Seckatary Hawkins, children's playlet: WFAW WTIC WGSW WEEI
 WDR—Mahdi's Magic Circle
 WEAN—Sunshine Discoverers Club
 WNAC—Sunshine Discoverers Club
 WOR—Manlio Ovidio, baritone
 WORC—Tea Time Tunes

6:00 P.M.
 CBS—Current Events: WABC WAAB WEAN WORC WDR
 NBC—Blue—Cooking School: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Meyer Davis' Concert Orchestra: WFAW
 WCAU—Asco Orchestra
 WGSW—Secret Three, child's mystery tale
 WEEI—The Evening Tattler
 WGY—Joe and Eddie, comedy sketch
 WNAC—Sport Slants; News Flashes; and Weather
 WOR—Uncle Don
 WTIC—Dinner Music; Bancroft Hotel Ensemble

6:05 P.M.
 NBC—Red—Meyer Davis' Orchestra: WFAW
 WDR—To be announced

6:15 P.M.
 CBS—On the Air Tonight: WABC
 CBS—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: WDRC WORC WAAB
 NBC—Blue—Bert Lown's Orchestra: WJZ
 WBZ—WBZA—The Monitor Views the News
 WCAU—Gold Medal Band
 WGSW—Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra (NBC)
 WEAN—Voice of the Violin
 WGY—Studio Ensemble
 WNAC—Voice of the Violin

6:20 P.M.
 CBS—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: WABC
 KDKA—Sport Review; Press News; and Strange Facts
 WCAU—Esslinger Sporting Page

6:25 P.M.
 KDKA—Strange Facts
 WGY—Musical Interlude

Col. Stoopnagle and Budd

(THURSDAY CONTINUED)

6:30 P.M.
 CBS—Gertrude Niesen, songstress: WABC
 WAAB WORC WDRG
 NBC—Blue—Old Songs of the Church;
 vocalists with organ: WJZ WBAL
 NBC—Red—Talk by John B. Kennedy:
 WEAF
 KDKA—KDKA Orchestra
 WBZ-WBZA—Sports Review, Bill Williams
 WCAU—Chandu, the Magician
 WSSH—Interlude; News Flashes
 WEAN—General and Sport News; weather
 WEEI—News Dispatches
 WNAC—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra
 WOR—Happy Landings; drama
 WTAG—News Bulletins Weather Report
6:35 P.M.
 NBC—Red—Three Keys, harmony team:
 WEAF WTAG
6:40 P.M.
 WEEI—The Sign of the Red Apple
6:45 P.M.
 CBS—Just Plain Bill: WABC WCAU
 WAAB
 NBC—Blue—Lowell Thomas, Today's News
 WJZ WBAL WBZA WBZ KDKA
 NBC—Red—Andrea Marsh, torch singer,
 with orchestra: WEAF WTAG
 WSSH—Randall and McAllister
 WDRG—Chandu, the Magician
 WEAN—Chandu, the Magician
 WEEI—New England Merchants Program
 WGY—Chandu, the Magician
 WNAC—Chandu, the Magician
 WORC—The Night Hawks; Dance Orches-
 tra
6:50 P.M.
 WOR—Dramas of Real Life
6:55 P.M.
 WOR—Musical Moments
7:00 P.M.
 CBS—Myrt and Marge; showgirl drama:
 WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN
 NBC—Blue—Amos 'n' Andy: WJZ WBAL
 WBZ WBZ KDKA
 NBC—Red—Edward Davies, baritone; Concert
 Orchestra: WEAF WTAG WSSH
 WAAB—Weather Report; News Flashes
 WEEI—To be announced
 WGY—Southern Jubilee Quartet
 WOR—Ford Frick, Sports Resume
 WORC—News Flashes
7:15 P.M.
 CBS—Buck Rogers in the Year 2433:
 WABC WNAC
 NBC—Blue—Talk by S. K. Ratcliffe,
 Journalist: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Dramatic Program with Ray
 Knight: WEAF WEEI WGY
 KDKA—To be announced
 WAAB—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
 WBZ-WBZA—Dutch Band
 WCAU—Bud Shay's Orchestra
 WSSH—Chandu, the Magician
 WDRG—Otto Neubauer, pianist
 WEAN—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
 WOR—"Raising Junior"; Sketch
 WORC—Dinner Music
 WTAG—Chandu, the Magician
7:20 P.M.
 WCAU—Don Bigelow's Orchestra
7:30 P.M.
 CBS—Keller, Sargent and Ross, comedy
 team: WABC WAAB WDRG WCAU
 NBC—Red—Donald Novis, tenor: WEAF
 WTAG WGY
 KDKA—The Fireflies
 WBZ-WBZA—"Laws that Safeguard So-
 ciety" talk
 WSSH—Dramatization
 WEAN—Dramatization
 WEEI—Edison Salute
 WNAC—Dramatization
 WOR—Portraits from the Family Album;
 Anthony Frome, tenor; soprano and or-
 chestra
 WORC—The Romany Rogue
7:35 P.M.
 WGY—Robert Rissling, baritone
7:45 P.M.
 CBS—Boake Carter; newscaster: WABC
 WNAC WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Townsend Murder Mystery by
 Octavus Roy Cohen: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 KDKA
 NBC—Red—The Goldbergs; comedy
 sketch: WEAF WSSH WTAG WEEI
 WGY
 WAAB—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
 WDRG—Dr. Copeland; health talk
 WEAN—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
 WOR—Health Talk; dance orchestra
7:50 P.M.
 WDRG—Betta Ferguson, songs; Albert
 White, pianist
8:00 P.M.
 CBS—Easy Aces, skit: WABC WDRG
 WCAU WEAN WNAC
 NBC—Blue—Captain Diamond's Adven-
 tures: WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Rudy Vallee's Orchestra;
 guest artists: WEAF WTAG WEEI
 WGY WSSH
 WAAB—Nocturne, dramatization
 WOR—Chandu, the Magician
 WORC—Nocturne, dramatization
8:15 P.M.
 CBS—Whispering Jack Smith: WABC
 WDRG WCAU WEAN WNAC
 WOR—Bronx Marriage Bureau

8:30 P.M.
 CBS—Vincent Sorey's Orchestra: WORC
 WEAN WAAB
 CBS—Kate Smith's Swanee Music: WABC
 WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Rin Tin Tin Thriller: WJZ
 WBZ WBZA KDKA
 WDRG—The Choraliers
 WNAC—Twentieth Century Ensemble
 WOR—Supper Club
8:45 P.M.
 CBS—Lyman Orchestra and Hollywood
 Newsboy: WABC WNAC WCAU WDRG
 WEAN
 NBC—Blue—Howard Thurston, the Magi-
 cian; drama: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 WAAB—The Three Smiles, vocal trio
 WORC—Old Hank Penny and his Cronies
9:00 P.M.
 CBS—Ruth Etting, blues singer; Hayton's
 Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU
 WORC WEAN
 NBC—Blue—Death Valley Days; dramatic
 program: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Captain Henry's Show Boat:
 WEAF WGY WTAG WSSH WEEI
 WAAB—Harry E. Rodgers, organist
 WOR—Frank and Flo, the Tea Timers
9:15 P.M.
 CBS—The Mills Brothers: WABC WNAC
 WDRG WEAN WCAU
 WAAB—Perley Stevens' Orchestra
 WOR—Al and Lee Reiser; two pianos
 WORC—Morey Saxe' Orchestra
9:30 P.M.
 CBS—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, comed-
 ians; Jeannie Lang, Wm. O'Neal, solo-
 ists; Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra:
 WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—Wayne King's Orchestra:
 WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ-WBZA
 WOR—The Bachelors Quartet
9:45 P.M.
 WAAB—News Flashes; Weather Report
 WOR—"Soft Lights and Sweet Music"
10:00 P.M.
 CBS—Foreign Legion, drama: WABC
 WDRG WEAN WORC WAAB WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Carson Robison's Pioneers;
 hill-billy songs: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Jack Pearl, comedian; Guest
 Orchestra: WEAF WEEI WTAG WSSH
 WGY
 WBZ-WBZA—"The Unknown Element";
 drama of science
 WCAU—Health Talk; Dr. R. S. Copeland
 WNAC—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
 WOR—Helen Rowland and J. Fred Coots;
 songs
10:15 P.M.
 NBC—Blue—Vic and Sade; comedy sketch:
 WJZ KDKA
 WBZ-WBZA—Jimmie McHale's Orchestra
 WOR—"The Lowland Singers"
10:30 P.M.
 CBS—Boswell Sisters; harmony trio:
 WABC WCAU WAAB WEAN WORC
 WDRG
 NBC—Blue—To be announced: WJZ
 KDKA—"1933 Income Tax"; Robert L.
 Wickline
 WNAC—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
 WOR—Gallico's Three Piano Ensemble—
 Paolo Gallico, Stella Stamler and Marise
 Krieg
10:45 P.M.
 CBS—Morton Downey, tenor: WABC
 WDRG WAAB WEAN WORC
 NBC—Blue—To be announced: WJZ
 WBZ-WBZA—Late News Flashes
 WOR—"The Nomad"; Jurion Hoekstra,
 baritone; Lee Cronican, accompanist
11:00 P.M.
 CBS—National Council of Women Dinner:
 WABC
 NBC—Blue—Southern Singers, quartet:
 WJZ
 NBC—Red—James Melton, tenor; String
 Ensemble: WEAF
 KDKA—Time; Weather Report; Artist
 Bulletin
 WBZ-WBZA—Weather and Sport Review
 WCAU—Boake Carter, talk
 WSSH—News
 WEEI—Weather, Road and Fishing fore-
 casts; News Dispatches
 WGY—Carmelo Cascio, blind pianist
 WNAC—Through the Hollywood Keyhole
 WOR—Moonbeams
 WTAG—News Bulletins
11:10 P.M.
 KDKA—KDKA Artist Bulletin
 WTAG—James Melton, tenor (NBC)
11:15 P.M.
 CBS—Columbia Symphony Orchestra:
 WABC WEAN WAAB WDRG WORC
 NBC—Blue—Ann Butler, comedienne, Her-
 man and Banta: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Don Bestor's Orchestra:
 WEAF WEEI WTAG WSSH
 KDKA—Press Last Minute News Flashes
 WBZ-WBZA—Hank Keene's Hill Billies
 WCAU—Piano Ramblings by Ben Green-
 blatt
 WGY—Harold's Dance Marathon
 WNAC—Perley Stevens' Orchestra
11:20 P.M.
 KDKA—Bertha Schmid, soprano
11:30 P.M.
 CBS—Isham Jones' Orchestra: WABC
 WAAB WDRG WEAN WORC WCAU
 NBC—Nocturne; William Robison's Or-
 chestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA

PLUMS AND PRUNES By Evans Plummer

YOU can't pay dinner or ginger-ale checks with unissued scrip, and not enough of us (still) have charge accounts at the whoopee places to keep the tablecloths occupied, so it looks a bit drab for the dance orchestra business as this RADIO GUIDE goes to press.
 In fact, so bad has the situation become that hard riding music union chiefs have handed down a moratorium ruling to the bright spot proprietors permitting them to close up and dispense with music on twenty-four hours notice.
 Of course, as you read this, money will have been put in circulation once again—on a sound basis—and everything will be hotsy tots. But in the meantime, the musickers are wearing pained expressions. They are only sure of their jobs from day to day.
In Chicago, the Terrace Gardens has dropped its music, thus leaving Don Pedro in the middle. Other spots are tottering. I am assured that the Drake Hotel (Clyde McCoy), Blackhawk Cafe (Hal Kemp), and Edgewater Beach Hotel (Mark Fisher) will positively keep open with music. And the College Inn, dispensing Phil Levant's music with clowning by Frank Libuse, will bend every effort to remain intact, Ernest Byfield promises me. While unable to speak for New York, undoubtedly the same situation prevails, for reports come to me from all sections of the country that hotels and cafes are badly hit.
 The strange part of it all is that the bands barnstorming in the smaller towns are doing good business! Evidently banks have played minor roles in the open spaces.
Television—
 TELEVISION may be deadlier than a door nail in New York since Columbia sharpened its pencil, but from Chicago a number of interesting sights are being broadcast. For several months, I hadn't touched my televisor. Similarity of boring pantomime subjects had worn off the novelty.
 But last Saturday night our minister called. Noting the queer gadget in my living room, he asked what it was; requesting a demonstration.
 I tuned to W9XAO, Western Television Company transmitter in

Chicago. The minister and I looked . . . and just at that moment the cartoonist-entertainer decided to pull a lady friend into focus and kiss her.
 "Remarkable!" exclaimed the gentleman of the cloth. I turned off the set. But after he left, I turned it on again. Maybe I have discovered what television needs.
Live Mike—
 IF Paul Whiteman was alone in trying to dislodge Mark Fisher from the Edgewater Beach, Chicago, spot, it wouldn't be so funny, but George Olsen has likewise put in a strong bid and Herbie Kay, before going to Minneapolis, lived at the hotel just for instance! . . . Kate Smith's business at the Chicago Theater was good last week despite the morbiditorium . . . Bill (Mendoza and writer) Cooper, of the CBS Tales of the Foreign Legion, received a fan mail card this week from a traveler in Syria and now he's awaiting word from Sammy Insull in Greece.
The reason your program listings of the U. S. Navy and Marine Band pick-ups proved erroneous is that the new Secretary of the Navy ordered them off for economy's sake!
 One of the earlier worriers when word of the earthquake broke was Charles (Big Boy) Hamp, whose family is located in L. A. in his big fourteen-room mansion . . . Since saving a Swedish youngster, whom he discovered at one of the northern resorts where he had gone to ski, from starving by bringing him to Chicago and adopting him, Gene (NBC trumpet) Cafarella has a self-appointed bodyguard and valet . . . Clyde (Sugar-Blues-Sugar) McCoy lost three hats last week during the big wind, and now he knows why they call it the Windy City.
Lee Sims and Ilomay (Mrs. Sims) Bailey are off the air while in New York vacationing and seeing his publisher about a course of music he's been trying for years to finish.
 Patricia Ann Manners, the charming and lovely singing actress, killed time waiting for the bank openings by watching turtle races . . . Vic and Sade rejected "Oh Yau Beautiful Doll" as a theme in favor of the more appropriate "Chanson Bohemienne" . . . Myrt's stolen

flivver, "Lovable," turned up in a Chicago suburb, the horn declaring it had been on a toot . . . Eleanor Sherry is Jack Miles' new vocalist over WTAM, Cleveland, and NBC . . . De Sylva's Chicago office isn't closed—pardon me—except when Manager Al Stool goes out for a ham-on-rye . . . John Coon has adopted his late dad's name, Carleton, and has a band CBS is watching eagerly.
Awarding—
 UNABLE to give the dials sufficient twists this past week on account of illness at home, this department must suffer from lack of program reviews. However, it is my pleasure to shake the plum tree hard for Charlie Agnew's final yeast program, Sunday afternoon, March 12 . . . "Star Dust" by his vocal ensemble was well nigh perfect, and when Agnew rendered a xylophone solo of "Some of These Days," it made me meditate that some of these days big things are in store for this leader and his musicians whom he has refused to substitute with cheaper men despite that trend which is current with practically all big name bands . . . "I've Got the Right to Sing the Blues" and "Goodbye Blues," his finale, were an expert finishing touch to an ending network series that has long been a brilliant Sabbath spot.
What a week for new breaks! Mayor Cermak's death, the Inauguration ceremonies, the President's bank holiday proclamation, and the Long Beach earthquake. Radio covered all exceptionally well, and here are many baskets of plums to the sleepy-eyed news-casting announcers who by now are dog tired.
 Comic Medbury's initial attempts at radio technique were more sad than funny. I hesitated, to hurt prunes at one who has entertained so long and well in print, vaudeville and motion picture sketches. And I am glad I waited, for Medbury is catching, or has caught, his stride. His cigarette shows with Waring are definitely on the upgrade and turing very plumful . . . Plums for Kate Smith's latest little charity. She has taken it upon herself to collect old and new jig-saw puzzles from radio fans and turn them over to the shut-ins who have plenty of time on their hands and little to do with it . . .

FOR GENTLEMEN!
TAILORING TO MEASURE
 EVERY MAN WANTS TO WEAR FINE CLOTHING! FOR THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO REFUSE TO COMPROMISE THEIR GOOD TASTE, DEMANDING THE BEST ALWAYS, WE HAVE CREATED A STRICTLY CUSTOM TAILORED LINE EMPHASIZING QUALITY, AT TWO FEATURED PRICES. INDISPENSABLE ASSETS IN THE RADIO AND THEATRICAL BUSINESS. CUTTING, FITTING AND TAILORING ALL DONE ON PREMISES.
\$30.00  **\$40.00**
LE ROYS
 HOTEL CLARIDGE NEW YORK, N. Y.
 162 WEST 44TH STREET BRY. 9-1551
 CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC

NBC—Red—Jack Denny's Orchestra: WEAF WSSH WTAG WGY
 WNAC—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra
 WOR—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra
11:45 P.M.
 WGY—Phil Romano's Orchestra
12:00 MIDNIGHT
 CBS—Charles Barrett's Orchestra: WABC
 WNAC WCAU
 NBC—Blue—Sam Robbins' Orchestra:
 WJZ WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Red—Ralph Kirbery, the Dream
 Singer: WEAF
 KDKA—Smith Ballew's Orchestra
 WEAN—Billy Lossez' Orchestra
 WOR—Joe Furst's Orchestra
12:05 A.M.
 NBC—Red—Duke Ellington's Orchestra:
 WEAF
12:15 A.M.
 KDKA—Artist Bulletin
 WGY—Cotton Club Orchestra (NBC)
12:30 A.M.
 CBS—Clyde McCoy's Orchestra: WABC
 WNAC WCAU WEAN
 NBC—Blue—Don Irwin's Orchestra: WJZ
 NBC—Red—Jack Miles' Orchestra: WEAF
 WGY—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra
1:00 A.M.
 CBS—Claude Hopkins' Orchestra: WABC
1:30 A.M.
 CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC

Street Singer Tom Howard

REVIEWING RADIO

By Mike Porter

(FRIDAY CONTINUED)

7:15 P.M.

CBS—Buck Rogers in the Year 2433; WABC WNAC
NBC—Blue—Music Is My Hobby; interviews: WJZ KDKA
NBC—Red—Three Keys; harmony trio: WEAJ WEEI
WAAB—Meyer Davis' Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA—Ward Baking Program
WCAU—Dorothy Hall and Crawford's Farfashioneers
WCSH—Chandu, the Magician, drama
WDRG—The Five Sharps, harmony
WEAN—Billy Lossez' Concert Ensemble
WGY—Explorations in Science
WOR—The Boys Club
WVOR—Dinner Music
WTAG—Chandu, the Magician

7:20 P.M.

WBZ-WBZA—Moods and Melodies

7:30 P.M.

CBS—Dolf Martin's Orchestra; Marianne Day, vocalist; Travelers Quartet: WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC—Blue—Charles Chan, drama: WJZ WBAL KDKA WBZ WBZA
NBC—Red—Bert Hirsch's Orchestra; male quartet: WEAJ WGY
WAAB—American Chemical Society Lecture
WCSH—Dramatization
WEEI—Pro-Ker Program
WOR—"A Wayside Cottage"; Sketch
WTAG—Drifting and Dreaming, piano team
WTIC—Ruby Newman's Orchestra

7:35 P.M.

WGY—To be announced

7:45 P.M.

CBS—Boake Carter, newscaster: WABC WCAU WNAC
NBC—Red—The Goldbergs; comedy sketch: WEAJ WTAG WEEI WCSH WGY
WAAB—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
WDRG—Dr. Copeland, health talk; pianist
WEAN—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
WOR—Tarzan of the Apes; sketch
WVOR—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
WTIC—Piano Interlude; Len Berman, Dental Talk

8:00 P.M.

CBS—Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, novelty singers: WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN
NBC—Blue—Vocal and Instrumental Ensemble direction Phil Spitalny: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA
NBC—Red—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cavaliers: WEAJ WTIC WCSH WGY WTAG WEEI
WAAB—"A Night for Murder," drama
WOR—Chandu, the Magician
WORC—Master of Mystery Series, drama

8:15 P.M.

CBS—Singin' Sam, Harry Frankel, baritone: WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN
WOR—Jack Arthur, baritone and orchestra

8:30 P.M.

CBS—International Exchange Drama Series: WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WORC
NBC—Blue—Adventures in Health; dramatization: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL KDKA
WAAB—Rhythm Twins, harmony duo
WOR—Harold Stern's Orchestra

8:45 P.M.

NBC—Blue—Howard Thurston, the magician: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA KDKA
WAAB—The Four Kings, male quartet

9:00 P.M.

CBS—Jane Froman, torch singer; Leonard Hayton's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC—Blue—First Nighter, drama: WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA
NBC—Red—Musical Grocery Store; Tom Howard, Jeannie Lang, Herbert Polesie, soloists; Orchestra: WEAJ WTIC WGY WTAG WEEI WCSH
WAAB—Harry E. Rodgers, organist
WOR—"The Chorus Lady"; Nancy Welford

9:15 P.M.

CBS—Mary Eastman, soprano: WABC WEAN WDRG WORC WNAC
WAAB—Meyer Davis' Dance Band
WOR—Men of WOR; Orchestra

9:30 P.M.

CBS—"The Inside Story"; Edwin C. Hill and Joe Cook; orchestra: WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC—Blue—Phil Baker, the Jester: WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
NBC—Red—Leo Reisman's Orchestra: WEAJ WTAG WCSH
WEEI—Earle Nelson and John Herrick
WTIC—Famous Favorites; Concert Music

9:45 P.M.

WAAB—General, Sport News, Weather
WOR—"Some Call It Luck"; Rod Arkell

10:00 P.M.

CBS—Columbia Revue: WABC WAAB WDRG WORC
NBC—Blue—Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, songs and piano: WJZ KDKA
NBC—Red—Jack Benny, comedian: WEAJ WTIC WTAG WGY WCSH WEEI

WBZ-WBZA—Billy Lossez' Orchestra
WCAU—Wayside Cottage
WEAN—Band of Distinction; Ranny Weeks, soloist
WNAC—Band of Distinction with Ranny Weeks, soloist
WOR—The WOR Limited; Orchestra; vocalists

10:15 P.M.

NBC—Blue—Vic and Sade, skat: WJZ KDKA
WCAU—Al Wohlman, Frances Upton, and Stewart Sisters; Vincent Travers' Orchestra
WEAN—Columbia Radio Revue (CBS)
WNAC—The Tonart Singers

10:30 P.M.

CBS—Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer: WABC WAAB WDRG WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC—Blue—Ilomay Bailey, soprano; orchestra: WJZ
NBC—Red—"Neighbors"; dramatic sketch by Zona Gale: WEAJ WEEI WCSH WTAG
KDKA—Bridge School of the Air; E. H. Downes
WBZ-WBZA—Jimmie McHale's Orchestra
WNAC—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra
WTIC—Merry Madcaps; Orchestra; harmony Team

10:45 P.M.

CBS—Fray and Braggiotti; Franco-Italian Piona team: WABC WAAB WEAN WORC WDRG
NBC—Blue—Prof. Jack McLallen; comedy sketch; vocal trio: WJZ
KDKA—Concert Orchestra (NBC)
WBZ-WBZA—Late News Flashes
WCAU—Blanche Calloway's Orchestra
WNAC—The Bostonians, orchestra

11:00 P.M.

CBS—Nino Martini, tenor; Columbia Symphony Orchestra: WABC WAAB WDRG WORC WEAN
NBC—Blue—Sam Herman, xylophonist: WJZ WBAL
NBC—Red—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra: WEAJ WTIC
KDKA—Sport Review; Weather Report; Artist Bulletin
WBZ-WBZA—Weather Reports; Sports Review
WCAU—Boake Carter, talk
WCSH—News

WEEI—Weather, Road and Fishing forecasts; News Dispatches
WGY—N. Y. State Legislature Review
WNAC—Movie News, Weather report; News Flashes
WOR—Moonbeams
WTAG—News Bulletins; Weather Report

11:05 P.M.

WGY—Al Stulmaker's Orchestra

11:10 P.M.

WCSH—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra (NBC)
WTAG—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra (NBC)

11:15 P.M.

NBC—Blue—Welcome Lewis; songstress; orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA
KDKA—Press Last Minute News Flashes
WCAU—"Piano Rambblings" by Ben Greenblatt
WEEI—Lew Conrad's Orchestra
WGY—Musical Program
WNAC—Hill-Billy George

11:20 P.M.

KDKA—Cora Williams Hines, contralto

11:30 P.M.

CBS—Abe Lyman's Orchestra: WABC WDRG WEAN WORC WAAB
NBC—Blue—Night Song; Lew White, organist; Trio Romantique: WJZ
NBC—Red—Harold Stern's Orchestra: WEAJ WCSH WTAG WTIC WGY
KDKA—Smith Ballew's Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA—Boston University Orchestra
WCAU—Bud Shay's Orchestra
WNAC—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
WOR—Jack Denny's Orchestra

11:55 P.M.

KDKA—Artist Bulletin

12:00 MIDNIGHT

CBS—Ben Pollack's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WEAN
NBC—Blue—Duke Ellington's Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA
NBC—Red—Ralph Kirbery, the Dream Singer: WEAJ WTIC
KDKA—To be announced
WEAN—Billy Lossez' Orchestra
WGY—Musical Program
WOR—Jack Pulaski; The Ringsider

12:05 A.M.

NBC—Red—Don Bestor's Orchestra: WEAJ WTIC

WOR—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra

12:30 A.M.

CBS—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WEAN
NBC—Blue—Joe Furst's Orchestra: WJZ
NBC—Red—Mark Fisher's Orchestra: WEAJ WTIC WGY

12:45 A.M.

CBS—Hal Kemp's Orchestra: WABC

1:00 A.M.

CBS—Felix Ferdinando's Orchestra: WABC

1:30 A.M.

CBS—Claude Hopkins' Orchestra: WABC

I FEEL rather sheepish about having survived a wrestling match with the grippus bacillus, and pulling my foot out of the grave. So many of the folks along Radio Row were palpably disappointed and cheerfully had planned to send floral pieces. However, Plummer is partly to blame for my survival. It was a swell, sympathetic and chummy letter from him that sort of helped me keep the chin up, and if any of the customers are rankling over my recovery, I hope they will take it out on Evans.

During my brief lay-off much happened behind the scenes—and only the press of news attending the bank holiday prevented an open breach between many of the country's newspapers, news associations and the radio chains. In fact, it was the news events in connection with the moratorium that threatened the first open hostilities.

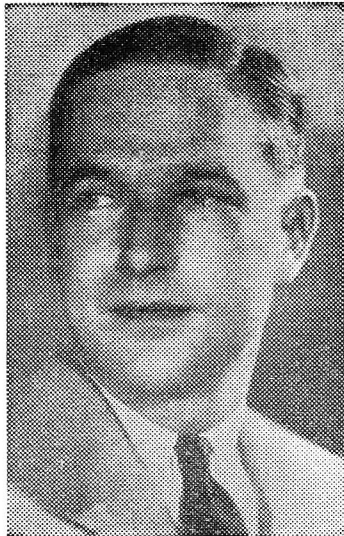
For several years now, it has been no secret that newspaper editors and publishers are firmly of the belief that radio, having already cut into the advertising budgets of the journals, is insidiously encroaching into the field of news dissemination. We have heard threats of reprisals. We have heard that if the radio chains continue to scoop the newspapers on hot bulletins, presidential proclamations, etc., the newspapers will retaliate by eliminating all radio news, columns and schedules from their pages. The only thing that has averted this move in metropolitan centers is the failure of the newspaper publishers to become unanimous on the subject.

When Columbia, and later, the NBC "broke" President Roosevelt's bank holiday proclamation, there was, to use a familiar phrase, hell to pay in the newspaper shops. All the edge was taken off the yarn, for the morning sheets—and this came, after the Inaugural, when every last drop of descriptive news of the ceremony had been squeezed from the story, by radio commentators giving instantaneous service to millions of potential newspaper readers.

There is something going on among the press associations now, which indicates that a Washington conference may be held, and a set of regulations drawn up which will set a limit on news broadcasting. These will be based on a recent Supreme Court decision that news must not be broadcast from a newspaper within twelve hours, unless by special permission; and that news appearing in a newspaper doesn't belong to the public for re-laying, even though the public buys the paper. Complications attach to this idea, because so many radio outlets are tied up with individual dailies. Another likelihood is that the press associations will request the Administration to protect them by timing releases of big news so that radio announcements will precede newspaper editions only by narrow margins.

What, No Cash!

THE several colonies of radio artists in New York were communized to a large extent when the banks closed and many amusing incidents developed. One apartment house where half a hundred entertainers dwell, began bus service to and from the studios, because lack of cash prohibited the use of taxis. Lew White, the organist, who com-



PHILLIPS LORD

He, of the Country Doctor and Seth Parker programs, is a sick man and will have to rest.

mutes to New York, took pity on a score of other commuting stars, and opened his New York studios to them as living quarters. Twelve temporarily impoverished feminine artists were given refuge in the apartment of the Pickens Sisters, who enjoyed credit at a neighboring delicatessen. The caste system was wiped out, stooges with three bucks in cash becoming as acceptable in high radio society as stars with no cash, but pockets bulging with immovable checks for seven and eight grand. Practically everybody was broke, but since that is the normal state of professional folk, it couldn't be blamed on the financial stagnation.

The old spirit of the rival networks which inspires matching or opposing features, has been revived. The NBC recently employed Josef Lhevinne, the pianist, to offset the pianoforte effusions of Ernest Hutchinson, at Columbia. Having matched, long ago, the NBC's Amos 'n' Andy, Columbia now sets out to oppose the twin event, The Goldbergs, with a Hebraic creation, which should not be unfamiliar to any of us. It is the perennial Potash and Perlmutter partnership. All this week at WABC, auditions have been under way for an unnamed sponsor, and numerous dialecticians have been put into the roles

of the Montague Glass characters. Within the next fortnight (two weeks to you, Plummer) Abe and Mawruss should be regaling us with their homely humor.

Depressing

AMONG the depressing developments in the kilocycle world this week is the departure of Phillips Lord, "The Country Doctor," from the Listerine presentation. Mr. Lord is a sick man and will have to rest. Listerine has rearranged a schedule beginning March 27, for five shows a week, featuring those newcomers, the Sizzlers, a peppy trio of singers and gagsters. Speaking of trios, the Three Public Enemies, who were re-named "The Three California Nuts," and given the pre-Cantor spot at WEAJ on Sundays with the Joe Moss Orchestra, have turned out non-clickers, and have been dropped because their gags were even more ancient than Ed Wynn's or Cantor's.

The subject of gags recalls the meeting of Cantor and a gag man. "When," asked Cantor, "is a gag not a gag?" "Usually," the script writer replied.

Few people know it, and fewer people believe it, but Fannie Brice, who took the air this week with Royal Gelatin, claims to be a hypnotist, and she points to Charles Francis Coe as one of the gents whom she was able to subdue.

It should be heartening to the networks to note a mild trend toward the renewal of sponsored programs. Among those who signed up again, starting from scratch next month, are the Maxwell House outfit, pledging "Showboat" for thirteen more weeks; the Soconyland Sketches, for another thirteen; "Pages of Romance," thirteen more; and the Cape Diamond Light series, also thirteen.

POSTSCRIPTS: Paul Whiteman has decided to exploit Peggy Healy, and therefore won't renew Irene Taylor's contract . . . Jesse Crawford goes to England in May, to play a theater engagement for several months . . . Jane Froman will remain with Chesterfield when it renews, but Crosby will go to the Coast, and Ruth Etting will quit after the present series unless the Chesterfield folk decide against a cut in salary.

Advertisement for 'BOYS WANTED' featuring a portrait of James E. Dellionme and contact information for the Radio Guide Circulation Dept. at 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

Magic Voice

(SATURDAY CONTINUED)

9:15 P.M.
CBS—Boswell Sisters; Harmony team; with orchestra: WABC WAAB WEAN WORC

WCAU—To be announced
WNAC—Morey Saxe's Orchestra
WOR—To be announced

9:30 P.M.
NBC—Red—Ethel Shutta, Gus Van, George Olsen's Orchestra: WEAFF WTAG WEEI WESH WGY

WAAB—Polo Game broadcast from Armory
WCAU—To be announced

9:45 P.M.
CBS—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra WABC WAAB WEAN WORC WDRG WNAC
WCAU—To be announced
WOR—New York Dramatic Association Program

10:00 P.M.
NBC—Red—Saturday Night Dancing Party; B. A. Rolfe's Orchestra: WEAFF WEEI WGY WESH WTAG
WCAU—To be announced

10:15 P.M.
CBS—Columbia Public Affairs Institute: WABC WDRG WEAN WNAC WORC WAAB
NBC—Blue—Salon Singers; chorus direction George Dilworth: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
WOR—Dion Kennedy; organ recital

10:30 P.M.
NBC—Blue—Cuckoo Program: WJZ
WAAB—Leo Reisman's Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA—American Federation of Advertisers

10:45 P.M.
CBS—Gertrude Niesen, soprano: WABC WDRG WEAN WORC WAAB
WBZ-WBZA—Late News Flashes
WCAU—Blanche Calloway's Orchestra
WNAC—Hockey Game; Frank Ryan
WOR—"The Lowland Singers"; vocal trio

11:00 P.M.
CBS—Joe Haymes' Orchestra: WABC WAAB WEAN WORC WDRG
NBC—Blue—The Buccaneers; vocal trio: WJZ

NBC—Red—Frances Langford, songstress: WEAFF WGY
KDKA—KDKA Artist Bulletin
WBZ-WBZA—Weather and Sports Review
WESH—News Reports
WEEI—Weather, Road and Fishing forecasts; News Dispatches
WOR—Joe Furst's Orchestra
WTAG—News Bulletins

11:10 P.M.
NBC—Red—Jack Denny's Orchestra: WEAFF WESH WTAG WEEI
KDKA—KDKA Artist Bulletin

11:15 P.M.
NBC—Blue—Mr. and Mrs. Nagsby; Comedy Sketch: WJZ
KDKA—Press Last Minute News
WBZ-WBZA—American Radio Relay League
WGY—Jack Denny's Orchestra (NBC)
WNAC—Movie News; Weather; News Flashes

11:20 P.M.
KDKA—Messages to Explorers

11:30 P.M.
CBS—Leon Belasco's Orchestra: WABC WDRG WAAB WORC WEAN
NBC—Blue—Night Song; Lew White, organist; vocal trio: WJZ
NBC—Red—Harold Stern's Orchestra: WEAFF WESH WEEI WTAG WGY
WBZ-WBZA—Jimmie McHale's Orchestra
WCAU—Howard Lanin's Orchestra
WNAC—Perley Stevens' orchestra
WOR—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra

12:00 MIDNIGHT
CBS—Ted Fiorito's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WEAN
NBC—Blue—Mark Fisher's Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA
NBC—Red—Ralph Kirbery, baritone: WEAFF WGY WTAG
WOR—Freddie Martin's Orchestra

12:05 A.M.
NBC—Red—Ted Weems' Orchestra: WEAFF WTAG

12:20 A.M.
KDKA—Messages to Explorers

12:30 A.M.
CBS—Joseph Kamakau's Serenaders: WABC WNAC WEAN WCAU
NBC—Blue—Jack Denny's Orchestra: WJZ
NBC—Red—Don Irwin's Orchestra: WEAFF WTAG
WGY—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra

1:00 A.M.
CBS—Claude Hopkins' Dance Orchestra: WABC WEAN WNAC

1:30 A.M.
CBS—Buddy Harrod's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WEAN

2:00 A.M.
WNAC—Joe Nevil's Alabama Aces
2:30 A.M.
WNAC—Famous Dance Orchestras

MUSIC in the AIR + By Carleton Smith

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have lifted our Saturday evenings out of the doldrums.

The concerts from Symphony Hall relieve the monotony of ordinary, mediocre programs, and cause us to look forward eagerly to Saturday. Undoubtedly, no worthier addition has been made to the current radio season than the Boston Symphony series.

The residents of Beacon Hill and Back Bay are justly proud of their orchestra. Like other Bostonian institutions, it has a tradition. Fifty-two years ago, a number of the finest musicians in Europe were brought together under the baton of George Henschel, who was followed by the most illustrious conductor of the day.

These leaders, including Nikisch and Karl Muck, were given complete artistic freedom, and each expended his genius to the cumulative improvement of an ensemble which came to be world renowned. The Boston Orchestra today gives testimony to the fact that a great symphonic organization can not be built in a day, nor even in a season.

A grain of truth is found in the statement that there are no great orchestras, but only great conductors. Given the finest individual players, you will not find them very convincing without the guidance of a dynamic intellect. A conductor does not merely beat time, though, as Wagner said, that is his chief function. He needs a penetrating perception and the ability to shape his orchestra into an instrument capable of expressing his visions. Such perception and such ability the present conductor of the Boston Symphony has.

While the worship of conductors, that has today largely usurped the adoration of musical art, cannot be commended, every lover of music is grateful for such leadership as that of Mr. Koussevitzky. A craftsman of the first rank, he is not satisfied with a bare and impersonal reproduction of the musical text. His performances are bold interpretations of works that have filtered through his perceptions and feelings.

An AUDITION at NBC—By Jane Alden

(Continued from Page 4)
apparently of the Dramatic Auditions Committee.

She stood close to the microphone and said: "The voice you will hear will be that of Miss Jane Alden."

She backed away, nodded to me and joined the men in the control room. I read my three scenes, one after the other, with all that I could put into them. I finished and Miss Hansen came out of the control room and joined me.

"Thank you, Miss Alden. You will hear from us by letter."

And I heard by letter. Here it is, also a mimeographed form:

"Dear Miss Alden:
"Thank you so much for the opportunity you have given us of testing your voice and work on the microphone.

"May we assure you of our most careful consideration based on the records now in our hands.

"Very truly yours,
"Miriam Hansen, secretary,
"Dramatic Auditions Committee"

This I will say: I was nervous. It was pure fright caused by coping with a strange and new situation.

Koussevitzky

An emotional pathos underlies Koussevitzky's orchestral conducting. To him it is everything. The conviction, the power of his performance depends solely on the emotional element he obtains from the music and imparts to the audience. The less emotional fire there is in the music, the greater will be



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

its resistance to his conducting. Conversely, of course, the more a composition is saturated with feeling, the more easily does it submit itself to him. He must feel and experience music that he loves; he must then be in a state of ecstasy to be at his best. It is because he can not always be in such a state that his concerts are sometimes uneven.

When he conducts music that is his, he projects it with an impact that is devastating alike to nerves and heart. He is master, of course, of every gradation, and can give a demonstration of any music you choose to mention. But if the interpretation is casual, and if you do not receive Koussevitzky's genuine feeling, you may know that he is making a compromise with himself.

Catholic Taste

No mention of Koussevitzky

would be complete without comment on his boundless enthusiasm for all music, no matter how unexpected and paradoxical its form. Consequently, he has brought us many new gifts, as supplements to the classics on his programs. He has been the foremost champion here of the powerful writings of Sibelius, a composer for whom I have great admiration. Koussevitzky has championed the cause of his compatriots, and given considerable encouragement to native composers.

The famous and prolonged anniversary festival of the Boston

Symphony added materially to the stock of contemporary writings. Music lovers have been feasting on its fruits ever since, and the radio audience is grateful for the invitation to sit at the same table with those who enjoy each week the fare of Mr. Koussevitzky and his famous group.

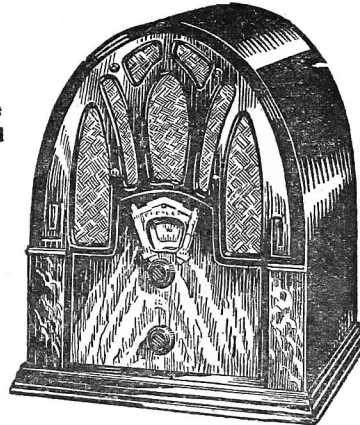
Even over the air, you feel his tremendous mastery of his instrument . . . not impersonal like Toscanini's, nor glittering like Stokowski's . . . but flaming and personal, a mastery existing solely for the sake of emotional identity with himself.

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Other features are an illuminated dial which makes station numbers stand out clearly, combined volume control and on-off switch, regeneration control to permit increased sensitivity, and a full floating moving coil dynamic speaker.

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The MICROPHONE MURDERS + By Leslie Harewood

(Continued from Page 6)

there. We've got to stop somewhere and set up, so we can get some bearings. Let's try a side road."

Dick climbed back into the seat, and they whizzed on down the highway. Perhaps a mile farther on, a favorable place was found for the desired test. It was a lane, leading into what appeared to be a deserted estate. It was flanked on either side by rows of tall trees. Spearman nosed the speed wagon up into the shadows.

"You can be on the look-out, Dick," he said laughingly. "I'll be in the back. The crooks are using a sixty thousand kilocycle wave. I won't take but a minute to tune them in, if they're on the air."

ALTHOUGH feeling deeply the tension of untoward circumstances, and heavy of heart for fear of Eve, the night for Dick was assuming all the aspects of a thrilling adventure. Inwardly, he uttered a player of thanks for the turn of fate which had linked him with the operations of the government man at his side. He could not help but think how futile his solitary quest would have proven without him. There was strength and assurance in Spearman's presence.

Suddenly he heard the high pitched "Zip—zip—zippety—zip of the apparatus in the back. Instantly he recognized the sound from his years of experience in aviation. Tonight there was something peculiarly dramatic about the zipping of wireless code.

A fierce scowl darkened Dick's face. If any harm had come to Eve, well—it wouldn't be a cowardly shooting, he assured himself. It would be one he'd gladly confess to, and take the consequences.

Suddenly Spearman came bounding out of the dark enclosure behind.

"It's south, all right," he said, his eyes glowing with the enthusiasm he felt. "You drive, Dick. I'll see if we're getting nearer!"

Dick slid under the wheel and backed the car out to the highway. As he started to go forward, Spearman shouted again:

"We're hot, boy!"

Dick speeded up the motor, bent low over the wheel. From the enclosure behind he heard Spearman's voice again.

"We're getting red hot, now, Dick," he yelled. "You could cook an egg on this clue!"

VIII.

THE sky overhead was inky black, the chill of the spring night being sharper because of the mild wind which swept across the Jersey countryside. Dick was without an overcoat, but he drove on regardless, glowing with the warmth of excitement and silently praying for the action which would determine success or failure.

Spearman came up front, shrugging his shoulders. "We're running away from it," he declared with a note of disappointment. "Turn her around and take it slow."

Dick cheerfully complied. Soon the nose of the big test car was headed North again. But a mile or so farther on, Spearman's head again appeared over the back of the driver's seat.

"We're on the wrong road, Dick," he advised this time. "You keep your eye on the speedometer, while I drive North. If we go three miles North, we want to come back South

three miles on a road farther over. Do you see what I mean?"

Dick nodded assent, moving to one side to enable Spearman to slide under the wheel. At the first crossroad, Spearman turned left, going due west. When he came to the next corner, perhaps a half mile down the road, he turned South again. To Dick, who observed in interested silence, the other's tactics were much the same as those of a bird dog stalking a covey of quail. "Take the wheel, Dick," he said finally in a quiet voice. "Try and hold it around twenty-five."

Dick hastened to comply, and Spearman disappeared once more into the car's interior.

By now the night had become pitch dark with no houses to be seen in any direction, despite the illumination from the car's powerful headlights. A broad expanse of uncultivated fields stretched away from the left of the road, while on the right lay what seemed to be an endless cemetery.

"She's strong now!" Spearman shouted from behind. And again Dick heard the powerful receiving set pick up the zip—zip of wireless code. But almost momentarily, after he had spoken, Spearman came out of the back of the car.

"It's still farther West, Dick," he lamented. "We'd better turn her around and double back again. You know what I mean—go back to the next corner and run over West till we hit another road South. One thing's certain. It's somewhere behind that damn cemetery!"

DICK brought the car to a halt, then executed a turn. A moment later with Spearman sitting in the seat beside him, he sped back up the highway. At the first corner he turned West again, proceeding straight ahead until the speedometer registered four miles. But there was no other road to the left, no road toward the South. Finally, Spearman grew impatient.

"We'd better go back past the cemetery," he said ruefully. His face wore a puzzled frown. "Maybe," he added, "we'll find a road in below it that will bring us up a back way."

Once again, Dick applied the brakes and turned the car in the opposite direction. He, too, was becoming impatient at the delay. Time was precious, each minute counting, yet nothing had been accomplished. But all the while some inward feeling, a mingled sense of hope and confidence kept buoying him up, urging him on.

An hour later, however, when they were no nearer their goal than before, Spearman all but lost his temper. They had stopped the car at one side of the highway.

"Too bad we can't carry the damn thing!" he muttered. "Try it one more time, Dick, we can't give up like this."

The car moved slowly forward. On the right was the cemetery, at the left the deserted fields. Suddenly the government man motioned Dick to apply the brakes.

"Right here!" he exclaimed. "Right here was the strongest signal we heard anywhere." As he spoke he glanced frowningly across the road at the shadowy tombstones, eerie, grotesque looking shapes in the semi-darkness. "And the last place on earth," he added, "yes, sir, the last damn place in the world I want to go to."

Dick laughed as the big fellow ducked back into the interior of the car for a turn at the radio apparatus. Immediately the sound of the wireless code again rent the stillness of the night. But it was only a matter of brief moments until Spearman came forward again. This time he was plainly excited.

"Gosh, boy, it's loud as the devil!" he cried. "And if I'm not crazy, it's coming smack dab out of that graveyard. Now what do you suppose corpses could be doing, sending messages—Chicago wheat prices?"

"What will we do to find out?" laughed Dick.

SPEARMAN'S face was thoughtful. "Now, if we could find a safe place to leave this car," he declared, "We might foot it." He glanced apprehensively in the direction of the cemetery.

Dick judged, from his sly grin, that he expected the suggestion to meet disfavor.

"You can't bluff me, Paul," he said quietly. "Rather than waste the night, I'll try anything. This suspense is getting me."

The Department of Commerce man scanned the grassy fields to the right. Suddenly he leaned forward.

"Then, here goes, pardner!" As he spoke, he turned the car up a low incline, shooting across the soft grass. Nothing more was said until it finally came to a halt in a low hollow fully two hundred yards from the road.

"We'll have to take a chance on getting the stuff stolen," said Spearman lightly. "Guess Uncle Sam can afford to buy more. How you fixed for a cannon?"

Dick exhibited the .38, purchased several hours earlier at the pawn shop. Spearman grinned.

"A regular barker, eh?"

"All I could find in a hurry," said Dick. "How about yourself?"

The other patted both hips. Then he leaped to the ground and raised the hood of the motor. After a

moment of tinkering, he held up a section of the distributor.

"She won't roll far now," he mumbled. "Are you ready?"

Dick's haggard face did not give him the appearance of one who relished the adventure ahead. But he was worn from loss of sleep, exhausted from the nerve strain of the hours in the Tombs. And his mind was keyed to the breaking point, thinking of Eve, speculating upon the fate that had befallen her. "Lead the way, I'm all set!" he said curtly.

Spearman stalked forward, with Dick at his heels, both walking cautiously through the tall grass. At the road there was no sign of life, no cars, no pedestrians, the only sound coming from the low wind, which sighed through the branches of the trees in the cemetery. If anything, the night was darker than before.

Spearman went first across the road, coming to a brief halt on the opposite side.

"Take it easy over the fence," he cautioned in Dick's ear.

THEY were standing with their faces pressed against it. It was a high wire fence of the type common in farming sections. They had no difficulty in scaling it. Once on the other side, they moved stealthily forward.

It was an irreverent thing to do, but they had not gone fifty feet until Spearman rent the air with an oath. He had barked a shin on one of the tombstones. Dick hurriedly overhauled him and helped him to his feet. They moved forward again, circumventing more tombstones, high monuments and grassy mounds of earth.

"Spookier 'n hell, ain't it?" Spearman whispered.

Dick made no reply. But with each step forward, he became more imbued with a sense of impending danger. He gripped hard on the hilt of the automatic, carrying it in his right hand, its muzzle pointed outward and down at the ground, so as not to endanger Paul Spearman.

Gradually they crept forward up rising ground. Now they had crossed the crest of a hill, were going down on the other side. Suddenly, the moon shone through a rift in the clouds, illuminating the way ahead. They had passed all the graves. At the flash of light in the sky Dick stood still. Below them was a marble building, perhaps forty feet high, a hundred feet in width. Its rounded dome shone in the misty light. Beyond it lay a broad level field. A smaller frame structure stood on the edge of the field.

Spearman nudged Dick. "That's bound to be it!" he whispered.

"The station's in a mausoleum!"

Dick could scarcely restrain his amazement. Only a band of fiends would think of such a lair. A surge of anger sent the blood rushing to his face. He felt his temples throb, and hurried to overhaul the man ahead. It had grown dark again. Now his pulse beat faster. But he steeled himself for the outcome, with thoughts of perilous epochs during 1918, when his comrades poked their noses into hell and scoffed at death. He turned to Spearman.

"Let's get down and crawl through the grass," he whispered. "Even if the moon comes out, they won't be able to see us."

The other readily acquiesced. "We'll turn snakes to catch the damn snakes," he returned in low tones. "Come on!"

SLOWLY they crawled forward together, moving inch by inch toward the hazy outline of the marble building. Perhaps they had crawled fifty feet. Suddenly the weird silence of the night re-echoed with a sorrowful, muffled cry! It was a human cry. The cry of a woman. Dick's blood ran cold in his veins. Was it possible the cry had come from Eve?

Spearman caught his foot, for he was preparing to charge the building blindly.

"Steady, Dick. Hold back—take your time—we may end in a lion's den!"

Dick nervously bit his lip. Each second of delay was maddening. And yet he knew "discretion to be the better part of valor."

For what seemed to both an interminable period of waiting, they crouched in the dewy grass. No further sound broke the dark silence, no light shone in the vicinity of the graveyard's enigma.

Whatever the sinister purpose of the depraved band, whose den of crime was the mausoleum, they had chosen one of the most forbidding spots in the entire Metropolitan area, a house of the dead, remote from the paths of the living, yet within easy reach of ten million people. Only a master criminal, one bent upon the foulest of machinations, could have selected it.

Spearman edged through the grass to Dick's side. "Maybe they've gone," he whispered hoarsely. "Let's make a try for the door?"

Dick silently nodded assent and they wriggled forward again, moving toward the building inch by inch. "We'd better stand up," he whispered to Spearman when they finally neared its walls.

The other arose. "The door's on the far side," he said softly. "I'll go first. Get your hand on your gun!"

With the softness of cat feet, the two men forged ahead, hugging the marble wall with each noiseless step. Finally, they reached the corner, peered cautiously around it. Still there was neither sound, nor light, nor sign of life.

Dick stepped to the fore and moved forward, each foot of ground gained bringing him nearer he knew not what. But intuition told him it was a moment fraught with peril. Now he could feel Spearman's warm breath on the back of his neck. And, in the glimmering half-light, he could make out the door under a portico a few yards away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Will Dick Paulett and Spearman find Eve Randall in the house of the dead? Next week's installment is packed with thrills.

The LIFE of the PARTY + + + By Raymond Knight

(Continued from Page 3)

company was formed. It happened in this way — during the presidential elections of that year there were fifty-three candidates for Vice-President. According to the Constitution (which theoretically gives us our freedom) only one Vice President was elected. This left fifty-two potential vice-presidents with nothing to do. It was then that Edgar Glutts, the economic expert, suggested that these fifty-two potential vice presidents be made commercial vice presidents and form the basis of a broadcasting company. The suggestion was acted upon, the fifty-two vice presidents were laid side by side in an excavation, ce-

ment was poured on top of them, and they became the base of a broadcasting company.

From then on radio became very simple. It is still simple. And today there is practically no American home which does not have its own radio set with a little switch on the side to turn off radio programs.

And now I am a part of this great New Force in American life. Every Sunday to Thursday inclusive at 7:15 p. m. I rock the nation with the "Wheatnville" program (Advt.), and every Saturday at 10:30 on the Cuckoo Hour the nation rocks me. (No advt.).

Beyond this I can tell no more.

However, I wish to close with an appeal to the thousands of women who write me fan letters daily, saying that they wish to leave their husbands and their families and come to New York to me.

Remember, you wives and mothers, for every skyscraper on the great White Way there's a hole in Fifth Avenue and for every ermine coat on Park Avenue, there are thousands of little dead rabbits in Siberia. And remember, in the words of Ambrose J. Weems—You can fool some of the people some of the time and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time.



James Melton

Rudy Vallee

Jane Froman

Walter Damrosch

HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

COMEDY

SUNDAY, MARCH 19—Eddie Cantor, the google-eyed funster, aided by Rubinoff and his violin will again be brought to you on WEAF network at 8:00 p. m. Fred Allen gags his way through insane situations, with the aid of Roy Atwell and orchestra. This revue is on WABC network at 9:00 p. m.

MONDAY, MARCH 20—Groucho and Chico Marx will again surprise you, by trying something new in their attempt to grab some money. They will be presented to you on WJZ network at 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, whether there's a fire or not, comes to you on WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.

Solly Ward, German dialect comedian, becomes a regular feature of the Five Star Theater. On WABC network at 10:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22—Burns and Allen, pointless conversation and all, come to you on WABC network at 9:30 p. m. They are assisted by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra.

The newest comedienne of the air, Fannie Brice with the aid of George Olsen and his orchestra, will be introduced to you at 8:00 p. m. on WEAF network.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd will still try to show you the marvelous possibilities of Stoopnocracy on WABC network at 9:30 p. m.

Jack Pearl, The Baron himself, will relate some more of his experiences, true or not, on WEAF network at 10:00 p. m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24—Tom Howard, rasping voice and all returns, with the aid of cute Jeannie Lang and orchestra on WEAF network at 9:00 p. m.

Phil Baker, accordion included, makes his air debut, accompanied by orchestra and soloists. Presented by WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.

Jack Benny, is back with us again and will be presented to you at 10:00 p. m. on WEAF network. He will be aided by orchestra and soloists.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25—Ray Knight, the Cuckoo himself, will again prove how he obtained that title and how well he deserves it, on WJZ network at 10:30 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, MARCH 19—"Roses and Drums" will be presented by WABC network at 5:00 p. m. Charles Coburn, veteran actor, will be starred as General Robert E. Lee. The events behind the Confederate lines as the Battle of Gettysburg draws to a close, are the background for this episode.

Great Moments in History on WJZ network at 7:30 p. m.

MONDAY, MARCH 20—Radio Guild's presentation of "The Admirable Crichton" by James Barrie may be heard over WJZ network at 4:00 p. m.

"King Kong", that new and exciting adventure story, will be presented on WEAF network at 6:30 p. m.

Fu Manchu, that mystery of insidious devilry by this character creation of Sax Rohmer is presented by WABC network at 8:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21—"The Magic Voice" featuring Elsie Hitz on WABC network at 8:15 p. m.

Lucky Strike Hour, a police dramatization with interludes by guest orchestra, may be heard on WEAF network at 10:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22—The "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes", brings you another thrilling mystery which is solved by that detective whose uncanny sense of scrutiny has made him famous to all. Tune him in over the WJZ network at 9:00 p. m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23—The Octavus Roy Cohen Murder mystery is brought to you on WJZ network at 7:45 p. m.

"The Foreign Legion", a drama of mystery and adventure in far off Morocco, is presented by WABC network at 10:00 p. m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24—"International Exchange Drama Series", the new program which brings you stories from various parts of the world, comes to you on the WABC network at 8:30 p. m.

"The Inside Story" featuring Edwin C. Hill, will have as it's guest celebrity, Joe Cook, famous stage comedian. On WABC network at 9:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25—"The Magic Voice" with Elsie Hitz in the starring role on WABC network at 8:15 p. m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, MARCH 19—Promenade Concert—Radio City Symphony orchestra directed by Erno Rapee with chorus and soloists. On WJZ network at 12:15 p. m.

New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini will present: Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony, the Preludes to Act I and Act III of "Lohengrin" by Wagner, the "Waldweben" (Forest Murmurs) from "Siegfried" by Wagner, and finally the thrilling "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Götterdämmerung", also by Wagner. Brought to you by WABC network at 3:00 p. m.

American Album of Familiar Music—Frank Munn, tenor; Ohman and Arden; and orchestra. Presented by WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.

MONDAY, MARCH 20—"The Voice of Firestone" featuring Lawrence Tibbett, tenor, and Wm. Daly's Orchestra. On WEAF network at 8:30 p. m. Selections: "Where'er You Walk", "One Alone", "The Sleigh", Vision Fugitive from "Herodiade".

The Buick Program presents Paul Whiteman and his orchestra with many soloists. May be heard on WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21—Ben Bernie, the very old maestro, and his orchestra. A combination of Bernie and music, on WEAF network at 9:00 p. m.

The Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Howard Barlow, will present the American premiere of three recently discovered songs by Mozart. This unusual feature can be heard on WABC network at 11:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22—Woodbury Program with Morton Downey and Donald Novis assisted by Leon Belasco's Orchestra. Brought to you by WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.

Waring's Pennsylvanian's aided by John P. Medbury as Master-without Ceremonies is presented by WABC at 10:00 p. m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23—Rudy Vallee and his guest stars on WEAF network at 8:00 p. m.

Captain Henry's Showboat, on WEAF network at 9:00 p. m. Glide down the river on the showboat with Charles Winniger, Lanny Ross and Annette Hanshaw.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24—NBC Music Appreciation Hour, Walter Damrosch conducting presented by WJZ and WEAF network at 11:00 a. m.

Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette, soprano; the Cavaliers; and orchestra conducted by Rosario Bourdon. On WEAF network at 8:00 p. m.

Nino Martini, tenor, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Howard Barlow conducting. Presented by WABC network at 11:00 p. m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25—Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will be heard over WJZ network at 8:15 p. m.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians presented by WABC network at 9:45 p. m.

The Saturday Night Dancing Party with B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra presenting an hour of the best in popular music of today. Brought to you by WEAF network at 10:00 p. m.

VOCALISTS

RUTH ETTING—WABC network, Monday and Thursday at 9:00 p. m.

MORTON DOWNEY—WABC network, Sunday at 7:15 p. m. and Thursday at 10:45 p. m.

BING CROSBY—WABC network, Wednesday and Saturday at 9:00 p. m.

DONALD NOVIS—WJZ network, Wednesday at 9:30 p. m. WEAF network, Thursday at 7:30 p. m., Friday at 7:00 p. m., and Sunday at 10:30 p. m.

MILLS BROTHERS—WABC network, Monday and Thursday at 9:15 p. m.

WHISPERING JACK SMITH—WABC network, Monday, Wednesday at 8:00 p. m., and Thursday at 8:15 p. m.

KATE SMITH—WABC network, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 8:30 p. m.

SINGING SAM—WABC network, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8:15 p. m.

STREET SINGER—WABC network, Friday at 10:30 p. m., Saturday at 7:45 p. m. and Sunday at 12:45 p. m.

JANE FROMAN—WABC network, Tuesday and Friday at 9:00 p. m.

JAMES MELTON—On WEAF network at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday and 11:00 p. m. Thursday.

NEWS

EDWIN C. HILL—at 10:30 p. m. on WABC network Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

BOAKE CARTER—at 7:45 p. m. on WABC network Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

LOWELL THOMAS—at 6:45 p. m. on WJZ network Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. On WEAF Sunday at 5:00 p. m.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—"The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," on WABC network at 7:00 p. m. Saturday.

WALTER WINCHELL—WJZ network at 9:30 p. m. Sunday.