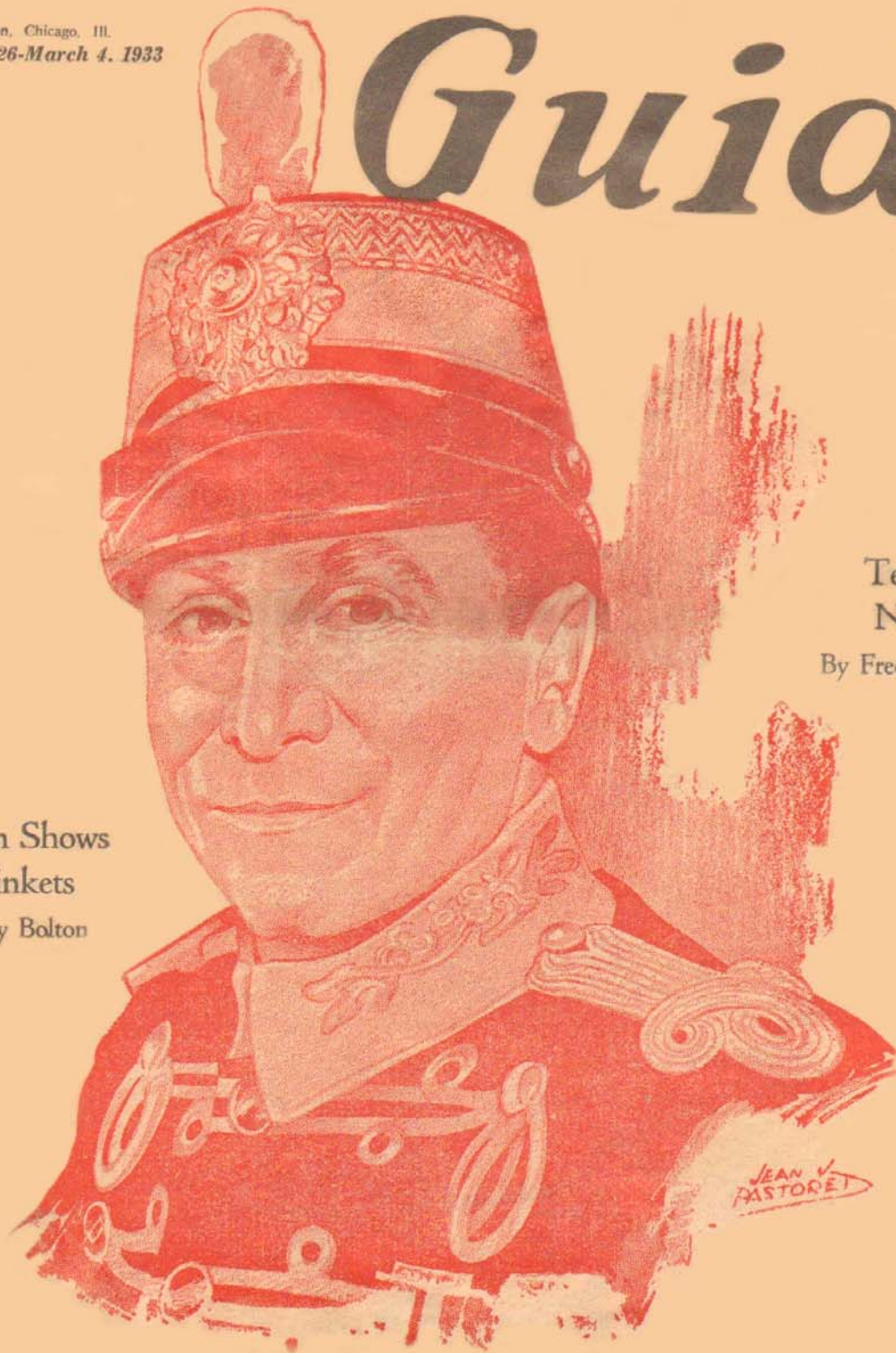


# Radio 5¢ Guide

Northwestern Edition, Chicago, Ill.  
Week of Feb. 26-March 4, 1933  
Vol. 11, No. 19.



The Baron Shows  
His Trinkets  
By Whitney Bolton

Ten Years of  
Newscasting  
By Frederic William Wile

NOCTURNE: Scored for Heartbreak, *A Short Story by Konrad Molnar*

# STOOPNOCRACY Is Doing PEACHILY



TOOTH PASTE TUBE  
WITHOUT NO MIDDLE  
SO YOU CAN ONLY  
SQUEEZE THE END



GOB OF TOOTHPASTE  
WHICH USED TO BE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
TUBE BUT ISN'T NOW



ENLARGEMENT  
OF THE MIDDLE  
OF A TUBE OF  
TOOTHPASTE WHEN  
IT ISN'T THERE

## By Col. Stoopnagle and Budd

**S**TOOPNOCRACY is doing peachily! From near and far, and vice versa, have come letters, telegrams and phone calls from those who are in sympathy with all that STOOPNOCRACY stands for and who wish to toss in their lot with the STOOPNOCRATS and all that sort of stuff.

Virtually everyone from coast to coast is in sympathy with the aims of STOOPNOCRACY—the elimination of all the irksome and annoying things in life—and already many great steps have been taken in this direction with the help of the new converts to the movement.

Newspapermen, lawyers, bankers, writers, statesmen and other leading citizens have signified in writing their willingness to foster the cause of STOOPNOCRACY either by suggesting things to be done away with or by devising ways and means for dis-inventing, or doing away with, these annoying things.

From Donald M. Pond, Radio Editor of The Toledo News Bee, came the suggestion that something be done to eliminate the gentleman whose duty it is to get white lint on blue serge suits. STOOPNOCRACY has solved this problem. Hereafter men will wear suits made of white lint so you can get blue serge on them, instead.

There are a few things around the house that STOOPNOCRACY is going to eliminate. Lee Townsend, of Syracuse, New York, who was one of the first to join us, has made the suggestion that we eliminate the word "WELCOME" from doormats. After mulling over this one for a while, we have decided instead to do away with the doormats and just leave the word "WELCOME". It's

chummier, or something.

Florence A. Mead, of Auburn, New York, feels very strongly that something should be done about the habit of squeezing toothpaste tubes in the middle. STOOPNOCRACY didn't even have to mull over that one. We just eliminated the middle of the tubes, leaving only the nozzle and the end.

Under the heading of CANDY we find several eliminations necessary in order to make this a happier world. From all parts of the country came suggestions about what to do with individuals who endanger the lives of those around them by diving headlong into a box of candy and ripping it apart to see what is in the second layer. Once again STOOPNOCRACY was equal to the occasion. We are taking steps to induce the manufacturers of candy to put the second layer on top of the first and call the product "THE STOOPNOCRAT SPECIAL." They might also make the sides of the box of cellophane, so you could look through and get some kind of an inkling of the prize package you're going to get.

**S**TOOPNOCRACY also is going to something about the candy that people have to bite into first to find out that they don't want it afterwards. Candy manufacturers will be persuaded to make half-pieces of candy, so you can see what's inside the chocolate covering.

Jig saw puzzles have been brought to our attention. The Messers. Howard and Griffis, of the King Coal Hotel, East Rainelle, West Virginia, want something done about those persons who, while working on a jig saw puzzle, always say, "There must be some pieces missing." Larry Werlau, of Syracuse, New York, qualifies as a STOOPNOCRAT by solving this problem.

"Have the jig saw puzzles come in one piece so we wouldn't have to go to all the trouble of putting them together to find out what they look like," he writes.

An excellent suggestion, of particular interest to the housewife, came from E. L. Halpern, of New York City. "May I suggest that you arrange for evaporated milk to come outside the cans so you won't have to punch a hole in the can to get the contents out?" he writes. "All you would have to do under my plan would be to punch a hole in the milk and throw the can away."

There is no end to the good that STOOPNOCRACY is doing. Students at many colleges and universities have interested themselves in the movement. Applications for membership have been received from Princeton, Penn. Cornell, Southern California, and Chicago, as well as from several of the larger institutions.

Just in case you have not heard about STOOPNOCRACY or have forgotten the requirements for membership, may we explain it again. STOOPNOCRACY is a new movement that starts in where Technocracy leaves off.

"The heck with Tech," that's what we always say.

While Technocracy and the Technocrats tell us what is wrong with the world and why, STOOPNOCRACY steps right out and does away with the troubles of mankind. STOOPNOCRATS are divided into two groups; one is made up of those who suggest annoying things that should be eliminated; the other is composed of those who devise

*Col. Stoopnagle & Budd  
Tell You How to Get  
Even with the Phone  
Operator. Just Call  
A Wrong Number. See?*

ways and means of eliminating these things. This process of doing away with stuff is called dis-invention.

In order to become a STOOPNOCRAT, one must send us either a suggestion for something to be done away, or a dis-invention. Then, after you have qualified for membership and have taken the STOOPNOCRATIC oath, you will be BLACKBALLED into STOOPNOCRACY. You

don't get elected into it like, say, into a fraternity or something.

There can be no end of good things achieved by STOOPNOCRACY. We plan to do away with everyone who says, "Abyssinia," when they mean "I'll be seeing you," and with those who say "This is so sudden" and "Where have you been all my life?"

STOOPNOCRACY has perfected a stickless adhesive tape that doesn't hurt when you take it off. It will eliminate the pins in new shirts. We are now working on the elimination of the tasteless wood surrounding the lead of lead pencils. Ronald O'Rourke, of Paterson, New Jersey, suggests licorice wood.

"I have discovered that tasteless wood distracts the thoughts," he writes. "If the lead gets in the way, that might be eliminated entirely."

Here are a few more of the things that STOOPNOCRACY will eliminate:

1. Radiators that insist on banging and hissing while you're trying to sleep.
  2. Cuffs from men's pants, so that when you drop a dime on the floor you can find it.
  3. Labels on rye bread.
  4. Mystery stories that take place in London (regardless of whether there is a fog or not).
  5. Those little rolls of wool, cotton, paper, cracker crumbs, etc., that accumulate in your pockets.
  6. Books in which some of the pages aren't cut.
- From Barrett Whitman, President of The Butler-Ward Company, bookbinder, of New York City, came a most interesting letter on a subject close to the hearts of all of us.

**H**ERE'S my bid for becoming a STOOPNOCRAT," he wrote. "Suppose I call my home in Englewood, New Jersey, on the phone. I often give the number, and having waited five minutes, hear someone ask me what number did I call, and I smile and tell them the number, and then they say, 'Will you please call that number again.' Now, I propose that when I am very busy I will look up a number that I do not want to call, and when they ask me what number it was and to please call it again, I will just say, 'I do not have to call it again because I did not want it in the first place.'"

You can readily see that STOOPNOCRACY is doing peachily, but we want more members, so please, if you have anything that annoys you and that you want eliminated, just let Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd know about it and we'll enroll you as a STOOPNOCRAT. We hope to make the world a better place to live in, or something.

We have received many letters from people who want to form STOOPNOCRAT Clubs. We would like to know what you think of the idea.

Well, goodbye.



TROUSER CUFF  
FULLY EXPECTING  
TO COME OFF



DIME WHICH WON'T  
BE LOST IF CUFF  
ON TROUSER  
IS ELIMINATED



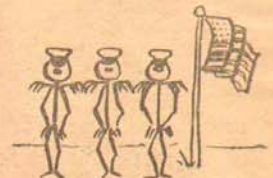
PAIR OF  
CUFFLESS  
PANTS  
WONDERING  
WHERE ITS  
CUFFS ARE  
(LOOK BELOW,  
QUICK!)



CAN OF  
CONDENSED  
MILK



CONDENSED CAN  
OF MILK



THREE  
WEST POINT  
CONDENSE



CONDENSED COW  
FOR GIVING  
CONDENSED MILK



# The Time Has Come, The Baron Said, To Talk of MANY THINGS

By Whitney Bolton

**T**WENT to see a man about a dog. Well, you know how things are these days. You go to see a man about a dog and you end up looking at fifty of them. So I went to see a man about a dog and I ended up looking at fifty of them and five pounds of assorted metal for good measure. I went to see a plain man about a plain dog and I found a man who could go into the junk business tomorrow—if it didn't happen that this man looks on his junk as something just this side of sacred.

You call it madness and I call it junk—but Jack Pearl calls it his life and to him his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if it were not for those five pounds of assorted metal thingummies, coins, pins, washers and medals that bulge his pockets like the stomach of an over-fed puppy and are the despair of his tailors. What do I mean; tailors? Listen: you and I have a tailor—if we're lucky. Jack Pearl's luck is fixed, as fixed and regular and large as his income, and, with luck like that and an income like that, you have tailors—a squad of them. It isn't that Jack splurges on clothes. It is, definitely, that it takes a squad of tailors to keep him and his clothes in shape. You don't believe it? Try hanging five pounds of metal in your pockets and see if you and your clothes don't sag like a 1932 sales chart.

So you call it madness and I call it junk—or I did call it junk until I had sat down with Jack for an hour's conversation and discovered his code of superstition to be so honest, so double-riveted and so conspicuously effective that I went right out and began looking for lucky pieces.

It all started with those dogs—the discovery about the lucky pieces, I mean. You see, they go back twenty years, while the dogs only go back five years. Not much more than pups, they are. I went to see Jack about the dogs and found out about the lucky pieces. It just goes to show—goes to show what, I don't know, but it does go to show . . .

It seems that five years ago Jack's dresser, Harry Gordon, was engaged to see that the dressing room was neat, Jack's clothes back from the cleaner's on time and a piece of wood placed in every pocket. Gordon thought the whole thing pretty strange but he didn't say anything. Dressers rarely do. Ted Lewis, a few minutes before the curtain rang up for the opening of "Artists and Models," rushed

in and pressed a lucky piece into Jack's hand. Jack's relief was so obvious that Gordon rushed out and bought a black china elephant and presented it to his boss with suitable incantations for luck. The show was a hit and so was Jack. Thereafter, no show opened, no microphone yawned for the glib inventions of Baron Munchausen that Gordon did not buy a china animal for his employer. Dogs, cats, armadillos, giraffes, serpents, wolves, tigers and other china reproductions of God's creatures were added to the collection.

The result—the inevitable result for a man of Pearl's temperament—was that for five years now Pearl has been getting china animals—mostly dogs—from Gordon. They are laid out on the dressing room table before every performance, put back into their boxes afterward. Others have learned of this and they have begun sending Pearl china beasts. Gladys Glad only recently contributed a china cow, a sleek bovine with snapping black eyes walled-up in their sockets and a shape to make Venus jitter impatiently with envy.

But this angle of the Pearl superstitions is only five years old. Wait'll you hear. Years ago, as a boy, he lived on Madison Avenue between 103 and 104th Streets. The subway to school was at 110th and Lenox Avenue. To get to the subway Pearl had to pass thirty-seven trees and (listen: that was way uptown in those days) six picket fences. He started a habit then that has grown to such proportions that one of these days he's going to break right through the street from overweight. He would touch every tree and every other picket. Now and then he'd see a hairpin on the sidewalk (they wore hairpins in those days) and he'd pick it up and put it in his pocket. Soon he began adding safety pins to his collection. Then bits of wood, strange

(Turn to Page Twenty-Three)

*Of Elephants and China Dogs  
 And Cows with Purple Wings  
 And Why I Carry in My Clothes  
 All Kinds of Coins and Rings*



# Those Smart Clothes of RUTH ETTING'S



## Wardrobe of Glamorous Radio Star So Modest and Practical That Average Woman Could Afford It By Bernice French

to her. This is the story Miss Etting tells of the change.

"When I was a very little girl," she said, "my hair was straight and short. When I was twelve I braided it in tight pigtails and wore it tightly wound around my head. I stuck to this style until I went on the stage, then I adopted the curls which I always dressed high on my head. So you see, I

never had my hair falling about my shoulders at any time, and I always cherished a secret desire to wear it that way.

"My chance came at last on the opening night of 'Simple Simon.' In the scene during which I sang 'Ten Cents a Dance,' I was seated on the piano, wearing a very sketchy sort of vagabond costume made mostly of whisks of chiffon. This costume made me feel so undressed that I thought it would be a good idea to cover my bare shoulders with my curls, and on this momentous night I took the hairpins out of my hair and allowed my curls to tumble down and cluster about my neck, in the manner I had always admired.

"No one commented upon my appearance during that first performance but I felt very pleased with the way I looked with my hair down and was ready to adopt this coiffure permanently for that scene. Imagine how I felt when I entered the theater the night of the second performance to find a note in my mailbox from Mr. Ziegfeld saying 'Please put your hair up!' I was so furious that I flounced out of the theater and had my curls cut off. At least, I thought, no one can make me put my hair up now!"

There is an interesting postscript to this story. The very next season Miss Etting took part in the "Rector's Scene" in the Ziegfeld Follies and was obliged to let her hair grow so that she could wear it high on her head in the fashion of those days!

And why, you ask—I did—didn't Miss Etting stick to the short hair and buy a wig for that one production? After all, a production doesn't last awfully long, even a good production, and it's easier to buy

a wig than to grow hair. It's quicker, at least. Well, it seems that Miss Etting doesn't like wigs. She feels, and I think she's so right, that the best wig in the world is just a wig, and that one's own hair is more comfortable and more soothing.

Hair is indescribably important in a woman's dress. It compliments or destroys, depending on the care and smartness which she brings to its arrangement. Miss Etting has known actresses (as who hasn't, poor things) who spent hours on make-up and costume only to mar the illusion of great beauty by careless hair-dressing.

She grooms her hair regularly, arranges it with infinite care and the result is a swirl of gold that illumines her beauty and forms a complement to her dress ensemble. I have never seen Ruth Etting's hair untidy and I have seen her rehearse from eight o'clock until five in the morning for the "Follies." At that wan and ghastly hour her hair still was a thing of shimmering loveliness.

believes. She thinks that a hat should be becoming to the face, as well as smart, for many a stunning costume has been ruined by an extreme but unflattering hat. The tiny little pancake hat that many women are wearing today is all right for a few, thinks Miss Etting, but she does not consider herself one of the few.

"I love the little jackets that are being worn with evening dresses," said Miss Etting enthusiastically. "I think the average woman looks much better with her arms and shoulders covered, except of course, on the stage, where extreme gowns are made possible by flattering lights and settings."

One of her favorite costumes is the dress illustrated in figure 1, which is of black rough crepe, very simply cut and having a brief little shoulder cape made of row upon row of white silk fringe. Miss Etting pointed out that the cape enabled the dress to play two roles; without it the gown was appropriate for the most formal functions, with the cape, the dress was perfect for dinner or night club wear.

Another dress of the semi-formal type that she favors is a green velvet gown with a high bateau neckline in back and front and just the suggestion of a sleeve, covering the shoulder and edged with fur (figure 2).

For lounging Miss Etting prefers pajamas to hostess gowns. She likes corduroy or velvet for warmth and simple little one piece silk pajamas for the summer. In the country she likes to wear slacks and a sweater or little sleeveless gingham frocks with sandals.

Ruth Etting has a small foot and she makes it appear even smaller by a clever trick which she revealed to us when she brought forth her shoes for inspection. Except for an occasional oxford for walking, all her shoes are made the same way; they are opera pumps, decorated by dainty bows which not only lend individuality to the shoe but serve to shorten the vamp in a manner extremely flattering to the foot. Her evening slippers, dyed in various shades to match her dresses, are satin opera pumps with velvet bows. Her street shoes are kid or patent leather opera pumps with leather bows in the same shade of with contrasting piping.

Miss Etting seldom wears jewelry, although she admits to a weakness in that direction:

"I'm crazy about costume jewelry," she confessed, smiling. "You know, big wooden beads, and bangles and that sort of thing. I can seldom resist it, but I never wear any. Oh, and earrings! I adore them and I can hardly get by a counter full of earrings without treating myself to at least one pair. But I look simply awful in earrings so they all end up in the same place—my bureau drawer!"

She added that she thinks most women are foolish to spend money on diamonds and pearls when imitation jewels look as well and can be worn without any anxiety or feeling of responsibility.

Those who have followed Ruth Etting's brilliant career from its earliest days will recall that she used to wear her hair in curls massed high at the back of her head. Today her coiffure is in the current mode, bobbed and softly waved and curled. Many of her admirers must wonder when and why she forsook her former style of headdress which had become with her almost a trade-mark so consistently did she wear it and so peculiarly individual was it

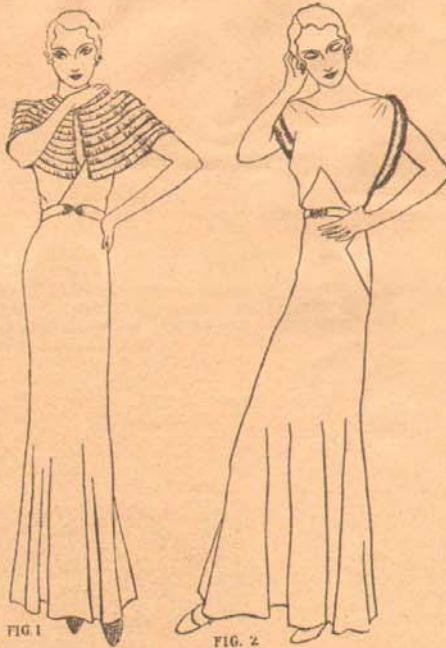


FIG. 1

FIG. 2

SHE has a perfect figure, a tiny foot, and the kind of head that hats are made for. She has worked on the stage and in the moving pictures among women whose wardrobes set a new high for lavishness. She has an income that could command, if she wished it, fashion's last minute whim from any part of the globe. But Ruth Etting, who, in addition to all these endowments has the balance and judgment that springs from her Nebraska girlhood, dresses as simply as you or I and uses more sense and discrimination in the selection of her clothes than many of her less fortunate sisters.

Although she was surrounded for years with the glitter and glamour of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's productions, where mink and ermine, diamond bracelets and sheaves of orchids were traditional, Ruth Etting finds no room in her private life for these trappings of grandeur. She is quite open, and very sincere, in her intention to live in a manner that will allow her to put by enough money on which to retire from public life. The theories of dress upon which this famous radio artist builds her modest but smart wardrobe, are applicable as well to the average woman, for in speaking of clothes, it is as such that Miss Etting considers herself.

"I like sport dresses best for the daytime," said Miss Etting, "and dinner dresses for evening. These two types of dress, it seems to me, will answer perfectly for the occasions that arise in most women's day-to-day activities. Fussy afternoon dresses and formal evening dresses, cut with extreme décolletage, are seldom appropriate."

Miss Etting was wearing a simple but smart little tailored dress of rabbit's hair wool, in a shade best described as tomato bisque. With this she wears a medium brimmed sports hat of brown angora, brown shoes, purse and gloves.

One of the secrets of always looking smart, although one's wardrobe is limited, is attention to the selection of accessories.

"So many women," she said, "will see a hat in a shop and buy it because it is becoming, without stopping to consider if they have any costume with which the hat will harmonize."

"I never shop just for the pleasure of shopping," Miss Etting explained, "but only to buy clothes to fill a definite need, and then I keep in mind the things I already have so that my new purchase will be sure to fit into my wardrobe."

She believes that every woman should take the trouble to discover what colors are most becoming to her and should keep to these colors as far as possible in the selection of her garments and accessories. Miss Etting finds that blue and black go particularly well with her warm, golden hair and fair coloring. She also discovered, somewhat to her surprise, that she can wear certain shades of red, as for instance, the tomato bisque, mentioned above.

Asked whether feminine radio stars place much emphasis on clothes, Miss Etting said: "In the early days of radio, the women artists made a great point of dressing up in evening clothes for almost every broadcast. This is seldom done today, unless the program is broadcast in front of a large audience, as on the Amsterdam Roof, or from a hotel or night club. Today the radio artist spends more time on her material and less on her appearance."

The most important quality for a radio artist's costume during working hours, is, in Miss Etting's estimation, fit style, but comfort.

"When I'm singing over the radio," she said, "I'd find a tight hat lots more annoying than an apron."

Hats, by the way, are terribly important, Miss Etting

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# Ten Years of NEWSCASTING



Copyright Harris and Ewing

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE, accurate, impartial and colorful reporter of Washington activities to a coast-to-coast audience for Columbia.

## Colorful Experiences of CBS Political Analyst On Two Continents

By Frederic William Wile

steps on Inauguration Day before the incoming President had spoken. Seven years later, almost to the very day, I took part in the first broadcast direct from the Assembly Hall of the League of Nations. I managed to persuade the President of the Assembly to hold up the important gathering to discuss the Sino-Japanese conflict for ten minutes while Columbia cleared its international coast-to-coast hookup.

My work as a radio reporter has brought me into contact with an array of world figures. When Columbia sent me to London to cover the Naval Conference of 1930, Ramsey MacDonald graciously invited me to visit him at his country home at Chequers. There I met such notables as Viscount Snowden, Lord Cecil, Lady Astor and Kichham Steed. On this same occasion, I paved the way to the broadcast by George Bernard Shaw which made history when he started off with "Hello, you dear old American boobs." In my thirty years of newspaper and radio work, I have never encountered a more genuinely delightful or more lovable personality. I distinctly recall Shaw's telling me, "The trouble with you Americans is that you insist on taking me seriously."

A PARTICULARLY amusing incident befell me in July, 1929. We were at the White House to broadcast President Hoover's promulgation of the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Heads of every diplomatic mission in Washington were on hand in full regalia. At the last moment, some zealous photographers sought to "shoot" the President unobstructed by microphones. But they forgot to put them back, and the President started to speak, unaware that his words were going no farther than the White House walls. Fortunately I had a copy of the declaration and over the first really world-wide hook-up, I myself "promulgated" the Kellogg Pact. About a week later I received a letter from a Boston lady who took offense at my pronunciation of "Monsieur" Briand. I replied that I could not assume responsibility for what static did to my accent. In these days of perfected transmission, I must seek another alibi if my French slips again!

It has been my good fortune to participate in several events of historical importance. In the fall of 1929, I was able to get Mr. Hoover to disclose for the first time his plans for receiving Premier Ramsey MacDonald, an event which led up to the Naval Conference of 1930. In December, 1932, I took part in a broadcast of the opening of Con-

gress, at which time radio history was made when microphones were placed at the very door of the House of Representatives, the closest they have ever been for a business session. And, of course, I hope to be on hand on March 4, along with Ted Husing, Ed Hill and H. V. Kaltenborn, describing the activities surrounding Franklin D. Roosevelt's in-

duction into office. It will be most completely covered.

I predict that the Roosevelt administration will be highly radio-minded. Mr. Roosevelt is a strong believer in the power of radio to mold and lead public opinion. He learned this from his experience at Albany, where he served as Chief Executive of the State of New York. It is not unlikely that he will try to initiate a system of regular broadcasting direct from the White House. Consequently, Washington will become more radio conscious than ever before, and conversely the radio audience throughout the country will become more conscious of Washington and what is transpiring on the banks of the placid Potomac.

The audience-reaction to the work of a political analyst is perhaps more varied than in the case of any other radio performers. During a presidential campaign, the fans are not loath to become vituperative in their letters and telegrams, seizing upon every phrase uttered, even though it might be quite true, if it happens to go against their political doctrines. However, once the election is over, things become more or less serene. I was asked recently for the piece of fan mail that made the deepest impression on me. A listener wrote, "Every time I listen to you, I thank God for Amos 'n' Andy." Others have been of a more flattering nature. The type of correspondence that pleases me most is the criticism of my talks that comes to me from every type of citizen in the land.

President-elect Roosevelt will come into office on March 4 with a great popular majority. On every hand there is tremendous interest in the man himself. The radio audience of the nation may expect to hear much from him during the course of the next four years. It is the people who voted for him with whom he wants to keep in contact. Woodrow Wilson came into office likewise with great popular support and he accomplished many of the things he did, because occasionally, when he ran into opposition in Congress, he appealed to the voters. Think how effective his method would have been if he had been able to make use of radio broadcasting.

RADIO GUIDE has asked me to write an interview with myself. The result follows: I was born at La Porte, Indiana, in 1873. After attending the University of Notre Dame, where I did not play football, I started out as a reporter in 1898 in Chicago. My first major assignment was being sent to Europe to cover the Boer War. I was fortunate to do a good enough job at this time to be sent to Berlin to head the bureau of another outstanding Chicago daily. I returned to America just long enough to marry a Chicago girl and we spent our honeymoon in Europe. With the exceptions of short visits to our folks, we stayed on the other side until after the World War.

And speaking of the World War reminds me to say that if it had not been for the good offices of Ambassador "Jimmy" Gerard, I might not be here now to tell this tale. On the night that war was declared, I was dining at the Hotel Adlon. As I walked through the lobby, I was grabbed by a pair of husky German policemen. They threw me to the bottom of an open car and drove slowly through a frenzied, war-mad mob that packed famous Unter den Linden. The patriots were allowed to bestow tokens of esteem and affection upon my bared head with walking sticks, umbrellas and every other available form of cudgel. You see, I had been arrested on the charge of being a British spy.

During the war, I was stationed in London, attached to General Headquarters as a specialist in German-Affairs Intelligence Section. On one of my frequent trips across the mine-filled English Channel, I travelled on a destroyer under the able command of the brother of Ramo Gumb's editor. The sea was so rough that the slight ship was tossed about like an empty match-box. En route, I wasn't afraid of dying—on the contrary, I was in mortal fear that I would live.

Returning to the United States in 1920, I settled in Washington. Though I am essentially a newspaperman, I consider broadcasting my forte. I look upon my radio activity as reportorial work, "sky-writing" as it were, instead of producing typed copy. I feel that giving the radio public important facts about public events is as important a function of radio as supplying them with good music. I believe that I now hold the record for having presented the same feature over the air regularly. It was back in September, 1923, when the late Calvin Coolidge has just acceded to the Presidency of the United States, that I began my weekly talks on "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight."

When Mr. Coolidge was inaugurated in 1925, I established a long-standing precedent when I spoke into a battery of microphones on the steps of the United States Capitol and addressed the radio audience for fifteen minutes. It was the first time in history that a private individual was ever accorded the privilege of speaking from those historic

*Fearing the Germans might take the story they heard about pop bottles being thrown at the Umps in American ball games seriously, Frederic William Wile took no chances when he umpired a game in Berlin and wore a full coat of armour.*



# The Microphone MURDERS

SYNOPSIS

UNITED States Senator Henry Sterling, of New York, champion of the rights of the masses and beloved by them, is murdered before the microphone in Station WQJ after delivering only one sentence of "The Truth About the Reds," a summary of what a Senate committee had uncovered during a six months' investigation of Communist activities. A bullet from a .32 calibre revolver had entered Senator Sterling's back and killed him instantly. Police Inspector Malone, notified of the tragedy, found the body of the senator lying on the floor before the microphone, with the manuscript of his address clutched in his hand. There were six people at the station when the shot was fired, though all reported that none had been in the broadcasting room when the Senator was slain. Those six were Sexton Royal, the owner, Eve Randall and Dolores Suarez, radio songstresses, Dick Paulett, war ace, polo player and announcer, Max Mothwurf, control operator, and Sadie Meighan, combined receptionist and telephone operator.

Not a semblance of a clue is revealed. The studio is a room twenty-five by forty, draped with velour, and heavily carpeted. A glass panel permits a view of the control room and transmitter. The only opening other than the door is a small ventilator with wooden shutters, high upon the rear wall and overlooking the East River. Inspector Malone interviews the two women singers, the owner and the receptionist without turning up a clue. The story continues:

II. (Continued)

VERY extraordinary," the inspector commented dryly. He signalled Mattson to withdraw. Dolores Suarez took the chair, carelessly lifting her skirt and smiling at the detective. He glanced hastily at Mattson's notes and saw that she had formerly been employed in a Broadway night club.

She was the usual senorita type, perhaps a little harder in appearance, a little darker of complexion. But her undisciplined use of cosmetics lent her a stagey appearance. The notes said five feet four inches tall, weight, 114, age twenty-six. But one look at the hard, crafty smile on her lips told him she was nearer thirty-six.

"What do you make of it, Miss Suarez?" he began.

The woman shrugged her shoulders and arched her thick eyebrows. "It is not for me to say," she evaded. "Perhaps—the racketeers, you call them."

Mattson entered again, handing over a folded note. "Doc Graves says bullet was .32. Nothing new." The Inspector thrust it into his coat pocket.

"What would you say, Miss Suarez?" he continued, "if I told you, the murderer left clues which will cause an early arrest?"

Immediately there was a striking change in the prima donna's expression. Despite her thick coating of rouge, the color faded visibly from her face.

"The police have much brains," she commented finally. Inspector Malone promptly changed his tactics. The girl was concealing something. Otherwise, she would not have betrayed herself.

"When the shot was fired, where were you, Miss Suarez?" he asked crisply.

"In the control room, talking to Mr. Mothwurf," she promptly returned.

"Did you see the Senator fall?" He made a sweeping gesture toward the broad glass panel.

"My back, it was turned the other way," she said coolly. "There is the shout, 'Murder!' and then everyone goes up in the air and loses the head."

"Why were you in the control room?"

"It is habit with me, Mr. Inspector. I learn to sing, not too soft or loud, talking to the operator."

"I see," the detective said gravely.

"And also, he is not American," Dolores Suarez continued. "He is more the friend, than the others."

By Leslie Harewood

"Do you always wear gloves?"  
"Today, I have been to the tea, the Biltmore."  
"You and Mothwurf in love?"  
There was another moment of hesitation. A hard light gleamed in the singer's eyes. "I love only my art," she said slowly.

"Who do you think did it?"  
"Why do you not ask the announcer?" she said quickly. Inspector Malone eyed her sternly. "The announcer, eh? Why the announcer?"

"I have said I know nothing," she retorted. Her words fell with an air of finality. That was all the information she would divulge. After an interval of silence, the Inspector curtly dismissed her.

"Dick Paulett, Grogan," he said wearily. The old detective ran one hand through his white mop of hair. He had purposely saved Mothwurf for the last. It was a cinch the fellow knew something, was trying to cover up somebody or had taken some part in the actual killing. It was a part of his job to watch for emergencies through that glass panel.

Inspector Malone made a quick movement to the side pocket of his coat. "Is this your gun, Royal?"



Louis Dean as Sexton Royal, John Mayo, as Inspector Malone

Dick Paulett, war hero and popular scion of one of New York's most distinguished families, entered the studio. Inspector Malone averted his eyes, slyly scrutinizing the other's faultless attire.

"Johnny Paulett's son?" he asked abruptly.

The blond announcer nodded assent.

It was then the Inspector noted Dick Paulett's throat pulse. It was throbbing.

"I knew your dad, young man," he said casually. "The best gentleman jockey that ever rounded the turn at old Sheepshead Bay."

"Nice of you, sir, to say so," said Dick Paulett. His fingers trembled nervously while he lighted a cigarette.

"You did a lot for your country during the war," said the Inspector.

"All I could," the younger man returned in a modulated tone.

"Lose any money in the stock crash?"

There was no immediate answer. The Inspector saw that his question had scored.

"Yes," the other said finally in a low voice.

"How much?"

"Everything—but honest, Inspector, I didn't do this!

The market's personal. It hasn't a thing to do with this murder. Why—I've known Senator Sterling since I was a baby."

He had lost his normal composure. And his narrow, triangular face was gleaming red. His former, well bred account had attained a shrill, strident pitch. But there was a look of sincerity in his eyes, or else he was a perfect liar. Inspector Malone waited and watched.

"Hold yourself together, my boy," he cautioned. "I didn't say you did it. You're in a tight place. If you're innocent, I want to get you out. Come, now. How much did you lose?"

"Over seven hundred thousand dollars," came the low response. "That's why I went to work in the station, I—"

"Do you drink?" the Inspector interrupted.

"Well, at one time, I did—after the war—"

"Quit because of Miss Randall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know any racketeers—ever been approached by any?"

"No, sir."

"Know any Communists?"

"So far as I know, I've never seen one."

The Inspector studied the announcer's face. What was he hiding? Again he looked at Mattson's notes.

"Get me straight, young man," he said quietly. "If you didn't do this thing, I want to help you—what are you keeping back?"

Dick Paulett's face blanched. The throbbing showed again in his throat.

"I-I have no idea who did it, Inspector!" he stammered.

The Inspector pushed back a lock of white hair, which had fallen into his eyes. He regarded the younger man shrewdly.

"Just how much of the Senator's address had been delivered at the time of the shot?" he suddenly asked.

"Only about one sentence," the announcer replied.

"Well, explain to me, if you can, Paulett," Inspector Malone demanded, leaning forward, "how you knew that, if you'd left the room as you told my assistant?"

Dick Paulett's face turned crimson. His voice was hoarse. "I—I—I can't, Inspector."

"Then I'd advise you to talk, young man, and talk fast!"

Dick Paulett had been staring at the floor. Suddenly he looked up with flashing eyes.

"I'll tell you all I know, Inspector," he said. "There was one thing I left out,—but it had my goat—the whole rotten thing. I introduced the Senator. I wanted to speak to Miss Randall so I told him we only stayed in the studio when we were afraid of the programs. I had just gotten to the door, was opening it. I heard a funny sound. When I turned—well—he slumped to the floor. When I saw he was shot in the back, and nobody in the room but me—well, I guess, I went out of my head—"

"Any more, lad?"

"Nothing, except I shouted," Dick Paulett continued. "I'm sorry, I didn't play square about being in the room, Inspector—you see, two more seconds and I'd have been out. But I couldn't have done it! I wouldn't have thought of such a thing—can't you see that, Inspector? We were like kin—our families—would be like blood relations for years! God knows, it looks rotten, Inspector. But I swear to you—I'd swear it on a stack of Bibles a mile high—I loved Senator Sterling, next to my own father. And I wouldn't have been fool enough to shoot any man, and me the only person there, in a radio studio."

Inspector Malone was puzzled. He thought of the words of the Spanish girl, "Why do you not ask the announcer?" Had Dick Paulett been in league with racketeers to recoup his shattered fortune? Had he devised some way to dispose of the death gun? Was he counting upon his enviable reputation and cordial relations with the dead Senator for exoneration? The veteran detective could not answer. Why had he told the false story in the first place? Through sheer fear? The facts were baffling, yet under the circumstances the Inspector had no alternative.

"I don't see how you could have done it, lad," he announced deliberately. (Continued on Page Twenty-two)



**Charles McK. Saltzman**  
Former Chairman Federal Radio Commission



**Senator Clarence C. Dill**  
"Father" of radio legislation in Congress



**Eugene O. Sykes**  
Acting Chairman Federal Radio Commission

# Washington DYNAMITE

By Frank H. Lovett

*Why the Radio Broadcasters  
Are Lying Awake Nights  
Worrying About the Policies  
Of New Radio Commission*

**C**MINOUS rumblings heard these days in the National Capital indicate that something in the nature of an actual holocaust may soon take place in the Federal Radio Commission.

How soon the Roosevelt steam roller, now nearing the outskirts of the District of Columbia, will turn its nose toward the czars of the ether and what deflated political bodies will be left in its train are questions of great moment in the radio world today.

At least two radio commissioners are sitting on hot seats, and a third one is squirming.

Chain broadcasters are wondering what course Rooseveltian progressivism will take in radio.

Little independent stations which feel "democratic" are hoping for increased power and better wave lengths, while some of the big stations, once elated because they attributed their increased power to a drag with the Hoover administration, are sitting back and holding their breath.

The static of this situation is terrific. And the heterodynes—well—they are running high, wide and handsome all the way from Capitol Hill to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, which, if you didn't already know, happens to be the address President Hoover will soon yield to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In the forthcoming clash between radio and politics, it can scarcely be expected that radio will emerge the victor, politics being one of those substances which not even radio waves have succeeded in penetrating. But, when the axe starts to fall, Judge E. O. Sykes appears to be one commissioner who is sitting pretty. He is now Acting Chairman and, whatever the outcome, he and Senator Clarence C. Dill of Washington will play major roles in its determination. Commissioner W. D. L. Starbuck of New York, Democratic appointee of President Hoover, may or may not be in the picture.

Certainly there will be some sort of shake-up in the much maligned Radio Commission. Mere vacancy of the chairmanship, occasioned by the resignation of Charles McK. Saltzman, former Major General in the Signal Corps, is sufficient cause for concern in radio circles because of the power and influence the position carries.

And it would not be surprising if an ancient feud born of commission factionalism became one of the controlling factors in the "new deal."

This historic feud in the Federal Radio Commission never came to actual blows. But more than once the fire of it spread to Capitol Hill and the sound of it re-echoed within the committee rooms and upon the floors of the House of Representatives and Senate. It began with the appointment of Saltzman and thereby hangs a tale.

Shortly following the confirmations of Commissioners Saltzman and Starbuck by the Senate in 1929, Commissioner Saltzman's name commenced to appear frequently in the society notes of Washington newspapers among the dinner guests at the White House. His son, Charles, a personable young lieutenant fresh from West Point, was chosen one of the Hoover military aides. Band wagon Washingtonians said that Saltzman had become the "big shot" of the Commission.

**C**OTHER radio commissioners commenced to sit up and take notice when they learned that he was holding frequent daytime conferences with two Hoover secretaries, Lawrence Richie and Walter Newton.

Therefore, when the hitherto temporary Federal Radio Commission was made a permanent government bureau by act of Congress, it was not surprising to hear that Commissioner Saltzman had been chosen Chairman.

But the spectacle which was tinted with pathos was the demotion of the former Chairman, Judge Ira E.

Robinson, distinguished lawyer and former Supreme Court Justice of West Virginia. Although a veteran of the commission and one of the outstanding members of the American Bar Association, he received a freeze-out appointment for one year only while the others were named for terms ranging from two to five years.

One can scarcely describe the change in atmosphere which accompanied the Saltzman regime. Even the Civil Service employes, always on the anxious seat, grew more worried, more cautious about their office gossip and more afraid of their jobs.

**C**HAIRMAN SALTZMAN became General Saltzman again. He was the Saltzman of the Signal Corps, the military man with the military bearing once more. His chairmanship threw a scare into the entire personnel of the Commission with the exceptions of Judges Robinson and Sykes.

Commissioner Harold A. LaFount, one time real estate man and salesman, a resident of Salt Lake City, and protege of the present lame duck Senator Reed Smoot, immediately jumped on the Saltzman band wagon, as did Commissioner Starbuck.

Forthwith the Saltzman-LaFount-Starbuck combination commenced to dictate the personnel for unfilled positions carrying lucrative salaries. In other words, they ran the Commission. But the reins were always in the iron hands of Chairman Saltzman. That was the beginning of a feud, long and bitter, with Judges Sykes and Robinson wearing the habitual expressions of "forgotten men." Thenceforth many of the Commission's decisions were reached by a three-to-two vote.

Now the worm has turned. LaFount and Judge Robinson's successor, Thad Brown, Republican of Ohio, are sitting on hot seats, with the fate of Starbuck uncertain. Curiously enough, Judge Sykes is sitting fairly close to the steering wheel of the Roosevelt steam roller.

Will the veteran democrat, Judge Sykes, have the opportunity and will he take revenge for those countless times the Hoover  
*(Continued on Page Fifteen)*

Sunday, February 26 N. Y. Philharmonic Fred Allen Walter Winchell

LOG OF STATIONS

Table with columns: Call Letters, Kilo-Watts, Power, Location. Lists stations like KFAB, KMOX, KSTP, etc.

Every effort is made to insure the accuracy of our programs at the time of going to press; however, there is the possibility of late changes.

7:00 A.M. NBC-Melody Hour; 7:20 A.M. WJJD-Mooseheart Catholic Services; 7:30 A.M. WIBO-Introductory Music; 7:55 A.M. KMOX-Good Morning; 8:00 A.M. CBS-Columbia Junior Bugle; 8:15 A.M. NBC-NBC Children's Hour; 8:30 A.M. CBS-Melody Parade; 8:45 A.M. CBS-Marion Carley; 9:00 A.M. CBS-Columbia Church of the Air; 9:15 A.M. WJJD-Musical Program; 9:30 A.M. CBS-The Compinsky Trio; 9:45 A.M. NBC-Blue-Waldorf Astoria Organ Recital; 10:00 A.M. CBS-Rhoda Arnold and Charles Carlisle; 10:15 A.M. NBC-Major Bowes' Capital Family; 10:30 A.M. KMOX-Our American Music; 10:45 A.M. WJJD-Mooseheart Protestant Services; 11:00 A.M. CBS-Street Singer; 11:15 A.M. CBS-Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; 11:30 A.M. CBS-Salt Lake City Tabernacle; 11:45 A.M. CBS-Street Singer; 12:00 NOON CBS-Poet's Gold; 12:15 P.M. CBS-Little Jack Little; 12:30 P.M. CBS-Columbia Church of the Air; 12:45 P.M. KMOX-Singer of Dreams; 1:00 P.M. WBBM-Norm Sherr; 1:15 P.M. CBS-The Dictators; 1:30 P.M. CBS-Sunday Matinee; 1:45 P.M. KFAB-Lancaster Bar Association; 2:00 P.M. CBS-New York Philharmonic; 2:30 P.M. NBC-Blue-Manhattan Merry-Go-Round; 2:45 P.M. NBC-Hour of Worship; 3:00 P.M. NBC-Father Coughlin; 3:15 P.M. NBC-John Seagle and Vee Lawnhurst; 3:30 P.M. NBC-National Youth Conference; 3:45 P.M. WBBM-Up to Par; 4:00 P.M. CBS-Roses and Drums; 4:15 P.M. NBC-Dream Dramas; 4:30 P.M. CBS-Chicago Knights; 4:45 P.M. WENR-Harold Van Horne; 5:00 P.M. CBS-Cathedral Hour; 5:15 P.M. WJJD-Wandering Violinist; 5:30 P.M. CBS-Cathedral Hour; 5:45 P.M. NBC-Paul Whiteman's Orchestra; 6:00 P.M. CBS-The World's Business; 6:10 P.M. KYW-Sports Reporter; 6:15 P.M. CBS-Walter Smith's Concert Band; 6:25 P.M. KYW-Jack Chapman's Orchestra; 6:30 P.M. NBC-Great Moments in History; 6:45 P.M. CBS-Angelo Patri; 7:00 P.M. CBS-John Henry; 7:15 P.M. CBS-Parade of Melodies; 7:30 P.M. NBC-Marimba Orchestra; 7:45 P.M. CBS-John Henry; 8:00 P.M. CBS-Fred Allen's Bath Club Revue; 8:15 P.M. NBC-Blue Danube; 8:30 P.M. CBS-Parade of Melodies; 8:45 P.M. WBBM-Harriet Cruise; 9:00 P.M. CBS-Ernest Hutcheson; 9:15 P.M. NBC-Vincent Lopez; 9:30 P.M. NBC-Orange Lantern; 9:45 P.M. NBC-Sunday at Seth Parker's; 10:00 P.M. CBS-The Gauchos; 10:15 P.M. NBC-Welcome Lewis; 10:25 P.M. WGN-Time; 10:30 P.M. CBS-Eddie Duchin; 10:45 P.M. KMOX-Ben Pollack's Orchestra; 11:00 P.M. CBS-Bernie Cummins; 11:15 P.M. WMAQ-Auld Sandy; 11:30 P.M. CBS-Bernie Cummins; 11:45 P.M. CBS-Hal Kemp's Orchestra; 11:50 P.M. WGN-Bernie Cummins; 12:00 MIDNIGHT KMOX-Mike Child's Orchestra; 12:30 A.M. WMAQ-Larry Larson; 1:15 A.M. WBBM-Raimondi's Venetians; 1:30 A.M. WMAQ-Tweet Hogan's Orchestra

WBBM-Rhoda Arnold and Charles Carlisle; WJJD-Our Guest Today; KMOX-Melody Lane; WLS-The Three Contraltos; KMOX-Father Coughlin; WJJD-Happy Go Lucky Time; WMAQ-U. of C. Organ Recital; KYW-Sunshine Program; WBBM-The Melody Makers; WJJD-Happy Go Lucky Time; WMAQ-U. of C. Organ Recital; CBS-Salt Lake City Tabernacle; KMOX-Fourth Church of Christ Scientist; WBBM-Peoples Church; WENR-Services from Central Church; WMAQ-U. of C. Service; CBS-Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; WGN-Some of Your Favorites; CBS-Street Singer; CBS-Poet's Gold; KFAB-Trinity Lutheran Choir; KMOX-Uncle Bob with the Comics; WISN-Ritter Garner Program; WOC-Who-Who-Popular Concert; WTMJ-Household Finance Program; CBS-Little Jack Little; WISN-Hall and Rogers; WTMJ-Juan Garcia; CBS-Columbia Church of the Air; NBC-Red-Moonshine and Honey; KMOX-Plantation Echoes; WIBO-Silver Bells; WISN-The Koepfel Band; WLS-Polish Music Hour; WTMJ-'Your Pets and Mine'; KMOX-Singer of Dreams; WBBM-Norm Sherr; WGN-Whistler and his Dog; WISN-Blind Man's Buff; CBS-Songing Ed McConnell; WBBM-KNOX WCCO; NBC-Mystery Tenor; KFAB-Father Flanagan's Boys Band; KYW-The Watchtower Program; WGN-Palmer House Ensemble; WIBO-German Program; WISN-Bert Roster; CBS-The Dictators; NBC-Red-International Radio Forum; WBBM-Did You Know That?; WJJD-Coin Talk; WTMJ-Dance Orchestra; CBS-Sunday Matinee; NBC-Charlie Agnew's Orchestra; NBC-Joe Green's Marimba Orchestra; KFAB-Milan Lambert; WCCO-George Kozlowski; WGN-Bridge Club; WLS-Little Brown Church; WOC-Who-To be announced; KFAB-Lancaster Bar Association; WCCO-Paul Oberg; WISN-The Captivators; CBS-New York Philharmonic; NBC-Our American Music; KYW-Who-Who-Wow; WBBM-Variety Hour; WLS-Association of Real Estate Tax payers; NBC-Blue-Manhattan Merry-Go-Round; NBC-Hour of Worship; WBBM-Religious-Historical Drama; WIBO-Norwegian Program; WJJD-Religious Talk; WLS-John Brown, pianist; WMAQ-U. of C. Round Table; WTMJ-Our Guest Today; KMOX-Melody Lane; WLS-The Three Contraltos; KMOX-Father Coughlin; WJJD-Happy Go Lucky Time; WMAQ-U. of C. Organ Recital; KYW-Sunshine Program; WBBM-The Melody Makers; WJJD-Happy Go Lucky Time; WMAQ-U. of C. Organ Recital; CBS-Salt Lake City Tabernacle; KMOX-Fourth Church of Christ Scientist; WBBM-Peoples Church; WENR-Services from Central Church; WMAQ-U. of C. Service; CBS-Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; WGN-Some of Your Favorites; CBS-Street Singer; CBS-Poet's Gold; KFAB-Trinity Lutheran Choir; KMOX-Uncle Bob with the Comics; WISN-Ritter Garner Program; WOC-Who-Who-Popular Concert; WTMJ-Household Finance Program; CBS-Little Jack Little; WISN-Hall and Rogers; WTMJ-Juan Garcia; CBS-Columbia Church of the Air; NBC-Red-Moonshine and Honey; KMOX-Plantation Echoes; WIBO-Silver Bells; WISN-The Koepfel Band; WLS-Polish Music Hour; WTMJ-'Your Pets and Mine'; KMOX-Singer of Dreams; WBBM-Norm Sherr; WGN-Whistler and his Dog; WISN-Blind Man's Buff; CBS-Songing Ed McConnell; WBBM-KNOX WCCO; NBC-Mystery Tenor; KFAB-Father Flanagan's Boys Band; KYW-The Watchtower Program; WGN-Palmer House Ensemble; WIBO-German Program; WISN-Bert Roster; CBS-The Dictators; NBC-Red-International Radio Forum; WBBM-Did You Know That?; WJJD-Coin Talk; WTMJ-Dance Orchestra; CBS-Sunday Matinee; NBC-Charlie Agnew's Orchestra; NBC-Joe Green's Marimba Orchestra; KFAB-Milan Lambert; WCCO-George Kozlowski; WGN-Bridge Club; WLS-Little Brown Church; WOC-Who-To be announced; KFAB-Lancaster Bar Association; WCCO-Paul Oberg; WISN-The Captivators; CBS-New York Philharmonic; NBC-Our American Music; KYW-Who-Who-Wow; WBBM-Variety Hour; WLS-Association of Real Estate Tax payers; NBC-Blue-Manhattan Merry-Go-Round; NBC-Hour of Worship; WBBM-Religious-Historical Drama; WIBO-Norwegian Program; WJJD-Religious Talk; WLS-John Brown, pianist

NBC-Borah Minneveitch's Harmonica Rhapsody; KMOX-Al Roth and his Ambassadors; KSTP-Amusement Bulletin; WBBM-Frank Wilson; WCCO-The Quiet Hour; WGN-Palmer House Ensemble; WIBO-Copeland Smith League; WJJD-Armour Institute; WMAQ-Stamp Talk; KYW-Sports Reporter; CBS-Walter Smith's Concert Band; NBC-Dr. Howard W. Haggard; WJZ WLS NBC-Wheatonville; WMAQ WMAQ WOC WHO; KYW-The Globe Trotter; WJJD-Dance Orchestra; WTMJ-Wadhams Sport Flash; WJZ WLS NBC-Frank Blank; WBBM-Paul Ash's Orchestra; WJJD-Dave Bennett's Orchestra; WBBM-Up to Par; CBS-Roses and Drums; NBC-National Vespers; KFAB-Schweiser and Dean; KYW-Blue Voices; WBBM-Chapel of the Air; WENR-Twilight Musings; WHAD-German Hour; WIBO-Catholic Hour; WJJD-Greek Hour; WMAQ-Jingle Joe; WOC-Who-Crazy Crystal Program; WJZ WLS NBC-Dream Dramas; KFAB-Sokol Singers; WBBM-Jack Heller; WGN-Jan Garber's Orchestra; WOC-Who-Dr. Benjamin F. Martin; CBS-Tea Party Matinee; WJJD-KNOX WCCO WBBM; NBC-Josef Koestner's Orchestra; NBC-Pages of Romance; NBC-Red-Chicago Little Symphony Orchestra; WMAQ WOC; WENR-High School Glee Club; WGN-Wayne King's Orchestra; WIBO-Salome Recital; WJJD-Judge Rutherford; WMAQ-Glee Club; CBS-Chicago Knights; WENR-Harold Van Horne; WJJD-Neighborhood Store; WGN-Bernie Cummins's Orchestra; CBS-The Lawyer and the Public; NBC-Sealed Power Program; NBC-Catholic Hour; KMOX-Organ Hour; KSTP-The Green Rose; KYW-Edgewater Beach Hotel Twilight Musicals; WIBO-Forsyth's Big City; WJJD-Leo Boswell; WGN-Wayne King's Orchestra; WIBO-Joe Springer's Sports; WJJD-Wandering Violinist; KMOX-Sports Reporter; CBS-Cathedral Hour; NBC-Paul Whiteman's Orchestra; NBC-Our American Schools; KMOX-Rabbi Gordon; WBBM-Norm Sherr; WGN-Rhythm and Melodies; WIBO-Church of the Air; WISN-Post-Office Educational Talk; WJJD-Retail Druggists; WOC-Who-Watch Tower Program; WTMJ-Ferrick Vesper Quartet; KSTP-Cathedral Hour; WBBM-Dick Daring; WISN-Cathedral Hour; WMAQ-Harold Van Horne; WOC-Who-White Organ Program; WTMJ-Italian Hour; CBS-The World's Business; Dr. Julius Klein; WISN

WENR-Edison Symphony Orchestra; WGN-The Old Theater Box; WOC-Who-Garden Program; CBS-Foreign Legion; NBC-Pickens Sisters; KMOX-Citizen of the Southwest; KYW-To be announced; WGN-Tomorrow's News; WOW-Crazy Water Program; WGN-Headlines of Other Days; NBC-Orange Lantern; NBC-Sunday at Seth Parker's; KMOX-The Mighty Voice; WBBM-Frank Westphal's Orchestra; WENR-Don Pedro's Orchestra; WOW-Maisonette Russe; CBS-The Gauchos; KMOX-Paul Ash's Orchestra; WCCO-Carl Moore's Orchestra; WENR-Erskine Tate's Orchestra; WMAQ-Winter Garden Orchestra; NBC-Welcome Lewis; NBC-Donald Novis; KFAB-Mystery Play; KMOX-Sports Reporter; KSTP-Reports; KYW-Sports Reporter; WGN-Dream Ship; WISN-Dance Orchestra; WTMJ-Chernoff Ball Room; KMOX-Ralph Stein; KSTP-Donald Novis; WGN-Time; CBS-Eddie Duchin; NBC-Jesse Crawford; NBC-Melodie Serenade; WJZ KSTP WOV WENR; WGN-Wayne King's Orchestra; WMAQ-Tweet Hogan's Orchestra; WTMJ-Dance Orchestra; KFAB-Eddie Duchin's Orchestra; KMOX-Mike Child's Orchestra; WGN-Jan Garber's Orchestra; CBS-Ben Pollack's Orchestra; NBC-William Steves; NBC-Joe Furr's Orchestra; WMAQ-Dave Bittner's Orchestra; WGN-Wayne King's Orchestra; KMOX-Ben Pollack's Orchestra; WMAQ-Auld Sandy; CBS-Bernie Cummins's Orchestra; NBC-Jan Garber's Orchestra; NBC-Charlie Kerr's Orchestra; KMOX-Club Avallon's Orchestra; WGN-Hal Kemp's Orchestra; WMAQ-Al Kvale's Orchestra; WGN-George Johnson; CBS-Hal Kemp's Orchestra; KMOX-Dave Bittner's Orchestra; WMAQ-Beach View Orchestra; WGN-Bernie Cummins's Orchestra; KMOX-Mike Child's Orchestra; WBBM-Around the Town; WENR-Erskine Tate's Orchestra; WGN-Russian Music; WMAQ-Art Kasse's Orchestra; KMOX-Paul Ash's Orchestra; KYW-Vincent Lopez's Orchestra; WENR-Don Pedro's Orchestra; WGN-Hal Kemp's Orchestra; WMAQ-Vincent Lopez's Orchestra; KYW-Al Trace's Orchestra; WMAQ-Larry Larson; WBBM-Raimondi's Venetians; WMAQ-Tweet Hogan's Orchestra









HEAR Miss Lucinda Schuck crooning "Lover, Stay 'Way From My Window" on the radio tonight and she is a very fine canary, indeed. I am sitting there thinking what a very fine canary she is and finding a good deal of personal distress in the fact that only three of us know that her real name is Miss Lucinda Schuck and that there is a very good reason for her crooning "Lover, Stay 'Way From My Window."

I am a man like this: I don't tell what I ought not to tell, but when a honey like Miss Lucinda Schuck comes along and turns out to be the ace canary of the network, well then I think it is very high time indeed that some one tell the story about Miss Lucinda Schuck and why there is a good reason for her to sing "Lover, Stay 'Way From My Window," a catchy tune that has altered the singing habits of a nation to no inconsiderable degree.

I am in the publicity department of Continental Broadcasting Incorporated when the matter of Miss Lucinda Schuck takes place and I want to say that I am finding it a very trying job. I am finding it very hard to get up in the morning because when you get up you have to go to work and when you go to work you have to meet and put up with such chirpers as Miss Benita Ciegos who used to sing for the Angel Foam Soap hour but has not been heard lately, thank goodness.

Miss Ciegos is very handsome to see and you could lay your ganders on a dozen dames anywhere in our city before finding one to equal Miss Ciegos for sheer good looks, but after you have put your blue ganders on Miss Ciegos once you have practically exhausted her possibilities and you cannot go on looking at a dame all day every day when she has nothing to offer but sheer good looks.

I am assigned to find ways and means of making the daily journals mention Miss Benita Ciegos positively and the Angel Foam Soap hour if possible and this assignment naturally brings me in contact with Miss Ciegos many times a day. She is a girl like this: she has to see her picture in the daily journals once a day or she cannot sing that night. If the daily journals do not choose to print Miss Ciegos' picture then I am on the wrong end of a prose serve that proves that Miss Ciegos is a very handy dame with the language.

The only thing that does get me up in the mornings is the vital necessity of hustling enough scratch to get me through the week and the only immediate way I see to earn a bundle of scratch sufficient to my needs is to earn it at the Continental Broadcasting Incorporated studios, which pay well enough and, besides, I can always say "good morning" to Miss Lucinda Schuck when I come in to work.

MISS LUCINDA SCHUCK is the receptionist at Continental Broadcasting Incorporated at that time and she makes a very tidy front door come-on, if I do say so who ought to know. She has hair that was spun out of an open flame on a winter's night and her cheeks are a sight worth climbing to see, even climbing the eighteen floors to the roost of CBI. I am knowing her for two years and if you had asked me up to the night she sang for the radio I could not have told you about her figure because I am always in too much of a hurry in the morning to notice such things and besides those receptionist desks are very effective screens. I will state now that Miss Lucinda Schuck's figure is okay.

I am knowing Miss Lucinda Schuck two years and I do not know that she has a voice and if I were to tell you her name on the air you would laugh at me for being a fool which privately I think I am. I am knowing her two years and admiring her flame hair and her cheeks and the way she says "Good morning, Mr. Setters. Miss Ciegos is waiting to see you." One day, I think, I will come to work to the studios of CBI and Miss Lucinda Schuck will not say "Good morning, Mr. Setters. Miss Ciegos is waiting to see you." She will not say it because the night before I will have poisoned Miss Ciegos and put her handsome map out of my life, forever. That is what I am thinking that morning when I walk in and Miss

Lucinda Schuck is busily humming a small tune and does not hear me enter.

"Good morning, Miss Schuck," I say.

And she just goes on humming her small tune. Well, this is such a wrench out of the norm that I stop in my tracks and I say: "No Miss Ciegos?"

Miss Lucinda Schuck lifts two eyes cut out of moss-agates to me, cuts her small tune long enough to say, "Plenty Miss Ciegos," and goes right on with her singing. I am too confused to notice it then but after I have personally got Miss Ciegos' picture into one of the afternoon papers I think of Miss Schuck and her singing and I remember that her small tune was very nice indeed.

MR. WALTER EASTON, who is the program director and wears fancy vests, comes into my cell about that time and finds it convenient to say that it would not even put a small crack in his heart if Miss Benita Ciegos were to undergo vertigo in front of a very fast taxicab and suffer the complete loss of her life. This interests me because up to now I am thinking that Mr. Easton and his fancy vests and Miss Ciegos and her ball-bearing eyes have caused a very uh-huh condition between these two.

"Is she off the Angel Foam Soap hour?" I ask.

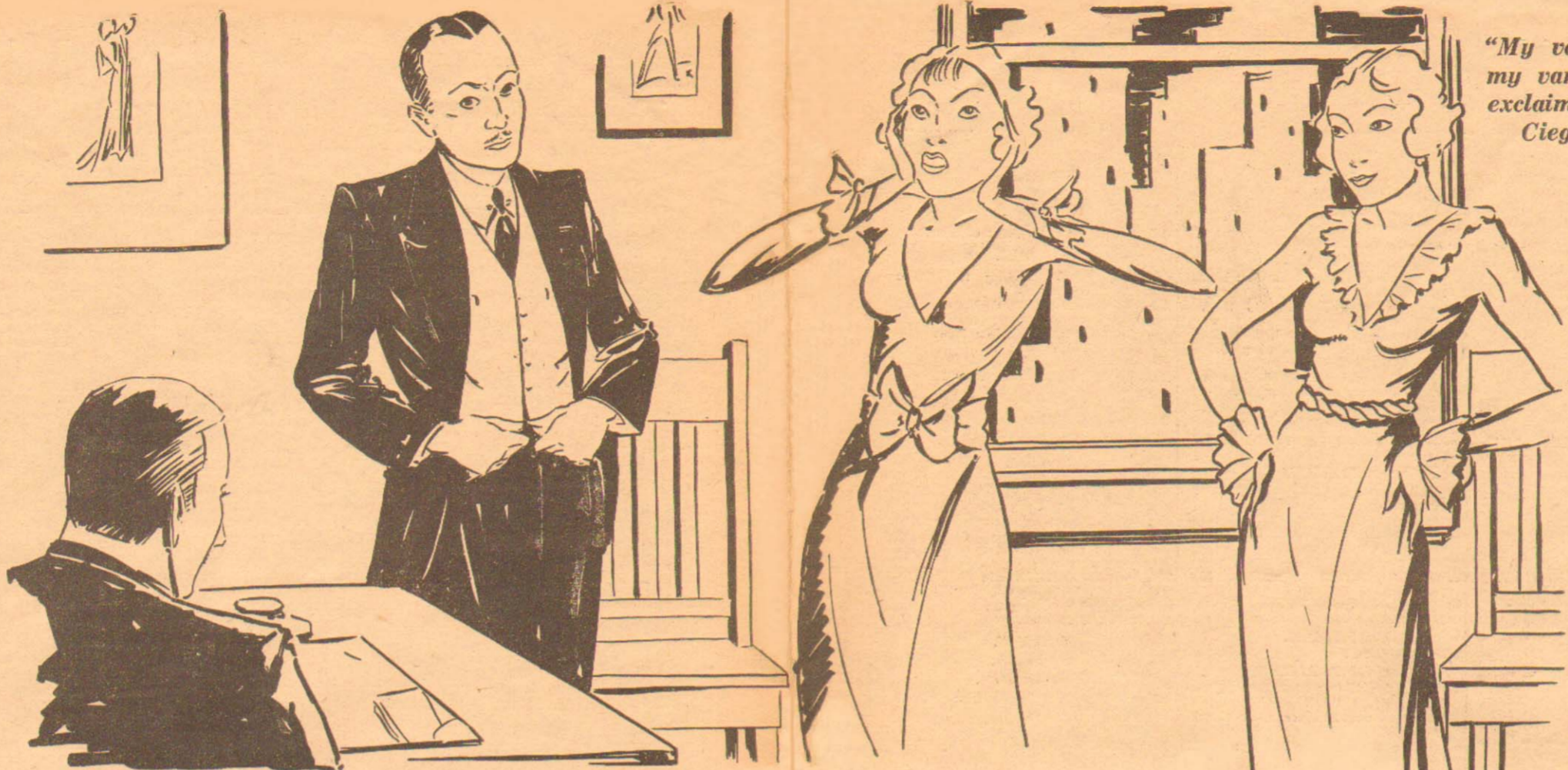
"I could wish that she were," he replies, with acid. "I find Miss Benita Ciegos a very definite problem with which to deal."

"I could have helped you to that dry conclusion long since," I say, since Mr. Walter Easton with his fancy vests is not my boss and besides that small tune from Miss Lucinda Schuck is coursing through my brain. "Now what?"

"Miss Benita Ciegos will not sing tonight on the Angel Foam Soap hour because she does not like the looks of my hair," Mr. Walter Easton announces with some hurt. "Miss Benita Ciegos is that kind of a dame."

I will insert here that I cannot really blame Miss Ciegos for indulging her temperament on the matter of Mr. Easton's hair. It is a well known fact in radio circles that Mr. Walter Easton has very unruly hair indeed and that he must lash it down daily with copious torrents of hair oil bearing most of the properties of musilage. It is reported by those who have seen him at that ghastly hour in the morning when a man is at his dead level worst that his hair mingles the most revolting features of a burst mattress and a House of David first baseman. They tell of a bright Summer morning when Mr. Walter Easton arose to find that he had no hair tonic in his medicine chest and was in a fine state of baffle until, in desperation to meet a 10 a. m. appointment, he dashed shampoo on his skull, plastered down the hair and rushed blithely away only, alas, to run into a thunder-shower on the

mountain lion masquerading as woman bounds in.



"My vanity! I have left my vanity in the studio," exclaimed Senorita Benita Ciegos, "send for it."

the broadcasting room.

As I open the door I stand transfixed. There is the studio crew standing silently while Miss Lucinda Schuck pours out a throaty, warm melody that is, I can tell from the look on the pan of the guy in the control room, the slickest thing since Louise Homer. We all wait until she finishes and we start to applaud and she blushes, frightened.

"I did not know anyone was in here, she exclaims. "I thought I was alone."

She starts to go with the vanity in her hand but I stop her.

"Will you do that over again, Miss Schuck, for a certain party and when you have finished there is a little matter I have been meaning to take up with you."

She nods and starts again. I call Mr. Easton who stands as transfixed as I and when Miss Lucinda Schuck gets through he is a very impressed man.

"How long have you been singing?" he asks.

"Does it matter?" Miss Lucinda Schuck replies, proving that she is an artist at heart and as balmy as the rest of them.

It develops that Miss Lucinda Schuck has been singing for five years in a choir, has had lessons from a very top drawer maestro and is considered in her set, the 125th Street younger group, to be a first class canary in every respect.

Mr. Easton calls in Mr. Roger Hunyadi, the first vice-president; Mr. Elmer Cantler, the second vice-president, and Mr. William LeBoutelier L'Hommedieu Jones, the third vice-president and he asks them to hear Miss Lucinda Schuck. She sings for them again and again and they are agreed that Miss Lucinda Schuck is a first class canary in all ways but they have 5,000 first class canaries on the waiting list.

Mr. Easton explains the difficulty about Miss Benita Ciegos, leaving out the part about his hair, and sends for her contract which shows that she has only two weeks to go anyway and why couldn't they sign up Miss Lucinda Schuck.

"At how much?" asks Miss Schuck, who up to now had taken no part in the general conversation.

The first, second and third vice-presidents look pained and are about to take out their vex on her by not signing her up when I point that although they have 5,000 A-1 canaries on the waiting list it is extremely doubtful if any one of them has hair spun

# NOCTURNE:

## Scored for Heartbreak

### And How Have You Been, Mr. Runyon?

By Konrad Molnar

way and what that did for his hair is not to be described. Police cars for miles around came scurrying to the scene of a man who was reported to be foaming at the head. But that is irrelevant and has nothing to do with what I am telling you which is why Miss Lucinda Schuck has a perfect reason for singing "Lover, Keep 'Way From My Window" this night I am hearing her on the radio.

MISS BENITA CIEGOS has a contract which she must as a leading artist of the air fulfill," I suggest. "But if you really think—"

"I think that it is a good opportunity to get rid of Miss Ciegos for once and for all," Mr. Easton replies, jerking down the points of his fancy vest, "but the fact is we have no one to take her place on such short notice and besides that I would not wish to offend the Angel Foam Soap hour people who pay us 100,000 clinkers per annum in cash."

"For 100,000 clinkers in cash I would sing myself," I say.

"I would pay that to keep you from it," Mr. Easton replies, which proves that he is not in fettle this morning.

We are about to resume our discussion when we hear a door rip from its hangings and a flute-like feminine voice comes shrilling through the corridor.

"That would be Miss Benita Ciegos?" I ask.

"Who else could make a noise like that?" The door bursts open and 110 pounds of tawny

from flame and cheeks it would be worth your walking eighteen floors to see.

They agree that there is much in what I say except that television has not come in and a canary with a scrambled pan and a good voice that can be signed up cheap is just as good for their purpose. I point out that while television has not yet been sprung on the public market to any considerable extent or with any real success, still and yet the daily journals are coming out every day and it is easier to get them to print the picture of a handsome canary than a moulting one and pictures in the daily journals are very agreeable publicity for a broadcasting studio, even CBI which is a big one.

The boys concede the force of my logic and they give Miss Benita Ciegos her two weeks' pay in lieu of notice. That one snaps her vanity up and storms out of the studio and I wish to say here that there have been few happier moments in my life than that in which Miss Benita Ciegos left our employment.

A contract is arranged at money up to here on a tall man and up to there on a trim little person like Miss Lucinda Schuck. I count it all my doing that she gets a contract with money up to there and a chance for fame so when the ink has dried and the Angel Foam Soap hour people have been placated (I find out later that one of the boys over there is very uh-huh about Miss Benita Ciegos) I take Miss Lucinda Schuck aside and I say to her:

"Is everything all right, baby? Is everything all right?"

She looks me over startled sort of and says: "Why not?"

THIS leaves me with practically nothing to say and I am gulping when she adds: "What did you want?" That cool.

"Why—uh—uh—that is—"

"You said there was a little matter you had been meaning to take up with me," she prods.

"Well, Miss Lucinda Schuck, the fact is that for two years I have been noticing your hair that is like flame and your cheeks that I would climb eighteen floors to see and your eyes that were cut out of moss-agate and I want to say, Miss Lucinda Schuck, that I love you."

"How perfectly absurd," she replies.

"I suppose it is," I snap, nettled, "but those are the facts and I would be grateful if you would take them home with you and think them over. I not only love you but I am in a position to do you a lot of good and I think that ought to help you make up your mind."

"You are in a position to do me a lot of good because you are paid for it," she replies, "and besides I am married."

From that point on there is not a great deal left to tell you. Miss Lucinda Schuck's image is burned in my heart until I can't get it out and I find myself in the uncomfortable position of a man who is in love with a woman who wants no part of him at any time.

I find it hard to put my soul in the work of getting her picture in the daily journals but since my job depends on it and I had done such good job of putting her over the boys sort of looked to me to keep up the good work.

The daily journals do not wish to print even a picture of so lovely a creature as Miss Lucinda Schuck with a name like that so I have to give her a new name and were I tell you the name you would be astonished because it is one of the biggest names on the air and she is the ace canary of CBI.

She comes into your home every night with a throaty, warm song that has captivated 110,000,000 listeners-in and that is an appalling number of anything to captivate.

And that is why Miss Lucinda Schuck has such a good reason to sing "Lover, Stay 'Way From My Window." She's singing to me, the rat, and not to you, you 110,000,000 people who think she is.

















Bing Crosby

AMERICA'S JAZZ KING CONTEST

(SATURDAY CONTINUED) 8:00 P.M.

CBS-Bing Crosby, Leonard Hayton's Orchestra: WGN KMOX WISN WCCO NBC-Blue-Viennese Program: WMAQ KSTP WBBM-The Norsemen WBO-Basketball; Northwestern vs. Minnesota WJJD-Bubb Dickard WLS-Barn Dance Frolic WMAQ-Tweet Hogan's Orchestra WOW-Hotel Fontenelle Orchestra

8:15 P.M. CBS-The Boswell Sisters: KMOX WCCO WBBM WGN The Old Favorites WBO-Wilcox Memory Book WISN-Milwaukee Radio Forum WJJD-Concert Orchestra WMAQ-Ivan Eppinoff's Orchestra

8:30 P.M. CBS-Carborundum Band: KMOX WCCO WGN NBC-Red-The Oldsmobile Program with Gus Van: WOC WHO WOW WMAQ WTMJ KSTP WBBM-Charley Straight's Orchestra WGN-To be announced WHAD-Jewish Half Hour WBO-In a Garden, songs WLS-Ferris Hawaiians

8:40 P.M. WBBM-Emergency Welfare Fund 8:45 P.M. WBBM-Paul Ash's Orchestra WBO-Clem and Harry

9:00 P.M. NBC-Red-Washington Inaugural Ball; musical program: WLS WOW KMOX-County Fair KYW-The Globe Trotter; News of the World WGN-Hal Kemp's Orchestra WHAD-Wells Colonial Ball Room WBO-Salon Ensemble WMAQ-College Inn Orchestra WTMJ-To be announced

9:15 P.M. CBS-Columbia Public Affairs Institute: WBBM WCCO KYW-Al Trace's Orchestra WGN-Lewis White, baritone; orchestra WBO-Wilcox Memory Book WMAQ-Lee Sims and Humsy Bailey, piano and songs

9:30 P.M. NBC-Blue-Cuckoo Program; Raymond Knight; Orchestra: KYW KMOX-The Citizen of the Southwest WGN-Tomorrow's News WBO-Happy Shavers WISN-Dance Orchestra WMAQ-To be announced 9:40 P.M. WGN-Headlines of Other Days 9:45 P.M. CBS-Gertrude Nissen: KMOX WCCO WBBM-Ben Pollack's Orchestra WGN-The Dream Ship WBO-Betty and Jean WISN-Joe Smith's Orchestra

10:00 P.M. CBS-Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians: KFAB WISN WCCO NBC-Blue-Buccaneers; vocal trio: WJR WMAQ KSTP KMOX-Air Topics KYW-Mark Fisher's Orchestra WGN-Hal Kemp's Orchestra WBO-Marvin Luster's Orchestra WLS-Grace Wilson and Wm. O'Connor WMAQ-Art Kassel's Orchestra WOC-Who-Soloist (NBC) WOW-News Period WTMJ-Astronomy Club

10:15 P.M. NBC-Blue-Ortavius Roy Cohen Murder WTMJ KYW KMOX-Sports Reporter KSTP-News Report WGN-Mulligan and Mulligan WBO-Clem and Ira WLS-Barn Dance WMAQ-Beach View Orchestra WOW-Omaha Athletic Club

10:20 P.M. KMOX-Bobby Meeker's Orchestra 10:25 P.M. KSTP-Musical Interlude 10:30 P.M. CBS-Harold Stern and his St. Moritz Orchestra: WISN WCCO KFAB NBC-Red-Paul Whiteman's Orchestra: WEAQ WMAQ WOC WHO KMOX-KMOX County Fair KSTP-Veterans of Foreign Wars Program KYW-Jack Chapman's Orchestra WGN-Wayne King's Orchestra WBO-Marvin Luster's Orchestra WMAQ-Stamp Talk and Orchestral Music WTMJ-Dance Orchestras

10:45 P.M. WBO-Salon Ensemble WOW-Cherriot Ball Room 10:50 P.M. WGN-Bernie Cummins' Orchestra 11:00 P.M. CBS-Joe Haymes' Orchestra: KFAB WISN WCCO

ALL set for the coronation of America's Jazz King? Radio Guide will crown whomever he may be in next week's issue, on all news stands Thursday, March 2. While the attention of the political and diplomatic world will be focused on the inauguration of Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States, an army of radio fans will be waiting for the culmination of the most successful national poll ever held to name their favorite baton wielder.

A total of 48,337 votes—actual ballots, not padded—have been cast as this edition of Radio Guide goes to press, and the heavy last minute voting is expected to push the total far in advance of this very representative figure.

Ben Bernie, who has been at number one post since the start of the competition with the exception of one week when Guy Lombardo dislodged him, added more than 2,500 votes to his total again this week, while Lombardo counted 1,500—better than usual—to hold second. The Old Maestro looks mighty much like the winner.

WAYNE (WALTZ) KING drew 1,300 ballots to raise his third position total to 6,563 votes. As it now stands, more than half the total vote has been cast for the three leading bandsmen, and there is less than six thousand difference between King and Bernie!

Seven other rhythm makers have recorded more than a thousand votes. Rudy Vallee and George Olsen retain fourth- and fifth places, but Herbie Kay and Husk O'Hare polled more than five hundred votes



DAN RUSSO

A strong contender in the first division.

this week to boost them from eighth and ninth up to sixth and seventh places respectively, forcing Dan Russo and Cab Calloway back two spots each to eight and nine. The Kay and O'Hare advance is threatening.

Abe Lyman's supporters pushed him from twelfth to tenth and into the thousand class with more

than 500 votes added, and an untimely weakness of "Pop" Paul Whiteman, Dean of Modern Music if no longer King of Jazz, caused him to slip another step back to eleven and Isham Jones to twelve.

Whose head will wear the first Jazz King crown? Get next week's RADIO GUIDE and learn. Here are the standings up to date:

(Figure in parenthesis denotes last week's standing).

- 1. Ben Bernie (1) ..... 12,364
2. Guy Lombardo (2) ..... 8,872
3. Wayne King (3) ..... 6,563
4. Rudy Vallee (4) ..... 2,475
5. George Olsen (5) ..... 2,053
6. Herbie Kay (8) ..... 1,480
7. Husk O'Hare (9) ..... 1,372
8. Dan Russo (6) ..... 1,309
9. Cab Calloway (7) ..... 1,060
10. Abe Lyman (12) ..... 1,025
11. Paul Whiteman (10) ..... 750
12. Isham Jones (11) ..... 681
13. Hal Kemp (18) ..... 666
14. Mark Fisher (16) ..... 524
15. Ted Weems (15) ..... 399
16. Jack Denny (13) ..... 387
17. George Hall (21) ..... 363
18. Frankie Trumbauer (17) 331
19. Maurie Sherman (20) ..... 297
20. Clyde McCoy (19) ..... 290
21. Carl Moore (23) ..... 286
22. Art Kassel (22) ..... 253
23. Frankie Masters (24) ..... 240
24. Bernie Cummins (25) ..... 181
25. Vincent Lopez (28) ..... 159
26. Harry Turner (30) ..... 150
27. Russ Columbo (27) ..... 145
28. Ben Pollack (26) ..... 143
29. Happy Felton (32) ..... 137
30. Jan Garber (31) ..... 131
31. Ozzie Nelson (29) ..... 108
32. Duke Ellington (35) ..... 80
33. Don Pedro (33) ..... 76
34. William Stoess (39) ..... 71
35. Half Pint Jaxon (34) ..... 69
36. Smith Bailew (36) ..... 68
37. Dave Rubinoff (37) ..... 54
38. Don Bestor (38) ..... 54
39. Buddy Rogers (41) ..... 45
40. Charlie Agnew (40) ..... 45

(Leaders with less than forty-five votes not shown).

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Mrs. G. O. O., Jackson Heights, L. I., New York.—Van and Don are off the air at present but they are the same team you heard out in San Francisco.

C. S. H., Paterson, New Jersey.—Address Ben Bernie, Pat Kennedy and Al Jolson, at the National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City when requesting photographs. Vaughn de Leath and Ruth Eiting can be reached by writing to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Bing Crosby broadcasts from WABC Wednesday and Saturday nights at 9 p. m.

I. C. E., St. Joseph, Mo.—The Blackstone Plantation program with Sanderson and Crumit is not off the air. It goes over an NBC-WEAF network Tuesday nights, 8 p. m. (EST) including WTAM, Cleveland and WWJ, Detroit.

M. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Romantic Bachelor is Tommy McLaughlin.

Mrs. E. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Phil Cook is now under NBC Artist Bureau management which means that he may be scheduled for NBC broadcasting at irregular times. He has no regular broadcasting schedule and the circus program he put on several weeks ago was his first other program for some time. Canada Dry is no longer on the air.

Miss G. T., Chicago, Ill.—Write to the NBC address given above

for tickets of admission to an Eddie Cantor or a Donald Novis broadcast. Address Columbia, address also given above, for admission tickets to a Bing Crosby program. These three artists all work directly from New York City excepting when they are out on tour or down in Florida on a vacation like Eddie Cantor is now. Bing Crosby will not leave for Hollywood until April.

Mrs. C. A. I., York, Pa.—Mrs.

Julian Heath died several months ago.

R. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—KYW's moving to Philadelphia is only an unfounded rumor.

Wm. R., Jersey City, N. J.—Guy Lombardo's piano player is Fritz Kreitzer. Howard Clancy announces Al Jolson's New York broadcasts. To request a picture write directly to the stars.

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- Al Jolson -

- Gus Van -

- Mary Eastman -

- Donald Novis -

# HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

## \* SPECIAL PROGRAM \*

**COMPLETE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES TO BE BROADCAST**—The ceremonies attendant to the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt will be picked up in full by scores of Columbia and NBC microphones and mobile transmitters in Washington, D. C., Saturday, March 4. The networks will broadcast the proceedings from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. A description of the Inaugural Ball will be broadcast at 9 p. m.

## \* COMEDY \*

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26**—Eddie Cantor, the banjoe-eyed booby on NBC-WMAQ network at 7 p. m.  
Fred Allen, the dead pan comedian, and his revue is on the CBS-WGN network at 8 p. m.

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27**—Groucho and Chico Marx, "Flywheel, Shyster and Flywheel," attorneys at law. Still trying to grab a case, these mad comedians are on an NBC-WSM network at 6:30 p. m.

**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28**—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, again giggles his comedy repartee with Graham McNamee on an NBC-WMAQ network at 8:30 p. m.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1**—Burns and Allen will be with you again and she may not even mention her brother. They're on a CBS-WGN network at 8:30 p. m.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 2**—Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen will lie as usual to "Sharlie" on an NBC-WENR network at 9 p. m.

Stoopnagle and Budd will discuss "Stoopnocracy." And if you haven't already heard them on this subject, do so on a CBS-WGN network at 8:30 p. m.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 3**—Al Jolson, without his Mammy, but with plenty of gags and songs on an NBC-WENR network at 9 p. m.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 4**—The Funnyboners, that trio of funsters come to you on the CBS-WBBM network at 5:45 p. m.

## PLAYS

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26**—"Roses and Drums" with De Wolf Hopper and William Faversham. The episode will be concerned with the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863. Presented by a CBS-WGN network at 5 p. m.

Great Moments in History on an NBC-WLS network at 6:30 p. m.

D. W. Griffiths' Hollywood presented on an NBC-WMAQ network at 9 p. m.

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27**—Fu Manchu Mystery. Another Sax Rohmer episode on CBS-WGN network at 7:30 p. m.

**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28**—Eno Crime Club on NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.

"Magic Voice," featuring Elsie Hitz, on CBS-WGN network at 7:15 p. m.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1**—"The Shadow," that fascinating mystery drama, continues on an NBC-WBEN network at 7:30 p. m.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" again bringing to you an episode of master detection. On NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 2**—Howard Thurston, the Magician, another sketch of mystery on NBC-WLS at 7:45 p. m.

Octavus Roy Cohen's Murder Mystery on an NBC-KYW network at 6:45 p. m.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 3**—The Adventures of Charlie Chan on NBC-WSM at 6:30 p. m.

"The Inside Story" with Edwin C. Hill, featuring George Gershwin as guest celebrity. Brought to you on CBS-WGN at 8:30 p. m.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 4**—"Magic Voice," on CBS-WGN at 7:15 p. m.

## \* MUSIC \*

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26**—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra directed by Bruno Walter and with Ossip Gabrilowitsch as soloist. On CBS-WGN network at 2 p. m. Selections: Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Flat major, Schubert Symphony No. 9 and Bach Fugue in C minor.

Paul Whiteman's Rhythmic Concert on NBC-WENR network at 5:30 p. m.

**MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27**—Melody Moments brought to you through NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m. Selections from "Prince of Pilsen," "On the Road to Mandalay," "Syncopation," "Swanee," "Young and Healthy," "Deep River," "Minuet" and excerpts from the "Firefly."

Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, tenor and orchestra presented by NBC-WMAQ at 7:30 p. m. "Ave Maria," "By the Waters of Minnetonka," "Out of the Dusk," "Do You Know My Garden," and "M'Appri," from "Martha."

**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28**—Blackstone Plantation with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit as soloists and orchestra. On NBC-WTAM at 7 p. m.

Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra over NBC-WENR at 7:30 p. m.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1**—Woodbury Program featuring Morton Downey and Donald Novis. Program: "Some Day I'll Find You," selections from "Bittersweet," "King's Horses," "What Is This Thing Called Love?," "Quiero Mucho," "You're Blase," "Limehouse Blues," and "Bells of St. Mary" at 8:30 p. m. over NBC-WENR.

Symphony Concert with Sandor Harmati as guest conductor on NBC-WTAM at 8 p. m.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 2**—Rudy Vallee and his guest stars on NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.

Captain Henry's Showboat, "meller drammer" featuring Lanny Ross and Annette Hanshaw. Presented on NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 3**—Cities Service Concert with Jessica Dragonette, soprano, on NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.

"Kashmiri Song," "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," "Angela Mia," Gems from "Bittersweet," "Al Fresco," "Serenade," "Cachuca," "Wanting You," "Canzonetta," "Valse," "March and Procession of Bacchus," and "Si Me Vers des Alles."

Mary Eastman, soprano with Symphony Orchestra and Male Chorus on CBS-KMOX at 8:15 p. m.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 4**—Leonard Hayton and his augmented orchestra on CBS-WGN at 8 p. m.

## \* VOCALISTS \*

**RUTH ETTING**—CBS-WGN, Monday and Thursday at 8 p. m.

**MORTON DOWNEY**—NBC-WENR Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. CBS-WJKS Thursday at 9:45 p. m.

**BING CROSBY**—CBS-WGN Wednesday and Saturday at 8 p. m.

**DONALD NOVIS**—NBC-WENR Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. and Sunday at 10:15 p. m.

**MILLS BROTHERS**—CBS-WGN Monday and Thursday at 8:15 p. m.

**WHISPERING JACK SMITH**—CBS-WGN Monday and Wednesday at 7 p. m., and Thursday at 7:15 p. m.

**KATE SMITH**—CBS-WGN Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

**SINGING SAM**—CBS-WGN Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:15 p. m.

**STREET SINGER**—CBS-WJKS on Friday at 9:30 p. m. and Saturday over CBS-WBBM at 6:45 p. m.

## - NEWS -

**EDWIN C. HILL**—CBS-WJKS on Monday and Tuesday at 9:30 p. m. and over CBS-WBBM on Wednesday at the same time.

**BOAKE CARTER**—at 6:45 p. m. on CBS-WBBM Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

**LOWELL THOMAS**—at 5:45 p. m. on NBC-WLW Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

**FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE**—"The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," on CBS-WISN at 6 p. m. Saturday.

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