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Radio Guide

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY OF

E8CBDMT8DB7
WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1936

10
CENTS



Grace Moore—See Page 20

\$5000.00 Contest Open to All
SCOOP! QUINTUPLETS *in* COLOR PHOTOS

Medal of Merit

DURING those rain-drenched days of March 18, 19, and 20 radio listeners heard much of flood waters and flood sufferers. In the valleys of Ohio and Pennsylvania and Connecticut men and women were being washed out of their homes and possessions. Yet for the first time in any great American flood, the citizens of every state in the Union were made, by the magic of radio, ear-witnesses of the catastrophe.

Elsewhere we have paid tribute to the generosity of radio stars and stations who served mankind in this great emergency.

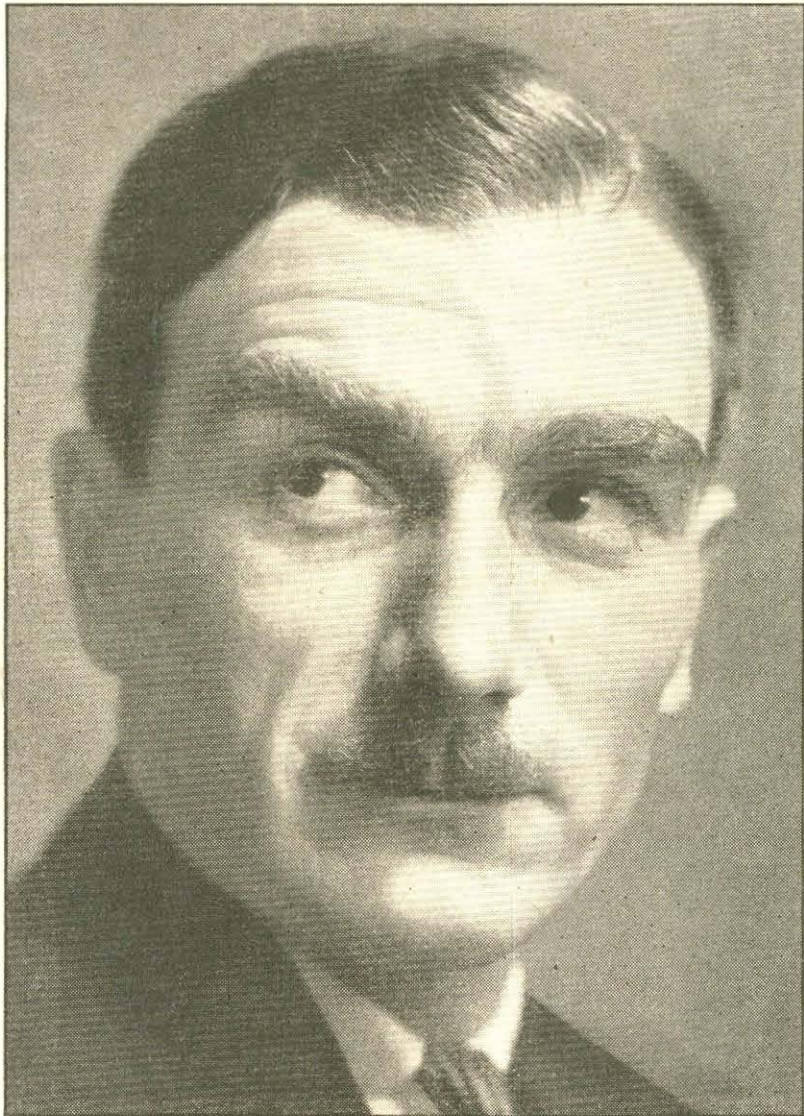
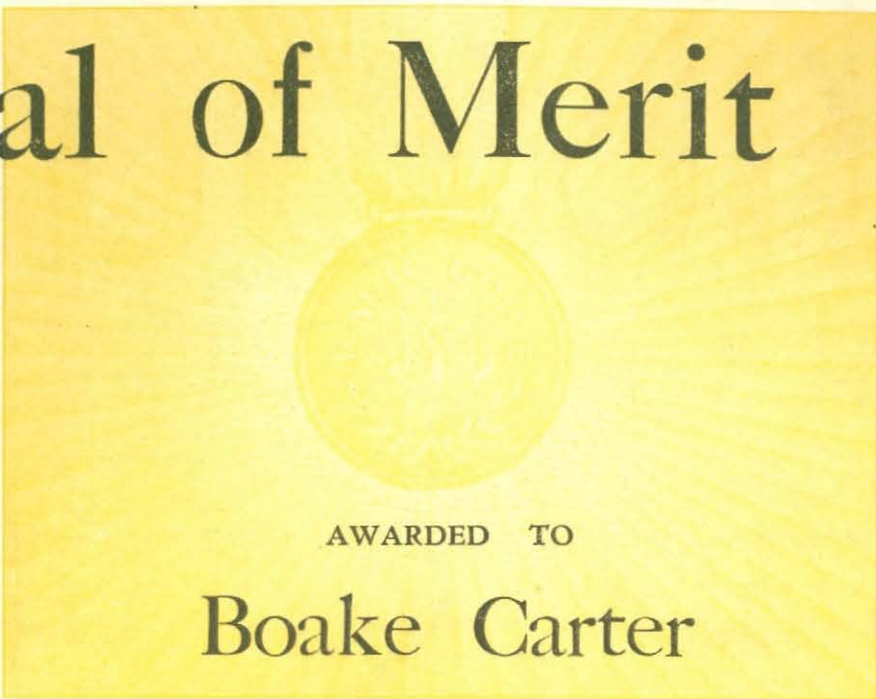
Here we wish to call attention to the work of one radio star, a news commentator, who served his audience in a manner we feel to have been especially distinguished.

News broadcasting never is an easy job. To it must be brought judgment of values, honesty of purpose and mental integrity. Add to those qualities that of courage, and we have as well-equipped and useful a broadcaster as these ears are likely to hear.

During those soggy, flooded days of March when whole cities were under water, it seemed to me that one radio figure outshone all others in his coverage of flood developments.

Along with his exciting reports we heard opinions; a mighty voice crying in behalf of three hundred thousand unfortunates, and protesting against red tape and bungling.

Because of his forceful and humanitarian broadcasts in this recent emergency, and because we believe such outstanding excellence should be



Boake Carter: For forceful and humanitarian broadcasts during the Flood—special recognition

announced publicly, Radio Guide presents to Boake Carter, Philco's ace news commentator, its symbol of ser-

vice to the radio audience, our honor award, the Radio Guide Medal of Merit.

Sincerely,

Curtis Mitchell

THIS WEEK

Personalities	Page
BOAKE CARTER Medal of Merit Award	2
ROXY The Man Who Dreamed Too Much by Jack Jamison	3
DIONNE QUINTUPLETS Will They Be Radio Stars? by Chester Matthews	4
JOAN BLAINE Her Curious Case by Phil Weck	6
LESLIE HOWARD For Your Album	19
GRACE MOORE Miss Hard-to-Understand by Katharine Hartley	20
JERRY COOPER Jerry-Go-Lucky by Helen Hover	24

\$5,000 in Prizes

Big, New Puzzle-Pix Game Open to All. Turn to Page 15 and See How You May Get Your Share. Fun to Play

Special Features

One Easter Bob Ripley Never Will Forget by Mary Jacobs	8
Despite All Men—Part VI Flood!—Part II by William Eckert	9a
Black Terror A Calling All Cars Story by Arthur Kent	10
Radio Wife—One Man's Family author's better half tells all by Mrs. Carlton E. Morse	11
Star of Stars Election	14
The Listeners' Guild	17

News and Comment

Plums and Prunes by Evans Plummer	12
Inside Stuff by Martin Lewis	13
On Short Waves by Charles A. Morrison	16
Music in the Air by Carleton Smith	17

Pictorial Features

Major Bowes' Amateurs	12
This Week's News Reel	13
Tuesday at NBC	22
Night-Clubbing with the Stars	26

Departments

Voice of the Listener	- - - - 14
Coming Events	- - - - 27
Stories of Nearby Stations	- - - - 27
Bulls and Boners	- - - - 39
Contests on the Air	- - - - 39
Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle	- - - - 42
Hits of the Week	- - - - 42

Programs

Sunday, April 12	- - - - 28
Monday, April 13	- - - - 29a
Tuesday, April 14	- - - - 30
Wednesday, April 15	- - - - 32
Thursday, April 16	- - - - 34
Friday, April 17	- - - - 36
Saturday, April 18	- - - - 38

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The MAN WHO Dreamed TOO MUCH

The Drama Behind Roxy the Man and His Attempts to Keep Pace with Roxy the Dreamer Is Without Human Parallel

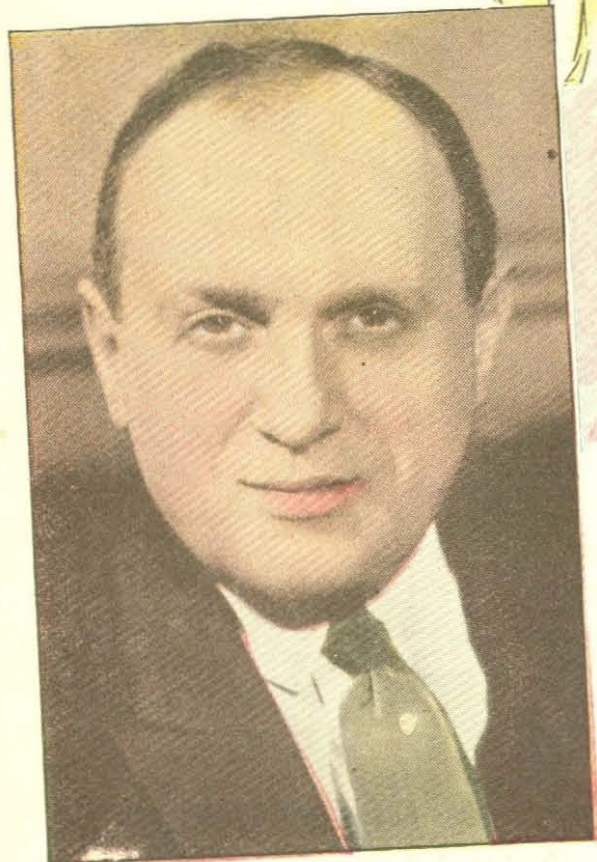
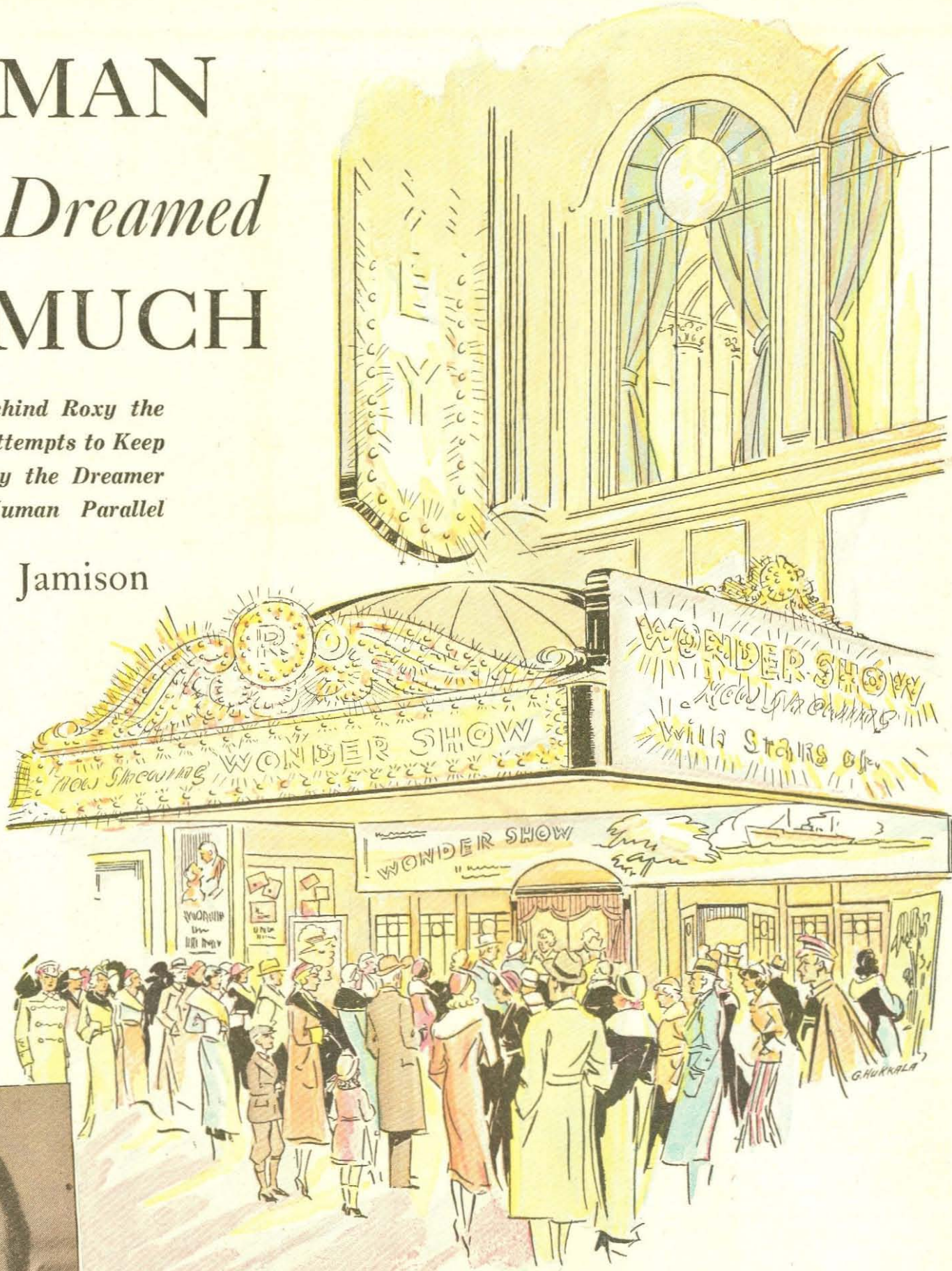
By Jack Jamison

ON THE thirteenth of January, this year, there died a short, bald little man with the smiling mouth of a trouper and the eyes of a dreamer, who felt that the whole world had turned against him.

His name was known the country over—Roxy. And the doctors, when they signed "heart trouble" to his death certificate, knew what they were doing. For heart trouble it was that killed Roxy Rothafel. His heart indeed was broken.

The story I have to tell never was written while he lived. But someone is bound to write it some day, so it may as well be written now. It is neither too late nor too soon.

Born fifty-three years ago in a small Minnesota town where his father sold hob-nailed boots to the lumberjacks, Roxy was brought to New York by his parents when he was twelve. At four-



Roxy as he looked a short time before his death—and above, a suggestion of one of the monuments to his name which he lived to see

teen he had become cash-boy in a department store. At eighteen he was in the Marines, fighting in the Boxer Rebellion in China. Next he tried his luck at professional baseball—and while at that he picked up his odd nickname—then he became a booking agent.

He was attempting his first theatrical venture, putting on a minstrel show at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, when he met the girl who was to become his wife and was to fight his battles with him, for better and for worse, until the end which came this year. At Forest City, Pennsylvania, her father was the town postmaster, justice of the peace, store owner and—pre-eminently—saloon-keeper. Her name was Rosa.

Her father had stern ideas on the subject of sons-in-law. "You work behind my bar for a year," he said, "and I'll see how you stack up as a husband."

So Roxy went to work drawing beer

and pouring out ten-cent drinks of raw whiskey. But the minstrel show had shown him that his life work was in the theater. He turned the back room of the bar into a movie-show room. Movies were just coming in. He rented chairs from the local undertaker, hung up the sheet off his bed for a screen, and trudged seven miles into Carbondale and back to get his films, showing three one-reelers for five cents. One night he had a reel giving views of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. Setting up electric fans in the rear of his improvised theater, he tied sponges to them and poured rose-water over the sponges when the beflowered floats rolled across the screen. That was the first Roxy "presentation." It stunned his Slovak and Polish audience with its elegance, and it convinced Roxy again that the theater was his metier.

(Continued on Page 18)

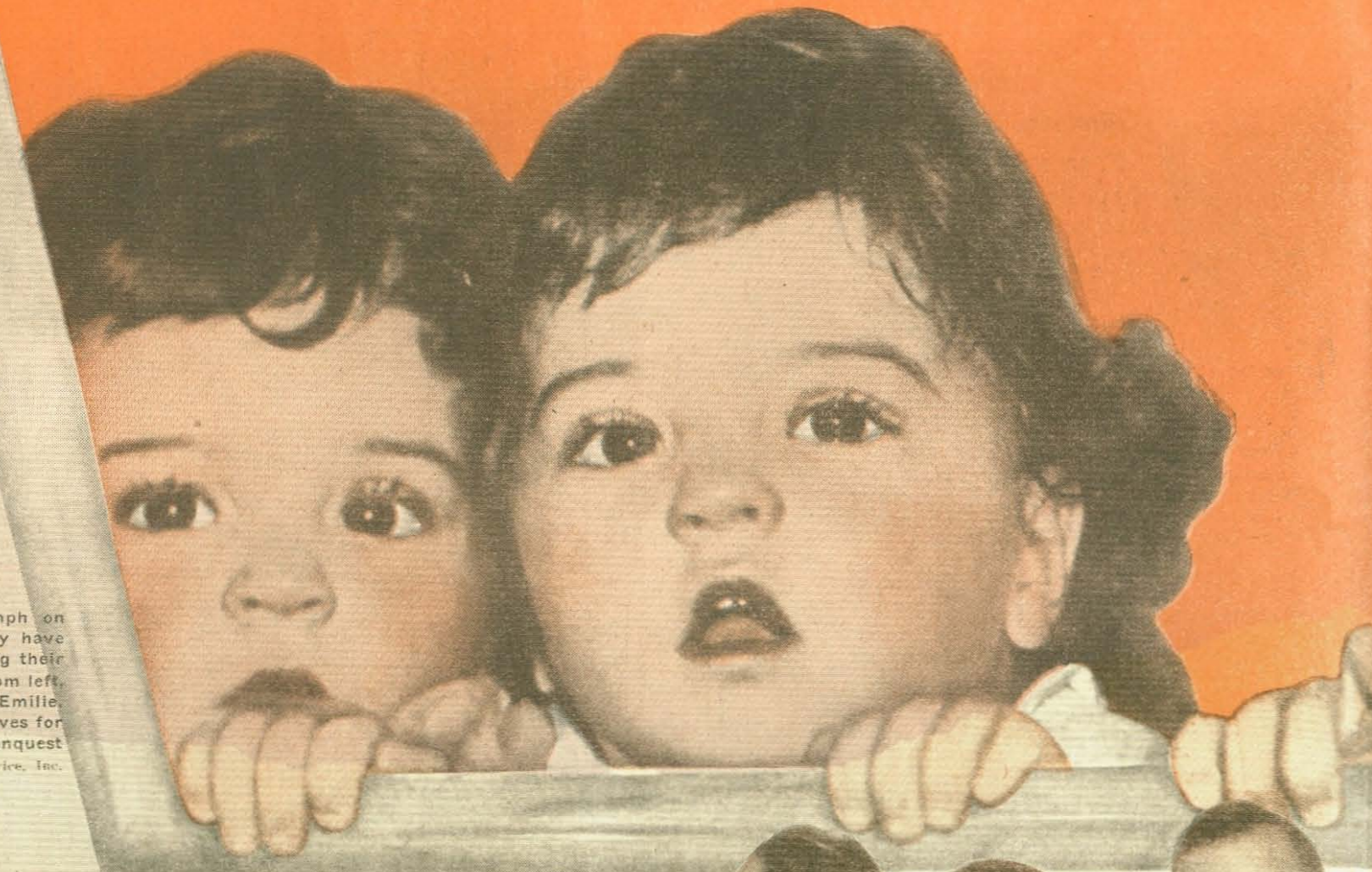
WILL THEY BE RADIO STARS TOMORROW?

If Ever the Question, "How to Raise a Child to Be a Genius," Is to be Answered, It Will Be Done by the Dionne Quintuplets

By Chester Matthews

Fresh from their triumph on the screen—and did they have the grandest time making their picture!—the Quints, (from left, Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Marie) look to the airwaves for their next field of conquest.

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NAME your favorite radio star of 1950!

The chances are you won't be far wrong if your list includes Cecile Dionne, or Yvonne or Annette or Emilie or Marie.

And this is the reason: Whether they like it or not, whether their guardians decree it, whether their parents give their permission, those five famous tots in Callander, Ontario, are the little princesses of the entire world. As such, they are already in and must remain in the public eye as long as the world demands them.

Indeed, they can hardly avoid becoming stars.

Already several smart people have recognized this, among them Doctor Dafeo and the quints' other guardians. So today those precious children are being groomed for the most amazing career any child ever confronted. Oh, the children will be allowed to develop naturally; don't think otherwise for an instant; but with stardom in a famous motion picture, "The Country Doctor," behind them, and with radio contracts being offered on every hand, they must be given all educational and cultural advantages.

In observing what those advantages have been, and in anticipating what they will be in the future, we probably will come as close as anybody will ever come to answering the question, "How to raise a child to be a genius."

Let's look at the facts in relation to their future stardom. Already they have accumulated \$75,000 in their brief span of life, and contracts have been signed assuring them of \$500,000 more. And topping this, those several sponsors have come forward with lucrative offers for broadcasting. The proviso is that they go on the air now!

How different all this is from the birth in May of 1934, of those bits of protoplasm described as "bluish-black in color, with bulging foreheads, small faces, wrinkled skin, soft and enlarged tummies, flaccid muscles and spider-like limbs"! In addition to being one of the 33 authentically recorded sets of quintuplets born during the past 500 years, they came two months prematurely. They entered the world in a crude pioneer's shack where modern scientific equipment for the care of new-born infants was looked upon with suspicion, in favor of a neighbor's helping hand.

Elsewhere and quite adequately the



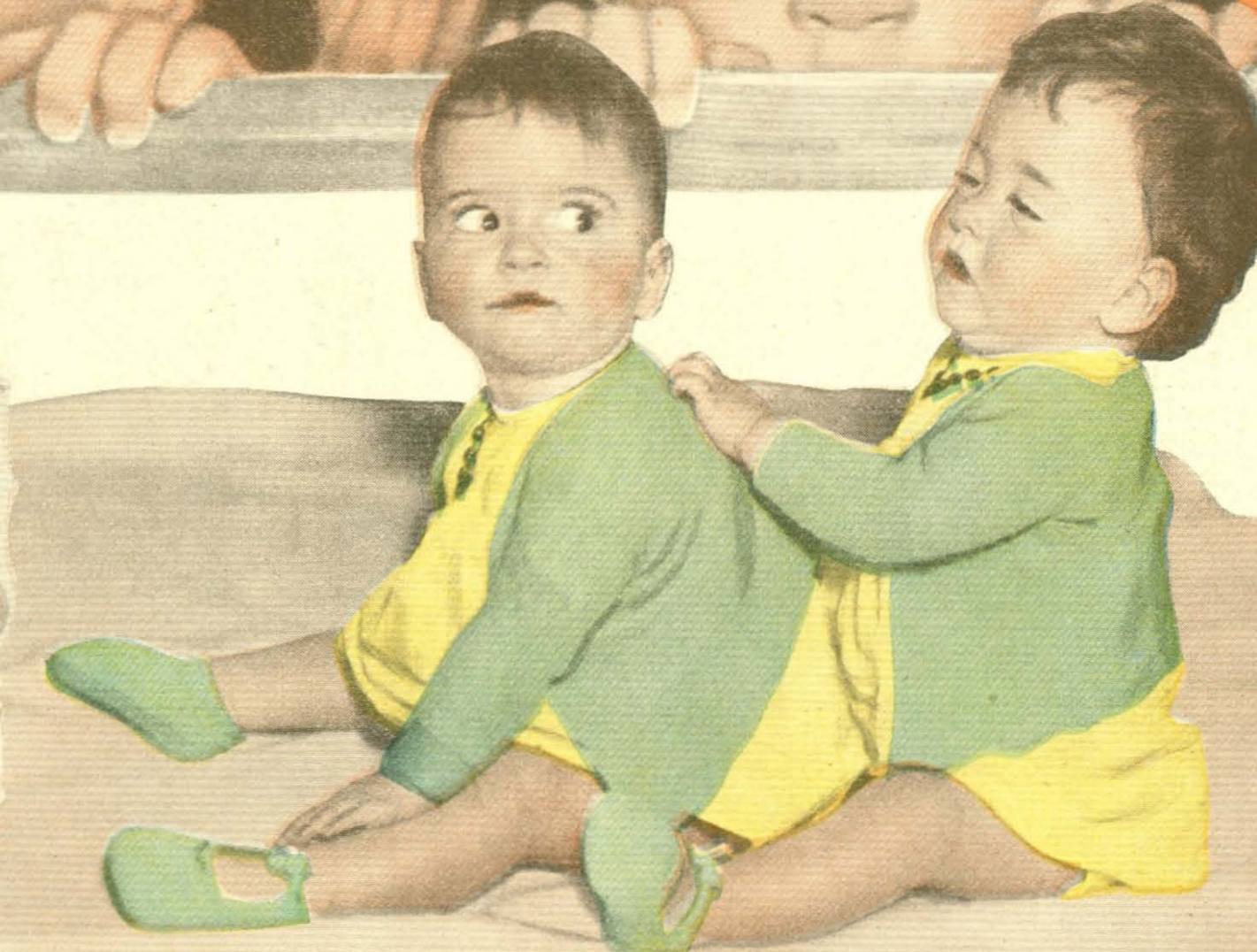
praises of Doctor Allan Roy Dafeo have been sung, giving him all credit for his untiring efforts which kept the Quints alive. And the good Doctor did it by surmounting obstacles almost super-human.

Consider: The little things too tiny to be called even "fikes," had to have incubator attention, and no incubators were on hand. They were too small to be bathed. During the first day they could be fed only warm water, and that through an eye-dropper, every

two hours, ten to fifteen drops at a time. The second and third days they were given about sixty drops each, of a mixture of milk and water and corn syrup. By the fourth day arrangements had been made for the infants to get mother's milk, provided through Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children.

It was over a week before incubators were on hand. During that most trying time the spark of life was kept glowing through the most careful use

(Continued on Page 40)



"Mais ouil! We don't see any birdie," and Emilie might even add: "Besides, I'm too hungry right now." New bibs show who's who except for gnawing Emilie and conniving Marie, on the extreme right. That almost looks like an expression of contempt on Yvonne's face as she directs Yvonne in back-scratching

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There's nothing needlessly frilly about Joan—just a genuine, sincere person interested in putting over her current job

JOAN BLAINE probably never will lead an expedition to Patagonia or to the dark plateau of Tibet or to the uncharted Matta Grosso jungles in Brazil. She's too feminine for such a thing. But if she ever should, I'm certain she'd return with a couple of diamond mines in one hand-bag and enough scientific data in another to prove that apes sprang from men and that Darwin was just a monkey at heart. And if she should turn into a globe-trotter I wouldn't be too amazed. I wouldn't be startled at anything she does, because she's undertaken just about everything there is. Look: She's a graduate lawyer, and she once served as legal adviser for a mining firm in Colorado. She has been a nurse, teacher, cook, singer, pianist, author, poetess, actress, librarian and dress designer. She even poured tea at a salary. She worked her way through Northwestern University, and at one time she held eleven different positions, was a member of the swimming team and made good, if not outstanding, grades. And—oh, yes, right now she's on the air. She's Mary Marlin in the CBS program of that name, heard five times

a week. She plays the lead in the NBC serial, Tale of Today. And between rehearsals, auditions and actual broadcasts for these shows, she does a few recordings. She's so good that they keep her busy from morning till night. Which shows that those diamond mines in her hand-bag are not a figment of my imagination, either. Witness the proficiency of her radio acting. As Mary Marlin she was runner-up to Jessica Dragonette in RADIO GUIDE'S 1935 Radio Queen Election. This year she's right in the front ranks of the Star of Stars Election, battling it out with Jack Benny, Lanny Ross, Bing Crosby and others of their ilk. That's the way she has been in everything she's tackled, so good that she's continually on the go, never resting, and never turning in a job that isn't as good as she can make it. Consider, as an illustration, her first really important work as a nurse, when lives actually depended upon her. That was when she served as legal adviser for the mine in Colorado. An influenza epidemic laid up nearly two hundred miners. She had helped her uncle, a physician, before, and she knew something

about the job. She knew enough to realize that if she and the kindly, lantern-jawed old country doctor stopped working for more than ten minutes at a time, some of those men were going to die. So she kept going for forty-eight hours, until she dropped from exhaustion and the doctor put her on a cot and propped up his own sagging eye-lids with another cup of black coffee. After she had slept for about three hours they carried in twenty more miners, victims of a landslide. Joan went right back to work. Not one of those two hundred and twenty-odd patients of hers and the country doctor were lost. That would be a high percentage for a hospital with all the modern conveniences and improvements. For Joan's improvised sick room it was nothing short of miraculous. Joan still has the gold nugget the miners presented her with in recognition of her heroic work. All of which should bring home the realization that life for Joan Blaine is serious, in spite of my palaver about Patagonia and such places. It is serious to her mainly because she has had to work for a living since she was in her teens. It must be serious to anyone who goes as far as she has gone. She began her professional career as a concert pianist. Then someone discovered she had a good voice, so she

went on the concert stage. From there she moved onto the stage as a dramatic actress; afterward, radio claimed her. Her first radio experience almost queered her for good and all as microphone material. Friends arranged for a broadcast from a Boston station. No, Joan wasn't afraid—not at all. The announcer muddled his introductory speech and Joan in her excitement caught the fever. She stammered, stammered and gulped through the number she had chosen. "Posted at the gate" became "pasted on the goat" that day. And then, before anyone had a chance to switch off the mike, she shouted to the announcer: "Oh, that was awful—I hope no one was listening. But let me try it again!" JUST about the most serious thing to her is the one ambition she has cherished since childhood, the one ambition that so far has been thwarted. She wants to be a writer; she longs to retire to a farm in Connecticut and spend lazy days beside a typewriter, with no one to snap a whip over her back and tell her she's got to work; and maybe with bright sunshine and pleasant fields that might coax her away from that typewriter every so often. She's never come closer to this ambition than writing a few short stories and poems and having them published

*She's Been Such a Variety of Persons
It's Amazing That Radio's Mary
Marlin Continues to Have Ambitions
to Climb to Still Greater Heights*

THE
Curious Case
of JOAN
BLAINE
By Phil Weck

You might imagine that with the undoubted success that has come to her in her stage and radio work, she would be able to indulge any fancy that might strike her. But Joan's not like that. There's something about her that won't let her take the easy way out through life. She's living for all she's worth right now, and she's going to keep right on working as hard as she can, and wishing and hoping for the farm in Connecticut. SHE even tried to quit once and devote at least two years to writing. That was before she had gone into radio, but while she was at the height of her stage glory. She and her mother leased an apartment in Los Angeles and purposely forgot to tell anyone where they had gone. The two years turned into two days. They weren't even settled in Los Angeles when Joan ran into a producer she had known back in New York, who had lost his leading lady somewhere between Manhattan and Hollywood. Before either Joan or her mother realized it, Joan was cast as the lead in Spittfire and was playing her way back to New York. If you knew more about that overwhelming ambition of Joan's you would know more about her. She has a feeling that the whole world is un-



At right she is seen coiffured for a night-club party, one of her few diversions, and below she is talking over a difficult script situation with Mary Marlin's co-director, Basil Loughrane, and listening to suggestions from Helen Hayes



just, and that it's up to her to do something about it. When she thinks of such things she becomes absolutely infuriated. There are two examples I'd like to quote. The first happened when she was fourteen years of age. She was attending a small country school and she was a headstrong, wild young girl. HER teacher was headstrong, too, but where Joan was wild the teacher was unbalanced. One day the teacher lost her temper and threw a book at one of the boys in the class, knocking him unconscious. Right there Joan went into action. She flew at the teacher in an unaccountable rage, biting, kicking, scratching and pulling hair. She knocked the teacher down and later locked her in the wood-shed. Then she ran three miles to her grandfather's home and begged him to go back with her and punish the teacher as such a woman should be punished. As I said, Joan was a wild, headstrong girl in those days. She has matured a lot since then—she doesn't try to beat anyone up any more. But the other experience shows more truly what kind of person she is. She doesn't know that I have heard about this, and she's going to be awfully upset when she sees it in print. But her listeners really should know. Last Christmas the crowd Joan cir- (Continued on Page 14)

ONE EASTER BOB RIPLEY NEVER WILL FORGET

By Mary Jacobs

In his home that is an elaborate museum, Bob displays furnishings of a Chinese maiden's bedroom, including her odd ceremonial mask



*"Marry a Maiden or Delay the Village's Marriages a Whole Year,"
Those Natives of Klona Told Him, and Believe It or Not He—*

EASTER Day three years ago always will stand out in Bob—Believe It or Not—Ripley's memory. For it was on this day that he was almost married to a strange girl, against his will.

It was all his own fault, blond, good-natured Bob Ripley admits smilingly. "If I hadn't been so pig-headed I would have been safe and sound at home that Easter. But I had heard of a strange and fascinating Easter holiday celebrated in the far-off town of Klona, on the northern border of Macedonia.

"In Klona, the laws provide that all marriages for the entire year must take place on Easter Sunday in a community ceremony, and that every eligible single male be married that day, whether he likes it or not. While I've seen many strange things, that one I vowed I wouldn't miss."

So he started out with a few Greek guides, who would act also as interpreters. By train Ripley and his retinue traveled inland from Saloniki. When they came to the mountains, they had to pursue tortuous trails on horseback, winding along hairline, serpentine paths.

Klona was a crude settlement of about four thousand people. The town, if you could call it such, consisted of one street, winding in a circular path

around the mountain side. In the middle, on a grassy mound, was the church, a one-story, flat-topped stone edifice which looked like a barn. Bob believes it was an old heathen temple the Klonians had seized.

The party arrived on Easter morning. That very afternoon the community wedding was held, after morning worship.

About a hundred young women, the entire single female population of the community, formed a phalanx on one side of the grass outside the church.

The entire unmarried male population, about a hundred young men of about twenty, stood on the other side, each holding a bouquet of flowers.

"Most of the bouquets were of blue mountain flowers," Ripley explained. "Just a few were colored wild flowers. When I asked the reason for this, he explained these bouquets were wedding gifts to the young women, and that blue flowers could be given to virgins only; colored ones to the experienced girls."

Suddenly all the chattering ceased.

BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOTS FOR EASTER

1. Easter is named after a heathen goddess, Ostara. Ostara is the Aurora Borealis personified.
2. We still worship the rainbow colors of the Aurora Borealis through multi-colored Easter eggs.
3. Before 1752 Easter was often celebrated twice in one year in England and her colonies. This was when the old Julian calendar was used. New Year fell on March 25 with this calendar. Now, however, we use the Gregorian calendar and celebrate Easter only once.
4. The most expensive Easter gift ever given was a big ruby shaped like an Easter egg, worth half a million dollars. It was given by the last Czar to his only son, about 1906.
5. There can be six weeks' difference between possible dates for Easter, depending upon the position of the moon. (From March through the middle of April.)

The priest had given his signal. Then one of the elders of the community approached Ripley, bearing a tray with bread and salt on it.

"Not wishing to offend him, I smiled and accepted it," Ripley said. "One of the guides moved uneasily, and opened his mouth as if to say something. But his companions gave him a funny look and he resumed his silent pose. I thought nothing more of it, for I was too engrossed in watching the spectacle."

RESEMBLING nothing more than a well-trained quadrille, the two groups detached themselves, and merged. Each man handed the girl of his choice the bouquet; she gave him her arm and, linked arm in arm, each couple turned and walked toward the church.

"There were half a dozen girls left," Bob explained. "There aren't just enough men to go round. Smuggling and fighting aren't conducive to longevity."

There was an uneasy silence, and Ripley, glancing toward the priest, noticed he was motioning wildly for Ripley to join the single girls.

In surprise, Ripley turned to his guides. Stony glances were all he got.

Then things happened mighty fast. Two elders came forward to drag the supposedly bashful swain, Ripley, toward the waiting belles!

Again Ripley appealed to his guides, who were muttering uneasily among themselves. One finally replied, "Mr. Ripley, you marry girl," and went on to explain that by accepting the bread and salt, Ripley had become a full-fledged member of the tribe, and was subject to all its rules!

"The word American," Ripley explained to me, "is synonymous with wealth in Klona. Since I seemed to have several dollar bills, and was an American, the natives evidently wanted me to remain."

Ripley yelled: "I'll not get married! Tell them that, you fool!"

VERY much frightened, white and shaky, the guide refused. "They will kill us all," he said.

Then the priest came over, angry. "Tell him he must hurry and choose. The sun is setting. Unless we work quickly, all the marriages will have to be postponed until next year." The crowd began to close in, grumbling ominously.

"When this was translated to me, I felt mighty weak," Ripley told me. "Imagine the fate of any mere man

(Continued on Page 42)

Gloria Kincaid, star of the new *Three Black Crows* program, called *America's Leading Dramatic Actress*, is in love with Schuyler Hamilton, her program director. Bob Brooks, whom she once loved, has come back into her life, realizing at last that he let a good woman slip through his fingers. He declares he will not stop a persistent series of onslaughts until she consents to marry him.

Gloria and Schuyler have a misunderstanding. And to help him with his work, to show him how much she cares for him, Gloria tells Schuyler she will coach Phyllis Laverne, a rival for his affections, into being her own understudy, "better than he dreamed." She doesn't stop to count the cost.

Now go on with Gloria's story:

(Part VI)

THE plan I had formed in those heated moments was daring, yet as always my emotions led me into a course that permitted no compromise, no digression. I intended to make myself so indispensable to Schuyler that he would be bound to see—in time—precisely the sort of person I was. Somehow, at some future day, he would come to realize inevitably how badly he had misunderstood me.

First I intended to develop whatever talent Phyllis had, to present Schuyler with an understudy for *Linda Crow* better and more capable than he dreamed he could get. Maybe that would make him begin to realize something of the truth—that I hadn't a thought that wasn't in some way linked with his welfare, his interests—with him.

Oh, I didn't stop to consider what the cost might be to me. I knew my heart well enough to know that I couldn't love by halves. Jack Sheldon had known . . . Bob Brooks had found out too late . . . And I knew that my plan might have only a beginning with what I intended to do with Phyllis. Months and weary months might pass before the plan bore full fruit, and many other things besides presenting him with an understudy I hoped to make superbly capable, might have to be attempted. But after the finality Schuyler used with me to repudiate me—Oh, Schuyler! . . . "I have apol-

ogized to myself for placing confidence in a woman of your sort!"—I could only hope for his attention by making myself felt in indirect ways, never by direct contact . . .

The first rehearsal of a new script consists mainly of reading parts, receiving general directions. Real preparation for a broadcast comes after we have had opportunity to study our lines. The remainder of this session passed perfunctorily so far as my interest in it went. I was keen to get away and begin my campaign.

"Miss Kincaid, do you really mean what you said?" Phyllis asked me when we had been dismissed. Her eyes were lighted with an eagerness that lent life to her little, round face.

"You'll see. I never was more serious! A lot depends upon you, though. Can you—can you take it?"

"Oh, Miss Kincaid, you're so wonderful! You've told me so much already! I could feel I was taking hold today. I'll do anything—"

"Then we'll start right away." I looked at my wrist watch. "It's quarter to three. Let's have lunch somewhere close by, and we'll go back to my place. By the way, where do you live?"

"I—I have a room on West Seventy-Fifth near the Drive."

"Good. That'll be easy for you, getting over to the apartment and home again, for I warn you," I said, "we're going to see a lot of each other."

We went down in the elevator together. Neither of us had the chance to say good day to Schuyler—and I don't believe I could have spoken, even if I had seen him; he seemed to have disappeared after we finished.

IN THE lobby of the building that houses the Constitutional studios are several jewelry and novelty shops. Always as we passed on our way in or out, several window-shoppers were standing around. One of them slipped away from a window and turned, to stop in front of us. It was Bob.

"Ah! All through?" he asked brightly. "I thought if I waited around I wouldn't miss you."

(Continued on Page 43)



"Bound and determined Miss Laverne is going to succeed, aren't you, Miss Kincaid?" . . . "We'll soon see, Mr. Hamilton. May we go on?"

Gloria Undertakes a Scheme as Daring as Her Stakes Are High—with a Crushing Aftermath Not Even She Could Have Foreseen

DESPITE ALL MEN



Walter O'Keefe "... give now!" Ed Wynn "... help!" Kate Smith "... please!" Boake Carter "... the truth!" Lowell Thomas "... have mercy!" Matthew Crowley "... don't delay!"

FLOOD!

By William Eckert

No More Stirring Collection of Human Documents Exists Than Was Brought to Light in the Suffering, Sacrifice and Courage of People Caught in the Flood

STARING blankly into the smarting wind, the forlorn little woman hugged to her breast a two-weeks-old baby, wrapped tightly in blankets. Eyes that had wept themselves out two days before when her husband died, had no new tears for the fresh catastrophe that had come.

She did not try to get inside the baggage room of the Lewistown, Pennsylvania, railroad station, but seemed content to stand out on the platform. Perhaps enough of her family was taking up space in there; for *he* was there, in the long wooden box which, because of the rising flood, had been transferred successively from the undertaker's parlor to a store, then to this hillside station.

The flood seemed to deny this hapless wife even the satisfaction of seeing her husband buried. Everything but her baby had been taken from her in these last three days: her husband, her home—everything; and now, numb to further pain, she clung desperately to her child. What could she do next? There was nothing—nothing. And her pitiful predicament was but one of many hundreds which were influential in swinging radio's full broadside of assistance to flood relief. Marshaled to battle against the elements, with radio's Kate Smith in the vanguard, the American Red Cross called upon radio to help.

You probably heard Kate for three days, March 18, 19 and 20, devote her whole broadcasts to appeals for the Red Cross. Remember the poem she read that rain-soaked Thursday? It ended like this:

"The American Red Cross means mercy—so it's up to you. America never fails—What are you going to do?—GIVE!

"... Now please let me remind you again that THREE MILLION DOLLARS must be received by the Red Cross at once. Contributions may be made to the many local chapters, or to the National Headquarters, American

Red Cross, Washington, D. C. . . . Give if you can—and once again, let's all decide to go marching along together."

And radio's Kate Smith led the country in that same stirring song which she sang Wednesday and again Friday night. I say "led" because I feel sure—I know—that hundreds and thousands of listeners sang with her. And Kate Smith wasn't the only radio star to spare no effort in this emergency.

Seventy per cent of the Red Cross quota of three million dollars is in Headquarters at this writing. A large portion could be traced directly back to Kate's broadcasts. Another large portion could be traced to news commentator Boake Carter. He did more, however, than merely ask for money.

In his terse and acid manner he dug into the Administration mercilessly for what he considered inexcusable inefficiency in the methods of relief being employed. Why weren't the air lines allowed to re-route their planes so some might fly assistance to the stricken area? Why, he demanded Thursday night, March 19, had not the scores of WPA and CCC workers been thrown into action on relief projects at the first signs of disaster? Friday, March 20, Lewistown, Pennsylvania, reported CCC boys coming to the aid of their helpless. Then there were others, too

LOWELL THOMAS told of the Red Cross pleas, and many more radio headliners subscribed unlimited services in a manner heretofore unprecedented. Did you hear that silly, foolish man called by millions The Perfect Fool, Ed Wynn? Did you hear him step out of character on his Gulliver program? I thought for a moment when I heard him that Doctor Cadman or Doctor Fosdick was speaking. A more sincere, a more heart-felt, appeal never stirred the airwaves. The low, serious tones were completely a new characterization for Wynn listeners. Likewise Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll startled their Amos 'n' Andy public



when they left their black-face characters long enough to appeal urgently to America; for when Amos 'n' Andy speak, they speak to America, do they not?

Then there was radio's Eddie Cantor. Eddie opened up those banjo eyes wide Sunday, March 22, but not for a comic song. He, too, supported the demands of the Red Cross. Ever known as one of radio's most generous stars, Cantor upheld his reputation with a real plug for flood relief.

STEPPING far enough away from Beetle and Bottle so they couldn't interrupt him, Phil Baker spoke of the flood disaster and the needs it incurred. If the two stooges had spoken, they would have echoed Baker's words, I am sure.

Then there were Lum and Abner, The Voice of Experience, and the programs Just Plain Bill, Outdoor Girl, Walter O'Keefe and the Camel Caravan, Matthew Crowley of Buck Rogers, and the Atlantic Family. They all contributed to the cause and joined in with a hearty and sincere plea for the emergency workers of the Red Cross.

The sponsor of Kaltenmeyer's Kin-



Many thousands of pets were left of necessity to shift for themselves—and this Mollie of Lowell, Massachusetts, did very well, thanks!



Mrs. Dorothy Hall, New York amateur who kept in touch with Johnstown

Left: Actual photograph of the rescue of a woman by Coast Guardsmen when her house was being inundated by the flood at Hartford, Connecticut

ergarten did his own relief work. The announcer of the Kindergarten relayed word that all the warehouse stock of the sponsor's foodstuff located in the flood regions was being donated to the Red Cross. Columbia's Hostess Council gave up its entire time on the air in favor of a Red Cross broadcast.

In fact, if the time given over to relief broadcasting ever could be evaluated, the sum would be more staggering than the amount asked by the Red

Cross for relief. But that figure never can be estimated accurately because the big stars and the big-pay time weren't even the beginning of the radio relief work.

Not the stars alone, not the big stations and networks alone, worked for relief. Small local stations, announcers, engineers, and radio station office workers all gave to the point of exhaustion. Each station had its own individual heroes, many of whom collapsed from utter fatigue at the end of the tremendous strain. And no wonder:

Requested to stay on the air by the Red Cross, WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, did two hundred and ten consecutive hours of broadcasting. During that time, existing on coffee and sandwiches and operating by the light of candles and kerosene lamps, their other work averted a serious fire by warning inhabitants of a square mile of gasoline-covered water as a result of a bursting tank, saved twenty-two lives in one lot by sending help at once, contacted a doctor for a baby nearing the crisis in pneumonia, and collected over two thousand dollars.

At the end of the vigil, Manager Stengel was in a weakened condition, and his wife, who had had four hours of rest, was sent to a hospital.

Out of the studios, in the waters of the flood itself, the NBC field unit at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, was under equal stress. Announcer George Hicks, Harold See, engineer with the Pacific flyer Phillipine Clipper; Jack Hartley; Don Whittemore, and W. R. Brown went seventy-two hours on nothing but weak coffee and no sleep. Returning by train, they slept all the way to Manhattan Transfer, within a few miles of New York. A considerate conductor

had insisted that the passengers remain silent in order that the radio heroes might rest! That was the more fortunate NBC field unit.

The other, including announcer Glenn Riggs and engineers Glen Luther and George Saviers, found themselves clinging to the bottom of an up-turned boat when they endeavored to navigate the enraged waters in the Johnstown region. In the icy waters, the men managed to right the boat, retrieve their equipment, and proceed to their broadcasting! But they were on the air only a minute.

Suddenly faced by state police and menacing guns, they were forced to abandon their hard-earned vantage point for higher ground. Obeying police instructions, each man grabbed a girl telephone operator to carry to safety. Later, when informed that the great dam would hold, they regained their broadcasting equipment. Theirs was a fifty-two hour stretch.

AT WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia, air time remained uninterrupted by power failures. Walter Patterson, WWVA station master, not only conducted morning and night programs from the famous Wheeling bridge, once the longest suspension bridge in the world, but also contrived to place a line across to the Island, which was completely submerged, in order to report conditions to anxious friends and relatives on the mainland. From the studios of the station further yeoman duty was performed.

Announcers Wayne Sanders, Paul Myers, Murrell Poor and Patterson talked for five hours straight without intermission, broadcasting all manner of relief messages and instructions for

(Continued on Page 40)

Black Terror



A Calling All Cars Story

"Git back in that car! You'se goinna drive me outta here!" Nuckles leaped, not at the thug, but—

*One Murder More or Less Meant
Nothing to This Maniac, So Long
as He Stayed Free of Jail*

By Arthur Kent

IT WAS dark and silent in the long corridor of the jail; silent except for a persistent little scrape, scrape, scrape; and dark except in one corner where the desperate white eyeballs or gleaming teeth of a Negro prisoner showed weirdly in the gloom.

Rufus Webb was trying to scrape his way out of the Wichita Falls, Texas, jail with a spoon!

Not just an ordinary spoon, you understand. It had been an ordinary spoon when Webb managed to steal it. But by patient hours of feverish work this convict who was awaiting transportation to the state penitentiary, to serve terms totaling 250 years for burglaries, had managed to grind and sharpen the harmless utensil to a keen-edged tool.

And so we find Rufus Webb, on the morning of January 30, 1936, crouched in a corner of a dark corridor, painfully scrape-scrape-scraping the mortar from around a brick, trying to tunnel his way to freedom, and occasionally flashing those white eyeballs in a furtive glance over his shoulder.

It hadn't been easy for Webb to get even this far, for he should have been locked in his cell, like the other prisoners in his cell-block. But for weeks Webb patiently had studied the mechanism which closed the door of his cage. Finally, today, he had managed to wedge a tiny piece of the spoon into the lock. And so when Luke Hart, the veteran jailer, had locked the cell block and gone back to his office, Rufus Webb silently opened the heavy, barred gate that shut him in. Then, sharpened spoon in hand, he slunk like a black shadow to the darkest corner of the corridor and started his patient scrape-scrape-scraping.

IT WAS hopeless work—and Rufus Webb hated work. He was a great, strong fellow, and his meanness matched his strength. Even his fellow convicts—mostly amiable Negroes doing short terms for drunkenness, gambling or fighting—feared and disliked him. For word had gone around that Rufe would never hit a man with his fist if a razor was handy.

And so, as he scraped and scraped in the gloom, Rufus Webb got meaner and meaner. At the brighter end of the corridor, the ebbing light of the dying day threw the shadows of bars down upon the floor. And the big Negro sweated and hurt his fingers as lump by lump and grit by grit he dug the mortar from around a brick.

One brick. That's all Webb managed to loosen in over an hour's work. And when with subdued grunts and whispered oaths he managed to drag this out from the wall, utter despair settled upon him. For on the other side of this brick-lined wall was not, as the criminal had hoped, soft dirt—but another layer of stuff.

"Concrete!" murmured Rufus Webb when his converted spoon rasped on this new surface without making the slightest impression. That settled it. Webb's fantastic attempt to "spoon" his way out of jail had failed—but only because of that unforeseen layer of concrete.

And then Webb heard footsteps. Faint and far away, coming closer, those footfalls rustled the echoes which seem to cling to the walls of jails. And as he heard them steadily approaching, Rufus Webb's sullen face lost its despair. Though he knew that the sound meant the approach of Jailer Hart, a new hope thrilled the

prisoner. Catlike, silent, Webb got to his feet and stalked towards the door through which Hart must enter. There Webb hid himself in the shadows. And as the door opened he raised the brick above his head.

Hart was humming a little tune as he opened that door. He was a kindly man, sixty years old, gentle to his prisoners and greatly liked by them. At that very moment he was carrying a package of cigarettes to a lad who was in for drunkenness.

HE CLOSED the door behind him, took a couple of steps down the corridor, still humming. Another step—and the lurking Rufus Webb was upon him, flying out of the shadows.

Webb leaped like an animal. He literally jumped upon the older man's back, clamping strong legs around him. Hart had no chance to fight back. Thick fingers clawed his throat, and the brick in Webb's other hand fell with bone-crushing violence upon Hart's head.

The jailer fell. But Webb wasn't through with him. For one moment

the convict paused. As he listened, his startling eyeballs glared and his white teeth flashed in a soundless snarl. But there was no sound except the rustling jail echoes and the thick, irregular breathing of the stunned man on the floor.

Deliberately, then, Rufus Webb bent over Luke Hart. Deliberately he raised the brick again, and deliberately he brought it down upon the jailer's head. Hart groaned faintly. His breathing became gentler.

"What's going on out there?" Webb wheeled at the voice, and his lips drew back from his teeth. Then, realizing that the shout came from one of the prisoners, he relaxed. But the cell-block had been aroused by the noises of the scuffle, the fall of Hart's body and the thudding of the brick. Quickly, the corridor began to rustle with a surge of uneasy human noises as an electric restlessness ran through the caged men. Rufus Webb knew what that meant. In a few minutes the other convicts would make so much noise that someone would investigate. So he worked quickly. Stooping

again, he went through Hart's pockets. From the second pocket he yanked what he wanted—a ring of jingling keys. Then he sprinted towards the front door and freedom. But he made one stop on the way. For in the office of the jail there were two things more Rufus Webb wanted, and he got them.

They were two fully-loaded automatic pistols.

By the time the restless convicts made enough noise to bring help, Luke Hart was in a bad way. They carried him off to the hospital with a fractured skull, and alarm spread like the smoke of a forest fire over Wichita and Archer counties.

Messages like this flashed from both police and regular broadcasting stations:

"Attention all police officials and private citizens . . . Be on the lookout for Rufus Webb, colored, who just escaped from Wichita County jail after making a possibly fatal attack on the jailer . . . Webb is heavily armed and will shoot on sight."

IN THE darkness of the Texas night farmers barred their doors in response to this warning. Shotguns were loaded. A dozen posses sprang into existence. Automobiles leaving the district were stopped, and motorists coming into the neighborhood were warned against the danger of picking up hitch-hikers. And in hundreds of homes, anxious women listened to their radios for news of this menace which suddenly had been let loose upon a peaceful countryside.

One of these listeners was a colored girl, a servant in the Carter McGreagor residence in the Country Club Estate. It was about eight o'clock at night and, her day's work done, the girl was sitting in the kitchen, listening to a small radio set.

Suddenly there came a knock on the kitchen door. The little servant girl started to open the door from force of habit. Then in sudden fright she remembered the news that had just come to her over the radio. What if the escaped convict were standing there! She started to push the door closed again, but a sudden and powerful shove hurled it against her.

Standing in the doorway was Rufus Webb.

"Gal," he said, "gimme food, or I'm gwine kill yuh!" And as he spoke the criminal leveled the two automatic pistols.

THE girl screamed—and Webb's fingers tightened slightly upon his triggers. For an instant her life hung on the chance of that pressure. But the thug didn't fire. Instead, with a curse he sprang back into the darkness of the night. And the shivering girl, barring the door, ran to a telephone. Before the criminal had a chance to leave the district, every radio-equipped police officer and most of the homes within hundreds of square miles had heard this ether message:

"Calling all cars . . . All police officials and sheriffs' men . . . Rufus Webb is in the neighborhood of the Country Club Estate . . . All householders are warned that this man is in search of food . . . He is heavily armed and desperate—a killer . . . Do not open your door to strangers . . ."

Before the last part of that message had reached the many homes it was devised to protect, police and sheriffs' men were closing in through the night and the falling snow. From all di-

(Continued on Page 41)



Carlton E. Morse surrounded by his literal as well as his figurative family, at his country home south of San Francisco. From left, Page Gilman (Jack); Minetta Ellen (Mrs. Barbour); Walter Paterson (Captain Nicky); Bernice Berwin (Hazel); Mrs. Morse beside her husband, holding her pet Persian, Chan; Kathleen Wilson (Claudia); Barton Yarborough (Clifford); Winifred Wolfe (Teddy); and J. Anthony Smythe (Mr. Barbour). Shamus, the beautiful tri-colored collie that is the pride of Morse's heart, lies at his feet

ISN'T IT interesting, being married to a radio writer? Particularly a writer who authors *One Man's Family*? That is a question asked me so often I think it deserves an answer.

It is, and it isn't. Depends largely on what goes to make up interest in your life. It isn't boring. There's that much to say about it anyway.

Nice ladies with earnest voices have said: "How fortunate you are, my dear, the wife of a man who understands human nature so, who is such a psychologist."

Carlton may be all that, but not where his wife is concerned. Any man who will blithely announce at two-thirty in the afternoon that "Six of the boys are coming up for dinner and a couple of them will stay all night," to a wife who has just moved into a new country house forty-two miles from the city limits, is no psychologist.

Heavens, will I ever forget that day! The phone wasn't in, the cupboard was practically bare; I couldn't, simply couldn't, find the one and only dinner dress I had in the country, and a lady just can't entertain six gentlemen at dinner wearing shorts.

To fix everything up, Carlton announced that the Jack Bennys were entertaining one of our visiting Elks the next night. That made things just dandy. I don't know the Bennys, but I had an idea things would be done at their house in a very nice fashion.

Nora, our darling priceless Nora, patted me on the shoulder, said: "Never mind, honey. Don't you worry. I'll just rinse out a couple of sheets and you get your white blouse that goes with your green skirt and we'll make out."

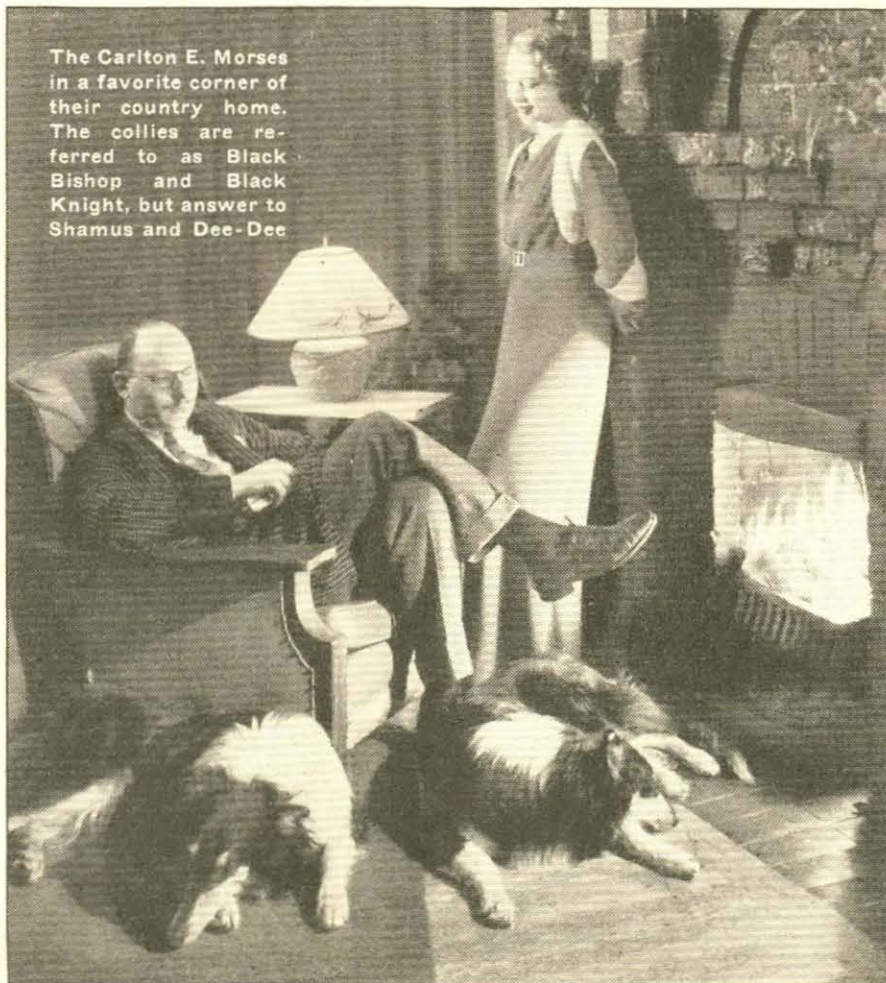
The blouse was ready for the cleaners. We washed it and it shrank, of course. It was so tight that I looked that evening like a bad imitation of Mae West. Nora washed sheets with one hand and made potato salad with the other; we found extra beds (remember the house wasn't even furnished completely yet) and somehow, at six o'clock we served a reasonably good cold supper without too much strain showing—except in the little hostess' blouse!

Is it exciting to be married to Carl-

RADIO WIFE

Being Married to the Author-Producer of One Man's Family Is Fun—But It Also Has Another Side With a Different Story

By Mrs. Carlton E. Morse



The Carlton E. Morses in a favorite corner of their country home. The collies are referred to as Black Bishop and Black Knight, but answer to Shamus and Dee-Dee

ton Morse? As I have indicated—no, and then again yes. There are always publicity pictures to make life harrowing. Not pictures of me. Oh no! Being feminine, I'd like that, but the pictures are always of some members of *One Man's Family*.

Carlton occasionally has the cute habit of suddenly announcing "pictures!" The gals in the cast, who live in a dozen different directions out of San Francisco, haven't time to get rigged out in their own clothes so some one just grabs something from my clothes closet—and there you are. Of course the whole business is a little embarrassing for me, because things that always have seemed pretty good looking to me, suddenly—under the all-seeing eyes of Carlton, the publicity department, photographers and such—take on all the smartness of some little number I found at a rummage sale.

IF YOUR husband is a blacksmith or a banker or anything but an author, the family library is supposedly yours, too. But not if he is a writer. Carlton writes. Therefore all our friends speak of "Carlton's books," vaguely under the impression that he is the only one in the family who can read. To a wife who is crazy about books it is very trying to have everyone presume that he furnishes ALL the brains in the family—and I the brawn.

Sometimes cute little things with big eyes say to me "Oh! how thrilling to be married to a writer." I don't want to be mean about it all, girls, but you may as well know right now that he is subject to nervous indigestion, bites his nails, and wears probably the worst looking sports clothes—or what he thinks are sports clothes—I ever saw. (You must ask Mike Raffetto about Carlton's sweaters some day.)

"But isn't it FUN being married to Carlton Morse?" Oh, for gosh-sakes, yes, as Jack says. I think it's the grandest, happiest, dearest, funniest thing that ever happened to anyone!

One Man's Family, by Carlton E. Morse, is heard over NBC every Wednesday at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST) and again over a split NBC network every Sunday at 12:30 a.m. EST (11:30 p.m. CST; 10:30 MST; 9:30 PST).

PLUMS and PRUNES

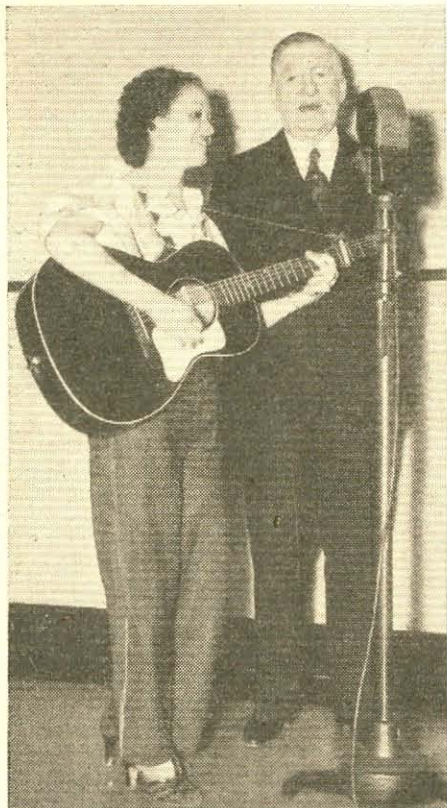
By Evans Plummer



Above: Caprice Viennoise and the Second Hungarian Rhapsody on a harmonica! Well, Sam Sperling did it, and the Major approved. Below: Kay Kravokucha has stage ambitions and proud of it. The South Greensberg, Penna., factory girl and the Major

MAJOR BOWES AMATEURS

Heard on March 29



Doubling up on Moonglow, Don Roseland and Bill Remfrey, above, from Honor City Fargo, drew many votes on March 29. Below: Al Myers and Al Ganz, imitators at large, perform with their trick instruments while the Major poses



WITH the Jack Benny opus still tops in its class, I know you'll be glad to hear some first-hand news of his former bandsman, Don Bestor, whose manager, Saul Kushner, was my luncheon partner last week. Don is planning lots of things. For one, he leaves Montreal's Mt. Royal hotel April 18 to tour . . . and much may happen.

However, the big ruckus started when I gave Saul the poser: "Really now, what do you and Don think of the Musicians' Union?" I, of course, was thinking of Don's recent trouble with the Union which was reported in RADIO GUIDE a few weeks ago. Kushner replied:

"I take it you mean the Union's decision in expelling Don from the Union and the impression that one might have gathered from the fact that the national body returned Don's card. Well, the national body did not reverse the decision of the local union. They only moderated it."

"Neither Don Bestor nor any other musician may violate Union rules. The Union gave Don a fair trial and found that he had violated its laws. Don had to be disciplined for the good of the organization. After all, Don violated the rules and he paid for it."

When I asked if he or Don bore the Union any ill will as a result of the difficulties, Kushner answered, "Absolutely not."

The Al Pearce Gang knows not what is to happen next. With a heavy payroll, the loss of his angel has put Al beside himself. Unless a deserved break happens quickly, the Gang may disband!

ALSO of startling proportions is the secret dope that the Music Corporation of America has bought out the band-booking department of the CBS network. Most of the deal is quite concealed, but take it from me, from now on the fifteen bands hitherto booked and aired by CBS will now pay commissions to MCA—and still be aired by CBS. This may give Little Jack Little a new chance in the Windy City without being dealt out ruthlessly by the tactics of the "powers-that-be."

The teachers and designers of the Fashion Academy feel you should know that their choices for best dressed women in radio are: Jane Pickens, Harriet Hilliard, Jessica Dragonette; most fashionable men: Hal Kemp, John S. Young and Ray Noble . . . Watch 'em strut on Easter!

ROMANCE CORNER: Jerry Cooper is vehemently denying the rumor he'll be married shortly to showgirl Joan Mitchell . . . But Freddie Rich, not despairing of several ice-cold dips into the matrimonial sea, plunged again last week with Eula Marlene Mitchell, daughter of a wealthy Chicagoan . . . Al Dary, Rhythm Boys pianist and singer, also took the vows with Dorothy Dwyer, N'Yawk gal, as did Sally Singer (Schermerhorn), the song bird, who turned her names into Mrs. Edgar Ellinger, Jr.

And, put it on the record that smart as Vox Popper Jerry Belcher may be with the questions, he couldn't give his first frau the right answers. Result, a draw. Now Jerry has groomed with Everetta Love, former Houston girl and writer.

All Fool's Day marked a hand-holding celebration by Mr. and Mrs. Johnny (Scat) Davis whose first anniversary it was . . . which brings up

the reply Mrs. Davis' dad wired them when he was informed of their marriage: "I know what day it is. You can't fool me!"

P.S.—Lee (George Olsen warbler) Sullivan's new bride would like me to correct her maiden name. 'Twas Anne Zahn, not Vahn, but all the papers seem to make the error. Yet Anne, by any name, looks just as sweet.

Late Stork Broadcasts: March 31, a 6½-pound boy to radactress Loretta Poynton (Mrs. W. P. Carroll, Jr.) of Flying Time, Dan Harding's wife, etc.; April 1 (no foolin'), a boy to Mrs. Poley (Frog-Voiced) McClintock.

OFF a Live Mike: Before this ink is dry, Don McNeill may have passed the paternal cigars. You knew, didn't you, that his Chuckle Chronicle with Russell Pratt had gone commercial on a limited NBC net at 11:15 p.m. EST (10:15 CST; 9:15 MST; 8:15 PST) for a digestion aid? They hope you'll stomach 'em! . . . When Clara, Lu 'n' Em return to the airwaves they'll innovate by having a genuine news bulletin flashed, then follow it with their inane discussion of the event . . . Dick Powell has been ordered back to bed and Burns and Allen will pinch-hit four weeks for him . . . NBC will have a miniature transmitter concealed in the silk hat of one of the announcers assigned to cover the N'Yawk Park Avenue Easter parade, thus enabling the mikeman really to talk through his hat! . . . Shucks, now I've gone and missed that NBC broadcast on "How Boys Go Wrong," just when I was planning to get some tips.

The Hit Parade Music goes 'round and 'round, from Hayton to Goodman to Hoff to Sinatra to Goodman . . . whoa, I can't keep up! Now Lucky Strike will start a third show over CBS in May. Your guess on the band-leader is as good as mine.

TAG LINES: Joan Blaine has gone and bought herself a swell gray Olds sedan . . . and by way of keeping up, Cyril Pitts has loosened for a Zephyr four-door. Rumor has him going to New York for the bigger bets . . . Incidentally, Joan is taking her bar examination in Chicago this week. Smart girl! She should be dramatically persuasive before a jury . . . That May 1 opening show of Howard and Shelton will include songs by Peg La Centra to the tunes of a seven-piece jam band, batoneer unnamed . . . Dot Lamour may be the latest queen of the San Diego expo, but Herbie Kay is still her king of heart . . . 'Scuse us. 'Twasn't our fault when R.G. said Hollywood Hotel would preview "The Great Ziegfeld" and it didn't. All was set to go but a couple of days before, royalty troubles developed between the sponsor and Billie (Mrs. Flo Z.) Burke.

It's Spring, so I might as well answer those two letters I received during the sub-zero wave and cherished during the floods.

THE first: my reply to the Wisconsin lady who wants prunes hurled at "A Tale of Today" for not portraying a modern school teacher. I'm willing—but then, I just don't know what makes a school teacher modern. Golf, a sport coupe and rolled stockings?

And then, to the gent from Canada who thinks I'm someone else than Evans Plummer, may I beg to state that while I've been called many names and often feared my name was Mud, I can prove by my creditors that Plummer is the fellow who owes 'em.

INSIDE STUFF

By Martin Lewis

SPRING is here, folks. If you don't believe it, look at your calendar. That's the only way I can tell. As I write this a blizzard is raging outside and Chicago is living up to its tag—The Windy City. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—every season is a season for new programs. At the moment the sponsors of Jumbo are preparing a new show to hit the airplanes on Tuesday, April 28, one week after they pack Jumbo in moth balls. Don't be surprised if it is announced that Jack Pearl is to be the star. Jane Pickens already has been engaged for the singing role, but no band has been picked up to this scribbling.

LAST WEEK I told you Rubinoff was going off the air. Well, I was right and then again I was wrong. Although Chevrolet leaves the NBC network, the program in condensed form continues by means of electrical transcriptions. But here is the amazing fact:

The transcriptions, which will be three fifteen minute periods a week, will go on 387 stations. You probably will be hearing them soon over your local station.

THE NEW program headed by Frank Fay is going to move into the NBC-WEAF spot on Saturday nights, which is being vacated by Rubinoff. And rumor says that when Fay takes over the new show Hugh O'Connell will be the new comedian on the Rudy Vallee hour. O'Connell, a movie star who is currently appearing in the Ziegfeld Follies on Broadway, was in radio before—doing commercials with Ilka Chase on the old Pond's program featuring Victor Young and Lee Wiley.

THE surprise of surprises came when I was informed that the chewing gum magnate had taken over the March of Time. It was a surprise because I listened to the sign-off on the previous Friday night by the office equipment sponsor who announced that it was the last of the series. It certainly was a fast selling job on the part of the CBS salesboys. Papers weren't signed until 6:30 p.m. of the night it went on for Wrigley's. As a matter of fact Westbrook van Voorhis, who does the announcing, already had started for a vacation in South America and had to fly back from Miami by plane.

The question now is: What's going to happen to Myrt and Marge? Well, this program leaves the airplanes April 15, and it's an even money bet it will be off for good, unless another sponsor grabs it. Wrigley, I'm informed, will stick to the news broadcasts.

FIRST NIGHTER, another good dramatic show, also will fold the latter part of this month. If I don't miss my guess, it's going to peeve plenty of people. Am I right, readers, or am I right? Don Ameche is remaining on the Coast because the movie people liked his first effort and handed him another contract. Betty Lou Gerson will pack bag and baggage and return to Chicago.

BAND NEWS: Emil Coleman steps out of the St. Regis May 30, for a tour . . . When Hal Kemp leaves the Hotel Pennsylvania May 15, Carl Hoff, the maestro of Your Hit Parade, is slated to succeed . . . Dick Stabile, sax player in the Ben Bernie band, has left to try it on his own. His newly formed band probably will open somewhere in Pennsylvania . . . Jack Hylton made a

short trip to New York last week to familiarize himself with the Eastern studios. When he leaves the Drake Hotel in Chicago early next month it is likely he will move his new program to the big city and his band into a New York hotel . . . Abe Lyman moves from the Hollywood Restaurant in New York to Chicago's College Inn . . . Anson Weeks vacates the Inn after a successful engagement following George Olsen. Weeks goes on a tour of one nighters and colleges . . . The entire show world is going to lend an ear to Sophie Tucker when she debuts as a baton-waver over the NBC network from Chicago's Morrison Hotel.

THEY'RE STILL doin' it, folks. I mean naming towns after radio stars. The end of this month Waters, Arkansas, becomes Pine Ridge in honor of Lum 'n' Abner. There's a town called Lilypons in Maryland, and the latest to be honored is Uncle Ezra, for a town in Illinois soon is to be christened Rosedale. I wonder if it will install a powerful little five-watter.

I FOUND OUT how you can enjoy Burns and Allen. Listen to them once every four weeks. Too much of B. and A. builds them up to a terrific let-down . . . I also found out how you can enjoy Fred Allen. Make sure you listen to his repartee with the amateurs every Wednesday night. If you missed his April Fools Day program with Phil Baker, Stoopnagle and Budd, Irene Rich and Tom and Fred Waring, you missed a very unusual and hilarious show . . . I wonder what NBC said to Fred Allen for breaking the rules when he reminded the listeners that Phil Baker broadcasts over WABC (the CBS key) on Sunday nights.

I haven't found out when some sponsor is going to grab one of the funniest men ever to face a microphone. I refer to Jack Oakie who has mike personality plus, and scored a terrific hit on his recent appearance with Ken Murray and Bing Crosby. Oakie is okay and a natural for the airplanes.

KILOCYCLE CHATTER: Addresses by President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman and other Democratic leaders before 2,500 guests at the Jefferson Day Dinner of the National Democratic Club of New York will be broadcast over CBS, NBC, Mutual chains and independent stations Saturday, April 25 . . . On April 25 Clem McCarthy is going to describe the running of the Maryland Hunt Cup Race. The same net also will broadcast the try-outs for the Olympics at six different meets. NBC certainly gives you a run for your money. I know it's a bad pun but I had to get it off my chest. In case you have forgotten, a pun is the Lewis form of wit . . . Getting back to broadcasts, on the eve of May 6 NBC will pick up the broadcast from Frankfurt, Germany, giving a description of the grand new trans-Atlantic zeppelin taking off . . . Ken Murray's stooge Oswald, the "Oh yeah" guy, originally was to be called Sassafras, but they were reminded another comic was on the air using that tag—Honeyboy and Sassafras—so they changed . . . The Tunetwisters, heard on the Saturday National Barn Dance, are changing their name and have had no less than 1,200 different suggestions . . . Kay St. Germaine, vocalist with Anson Weeks' music makers, has the distinction of being the first female singer to appear on the Sinclair Minstrels show . . . Fox-Twentieth Century pictures are screen-testing lovely Leah Ray, so it won't be long now before the gal will be Hollywood bound and Phil Harris minus a singer.



THIS WEEK'S NEWS REEL

Latest Shots of Your Favorites

General Manager Ed Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera, center, congratulates Hartford's (Connecticut) Anna Kaskas and England's Arthur Carron, Met audition winners. Below: Marina Schubert, lovely soprano of the Kraft show



Above: Academy Award winner on the air! Bette Davis rehearses for Radio Theater presentation of *The Lion and the Mouse*. Below: A pair of comics, Ken Murray and Eve Arden, who recently premiered their new program



STARS DOWN THEN UP IN POLL

CHAAOS reigns among the Tellers in charge of **RADIO GUIDE'S** Third Annual Star of Stars Election! Cries of "He's up!" . . . "He's down!" ring out every half hour as various individuals forge ahead or drop back with every progressive count so close is the voting in some divisions.

No star does quite the fluctuating that Joan Blaine does in the star division. Always verging on the line between the first half and the second, your Mary Marlin will remain a steady and dangerous threat to the higher up male stars. In fact, Fred Allen has relinquished seventh place to Joan and slid back to ninth, while Lulu Belle squeezes into eighth. Rudy Vallee's ascension seems to have reached its peak, and Nelson Eddy climbs on.

But among the musical programs, Rudy's show came up a notch, putting Pennsylvanian Fred Waring down to fifth. Himber's Champions are mounting still, while the Major's amateurs hang desperately on to the number twelve spot. Dramatic Leslie Howard marked the only change in his group, sliding down to twelve in order that the Crime Clues might take his place at eleven. Likewise Buck Rogers forced the Horn & Hardart children's program to swap places, as did Spareribs with Jack Armstrong.

These places in the children's division are almost the most hotly contested in the whole poll.

NEW YORK dance sophisticates seem to be suffering. Not long ago silvery-pianoed Eddy Duchin, darling of society, dropped from the first twelve. This week Fred Waring drops back from two to sixth place, and Welshman Ray Noble clings longingly to the bottom rung. Making his first appearance, George Hall, who has entertained dancers for many years without the recognition some deemed his due, has popped to coveted ninth place.

The Benny alumnus, Frankie Parker, is fighting it out with the present tenor on Jack's program, Kenny Baker. Last week Baker was fourth in the male singers of popular songs group. This week Parker is fourth. And in a similar fashion Stuart Allen has taken over Ralph (Dream Singer) Kirbery's number eight spot. On the tail end of the poll is newcomer Steven Barry.

Little change is noted among female singers, but there, returning to the first half-dozen, is Ethel Shutta, forging ahead of Dolly Dawn. And Alice Remsen takes over Ruth Etting's ninth place in exchange for tenth.

BUT a major change has come about in the next group. Relinquishing her top spot to Nelson Eddy, Grace Moore is no longer first in the operatic or classical singers' ratings, but second. Back again is Conrad Thibault. And up to third is Lawrence Tibbett, putting Lily Pons in fourth.

Comedians show some changes. Look where Amos 'n' Andy have gone! And notice Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten on the bottom spot, too. Easy Aces made its debut in the tenth rung this week.

Announcers and news commentators both have but a single change, and those in the last places. But look out, all, next week!

Send your votes to Star Election Tellers, **RADIO GUIDE**, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Vote now! Your favorites welcome your support!

Herewith is a tabulation of standings among the leaders.

Star of Stars

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



Kenny Baker is fighting it out with Frank Parker, his predecessor on the Jack Benny program, for position in the Star Election. Last Fall marked Kenny's first broadcast

Musical Program

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

Dramatic Program

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

Children's Program

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

Dance Orchestra

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

Male Singer of Popular Songs

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

Female Singer of Popular Songs

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

Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs

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

Comedian or Comedy Acts

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

Announcer

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

News Commentator

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

THE CASE OF JOAN BLAINE

(Continued from Page 7)

culates in was making all sorts of plans for holiday celebrations among themselves. Not so Joan. She hunted up all the down-and-out actors and actresses she knew, the five-dollar-a-bit character portrayes and the old vaudevillians who haven't been able to make a go of it lately. She threw one big, splendid party for every one of them, and she exacted a promise that they would never mention a word about it to anyone, especially to the press. She isn't seeking that kind of publicity.

As I said, she doesn't know how I found this out. I'm not going to tell, because if I did she'll feel that the guy who told the guy who told the guy who told me has violated a trust.

But the rest of the things I found out about her she told me herself, over a luncheon table in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, just outside the NBC studios. She's so very busy that the only spare time she could give me was during a luncheon.

Joan uses four lumps of sugar in her first cup of coffee, before luncheon, and three in her second cup, after luncheon. And between that first lump, splashing into the coffee, and the seventh, tottering over the brim of the cup, I began to realize what kind of person Joan Blaine was. I even wheedled an invitation to her home the next time she makes that delicious upside-down pineapple cake that has all the elevator boys and bell-hops at her apartment hotel agog.

But somehow I don't imagine I'll ever taste that pineapple cake. Not that I doubt the sincerity of her invitation. It's just that Joan won't find the leisure to make that cake for a long time. And just about when she does she'll walk out on radio and Chicago and pineapple cakes for reporters.

No, she'll never go to Patagonia. But the mysterious force that has changed her from a concert pianist into a concert singer, from a concert singer into an actress, and from an actress into a radio star—with a few side excursions into nursing, teaching, cooking and legal advising—won't let her rest. I'm certain of that.

Joan Blaine may be heard every Monday in A Tale of Today over an NBC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST), and daily except Saturday and Sunday in The Story of Mary Marlin over the CBS network at 12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. CST; 10:30 MST; 9:30 PST).

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

Club House for Rent

Sirs: What has become of The Club House column, devoted to news and letters on fan clubs? It appeared several times in Radio Guide and then it disappeared. Can't we have it back?
New York City Fan Club Secretary

The Clubman quietly folded his Club House after his feature failed to pass the acid test of reader popularity. Deletion of the feature occasioned less than a half dozen complaints; all were from fan club officials. **RADIO GUIDE** regrets its demise.—Ed.

Guided by the Guide

Sirs: If I were going on a railroad trip the first thing I would do would be to get a time-table. For years I have used the Radio Guide for my trips in the ether and always arrive on time. Your new edition is instructive and entertaining to radio fans.

Hartford, Connecticut George F. Baldwin
Reader Baldwin is just one of many who have learned to use **RADIO GUIDE** for its practical features but he is so concise about expressing the **GUIDE'S** value to him that we print his letter with a shameless lack of modesty.—Ed.

OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is _____

My favorite Musical Program is _____

My favorite Dramatic Program is _____

My favorite Children's Program is _____

My favorite Dance Orchestra is _____

My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is _____

My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is _____

My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is _____

My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is _____

My favorite Announcer is _____

My favorite News Commentator is _____

My name is _____

My address is _____
Street and Number City and State

Mail your ballot to Star of Stars Election Tellers, Radio Guide,
731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

4-18-36

RADIO GUIDE

Announces

RADIO PUZZLE-PIX • A NEW PRIZE CONTEST

\$5,000 in Cash Prizes!

A well-known radio program is represented by each puzzle.
Solve the puzzle. Name the program. Name the star.

PROGRAM

STAR

The Name of the Program Is:

The Name of the Star Is:

PROGRAM

STAR

The Name of the Program Is:

The Name of the Star Is:

ENTERTAINMENT—is the object of Radio Guide. Every page is designed to *entertain* you. In line with this object, Radio Guide now offers its readers a new prize offer—to amuse you, to entertain you. \$5,000.00 in cash will be paid for naming programs and stars represented by Radio Puzzle-Pix. . . . No tricks! No catches! No strings! No subscriptions to solicit! No hard work to do!

The first two puzzle pictures are printed here. Solve them! Just write the name of the program and star below the picture. It's easy! It's *entertainment*—with real cash payments—**BIG SUMS**—to reward you. It costs nothing! Read the Rules. Start today! Then get the next puzzles in next week's Radio Guide and continue the contest.

THE RULES

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

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

WHERE TO SEND? Hold all pictures until you have the complete series of 24. Then send them to "Radio Puzzle-Pix," Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago. All entries must be in by midnight fifteen days after the date of issue containing the last set of pictures. You need not necessarily name all the programs and stars correctly to win. The prizes will be paid to those who send in the most nearly correct answers. With your entry send a short letter of 50 words or less giving your name and address and telling which of the 24 radio programs in this contest you like best and why. Letters accompanying entries will be considered by the judges only in the event of ties in naming the programs and stars.

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

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

440 CASH PRIZES!

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

THIS LIST IS PUBLISHED TO HELP YOU GET STARTED IT CONTAINS THE NAMES OF THE PROGRAMS PICTURED HERE

Town Hall Tonight	Amos and Andy	National Barn Dance
Lady Esther Serenade	Jello	Eno Crime Clues
Major Bowes' Amateur Hour	Shell Chateau	Sinclair Minstrels

Yoo-hoo, Easter

In the Spring, a young man's fancy . . . oh, very, very fancy. So is his girl friend. And so is his girl friend's favorite publication, *Radio Guide*.

Why not? Look at the robins bullying those poor, frightened worms! Look at the butterflies simply dazzling everything that soars. Look at the models in Marshall Field's windows, wearing lavender and heliotrope and hyacinth. Look, if you must, at *Radio Guide*.

Yessir, some time ago we decided what was good enough for the flora and fauna was good enough for us. So we took the lids off our paint pots and the rubber band off our purse—with one result the new color printing you've been seeing.

So we opened up our private chest of pre-war gold and picked out a \$5,000 bag of do-re-mi for our radio-wise readers and started ourselves a contest.

So we took a deep breath of sweet Spring air and decided to shoot the works with the biggest issue of *Radio Guide* ever published. This issue, sirs and ma'am, is that issue. Forty-eight pages from cover to cover. The biggest and best in our history.

More pages, more colors, more personalities, more pictures—more great big beautiful words and fine phrases than ever. All for the same ridiculous price.

Yes, indeed, in the Spring we're very fancy. And we like it. We hope you do, too.

ON SHORT WAVES



This is an actual photograph of a broadcast from a workers' flat in Moscow, Russia, sent to *Radio Guide* direct from Radio Center in Moscow. Programs like the one shown above may be heard frequently over RNE (12.00)

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

(Figures in Parentheses Denote Megacycles, or Thousands of Kilocycles)

AS CAN be expected during the Spring transition period, reception during the past few days has been somewhat erratic.

The evenings of March 25 and 26, however, brought excellent reception from a large number of Latin stations, and a definite improvement in morning reception from stations on the 19-meter band was noted.

GSG (17.79) again took its place as Daventry's star morning broadcaster. GSJ, Daventry (21.53), gave fair reception from approximately 8 to 8:45 a.m. EST (7 to 7:45 CST) and on Wednesday morning, April 1, was almost as loud as GSG.

On Sunday, March 29, two new Daventry transmitters took up regular schedules. GSO (O for ocean), 15.18 megacycles, will be used for the latter part of transmission IV, signing off at 5:45 p.m. EST (4:45 CST) while GSP (P for progress), 15.31 megacycles, replaced GSA (6.05) on transmission V, 6 to 8 p.m. EST (5 to 7 CST). Both are being received well.

PLP, Bandoeng, Java (11.00), is being heard frequently, relaying the YDA network between 9 and 10 a.m. EST (8 and 9 CST). The Japanese Overseas hour, transmitted Mondays and Thursdays, 4 to 6 p.m. EST (3 to 4 CST) over Nazaki stations JVN (10.66) and JVM (10.74) has not been received any too well of late.

Latest schedules of Rome stations are: 2RO4 (11.81), 8:15 to 9 a.m. EST (7:15 to 8 CST) Mediterranean program; 9 to 10:30 a.m. EST (8 to 9:30 CST) Eastern hour; 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. EST (10:30 to 11:30 a.m. CST) East Africa program.

2 RO (9.635), 1 to 5 p.m. EST (12 non to 4 p.m. CST) daily; Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6 to 7:30 p.m. EST (5 to 6:30 CST) the American Hour; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6:15 to 7:45 p.m. EST (5:15 to 6:45 CST) the South American Hour.

News bulletins are given daily except Sundays over 2R04 (11.81) at 9 a.m. EST (8 CST) in English; over 2R03 (9.635), at 1 p.m. EST 12 noon CST) in German; 1:20 p.m. EST (12:20 CST) in English; 1:40 p.m. EST (12:40 CST) in French, and at 7 p.m. EST (6 CST) in English.

James Moore of San Francisco believes the new Bangkok, Siam, station on 10.955 megacycles described in last week's column is HS5PJ. It is being heard on the Pacific coast on Mondays, 9 to 10 a.m. EST (8 to 9 CST) with such tremendous volume that the announcements in English, French and

Siamese can easily be distinguished fifty feet from the speaker.

According to Earl Roberts, RADIO GUIDE Listening Post operator of Indianapolis, Indiana, the North American program from Holland, Sundays from 7 to 8 p.m. EST (6 to 7 CST) is transmitted by PHI, Huizen (11.73), in addition to PCJ, Eindhoven (9.59). However, PCJ puts out much stronger signals than PHI.

E. D. Purkey of Los Angeles reports that the Japanese station JYS, of Kemikawa-Cho (9.84), is relaying the Pacific coast overseas broadcast, irregularly between 12 mid. and 1 a.m. EST (11 p.m. and 12 mid. CST.)

Overseas listeners are to share in an international relay on Wednesday, April 15, 3:05 to 3:35 p.m. EST (2:05 to 2:35 CST) when a program from Warsaw, Poland, is to be relayed by Daventry stations GSB, GSD and GSL. Two famous artists, Henrik Sztompka, pianist, and Aniela Szleminska, soprano, will give a thirty-minute recital from Chopin.

HJ1ABP, Radio Cartagena, Cartagena, Colombia (9.6), announces in Spanish, "Ah-chay ho-tah uno ah bay pay." Birds can be heard in the background at intervals and at sign-off. HJ1ABP's operating schedule is 8 to 11:30 p.m. EST (7 to 10:30 CST).

Australian stations will soon be coming in with peak strength and it would be well to review their schedules. VK3LR, Melbourne (9.58), broadcasts from 3:30 to 7:30 a.m. EST (2:30 to 6:30 CST) daily except Sundays, also from 8 p.m. to 12 mid. EST (7 to 11 p.m. CST) Fridays. VK2ME, Sydney (9.59), transmits Sundays only, 1 to 3 p.m., 5 to 9 and 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. EST (12 noon to 2 p.m., 4 to 8 and 8:30 to 10:30 CST). VK3ME, Melbourne (9.51), is on daily except Sundays from 4 to 7 a.m. EST (3 to 6 CST).

According to the Federal Communications Commission, RCA will erect a new and more powerful commercial station at Kahuku, Hawaii, which will transmit on the present authorized frequencies of 5.845, 7.52, 11.68 and 16.03 megacycles. Power will be from 40 to 50 kilowatts.

Question Box: James Moore, San Francisco; Address short-wave station YDB, Soerabaya, Java, D.E.I., at H. Van der Veen, Engineer-in-charge, Java Wireless Stations, Bandoeng, Java. All Java station reports are sent to this one source.

For advance short-wave programs for the week see pages 29 to 39.

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MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

ARTURO TOSCANINI is taking a rest this week. Hans Lange will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony in his last appearance of the season with the orchestra. The final programs for April 19 and 26 (CBS at 3 p.m. EST; 2 CST; 1 MST; 12 noon PST) have been announced. The first is an all-Debussy concert, in which Bidu Sayao, soprano, Rose Bampton, contralto, and 56 voices from the Schola Cantorum, will participate. The selections are: Prelude to the First Part of "Saint Sebastian," Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," two nocturnes ("Nuages" and "Fetes"), "Iberia," "La Demoiselle Elue," and "La Mer."

Maestro Toscanini will take farewell of the radio audience—unless the additional post-season concert of April 29 is broadcast—with the playing of the same program that he conducted on his first appearance with the Philharmonic Society on January 14, 1926. Overture to von Weber's "Euryanthe"; Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 4); Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela"; Siegfried's Death, and Funeral March from "Die Gotterdammerung"; and Respighi's "The Pines of Rome."

Already there is discussion that may bring us the operas and concerts Toscanini conducts at the Salzburg Festival this August. They are "Falstaff" and "Fidelio," parts of which were heard last Summer, and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

New York night-club devotees were quite surprised recently to find a stranger in their midst. After a second look they decided it was none other than the world's foremost musical celebrity, Toscanini himself. He took a table down front in a swank club, surveyed the girls closely, and settled back to enjoy himself. Waiters tried to keep autograph-hunters away; one middle-aged lady pleaded for her children. "For posterity, yes!" and Toscanini autographed.

Later a white horse danced to the rhythm of the swing band. "Of course," Toscanini shrugged his shoulders, "you can teach a horse rhythm much easier than orchestra men."

LILY PONS has returned from a glorious four weeks' vacation in her native France, where she sang in Monte Carlo, acquired a sun-tanned complexion and a new wardrobe. She will spend the Summer near New York and return to Hollywood for her second movie, in August. Mlle. Pons, the most natural and charming of all prima donnas, hopes the cinema work will not be as hard as before. "You know," she says, "on one scene last time I had feefty re-takes! Non! not feeftteen, feefty!" and she gives a French shrug of the shoulders.

THE MUTUAL network is presenting some of the finest music ever heard on the air. And much of it is music seldom played off the air. Tune in, if you can find it, the "Master Musicians" series (Sundays at 8:30 p.m. EST; 7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST). Mischel Piastro will play the Glazounoff Concerto this Sunday. Next week, April 19, there will be Debussy's Rhapsodie for Piccolo and Saxophone. Isn't that a new one? WOR's String Symphony on Tuesdays (9 p.m. EST; 8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST); Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonietta on Wednesdays (9:30 p.m. EST; 8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST).

A KINDLY lady feels that Walter Damrosch's "Good morning, my dear children" is almost a blessing in itself, and writes us of his Music Appreciation Hour:

"We are spellbound, being only children ourselves, musically. We enjoy learning the structure of the symphony as he explained Tchaikowsky and Beethoven, playing the main themes

on the piano and asking us to notice when the different instrumental voices took up the melody. Another hour he describes animals in music by playing 'The Lion's March,' 'The Swan,' 'The Bumble Bee.' Of course, that was for the smaller children.

"The hour is divided into two classes. We listen to both . . . And there were the little gray donkeys that bring the farm produce from the Tuscan hills at dawn to the city markets, returning under the stars at night with the maids and men singing and the patter of the little hoofs through it all, as they climb the hills.

"Still another lesson was devoted to fairy music from von Weber's 'Oberon'—The Witches' Music in 'Hansel and Gretel'—the little Russian fairy who plots mischief toward men and is no thicker than a straw. The 'Sleeping Beauty Ballet'—Tchaikowsky again. The thing that surprises me is his confidence that young children will understand, and they do."

It is good to know that Doctor Damrosch has so many devoted and believing followers, and that he helps them. He certainly is the most convincing and the most popular "explainer" of music extant in our day. And we are glad we never have written a single word against his lecture recitals or his pedagogy on the radio. It is only that we have felt he was not an inspired conductor nor a great interpreter of music masterpieces. He did his orchestral barnstorming in a day when technical standards and taste were on a much lower plane in this country than they are today. He served his purpose and outlives his usefulness on the podium. It is fortunate that he can continue another important and highly significant educational work in the declining years of his life.

CREED OF THE LISTENERS' GUILD

Wesley Franklin, Director

WE BELIEVE that the air should be kept clean.

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

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

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

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

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

THE EDITOR WRITES HIMSELF A LETTER

DEAR Mr. Mitchell: It seems that a story of yours recently was the means of embarrassing a couple of good friends named Rudy Vallee and Dave Rubinoff.

The RADIO GUIDE story said, if you remember, that Rudy had wanted to manage Rubinoff and that he had become very indignant when Rubinoff signed up with the National Broadcasting Company Artists Bureau. Today letters came from both parties concerned.

They are aghast at the fact that the publication of such a misconception of the true facts might injure their long-standing friendship.

Quoting from their letters: Says Rubinoff: "Frankly, there never was a connection between Rubinoff and NBC regarding booking. The truth of the matter was that Vallee introduced Rubinoff to the sponsor who signed Rubinoff for nearly five years of broadcasting, and for all of this Rudy Vallee never demanded or collected one penny."

Says Rudy Vallee: "I have never sought nor wanted to have the credit for having seen in Rubinoff something that would make him a successful feature on the air, but to have NBC and their representative, who turned him down when we sent him to them, receive, through your article, the credit for actually offering the contract, is most annoying."

Says the editor of R. G.: "The important thing right now is that these facts be published in your earliest issue so that no misunderstanding will strain the friendly relations of these two splendid radio artists. Your doing so will be appreciated by all parties concerned."

Sincerely yours,
CURTIS MITCHELL



Sweet AND Low

WHEN the last sweet note of your favorite program has faded and you've clicked off the radio, then, of course, it's time for a snack.

Make your before-bedtime meal a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes. These golden flakes are wholesome, delicious, and so easy to digest, they help you to sleep soundly. Every grocer sells them and the price is low.

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Starring Ben Alexander—on the Mountain and Pacific Coast N. B. C. Red Network Thursday nights.

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Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE."
Name.....
Address.....

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

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

My name is _____

I live at _____ City _____ State _____
(Street and Number)

I am _____ years old, and (single). There are _____ in my family.
(married). (Number)

I am in business and my position is _____ or I am a housewife and my husband's position is _____

I (own) my (home). My Radio is a _____
(rent) (apartment). (State the make)

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

4-18-36

THE MAN WHO DREAMED TOO MUCH



One of the earliest pictures taken of Roxy and His Gang. Close study will disclose the presence of several celebrities, including Eugene Ormandy, Yasha Bunchuk, Marie Gambarelli and Frank Moulan

(Continued from Page 3)

Later, in Milwaukee, he tried another. In those days the only music in picture houses was a gum-chewing pianist banging away at a battered piano in the pit. Roxy rigged up colored lights over the piano, which he could manipulate from a switch in the rear of the theater. When there was a sad scene he turned on a blue light and the pianist played Hearts and Flowers.

He could not read a note of music, he knew nothing about it; but he loved good music with all his being. And he was one of the first to realize what it could mean to the theater. When he arrived triumphantly in New York in 1913, to take over first the Regent and then the Strand Theater, at that time called "the wonder of Broadway," he installed a sixteen-piece orchestra as his first deed.

After the Strand he had the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Capitol. It was at the Capitol, as early as 1922, that he went into radio for the first time.

Someone put a pair of ear-phones on him one night, and let him listen. Two weeks later Roxy was broadcasting from the stage of the Capitol! What imagination, what vision that little man had! He was so awed by the possibility of what he was doing—and so terrified of the microphone—that when he stepped up to sign off, his teeth chattered and he forgot what he had meant to say. All he could do was stammer out: "Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you."

The broadcasting company jumped on him furiously for signing off with such an "informal, undignified phrase." Executives didn't realize that those were the words that were in Roxy's heart. Corporations—or so they think—can't afford to have hearts. He was forbidden ever to use the phrase again. It was only because the public deluged them with letters of protest that they changed their minds.

The radio made Roxy, as Roxy helped to make the radio. It made him,

in fact, America's greatest showman. His name became a household word. Jokes about the Roxy ushers—which came later—grew to be as frequent as jokes about Ford cars had been a few years earlier. Roxy hardly could believe what was happening. All this furor over him—little Roxy Rothafel, whose father had sold hob-nailed boots! Why, a syndicate of big business men wanted to insure his life for \$2,000,000. He dashed home to tell Rosa. His life! The same syndicate, Fox Films, wanted to build the greatest theater in the world for him, and put him at the head of it. His theater. When he told Rosa this news his voice trembled so that she could hardly understand what he was saying.

But it was true. The wonderful dream was all true! . . . Construction began on the theater. It was to be named after him—the Roxy. And slowly, while he watched, its girders rose and it came to perfection under his eyes. It cost \$10,000,000.

At last it was done, and Roxy himself conducted the first rehearsal from a specially-built desk in the eighth row, from which loudspeakers carried his voice to every part of the building—to the prop room, to the electricians, to the proscenium arch, to the \$70,000 musical library. Bequeathing his old Gang to Major Bowes (who still has it) he moved into his private apartment in the new building. Tickets for the opening performance cost eleven dollars apiece.

THAT night of the opening, the boy from Stillwater was crowned King of Broadway. "Where a corporation built the Paramount," it was said, "a personality built the Roxy."

That was true. And all of it, as Roxy so honestly and generously said, was due to the radio. Only the radio could bring in the people. \$110,000 had to be taken in every week before the theater's books could show a profit.

He was at the top of the ladder—

and no sooner did he get there than he was offered a chance to climb higher!

In the center of Manhattan, John D. Rockefeller, Junior, was putting up a truly colossal spire of buildings. By 1932, the bottom year of the depression, everybody was laughing at him. For once, America was saying with a chuckle, a Rockefeller was stuck! For the sake of publicity, if not for itself, it was decided to build into the gigantic group of towers—how often the phrase had been applied to Roxy's houses—"the greatest theater in the world." How great is revealed by the fact that there was talk of a stage with eleven thousand square feet of area.

TO THE top of the ladder was to be added another rung—a rung, events were to prove, at too dizzy a height—a rung suspended in thin air.

At a salary of \$2,000 a week, Roxy took charge. One of the first things to be completed was a luxurious apartment for Roxy himself. A fortune was spent on his furnishings alone. A special window, closed by a panel, looked down the long slope of the gallery to the stage; framed within it, at any time of the day or night, Roxy could look down from his own home on the puppets of his dream world, dancing in their gaudy tinsel on the enormous expanse behind the glowing footlights.

His first move was to do exactly what the motion picture men had feared he would do for years. He dropped the movies altogether, to concentrate on music. His show was to be a stupendous conglomeration of super-vaudeville—orchestras, jugglers, and high-salaried opera stars, mixed helter-skelter in such an aggregation as had never been heard before. And music, music—his beloved music—running all through it in threads of golden melody. A special premiere was given before the theater was opened to the public. It lasted till 1 a.m.

For two days after that Roxy labored to whip his enormous show

into shape, a job ten men could not have accomplished. All day long, and all night, reeling from exhaustion, it was, "Up with those borders!" "Girls farther front!" "Now the organ!" "Orchestra, pianissimo!" . . . After forty-eight hours he was carried out on a stretcher and rushed to a hospital.

Then, like the toppling stones of a wall falling under the shock of an earthquake, crushing blows fell on the little man one after another. He had "dreamed too much." There was a limit. He had tried to go beyond it.

AT ONE moment, here was a man at the top of his trade. All the great names of Broadway flashed across his path. Famous men and beautiful women surrounded him. He created a new vogue in stage entertainment. He created star after star. He was spending money as not even a Rockefeller ever had spent it. Color and music deluged him; he walked in a panorama of colored lights and unheard-of effects in his ceaseless search for freshness and talent.

The next moment he was a failure and an outcast, walking in the echo of bitter, mocking laughter . . . When they get too big, we like to see them fall. And we laugh . . .

While Roxy lay in the hospital, contracts with the great Titta Ruffo, of opera, and with Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra, were hurriedly cancelled, at any cost. Roxy's own salary was chopped ruthlessly in half.

Lastly, the courts struck him. The name Roxy, a judge decided, belonged not to Roxy the man, but to the theater that used it. The Music Hall could not be called Roxy's Music Hall . . . Henceforth he was to be a man without a name. His most valuable property, his trademark, was not to be his.

He stayed at the Music Hall for a few lingering months of quarreling and dissatisfaction, but in the end he left.

He bought an interest in a theater in Philadelphia, and tried to make a come-back there, but after a few weeks that venture failed. He had lost the magic touch. His heart wasn't in it any more. And that is not to be wondered at, for Roxy's heart was broken.

From back-stage I saw one of the last shows he put on, with the remnants of his company who were loyal to him. He was still a showman. As he introduced each performer he stepped to the footlights and spoke to the audience in quiet, friendly words, as if they were guests in his house. Guests they were, to Roxy. That was how he always thought of his audiences. Some of the spark was still there. He made you feel that each performer was a great, glamorous, exciting discovery, and that you were going to listen to a rare treat.

A STAGE-HAND stood behind me. He nodded out towards the center of the stage, where Roxy stood in the blinding white disk of a spot boring down on him through the blackness. "He was a good little guy," he said, "while he lasted."

So—this story I have written is no obituary for the good little guy. All the nice things were said about him the day of his funeral. But, if ever a man was kicked when he was down, that man was Roxy Rothafel!

Start your solution NOW, in the Big, New PUZZLE-PIX Game for \$5,000 in cash. See Page 15 of this week's issue!

LESLIE HOWARD, your Sunday Matinee star, in the garb of the classic Romeo. You'll probably be seeing the English actor soon heading the all-star cast in the forthcoming film of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, now in production

*For Your
Radio Guide
Album*





Grace Moore looking her charming self as her friends used to know her

Miss HARD-TO- UNDERSTAND

By Katharine Hartley

Grace Moore, lovely, tempestuous, and every inch the operatic diva, has left the air after an extremely happy season.

She has gone, we understand, to enjoy a long vacation. This story, coming from Hollywood, where all that is best and some that is bad of an artist's nature must come out under the beating lights and constant grind of studio life, is an interesting character drawing of one of the great singers of radio.—Ed.

HE is the most charming and gracious woman I have ever met!" a handsome young actor told me, the day after the pre-view of Grace Moore's successful *One Night of Love*. He had just come from luncheon at her house, and it was then way past five in the afternoon. "Yes, would you believe it... we sat down at the luncheon table at

half-past one, and we were still there at four. Every man in that dining room was held spellbound for two and a half hours! And when finally someone did look at his watch, we were all dumbfounded. But that's the kind of spell she casts over you. So witty, and entertaining! But she also knows how and when to efface herself and let others have the floor. She's—well,



She bubbles good spirits when she's playing her favorite sport, golf

she's the very personification of her first name!"

In those days this young actor couldn't enthuse enough about Grace Moore. Today, less than two short years later, he closes up like a clam whenever her name is mentioned.

There are a lot of us today who can't trust ourselves to speak gently of Grace Moore. There are a lot of us, you'll find, who won't accept our idols with crumbling feet of clay.

AND it's not because we've found her temperamental. Quite the contrary. We Americans always have liked fireworks... we eat them up. Why, I remember one afternoon at an early radio rehearsal—I was entranced by the storm she broke around our heads. Something, someone—I forget now—had annoyed her, and suddenly her blue eyes were twin darts of flame. Her lips trembled, her hands clenched, her knuckles paled. Then her anger reached the boiling point and spilled over, scorching us all a little. But nobody minded really. She was angry, but she was beautiful. She was passionate... pulsating... a real prima donna; I looked at her with awe in my eyes.

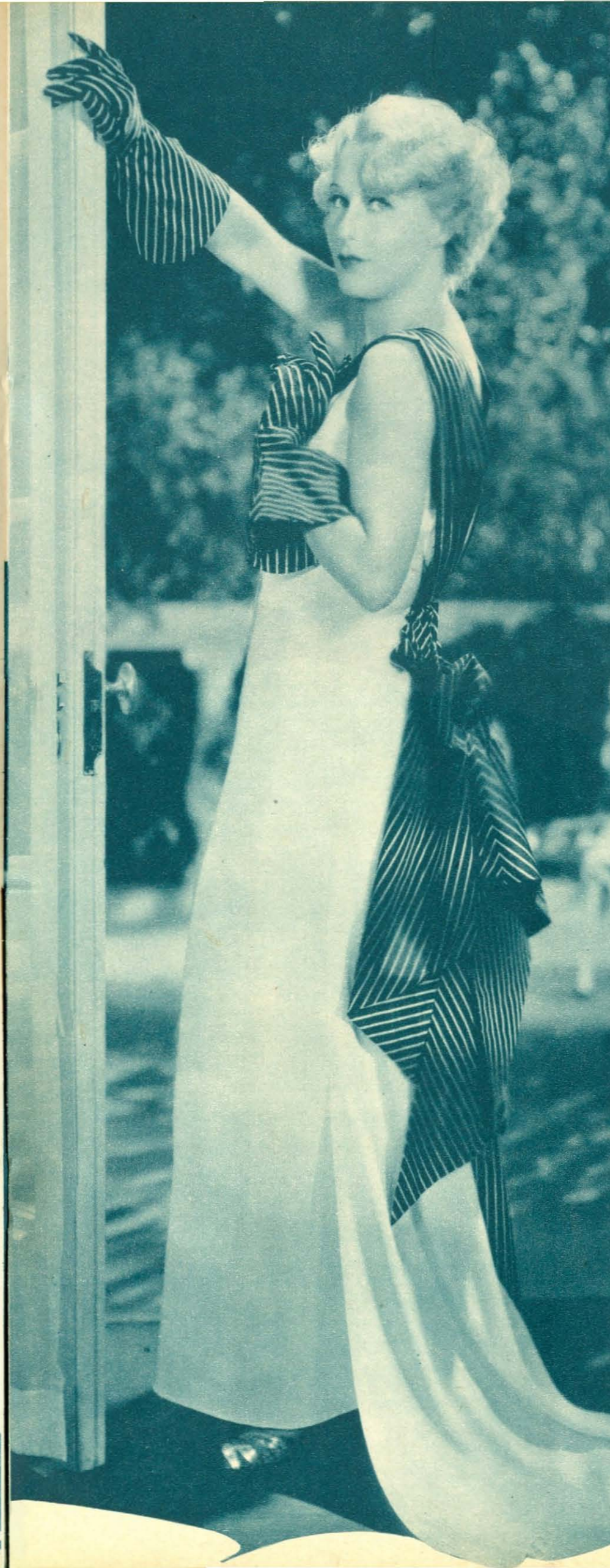
Recently, however, I saw another kind of Grace Moore scene which filled me with an entirely different sort of awe.

She was making *Love Me Forever*. Louella Parsons had invited her to appear on the Hollywood Hotel program in songs and scenes from the picture, and Miss Moore had accepted. They rehearsed her part of the program separately, so it wasn't until the day of the program that Miss Moore met the other members of the cast, or learned anything about the show as a whole. It wasn't until the dress rehearsal that she heard the beautiful soprano voice of Anne Jamison lifted in song. Then, as she listened, her feet tapped impatiently and indignantly under her chair. And under the cool peach surface of her skin her blood grew angry-red. But she waited. She waited until Anne had finished her number and until Dick Powell had picked up his cue. Then with a royal gesture she summoned Bill Bacher, the producer of the show.

IF SHE, Grace Moore, were to sing that night on Hollywood Hotel, then Anne Jamison would have to be taken off!

The argument lasted well into the afternoon. Bill was patient. Bill was tactful. Bill finally was successful. That evening Grace Moore did go on the program in spite of the fact that it also featured another soprano. But the damage had been done.

You ask, and I ask... how can she have changed so much? How can she forget those days when she too was struggling to get to the top? And now that she's there... how can she overlook her responsibilities as high priestess on the pedestal of the world's



Left, Miss Moore is shown as she distinguished herself at a recent benefit performance with many of Hollywood's great



She loves dogs, particularly Wire-hairs, and indulges her fondness for them at every possible opportunity during moments of relaxation

praise? How can she forget to be big and kind—not petty and small?

Grace stood plenty of wallops and took a lot of hard knocks on the way up. She didn't find it easy. She had a very ordinary beginning... the daughter of a preacher in a small Tennessee town. She had nothing much to start out with... no money, no background, not very much training, even. But as an imperious, headstrong young lady—yes, even in those days—she did have determination, and that was the thing that drove her from Jellico to New York.

But arriving there, it was just one big disappointment after another. She lived in hall bedrooms and skimped on food and washed her own clothes and gave countless fruitless auditions. That was the worst part of it... the countless fruitless auditions! Going in with high hopes... coming out with heavy heart. Fighting for an audition for five days maybe, and then being allowed only five minutes! Fighting for the at-

tentions of busy executives, then maybe having to fight off those attentions! But fighting, most of all, to keep up her own spirits.

There were, for example, those six long, black hell-months—as she always calls them—when she was not allowed to speak or even whisper. Not a word, not a sound...

On the day of her long-awaited audition at the Metropolitan Opera, Grace suddenly lost her voice, and the famous Doctor Morafioti ordered her to complete silence for six months if she ever were to sing again. And then it was only one chance in a thousand, he told her. He analyzed her case as "paralysis of the vocal chords due to overwork."

CAN you imagine what she must have gone through those six long months? The fears that tortured her? The prayers she must have said? The promises she must have made her Maker, if only He would give her back her voice?

Didn't she, perhaps, promise always to be worthy of that voice... to use it only for good and for beauty and for spreading happiness through the world? I'm sure she did. Any girl would. And especially Grace... in those days still the devout young daughter of a Tennessee preacher.

(Continued on Page 42)

Statuesque and lovely blonde Bess Johnson, the striking personality who portrays Francis Moran, Mother Moran's 22-year-old daughter, in 'Today's Children'



Ben Bernie, the popular Old Maestro, looks pensively into the camera lens



Reflecting the mood of their Easy Aces funfests, Jane and Goodman Ace grin



Parks Johnson, left, and Jerry Belcher, who are responsible for the Vox Pop



The tenor of the Jumbo show, Donald Novis, flashes a bright smile for all



The carefree black-face comics of the Honeyboy and Sasafra's program



Fresh from a snow train comes singer Phil Duesy to Leo Reisman's program

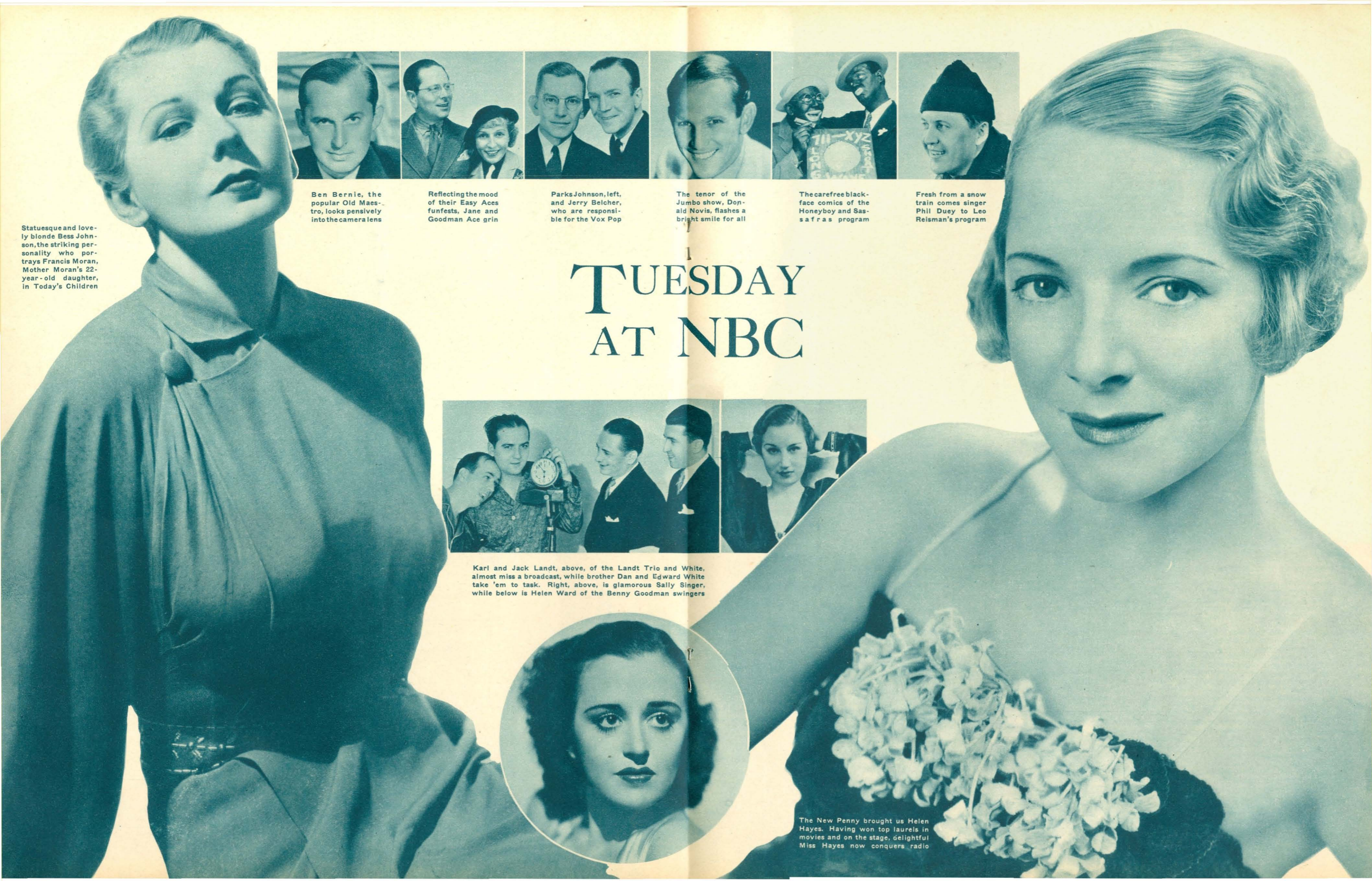
TUESDAY AT NBC



Karl and Jack Landt, above, of the Landt Trio and White, almost miss a broadcast, while brother Dan and Edward White take 'em to task. Right, above, is glamorous Sally Singer, while below is Helen Ward of the Benny Goodman swingers

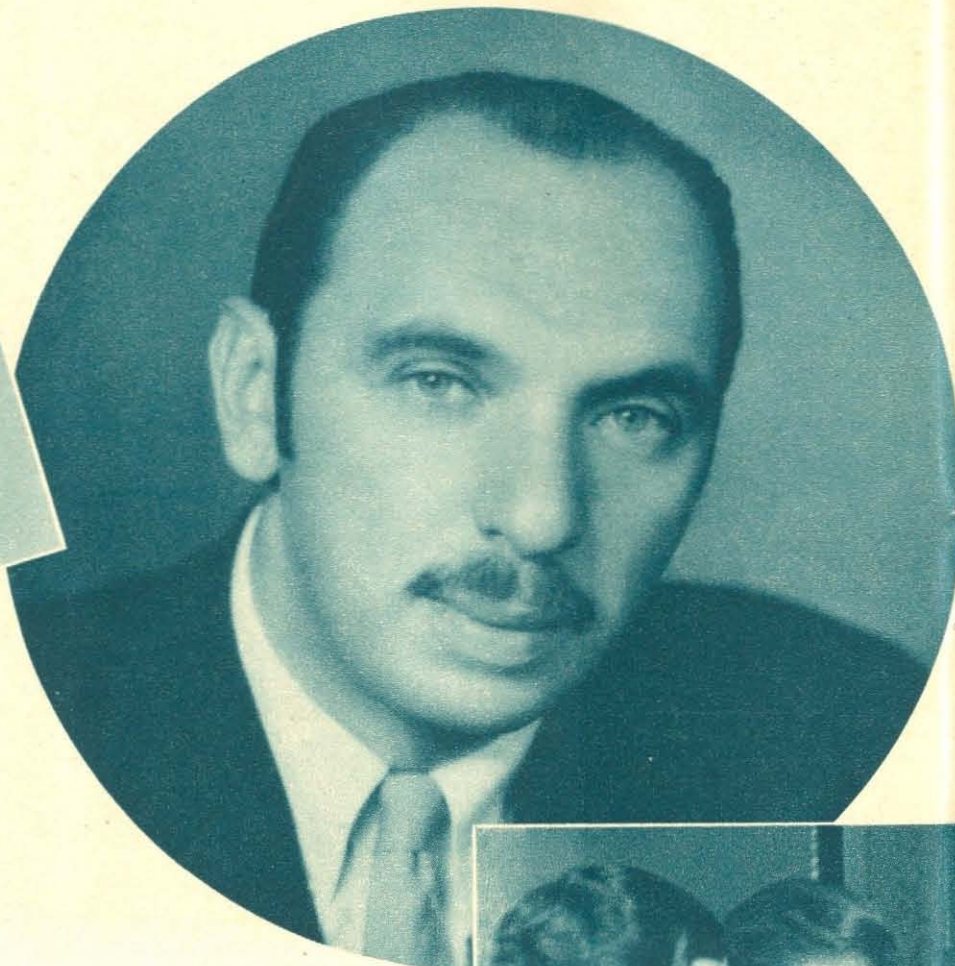


The New Penny brought us Helen Hayes. Having won top laurels in movies and on the stage, delightful Miss Hayes now conquers radio



JERRY-GO- LUCKY

If a Man Must Suffer Before He
Is Fit for Success, Then Jerry
Cooper Has Every Right to Stardom
By Helen Hover



Emil Coleman: He led the band that allowed Jerry to work the trick that landed Jerry a real job

THERE'S a big black-and-blue mark on Jerry Cooper's left arm. Every morning when he wakes in his soft bed with the fine white linen sheets and satin coverlets and looks around at the deep rugs, at the modern furniture, at the push-buttons which summon maids and bellboys and breakfast in bed, he remembers the time he slept on the hard floor of a freight train, and he pinches his arm to make sure he's not dreaming.

Seeing Jerry Cooper before a CBS microphone during his Youth and Rhythm program, suave and confident in his impeccable English-cut clothes, it's hard to believe that he's not the turnout of a Princeton campus, with seasons of experience stag-lining at our best debutante coming-outs. He's just under six feet tall, broad, lean-flanked and looks as if he always had a pretty good tan. An elegant young man who is a tailor's delight in dinner clothes or slacks, and who seems to possess membership in the snooty Westchester-Biltmore Golf Club.

But Jerry Cooper didn't always look like that. Matter of fact, exactly two years and eight months ago to the minute, Jerry's main adornment was a big sandwich board swinging from his shoulders, which announced to a diffident Broadway crowd that "Blank's Cafeteria Serves the Best Dinner in New York for 50 Cents."

A wise man once said that a person must go through every form of hell before he is fit for success. By that token, Jerry has every right to wear his mantle of success with aplomb.

He started life in New Orleans. Now forget all those pictures of plantations, magnolia trees, dark-eyed So'thuhn belles, and what my grandmother used to call "gay blades." Jerry was no part of that.

Home was something on the other side of the tracks. Clothes were the hand-me-down variety, and meals the substantial fare that was just enough to keep a boy alive without the luxury of angel-cake-and-ice-cream dessert.

When he was twelve, Jerry's parents separated. At an age when a lad is at his flounderingest, Jerry was made the Man of the House. There were two younger children. Pop wasn't contrib-

uting a cent; Mom was a nurse whose income depended upon the ability of her patients to pay (and anyway, she would explain, how could you turn down a case of measles just because Johnny Jones' family couldn't afford you?), so there was nothing else for Jerry to do but hustle up a job.

Now no Hearts and Flowers for Jerry, please. He was too busy to feel sorry for himself. Anyway, on that side of the tracks it wasn't at all uncommon for little boys of twelve to go out and work.

Oh, yes, he went through all the roles like a model Horatio Alger hero. Little Jerry, the Newsboy. Little Jerry, the Factory Hand. Little Jerry, the Western Union boy.

He clerked and ran errands for every merchant in town, until he finally was deposited in a nice little groove with the railroad at fifty cents a day. Life was a monotonous series of work from nine to seven, without even enough money to take his best girl to a movie.

It was during his first fling at a local dance when Jerry realized that his voice could do other things besides mumble "Yes-sir" to his superiors. He and the best girl were grouped around the bandstand, gazing with open admiration at the musicians, when the B. G. nudged him. "Come on, Jerry. Get up there and sing with them. You're a coward if you don't now."

It was a challenge that many another gallant had received from his Lady. Who was Jerry, Pride of the Railroad Yards, to refuse?

SO HE took a deep breath, scrambled onto the bandstand, and between embarrassed gulps proceeded to sing. Well, it wasn't any too good—but then again, it wasn't bad, either. The leader of the band asked him if he didn't want to keep on singing with his band at night, and his best girl squeezed his hand and gushed over him, and his head swam so on the way home that you could have knocked him over with a dillybird feather.

When he was through with his railroad job of an evening he donned a second-hand tuxedo and sang to a bleary-eyed group of sentimentals in the dance hall. More than once the

crowd got a little restless and started its own private little brawl. It was that sort of place.

One night the Big Event happened. Roger Wolfe Kahn, whose band was playing at the biggest club in town, strolled in. Jerry all but turned cartwheels in his attempt to impress the influential Kahn. When the New York leader had left, it was with the vague promise that he would "do something for you in New York, kid." It was a promise wrung from a weary leader who had been fawned upon by every ambitious young singer from Titusville to Sioux Falls. But to Jerry it meant—New York!

The dream kept pounding in his head as he went about his railroad duties, and it beat a wild tattoo in his rhythms as he sang at night. First like a few raindrops, then like a driving torrent, the dream persisted until there was nothing for him to do but give his mother the money he had saved, keep ten bucks of it for himself, wrap up his two clean shirts, and hop a freight for the big city.

He unwound himself from the rods in New York, brushed his trousers, changed to one of his clean shirts and started to hunt up Kahn. There, as easy as that. Now he would have a job. But an efficient-looking secretary told the anxious-eyed boy that the millicaire-maestro had left for Europe.

The flophouse where Jerry slept that first night in New York wasn't much cleaner than the freight train, but it was a trifle softer. The next night it was a park bench.

But all that was nothing compared to the prize humiliation he had to endure. In New York he was just another transient cluttering up the employment agencies. He went up to the music publishers, to the radio stations, to managers' offices. The receptionists

looked at his cheap shoes, his wrinkled shirt and baggy trousers, smiled sweetly and told him, "Mr. So-and-So is out."

At the end of the week he turned his pockets inside out and fished out two pieces of change. Rock bottom! . . . And between rounds he got a chance at a job. A very tough one for a proud boy. He was required to sling on his shoulder a sandwich board that hung fore and aft, advertising a cheap cafeteria; parade up and down Broadway; parade perhaps—his heart sank with misery at the thought—before the eyes of the secretaries and managers he already had seen. The salary was \$10 a week with meals thrown in. He saw a perfectly beautiful cup of coffee and the most heavenly ham sandwich in the window of the cafeteria. He remembered that he hadn't eaten all day, so he took the job.

There's probably no crowd as caloused as a Broadway crowd. In its indifference was a condescending jeer. Jerry squirmed as he walked up and down the streets lugging the sandwich board, and one evening after he had filled his belly on a big dinner, he gave the infernal sign one savage kick and walked out on his job for good.

But by now he had saved enough to be able to place a down payment on a suit of credit clothes. The broad Cooper shoulders perked up, the engaging Cooper grin grinned, and the doors to the mighty moguls of show business parted just wide enough for him to edge his foot in.

AT THESE offices he struck up the friendship of several musicians. And through one of them he heard that Emil Coleman was looking for a new male vocalist.

"I attended rehearsals and sat around as though I belonged," says Jerry. "Coleman never hired me—but he never kicked me out either. When he opened at the Palais Royale, I still hadn't been hired, but I rented a tuxedo and sat in the band anyway. Coleman gave me a who-the-devil-is-that-fellow look, but that was all. Before the opening I had conspired with the arranger to get me to sing a number. Coleman's vocalist was a tenor. I'm a baritone. The arranger scored one number too low for the tenor, but just about right for me. I rehearsed the song in private. When the time came for that song the tenor got up, but he had hardly struggled through the first



Does Jerry know how to enjoy himself? Dancing at the Hotel Ambassador, from left, Elizabeth Lennox, Oscar Shaw, Carmella Ponselle and Jerry, with Lopez at piano



Jerry no longer needs to wear second-hand evening clothes and, left, he has poise now before the microphone

what with two programs that have him broadcasting several times a week. And Mom doesn't have to go out on nursing jobs any more because a nice money-order finds its way from New York to New Orleans every week. He's annexed himself a girl friend, too. She's Joan Mitchell, one of the most orchidaceous showgirls who ever swayed in the front line of the Hollywood Cabaret floor show.

"When are you going to marry her?" I asked him.

He wrinkled his forehead. "I don't know. Frankly, I'm afraid of what a marriage might do to my career. Do you think it would hurt me professionally? I don't want to start gumming things up now. It took so long to get here, I couldn't bear to go through it all again."

Jerry, you see, still remembers two faint pink welts on his shoulders, a hang-over from his sandwich-board days. He doesn't ever want to go back.

few low notes when he had to stop. So I rushed up and did the number myself. A dirty trick, but it worked!" That landed him a job with Coleman. Jerry at least had his feet planted on Broadway soil. He sang in several night clubs and auditioned for radio between shows, until the big day when Columbia phoned and told him he had passed an audition and would he please come down to talk about a contract and things?

And now he's sitting pretty, high up in one of New York's smarter hotels. He holds a record of a sort in radio,



Left: Frankie dances, and with none other than Dorothy Martin—that's the way they are nowadays. Right: There they are again! That's Brewster Morgan, left, with Mrs. Morgan's back to lens



Night-Clubbing

with the

STARS

Ablly escorted by Frank Parker, Miss Martin and Mrs. Morgan arrive at the Rainbow Room for a gay evening

Below: Suave Ray Noble, center, halts to extend his greetings to comedian Hope, left and his wife



The Time: One of Ray Noble's Last Nights at the Rainbow Room

The Place: Radio City, New York

The Stars: Mr. and Mrs. Noble; Connie Boswell and Husband Harry Leedy; Frank Parker and Dorothy Martin; the Bob Hopes; the Brewster Morgans, and Stuart Churchill, of Musical Reveries

Harry Leedy and his wife, Connie Boswell, having a chat across the table with singer Stuart Churchill, Mrs. Noble, and Ray



COMING EVENTS

The Daily Listings Will Show Your Nearest Station for These Programs

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

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

PAGEANT

The Tenth Annual Easter Pageant at Mt. Roosevelt in the Wichita Mountains, near Lawton, Oklahoma, will be broadcast over NBC at 7 a.m. EST (6 CST).

EASTER SERVICES

From Mt. Helix Natural Theater, near San Diego, from Honolulu, and from the Grand Canyon will come NBC Easter Sunrise Services. The Grand Canyon will be heard at 8 a.m. EST (7 CST), followed by the Mt. Helix services at 8:30 a.m. EST (7:30 CST). Honolulu will be heard at 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST).

FIFTH AVENUE PARADE

George Hicks and two style authorities will man NBC microphones to describe New York City's Easter parade on Fifth and Park Avenues, at 12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. CST).

PAULIST CHOIR

Father Finn and his famous Paulist Boys' Choir will be guests on the Radio City Music Hall of the Air heard at 12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. CST) over NBC.

FISK SINGERS

The Fisk Jubilee Singers and choir will present a program of Easter music at 1:15 p.m. EST (12:15 CST) over NBC.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

NBC's Magic Key program at 2 p.m. EST (1 CST) will bring to the air Leopold Stokowski directing the Philadelphia orchestra.

BASEBALL SALUTE

CBS announcers in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and Washington will interview outstanding players, managers and officials in both the National and American League, at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST).

FREDERICK JAEGEL

Frederick Jaegel, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be the guest star on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour over CBS at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST).

MONDAY, APRIL 13

YODELING COWBOYS

Doc Schneider's original Texas Yodeling Cowboys will begin a new weekly NBC series at 11 a.m. EST (10 CST).

MELODIES DEBUT

Music of various countries will be the feature of Metropolitan Melodies which makes its debut over NBC at 11:15 a.m. EST (10:15 CST). The weekly series will include a concert orchestra with soloists.

EGG-ROLLING

The White House Lawn will be the scene of the annual Monday Easter egg-rolling

ceremony for the benefit of the children of Washington, and broadcast over a CBS network at 3:15 p.m. EST (2:15 CST).

SPRING FESTIVAL

A portion of Poland's colorful Spring festival of the peasants will be broadcast over CBS at 4:15 p.m. EST (3:15 CST).

UNIV. OF WISCONSIN

Wisconsin University gradu-

ates throughout the country will join in a special tribute to their Alma Mater when Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University, and Governor Philip LaFollette send their greetings to alumni over NBC at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). Other speakers will be Myron Harschaw, national president of the association, and Fredric March, motion picture star, speaking from Hollywood. Musical interludes will be supplied by the University's

band and men's Glee Club of that institution.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt's address before the Young Democratic Clubs of Maryland will be heard over NBC and CBS at 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST).

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

CHARLESTON FESTIVAL

A portion of the annual Azalea

Festival held in Charleston, South Carolina, will be broadcast for NBC audiences at 11 p.m. EST (10 CST). Negro spirituals sung by the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals, and a description of the meaning of these numbers by Dubose Heyward, author, will be included.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

FOLIES BERGERE

Willie and Eugene Howard, musical comedy stars, assisted by Fifi D'Orsay, the French songstress and comedienne, will bring the new Folies Bergere of the Air to NBC network listeners at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

J. A. FARLEY

An address by Postmaster General James A. Farley speaking at the banquet of the State Democratic Committee in the Hotel Eyck in Albany will be carried over NBC at 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). Mr. Farley's subject will be The Keynote of the 1936 Campaign.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt's address and the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Department of Interior building in Washington, D. C., will be broadcast over NBC at 11 a.m. EST (10 CST). Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes also will be heard on this program.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17

MUSIC GUILD

The Pro-Arte String Quartet of Brussels, Belgium, famous chamber music ensemble, will be guests on the NBC Music Guild program at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST).

REP. BLANTON

Thomas L. Blanton, Representative from the Lone Star State, will discuss the question of Washington, the National Seat of Government, and Communizing Schools of the United States, over the CBS network at 10:45 p.m. EST (9:45 CST).

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

SUBJECTS OF YOUTH

Professor P. Caspar Harvey, professor of English composition and coach of debates at William Jewell College, will guide a discussion on the Subjects of the Youth of America Are Interested In. CBS is the network. The time is 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST).

FRANK FAY

Frank Fay, star of stage, screen and radio, inaugurates a series of weekly programs beginning tonight at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) over NBC. An orchestra conducted by Eddie Kay will assist the comedian. The Chevrolet show, previously heard at this time, vacates.

IN CINCINNATI WITH—

Orville Revelle

UNDER the pseudonym of John King, Miller Everson, former WKRC announcer, has located success in Hollywood! Under the business guidance of Zeppo Marx, Miller is slated for stardom by the Universal people this Summer . . . Mary Jane Croft (Muncie, Indiana, claims her) owns that new voice on the True Story hour . . . All is quiet on the northern front at WHAS. Boss Credo Harris is back from Florida.

is Peter Riccardi, former WLW Moon River soloist.

Cincinnati is proud of WLW and Powel Crosley, Jr., and his gesture in turning over all of his broadcasting facilities in behalf of the flood sufferers! Governor Earle's (Pennsylvania) public statement—"WLW's services were invaluable to our relief workers"—was one of the many tributes paid a real man with a real station.

The Stump-us Band finally received a stumper. However, they won't divulge the number that stumped them, or the first member of the Stump-us Club.

Larry Ebker, WHIO tenor, auditioned for MBS' Listen To This by a recording of one of his programs, and won a place on the offering. Luck to Larry and we hope he clicks . . . Well of all things, Jack Pierce, Paul Pendarvis' vocalist, is credited with the feat of whistling through his teeth. I knew there was something missing on the Major's airing . . . Jack Snowism: "The only difference between a radio artist and a radio performer is that the artist is a friend of the columnist."

His weakness for photography led to dismissal of charges against T. Paul Jordan, WLWite, in Cincinnati police court recently. When Jordan returned to his car parked in the downtown district, he found a tag charging dirty license plates. Gathering several witnesses, he pulled out a pocket camera and snapped a picture of the supposedly dirty plates. In police court Jordan produced the picture and statements by the witnesses and his case was dismissed! The moral—if there is one—must be: Carry a camera and fear no traffic cops.

WHIO's Jimmie Allen Club garnered 2,500 members during the past four days. However that same station's Tarzan Club set a new high with 15,000 followers signing in five days . . . John Hackett is slated to be this year's ballcaster at

WOWO . . . Dial WKRC, April 12, for the Easter Services from Rome . . . The Hilltop outlet also will carry the Pope's message of observance on the same at 5:30 a.m. EST (4:30 CST) . . . A Major Bowes unit, some of Ray Perkins' amateurs and the flood visited Ohio at the same time last week . . . It never rains but what it pours!

Dolly Sullivan, WHAS' swellegant p.a., turned this one loose: "Foster Brooks, songman, imitator, announcer and the WHAS general nuisance, claims his sore muscles are from washing the windows in the Brooks' new apartment. But opinions differ, especially among the staff members who saw him tumble into the ork pit at the Oertel Radio Show. Foster's flight ended as the last few bars of I Saw Stars was rendered by the orchestra. From where I was seated it appeared that the act had been rehearsed."

The much inquired about tenor-baritone soloist, heard on Thursday mid-afternoons from WHAS over the Columbia network is none other than Peter Riccardi, for several years heard on WLW's Moon River program.

One more word about the flood! It did bring us one person we were mighty glad to see. Routed South by the AAA, a little Plymouth convertible, with Anne Seymour at the wheel, rolled up to WLW. Anne, who just left the Grand Hotel company in Chicago, was heading home to New York all alone in her sleek little Myles, as she calls the Plymouth.

She stopped in at WLW to find some old cronies, but failed to locate any. Anne, you know, started her radio career at the Nation's Station in 1932. The next year saw her on Grand Hotel, and this month will see her in Europe. The trip abroad materialized after the rest of the drive home. "I saw so much water, I just can't resist a boat trip!" Okay, Anne, we're glad you stopped and sorry to have missed you! Call again.



Jane Ace See 7 p.m. EST (6 CST)

Frequencies

Table with 4 columns: KDKA-980, WGN-720, WLW-700, WMAQ-670, etc.

MBS Basil Foreen's Orch.: WGN WLW KMOX-News WFBM-Atop the Indiana Roof

12:15 a.m. ES 11:15 p.m. CS NBC-Jimmie Dorsey's Orch.: KDKA (sw-6.14)

12:30 a.m. ES 11:30 p.m. CS NBC-George Olsen's Orch.: WJZ WAVE WSM KDKA (sw-6.14)

12:45 a.m. ES 11:45 p.m. CS CBS-Laurie Higgins' Orch.: WABC WWSA WKRC WFBM WJZ

5:15 p.m. EST 4:15 CST CBS-Wilderness Road, sketch: WSMK WFBM WLAC (sw-11.83)

Night

6:00 p.m. EST 5:00 CST NBC-News, WJZ only) Minute Men: WJZ

Musical Moments: WKRC WSAZ KDKA-Dinner Music KMOX-Jack Armstrong (CBS)

WSAI-Billy Shaw's Orch. WSM-Those O'Malleys, sketch WTAM-Air Streamers

10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST NBC-Eddie Dowling's Revue; Ray Dooley; Helen Ward, songstress; Benny Goodman's Orch.: WEAF WTAM WAVE

11:15 p.m. EST 10:15 CST NBC-Pratt & McNeill: WTAM WLW WMAQ

SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR TUESDAY

(See Page 29 for List of Stations and Frequencies) EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour

Shakespeare Book Found on Farm Brings \$5000

Two boys, playing near an old barn, found an old book that looked interesting. Imagine their joy when on investigating they discovered it was a valuable edition of one of William Shakespeare's famous classics "Venus and Adonis", and they sold it for a fortune!

April 15



Lily Pons See 9 p.m. EST (8 CST)

Frequencies

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

- List of radio programs and stations including KMOX-Henry Halstead's Orch., WKCY-Plantationaires, WJZ-Meditation, etc.

End of Wednesday Prgms.

SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR WEDNESDAY

- List of short-wave programs with times and station call letters, including 7:30 p.m.—Fun: DJC DJD DJM, 7:45 p.m.—Jesus Paiva, crooner: YV2RC, etc.

PERPETUAL ROSE



(Petite Recherche) A French Importation. Will BLOOM from Seed in SIX to EIGHT WEEKS. Smallest Rose in the world. Entire plant can be covered by a tea cup yet has the most exquisite Rose blooms. Very hardy and the second year grows as fast as a Rambler with THOUSANDS of Beautiful Tiny Roses. Plant in a Pot inside and transplant when ground is warm. Blooms continuously if kept inside. Packet of 6 Guaranteed Seed for 15c. 2 packets for 25c. 5 packets for 50c. ROSAROLL CO., Dept. 214, WESTPORT, CONN.

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WKRC—Contract Bridge
WLW-News and Financial Notes
WAS-Dance Music
WTAM-Hank Keene's Gang
5:00 p.m. EST 4:00 CST
NBC-Navy Band; WCKY WSAI
CBS-Benny Venuta, songs;
WMMN WKRC WSMK WLAC
(sw-11.83)
NBC-Concert Hour: WTAM
WIRE (sw-9.53)
MBS-Bob Nolan's Toy Band:
WLW WGN
KDKA-Kiddies Klub
WCPO-Moods
WHAS-State Teachers College
WOWO-Little Joe
WSAZ-Bargain Counter
WVVA-Ferry & Ted
5:15 p.m. EST 4:15 CST
CBS-"Wilderness Road," sketch:
WSMK KMOX WFBM WLAC
(sw-11.83)
KDKA-Carly Miller
WCPO-Galvano & Cortez
WGBF-Daughters of Civil War
Veterans
WGN-Armchair Melodies
WKRC-Tune Time
WLW-Jack Armstrong, sketch
WMMN-Eve. Shopping Notes
WSAZ-Briarhoppers
WVVA-Economy Notes
5:30 p.m. EST 4:30 CST
CBS-Robert Mack, bar.: WSMK
WLAC
★ NBC-KELLOGG'S PRESENTS
The Singing Lady: WLW WGN
KDKA (sw-15.21-11.87)
CBS-Jack Armstrong, sketch:
(sw-11.83-9.59)
NBC-Twin City Foursome: WSAI
WTAM
WAVE-Favorite Melodies
WCKY-Buddy and Gunter
WCPO-Song Contest Prgm.
WENR-Musical Grab Bag
WFBM-Indiana Central College
WGBF-WPA Music
WHAS-Herbert Koch, organist
WHIO-Tarzan of the Apes,
sketch
WIRE-Rose Room Melodies
WKRC-Annie Longworth Wal-
lingford
WOWO-Variety Prgm.
WSAZ-Clark Randall; Orch.
WVVA Jr. Broadcasters Club
5:45 p.m. EST 4:45 CST
NBC-Top Hatters Dance Orch.:
WIRE WSM WAVE WCKY
CBS-The Goldbergs, sketch:
WKRC WHAS KMOX WOWO
WFBM WLAC (sw-11.83-9.59)
NBC-Orphan Annie, sketch:
WLW-KDKA WGN (sw-15.21-
11.87)
WCPO-Smilin' Dan
WENR-Singing Strings (NBC)
WHIO-Jimmy Allen, sketch
WMMN-Sons of the Pioneers
WSAI-Marlyn Deane, songs
WSAZ-George Hall's Orch.
WTAM-Tommy & Betty
WVVA-Flyin' X Roundup

WGY-Magnolia & Sunflower
WHAS-Dick Tracy, sketch
WHIO-Si Burick
WKRC-Sports; News
WLAC-Buddy Clark, bar. (CBS)
WOWO-Jungle Jim, sketch
WSAI-Dreamers
WSM-Sarie & Sallie
WTAM-Youth & Experience
6:30 p.m. EST 5:30 CST
NBC-News; Jackie Heller, trn.:
WEAF WHIO (sw-9.53)
CBS-News; Eton Boys Male
Quartet: WABC WSMK (sw-
11.83)
NBC-News; Three X Sisters:
WJZ WSM
News: WENR WSAI
KDKA-Dinner Music
KMOX-Jack Armstrong, sketch
WBBM-Pat Flanagan's Sport Re-
view
WCKY-Golden Voiced Canaries
WCPO-Merchants' Bulletins
WFBM-School Sketches
WGBF-Hoffman's Boys Club
WGN-Sports Review
WGY-News; Eve. Brevities
WHAM-News; To be announced
WHAS-Out o' the Dusk
WIRE-Sons of Pioneers
WJR-Duncan Moore
WKRC-Musical Moments
WLW-Old Fashioned Girl
WMAQ-News; Donald McGibeny
WMMN-News; To be announced
WOWO-Variety Prgm.
WSAZ-Light Classics
WTAM-News; Sports
WVVA-Diary of Jimmie Mattern
6:45 p.m. EST 5:45 CST
★ NBC-LOWELL THOMAS, com-
mentator: WJZ WLW KDKA
WTAM (sw-15.21-11.87)
CBS-Renew of the Mounted:
WABC WFBM WVVA KMOX
WSMK WBBM (sw-11.83)
NBC-Billy and Betty, sketch:
WEAF
Diary of Jimmie Mattern. WMAQ
WGY
WAVE-Carson Robison
WCKY-Musical Moods
WCPO-Fraternity House Party
WENR-Star Dust
WGBF-Club Time
WGN-Palmer House Ensemble
WHAM-News
WHAS-Asher & Little Jimmie
WHIO-Music; Five Minute Drama
WIRE-Sport Slants
WJR-Musical Moments
WKRC-20th Century Serenade
WLAC-Sons of the Pioneers
WMMN-Conklin's Dance Melodies
WSAI-Knot Hole Club
WSA-Dance Orch.
WSM-Little Orphan Annie (NBC)
7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST
★ NBC-AMOS 'n' ANDY: WEAF
WLW WGY WTAM WMAQ
(sw-9.53)
CBS-Myrt & Marge, sketch:
WABC WVVA WKRC WBBM
WJR (sw-11.83-9.59)
NBC-Easy Aces, sketch: WJZ
WCKY KDKA WHAM WHIO
WLS WIRE (sw-11.87)
KMOX-News and Sports
WAVE-News
WFBM-Sports
WGN-Musical Moments
WHAS-Harry Currie's Orch.
WLAC-Dinner Music
WMMN-Beverly Stull
WOWO-Sports Revue
WSAI-Clyde Trask's Orch.
WSM-Sports Review
7:15 p.m. EST 6:15 CST
★ NBC-ALKA-SELTZER PRE-
sents Uncle Ezra's Radio Sta-
tion: WEAF WGY WTAM
WHIO WIRE WMAQ WCKY
(sw-9.53)
CBS-Paris Night Life, musical;
Armida: WABC WBBM WKRC
WHAS KMOX WFBM (sw-
11.83-9.59)
NBC-To be announced: WJZ
WHAM WLS
MBS-To be announced: WLW
WGN
KDKA-Slim & Jack & Gang
WAVE-Fritz & the Major
WCPO-Hornberger Trio
WGBF-What's Going On
WJR-Jimmie Allen, sketch
WMMN-Playmakers Present
WSM-Singin' & Stringin'
WVVA-Tom Sweeney
7:30 p.m. EST 6:30 CST
NBC-Artie Hall's Southern
Rubes: WEAF WCKY
★ NBC-HORLICK'S MALTED
Milk Presents Lum & Abner,
sketch: WJZ WLW WLS
CBS-Kate Smith's Hour; Jack
Miller's Orch.; Ted Collins, an-
nouncer: WABC WBBM WKRC
WHAS KMOX WVVA WFBM
WJR (sw-11.83-9.59)
Musical Moments: WHAM WSM
WMMN

KDKA-Grenadiers
WAVE-Musical Memory Game
WCPO-Harry Hartman's Sports
WGBF-Waring's Pennsylvanians
WJZ-Lone Ranger, drama
WGY-Jim Heale, commentator
WHIO-Harry Kalb's Orch.
WIRE-Glamour, Gossip & Grease-
paint
WLAC-News; Sports Review
WMAQ-Jack Randolph, bar.
WSAI-American Legion Auxiliary
WTAM-Console Capers
7:45 p.m. EST 6:45 CST
NBC-Our American Schools:
WEAF WAVE WLS
NBC-Ralph Kirbery, dream sing-
er; Al & Lee Reiser, pianists:
WJZ
★ CBS-Boake Carter, commen-
tator: WABC WHAS KMOX
WKRC WBBM WJR (sw-11.83-
9.59)
Musical Moments: WCKY WHIO
WVVA
Diary of Jimmie Mattern: WIRE
WSM
KDKA-Romance of Dan & Syl-
via
WCPO-Dixieland Band
WFBM-News
WGY-Bradley Kincaid
WHAM-Forty Niners
WLAC-Variety Prgm.
WLW-Hot Dates in History
WMAQ-Benny Goodman's Orch.
WMMN-Tone Poems
WSAI-Rex Stevens, drama
WTAM-Jack Randolph's Orch.
8:00 p.m. EST 7:00 CST
STOP-Tune in Radio Guide's
\$5,000 Prize Puzzle-Pix Con-
test. Don't Miss Any Part of
the Big Show. See Page 15.
★ NBC-One Man's Family,
serial drama with Anthony
Smythe: WEAF WTAM WMAQ
WSM WAVE WGY WLW
★ CBS-Cavalcade of America,
historical drama; Harold Le-
vey's Orch.: WABC WHAS
WKRC WBBM KMOX WFBM
WJR WLAC (sw-11.83-6.06)
NBC-Folies Bergere of the Air;
Willie & Eugene Howard; Fifi
D'Orsay & Orch., "Premiere":
WJZ WCKY WHAM KDKA
WHIO WENR (sw-11.87)
WCPO-Dude Ranch Nights
WGN-News; Sports Review
WIRE-Noveltly Trio
WMMN-Curley, Chuck, & Slim
WSAI-Stumpus
WVVA-Musical Varieties
8:15 p.m. EST 7:15 CST
WGN-Music Makers
WHIO-C. S. Mitcham
WIRE-Gilbert Mershon
WVVA-All Star Revue
8:30 p.m. EST 7:30 CST
NBC-Benny Rubin's Variety
Show; Lester Vail, m.c.;
Lou Breese's Orch.: WJZ
WHAM WENR
★ CBS-Burns & Allen; Orch.:
WABC WKRC KMOX WHAS
WBBM WOWO WFBM WJR
WLAC (sw-11.83-6.06)
★ NBC-Wayne King's Orch.:
WEAF WTAM WAVE WHIO
WCKY WSM WIRE WMAQ
WGY
KDKA-To be announced
WCPO-Ward's Orch.
WGN-Freddie Martin's Orch.
WLW-Bob Nolan's Orch.
WMMN-Sterling Singers
WSAI-Community Chest
8:45 p.m. EST 7:45 CST
WCPO-Bradford's Orch.
WGN-Witch's Tales
WMMN-Musical Prgm.
9:00 p.m. EST 8:00 CST
★ NBC-Fred Allen & Portland
Hoffa; Art Players; Amateur
& Peter Van Steeden's Orch.:
WEAF WTAM WAVE WMAQ
WSM WLW WGY (sw-9.53)
★ CBS-Lily Pons, sop.; Andre
Kostelanetz' Orch.; Chorus:
WABC WKRC WHAS WJR
WBBM KMOX WOWO WFBM
WLAC (sw-11.83-6.06)
NBC-Corn Cob Pipe Club of
Virginia: WJZ KDKA WCKY
WHIO WHAM WENR WIRE
(sw-6.14)
WCPO-Bill Dietrich's Orch.
WGN-Jack Hylton's Orch.
WMMN-Essay Contest
WSAI-Musical Moments
9:15 p.m. EST 8:15 CST
WCPO-Boxing Matches
WGN-Ted Weems' Orch.
WSAI-Today's News
9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST
NBC-Nat'l Catholic Education
Ass'n; Rev. A. Hogan, speak-
er: WJZ WCKY WENR
KDKA WHIO WIRE WHAM
(sw-6.14)

CBS-Refreshment Time. Ray
Noble's Orch.; Connie Bos-
well, vocalist: WABC WKRC
WBBM WHAS KMOX WOWO
WJR WFBM WLAC (sw-
11.83-6.06)
WGN-Mardi Gras; Harold Stokes
& Dance Orch.
WMMN-Jerry O. Kane, Irish trn.
WSAI-Wallenstein's Sinfonietta
9:45 p.m. EST 8:45 CST
WMMN-Bob Callahan, organist
10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST
NBC-John Charles Thomas with
Frank Tours' Orchestra: WJZ
WENR WCKY KDKA WHAM
WHIO WIRE (sw-6.14)
★ CBS-Gang Busters; Crime
Drama by Phillips Lord:
WABC WHAS WKRC WBBM
KMOX WOWO WFBM WJR
WLAC (sw-6.12-6.06)
★ NBC-Your Hit Parade; Al
Goodman's Orch.: WEAF
WTAM WAVE WGY WMAQ
WSM WLW (sw-9.53)
WGN-Joe Sanders' Orch.
WMMN-Organ Melodies
WSAI-Husbands & Wives
10:15 p.m. EST 9:15 CST
KMOX-Hot Dates in History
WGN-Al Kavelin's Orch.
WMMN-Joe Larosa's Orch.
10:30 p.m. EST 9:30 CST
★ CBS-March of Time: WABC
WFBM WBBM WHAS WKRC
KMOX WJR (sw-6.12-6.06)
NBC-Dem. State Committee Din-
ner, Address by Postmaster
General James A. Farley: WJZ
WCKY WENR WHIO WHAM
WSM
Musical Moments: WOWO WIRE
KDKA-Air Wave Theater
WGN-Ted Weems' Orch
WLAC-News; Marcia Manners
WSAI-Johnny Maitland's Orch.
10:45 p.m. EST 9:45 CST
CBS-To be announced: WABC
WKRC WSMK WMMN WBBM
(sw-6.12)
Musical Moments: KMOX WHAS
WFBM
WCPO-Dream Weaver
WJR-Dance Tunes
WLAC-Musical Moments
WOWO-Melody Memories
WSAI-Ted Weems' Orch.
11:00 p.m. EST 10:00 CST
NBC-Eddy Duchin's Orch.:
WEAF WCKY WIRE WTAM
CBS-Myrt & Marge, sketch:
KMOX WHAS WFBM WLAC
NBC-(News, WJZ only) Henry
Busse's Orch.: WJZ WENR

CBS-Dance Orch.: WABC WSMK
WMMN WOWO
★ NBC-Amos 'n' Andy: WSM
MBS-Freddie Martin's Orch.:
WGN WSAI
News: WLW WKRC WBBM
KDKA-News; By the Fireside
WAVE-Dance Hour
WGY-News; Jerry Johnson's
Orch.
WHAM-Michael Covert's Orch.
WHIO-Harold Greenamyer's Orch.
WMAQ-Benny Goodman's Orch.
WTAM-Sammy Kaye's Orch.
11:15 p.m. EST 10:15 CST
NBC-Pratt & McNeill: WTAM
WLW WMAQ
CBS-Dance Orch.: WJR WMMN
WSMK WKRC
MBS-Kay Kyser's Orch.: WGN
WSAI
KDKA-Driving Information
KMOX-Edith Murray; Al Roth's
Orch.
WAVE-Jack Eby's Orchestra
WBBM-Alida Sturman, cont.
WFBM-News
WHAM-Henry Busse's Orch.
WHAS-Dance Time
WHIO-Sammy Watkins' Orch.
WKRC-Dance Orch.
WLAC-March Time
WSM-Jubilee Singers
11:30 p.m. EST 10:30 CST
CBS-Bob Crosby's Orch.: WABC
WKRC WSMK WMMN WFBM
WJR WOWO
NBC-(News, WEAF only) Phil
Levant's Orch.: WEAF
CBS-Bernie Cummins' Orch.:
WBBM
NBC-Enoch Light's Orch.: WJZ
WHAM WSM WAVE WSAI
WENR
KDKA-Radio Night Club of the
Air
KMOX-Ozark Carnival
WCKY-Rhythmamaes
WGN-Kavelin's Orch.
WGY-Musical Prgm.
WHAS-Dance Band
WHIO-Harold Greenamyer's Orch.
WIRE-Amer. Bowling Congress
WLAC-Dance Orch.
WLW-Gray Gordon's Orch.
WMAQ-Ted Lewis' Orch.
WTAM-Maurice Spitalny's Orch.
11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
NBC-Mrs. Jesse Crawford, or-
ganist: WEAF WTAM WHIO
WGY WMAQ (sw-9.53)



Betty Lou Gerson See 9 p.m. EST (8 CST)

Frequencies

Table with 3 columns: Station Name, Frequency, and another Station Name. Includes KDKA-980, WGN-720, WLW-700, etc.

WENR-Carl Schreiber's Orch. WFBM-Atop the Indiana Roof WGY-Dance Music

12:15 a.m. ES 11:15 p.m. CS KDKA-DX Club KMOX-Three Brown Bears

12:30 a.m. ES 11:30 p.m. CS NBC-Phil Levant's Orch.: WJZ KDKA WIRE WENR (sw 6.14)

CBS-Guy Lombardo's Orch.: WABC KMOX WKRC WFBM WSMK WBBM WJR

End of Friday Programs

CBS-Jack Armstrong, sketch: (sw-11.83-9.59) CBS-Burton Rogers with Orch.: WLAC WSMK

WMAQ-News; Donald McGibeny, commentator WSAZ-Hill Billy Serenade

8:00 p.m. EST 7:00 CST STOP-Tune in Radio Guide's \$5,000 Prize Puzzle-Pix Contest

WAVE-Melody Package WGN-Ted Weems' Orch. WHAM-Radio's Court of Appeal

KDKA-News; By the Fireside WAVE-Dance Hour WENR-Henry Busse's Orch.

Night

6:00 p.m. EST 5:00 CST NBC-(News, WJZ only). Animal News Club: WJZ

7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST NBC-Amos 'n' Andy: WEA WGY WLW WTAM WMAQ

8:30 p.m. EST 7:30 CST CBS-Broadway Varieties; Oscar Shaw m.e., Carmela Ponselle, mezzo-sop.; Elizabeth Lennox; Victor Arden's Orch.

10:30 p.m. EST 9:30 CST NBC-Marion Talley, sop.; Josef Koestner's Orch.: WEA WGY

11:15 p.m. EST 10:15 CST NBC-Henry Busse's Orch.: WEA WSM WCKY WIRE

6:30 p.m. EST 5:30 CST NBC-News; Dorothy Page, songs: WEA WCKY WSM (sw-9.53)

7:45 p.m. EST 6:45 CST NBC-Roy Campbell's Royalists: WEA WCKY WMAQ

9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST NBC-Fred Waring's Orch.: Soloists: WJZ WHAM WSM

10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST NBC-First Nighter, drama: Betty Lou Gerson: WEA

10:15 p.m. EST 9:15 CST WAVE-Rhythm Caravan WGN-Dream Ship

SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR FRIDAY

(See Page 29 for List of Stations and Frequencies) EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour

7:30 a.m.—BBC orchestra: GSG GSD 9 a.m.—Geiger's orchestra: GSF GSG

Richard Humber's Studebaker Champions advertisement featuring a photo of a man playing an accordion and text about 'New York's Smartest Dance Orchestra' and 'Hear Magnante'.

Hand Knitting Yarns advertisement for Special White Angora yarn, priced at \$1.00 for 2 balls.

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Buy Potatoes for 2c A POUND

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There's big money in potato chips for any man or woman who wants a business capable of paying as much as \$23.50 a day in profits. Just think of it. You can install the wonderful new machine in your kitchen—just manufacture and sack a sensational new kind of "Greaseless" Potato Chip—and let the stores sell them for you. Only \$2.50 invested in raw materials brings back \$10.00 in cash.

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IT STARTS YOU IN BUSINESS selling TIES

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WASH TIES	75c Doz.
FRENCH SHAPE TIES	1.00 Doz.
SILK LINED TIES	1.20 Doz.
TIES of Woven Materials	1.60 Doz.
CUSTOM MADE TIES	2.50 Doz.
Exclusive Hand Made TIES	3.60 Doz.
TIE and KERCHIEF SETS	3.00 Doz.

FREE Send for our FREE ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG and FREE SAMPLE SWATCHES. See for Yourself why OUR MEN are the BIGGEST MONEY MAKERS! Satisfaction guaranteed, money refunded.

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STOP RADIO INTERFERENCE



THIS silencer enables you to secure NOISE-FREE RECEPTION. Eliminates radio interference from electrical appliances such as fans, vacuum cleaners, mixers, sewing machines, clippers, electric motors, etc. Simple to install. Thousands in use. Full instructions furnished. Sent to you postpaid on receipt of \$1.00. If not entirely satisfied return within 5-Days and your money will be refunded. Dealers and Distributors inquiries solicited.

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LUCKY Plant of the World. Send NOW. Will bloom by EASTER. Comes in POT. This GORGEOUS plant will grow bushy clusters of SHAMROCK like foliage and dainty Pink Flowers. Blooms in a FEW WEEKS and continues all season. Unexcelled for Hanging Baskets or Window Box. Get one for each window. BULB in POT packed in Box for 15c — 2 for 25c — 5 for 50c. ARCADIA LODGE, 22 State St., Westport, Conn.

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What A Seller! Any snapshot or photo of adult, child or pet transformed into a life-like, natural-color, miniature pictorial statue, 6" high. Shows every detail of natural expression. Practically indestructible. Millions of prospects. Amazingly low priced. Easily earn up to \$35 weekly. Get Details Free or send 75c for sample & complete outfit. Money-back guarantee.

PICTORIAL STATUES OF AMERICA Dept. 7-A, Janesville, Wisconsin

WILL THEY BE RADIO STARS TOMORROW?

(Continued from Page 4)

of wrappings. Obstacles? The Dionnes always were under foot. The other youngsters, brothers and sisters of the Famous Five, continually were peering over shoulders and under arms to keep their lusty curiosity abreast of what was going on. And Doctor Dafoe and his small staff of necessary helpers had their hands overflowing.

Meanwhile, the Crown took over the guardianship of the little ones, and shortly thereafter those potential radio celebrities began to thrive. A turning point came when they were removed from their home to a hospital constructed across the road especially for their care. Here they had the direct rays of warm, life-giving sun, for the first time. And Doctor Dafoe was able to exercise in the hospital the complete scientific control never possible in the Dionne household.

But Doctor Dafoe still had much to harass him. Despite all precaution—gowns and masks worn by everyone who came in contact with his charges, including the mother and the nurses—infection crept into the upper respiratory tract and spread to the ears. This had to be fought—and conquered.

And the attacks from other sources had to be met . . . Oh, the harm done by kindly well-wishers who have ideas of doing good! . . . From India, England, Germany, France, Central America, Mexico, Australia, the Philippine Islands, and from every section of North America, came letters advising all sorts of remedies and cure-alls known to man, and a few man never before had heard. "Milk of a sow"—"Sheep's dung tea"—"Beautician's cold cream to banish prenatal wrinkles"—"Watermelon juice"—"Horsetail plant"—"Consult the Zodiac"—were only a few. But what a drain on the good doctor's energy they represented. A typical letter:

"Dear Sir: I notice by the evening paper that you are waiting on a lady who is the mother of five girl babies. You sure have your hands full—What carries away babies is Diareh or Summer complaint or looseness of the bowels—Now the best cure I know is perfectly harmless.

"Get pure Rye Whiskey and pour one teaspoon into a saucer. Take a clean pine sliver and set it on fire until it goes out. The dose for a medium sized baby (5-6 lbs) would be 1 drop every 2 hrs. There ain't no poison in pure Rye Whiskey after it has been burnt and I am anxious to see you pull

through with them all. This is why I am putting you onto this cure."

Inroads were made of another sort, as represented by the following:

"Dear Sir: Will you please send me any information on the Quintuplets of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne, of the past till the future time and any for the future, if it is not inconvenient for you to do so. The Blank High School has requested for me to do this please."

BUT what of our future stars? Olive-oil baths were succeeded by water. They were introduced to the outdoors. Regular food gradually progressed from Pabulum to more solid fare. And the little bodies grew.

Their qualifications for radio? Doctor Dafoe says that at first they frequently "emitted little mewling cries." And as time went on they learned to say *Bon Jour* very clearly in their native French, and *auvers* for *au revoir*. Today, they can unleash a string of French gibberish that's mostly *ung-eng-ahung*. But nothing more. Not even "Mamma" or "Papa" . . . And still the interested sponsors held out their lucrative offers.

To all of them, however, the guardians who represent the Crown have said no. But their negation is never final. They always add that "they are waiting for the right contract." Doctor Dafoe concurs in this.

Now what can that right contract be? Consider the factors:

First, the product to be sponsored must be one of the wholesome standard foodstuffs or what-nots actually used in the nursery. No thought will be given the sponsorship of patent medicines or other things that claim superfluous powers.

Next, the Quints themselves must be the entertainers. And right now their *ung-ing* and their gurgling might not last beyond one broadcast, let alone a daily fifteen minutes to continue for weeks. In no sense does the regime under which the Quints are being raised permit their development to be hurried. Only during the day when visitors who have made a pilgrimage to Callander to catch a glimpse of the youngsters, do the Famous Five approach an unnatural state that might sew the seeds of exhibitionism; but plans already are under way for building a fence that will permit visitors to watch them in the nursery or outdoors, without the Five seeing who is gazing at them. Visitors

are definitely requested to keep silent, to make no outcry or attempt to attract their attention.

A broadcast might include a description of the heart-tugging visits of the brothers and sisters of the Famous Five—outdoors, close to the hospital. Through the windows the Five watch while the others ride their sleds or pelt one another with snow-balls. And yearningly the others stand by and speculate on the wonderland that is the Quints' home. They're not permitted to enter.

Further, radio listeners might be treated to daily stories about how Cecile plays with the Humpty-Dumpty doll that won't fall down—of how Marie throws a toy block against a window-pane (that once crashed, before shatter-proof glass was introduced into the nursery). Or sounds of the ball that mews like a cat might come over the air, with appropriate descriptions from a narrator.

. . . They might. Surely enterprise would meet the contingency. But the guardians and Doctor Dafoe still say no!

To date the Quints have been on the air only once; but that under an earlier guardianship. It was when the Canadian Radio Commission first decided to broadcast the sound of the Quints' voices. W. H. Alderson, of the Red Cross emergency committee of Ontario, heard of this and sensed an emergency. The Quints must not be strained by being kept awake until time for the scheduled evening broadcast. So he found Grandpa Dionne, another guardian, and hurried to the hospital to stop it. The pair sat there for hours, awaiting the appearance of the radio men.

BUT no radio men showed up. The two faithfuls were about to depart, dignity unruffled, conscious that they had done their duty—when a "broadcast from the hospital" stopped them in their tracks. Radio men had been to the hospital and gone before the pair arrived. They had recorded the Quints' voices, and that night had presented them on scheduled time "from the hospital."

But what of the future radio stardom of the Five? Doctor Dafoe has definite ideas about it. So have the other guardians. Those ideas, and many other arresting facts, will be revealed in next week's RADIO GUIDE.

FLOOD!— RADIO TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from Page 9b)

rescuers and refugees alike, and giving the outside world a panoramic view of the city's plight.

Likewise, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, WHP served the city invaluable. All other means of communication being out of service, WHP in four days' time broadcast 12,000 flood bulletins and collected over \$9,000 by means of air pleas. Springfield, Massachusetts, a major sufferer in New England, was literally saved by station WBZ and WBZA when panic was several times averted by timely reassurances that the Holyoke dam had not burst, contrary to repeated rumors.

Scores of letters have been received by WBZ attesting to the hearts they calmed, the fears they dissipated, the actual lives saved and the families they reunited. There was life-saving by radio everywhere. WWVA, back in Wheeling, had a typical flood rescue:

An office worker was looking out his window.

"Look!" he cried. "There's a man there—floating down the river!"

"What can we do?" asked his companion.

"I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to call WWVA!"

A few minutes later a flash went out over the air: "A man is floating down past Fifth Street . . . help, please!"

Fire trucks and other apparatus were rushed to the landing. But the man was too far downstream by that time. Another flash: "Shadeyside . . . a man is floating downstream from Wheeling . . . catch him in boats if you can . . . Shadeyside, a man is floating downstream . . ." The man was rescued just as he was about to succumb to cold and exhaustion. From this type of rescue to the more unusual and indirect kind that NBC engineers were able to effect, radio was instrumental.

THREE men appeared at the Radio City studios in New York.

"We're bus drivers from Williamsport, Pennsylvania," they said, "and we've been out of touch with our offices for three days. Our busses are filled with food and relief supplies, but we can't find what roads are open to Williamsport." Engineers got busy and soon reported that roads were clear as far as Shomokin anyway, via Allentown.

Heroism? Yes, and pathos, too. And ironic humor—for instance, the many housewives trying to carry sewing machines, bought on time, to the safety of their rooftops just as it might be done in any slap-stick comedy. But there was no laughing about it when George Hicks saw them doing just that

in chaotic Lewistown, Pennsylvania.

Harold See, Hicks' engineer, told a pitiful tale of rescuing a young mother and her two-day-old baby. Water was raging about her house so fiercely that boats couldn't even hold their own in the current. Lifelines were rigged finally from the station, their spot of safety, to a point upstream from the house, and then to the house. Upon completion of this arrangement, some of the NBC crew and local men lowered a boat down to the mother, who handed out her youngster and then was helped out herself. In her weakened condition she was totally helpless.

Williamsport, however, was the scene of no such good fortune. Besides flood, the ravages of fire attacked the blocks of houses on Union Street. An eye-witness of the gruesome spectacle told this story:

"We rowed down there and tried to stay in the streets to take 'em out, but we couldn't. It scorched you before you could get near enough.

"A woman was praying to God to save her and her baby. She was holding the baby out of the window and screaming. We couldn't do nothing, though. All we could do was sit and watch her.

"The fire was in her room and you could see it behind her. She was yell-

ing something but we couldn't hear what it was. We tried to get her again, but we couldn't.

"They say she quit yelling a little while later and just looked out at them. Then she dropped her baby into the water. That was better than burning, I guess."

Small wonder then that the hordes and hordes of radio workers turned full force to aid the sufferers. Stark, horrifying tragedy—yet this episode did not stand alone. Williamsport saw other cruel jests at civilization that same day. The native went on:

"It was funny about the fire, it went so fast. It didn't last so long, maybe fifteen minutes; and then we could get near enough to pick up some of the people . . . I got one woman myself. She was trying to swim and I reached out of the boat and grabbed her. I pulled her to the boat and then I got sick to the stomach. Her flesh came off in my hands. She was moaning something, I guess, but we couldn't understand her . . ."

Of all the sights radio men saw, W. B. Brown, of the Hicks unit, claims that the strangest was a little old woman in Lewistown. She stayed calmly

on after all her neighbors had fled the rising waters, which were above the first-floor windows and creeping steadily upwards.

Boats floated by, friends and strangers alike called her to join them, but she never moved, just sat there rocking away, tending to her knitting. Once in a while she would lean out over the swirling water and peer down into it. Who knows just what her thoughts and philosophy about the flood were? Perhaps she'd lived through other floods. Perhaps she had a faith she felt was stronger than any flood. Her fate is not known.

THAT is the story of the 1936 Spring floods so far as radio was concerned. And as you can see, radio played a tremendous part in this drama of the elements. Because of the great and unwavering fidelity of radio's stars, its engineers, its announcers, and most of all—its listeners—disaster was cut from unimaginable toll to what it was. We can be proud to say that this year, because of radio, one of the worst floods in America, covering many thousands of miles more in area than the 1889 flood, took only two hundred lives!

BLACK TERROR

(Continued from Page 10)

reactions, converging upon the Country Club Estate, came the rising scream of the sirens. And yet the wily criminal managed to escape.

Next morning, with every road blocked in the two counties, with the countryside almost in a state of siege, police learned how it was done. For a systematic search of every unoccupied house and outbuilding in the entire neighborhood was undertaken. And at the vacant Green Acre estate of Fred Weeks, southwest of Wichita Falls, searchers found the jail keys—and Webb's shirt, stained with the blood of Jailer Hart. But there the clues ended. For the heavy snowfall of the night before had covered the tracks the criminal had made when he left the house.

But he hadn't gone far. That evening at about half past six a resident of the Country Club Estate—T. A. Nuckles—turned his car into the driveway beside his house at No. 2010 Speedway. Winter dusk threw shadows along the side of the house. Nuckles got out of his car.

Then, from those shadows, the figure of a man emerged, and Nuckles could see the gleam of steel in his hands.

"Git back in that car!" commanded Rufus Webb, pointing his guns at Nuckles' abdomen. "You're goinna drive me outta here!"

But Nuckles leaped. Not at the thug. That would have been madness. But at the side door of his home. And as he leaped he suddenly felt sick with fear—for suppose the door were locked!

The guns roared—and missed. Nuckles wrenched his doorknob. The door swung open and the courageous householder hurled himself in.

UPSTAIRS he dashed, three steps at a time. Snatching a pistol from a bureau drawer, he paused only long enough to telephone the police. Then, cautiously, he slipped out the back door, pistol in hand.

But again the desperate Webb had vanished.

And now there followed a chase, directed at every turn by radio. For after the alarm given by Nuckles, radio drew lines of police and posse men across that entire part of the community, lines which crossed and tightened like the lines of a drag-net.

While police poured into the district and began to search it, came another alarm by radio:

"All cars . . . Webb believed hiding in empty servants' house at 2010 Speedway . . . All cars . . ."

Officers surrounded the servants' house. Webb was not there—but footprints in the snow, fresh and clear prints, led to the nearby J. J. Perkins

home. Meanwhile, thoroughly aroused, citizens of the neighborhood were locking doors and windows, turning out their lights and watching from darkened rooms, ready to telephone the police broadcaster at the first glimpse of the fugitive. Thus by telephone and radio the entire community was united with police headquarters and the searching officers.

Suddenly, from the tightening line of officers surrounding the Perkins home went up the cry:

"There he goes!"

A BLACK shadow was scuttling across the white snow of the Perkins yard. Just as it vanished at the side of the house, the policemen fired a volley. Then they closed in, to find the snow at that spot scuffed up by their gun pellets—and nothing else. Once again Webb had vanished!

But not for long. A woman in a darkened house glimpsed him running down the street. She rushed to her telephone, and scores of policemen obeyed this radio summons:

"All cars . . . Webb believed doubling back to Valley Railroad . . . Investigate . . ."

The hounds of the law, with police radio in full cry, swooped in packs along several streets to head the fugitive off. And then another citizen, L. H. Cullum of No. 3104 Hamilton Street, saw Webb in his yard. Another telephone call—another radio broadcast, and practically every police officer in the town and county had closed in around the Cullum place.

It was very dark, and a cold wind blew. The white snow showed all objects in sharp relief. And again, over the snow, a black shadow scuttled. Twenty police guns raised.

The shadow made the fence. It rose. For an instant a faint bulk loomed against the sky as Rufus Webb vaulted the fence.

Then the police guns crashed . . . and the chase was over.

Huddled at the foot of the fence they found Rufus Webb with a .45 bullet in his head. Because he was still breathing, they rushed him to the hospital.

He died there in an hour—just before word came that Jailer Luke Hart was going to win his own fight for life.

Once again radio had upheld the law—and police officials announced that seldom had they seen a more striking demonstration of its power to unite an entire community in one Argus-eyed posse for the prevention of crime and the apprehension of the criminal.

Turn now to Page 15 and learn how you may participate in the \$5,000 awards Radio Guide is offering in the Puzzle-Pix Game.

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I'll Prove in the first 7 days - that I can Make You a New Man!

DO YOU want big, smashing, sledge-hammer muscles all over your body? Husky, broad shoulders? A deep, powerful chest? All the pep and vigor of a "hard as nails" athlete?

Give me just 7 days—one short week. That's all I need to give you the PROOF that I can make you a *new man*—give you a real *he-man* build and glowing health that resists sickness, ends pimples, skin blemishes, constipation and other troubles.

Read the reports below from just a few of the hundreds of fellows whose bodies I have made over. That's the kind of RESULTS you can get with my discovery—*Dynamic Tension*. My free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," tells how I can give YOU a body that women admire and men envy.

The 97-lb. Weakling Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

LOOK at this new photo of me. This is exactly how I look today. Yet once I was a soft, skinny, 97-lb. weakling! I always felt timid, self-conscious—never had good times—couldn't eat a square meal and feel well afterward. Then I discovered the secret of *Dynamic Tension*—my entirely new and different method of body-building. It changed my entire life—gave me the body you see here. It has twice won for me the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!" And what my amazing system did for me—what it has done for hundreds of other fellows—it can now do for YOU, too!

I back up that promise with RESULTS—quick RESULTS. You begin to SEE and FEEL the difference at once. What's more, it's actual *fun* to build a husky body my *Dynamic Tension* way, at home, in just a few minutes of your spare time daily. And you don't have to buy any contraptions or gadgets that might strain your heart or other vital organs.

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"Chest gained over five inches; arms over two inches. Nervous troubles and constipation gone. Have gained ten pounds. Feel like new man!" George Tobias Pinkbone, West Middletown, Ohio.

Health 100% Better
"Benefits wonderful! First week my arm increased one in., chest two in. Health 100% better."—William Easton, Cincinnati, Ohio.

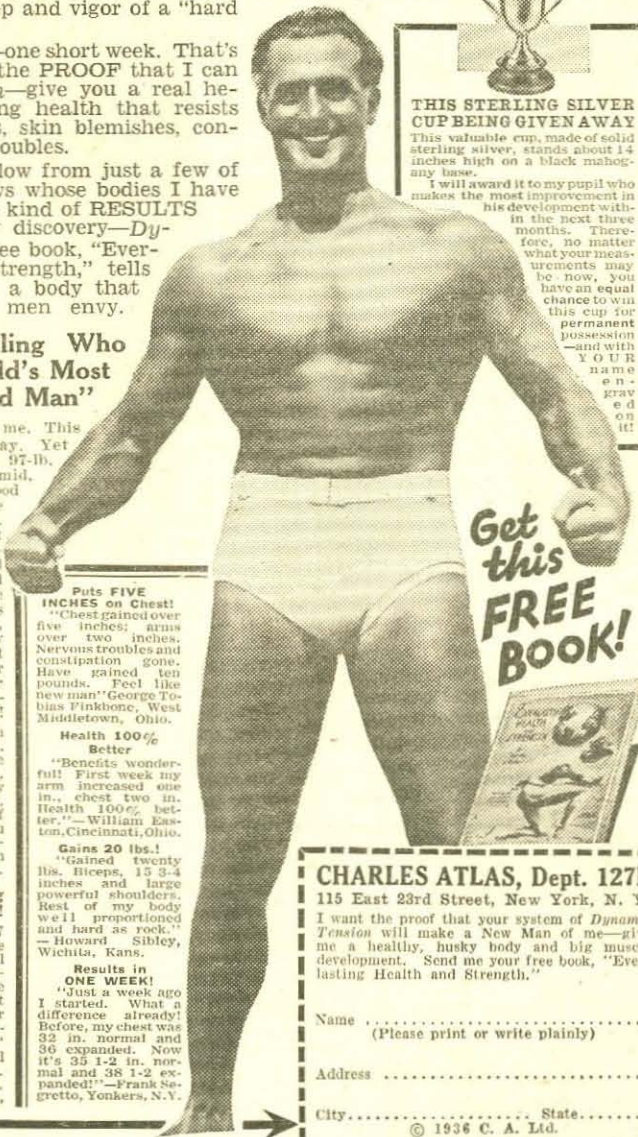
Gains 20 lbs.!
"Gained twenty lbs. Biceps, 15 3/4 inches and large powerful shoulders. Rest of my body well proportioned and hard as rock."—Howard Sibley, Wichita, Kans.

Results in ONE WEEK!
"Just a week ago I started. What a difference already! Before, my chest was 32 in. normal and 36 expanded. Now it's 35 1-2 in. normal and 38 1-2 expanded!"—Frank Negro, Yonkers, N.Y.



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Here's what it is! In practically every business, large and small, delinquent accounts and bad debts are a major problem and a source of tremendous loss. But now, YOU can solve this problem for the business men of your territory by placing with them an amazing new discovery that automatically collects thousands of dollars of old accounts and bad debts which are now written off as outright losses.

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This amazing discovery actually does not cost the customer a single penny! Instead you PROVE that by its very nature it MUST BRING MONEY IN and that profits are increased from the first day it is installed. IT CAN'T FAIL! That's why we GUARANTEE that it will return 12 1/2 times its cost to the customer or WE REFUND HIS MONEY WITH 6% INTEREST.

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THE WONDER OF THE WORLD
All 3 for 10c

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Roses on them in 8 weeks from planting seed. We guarantee this. **Bloom Every Ten Weeks** Winter and Summer. Bush when 3 years old will have 6 or 6 hundred Roses. Grows in the house in Winter or in the ground in Summer. **Roses the year round.** All 3 pkgs. of Seed by Mail for only 10c and 2c. postage. **E. J. Murvon, Dept. 72, So. Norwalk, Conn.**

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MISS HARD-TO-UNDERSTAND
(Continued from Page 21)

As any fan would be hurt and disillusioned, so was I hurt and disillusioned that day when Grace Moore wanted to be the only soprano on the Hollywood Hotel program.

Only a few weeks before, I had attended a huge benefit show at one of the large Los Angeles auditoriums. Dozens of name stars were there.

Grace floated to the stage in a formal evening gown of silver brocade, her lovely, round, sun-tanned arms and shoulders gleaming brown against the light glitter of her dress. She didn't speak to the audience as the other performers had done, not even to announce her number. As though this were her Carnegie concert, she just stood there, quietly and with simple dignity, waiting for her number to begin. She sang an aria from some opera, and those thousands of people who had been screaming hilariously at a ribald Eddie Cantor joke just the moment before were suddenly hushed, awe-struck, turned to stone . . . She received two large baskets of flowers and stooped to pluck a blossom from each which she held tenderly in her hand. Yet this was only a simple benefit—the bane of an artist's existence!

And then it must be told that after a triumphant appearance in opera in London last year, with all its attendant acclaim, Grace refused—flatly refused—to comply with a command performance in one of her operatic roles for King Leopold and the late Queen Astrid of Belgium.

She has trodden on toes, too, right in her own program. Guest artists are not always allowed to sing what they want to sing or what they feel they sing best. Miss Grace Moore has something to say about that.

As we all know, her success has been threefold. She flashed across the opera, radio and movie skies with the brilliance and speed of a meteor, all within a few short years. So, if she had gone temperamental or high hat because of this amazing and sudden success, we would have forgiven her. But she's always been both these things. In fact she says that until she learned to be temperamental she was never any good.

Once upon a time Grace Moore was terribly hurt—hurt where we are all most easily and most deeply hurt—in that whatever-it-is, wherever-it-is spot we call our pride!

That was when she was brought to Hollywood.

Grace's first picture was a flop. So was the second. And Hollywood didn't want her any more. And she went away defeated, hurt.

She carried her hurt for years. Then finally, four years later, she succeeded in getting Columbia to gamble on a picture with her. And she won!

But did it wipe out her hurt? I'm afraid not. At least that's the only possible excuse I can think of for anyone's forgetting that fundamental law of humanity "Live and let live"—and even that is not a very good one!

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
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73			74		75	76	77		78		
79		80		81			82	83	84		
85				86					87		
		88			89					90	

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—Jolson
 - 4—Beach
 - 10—Canadian province (abbr.)
 - 12—Georgie —, bandleader
 - 14—Peels
 - 15—Petitions
 - 18—Ring-shaped coral island
 - 19—So be its
 - 20—Enoch —, bandleader
 - 21—Crevise
 - 22—Part of verb, to be
 - 24— Kennedy, tenor
 - 25—Greek letter
 - 26—River (Sp.)
 - 27—Munitions repository
 - 30—Pedro —
 - 33—Charlie —, bandleader
 - 35—Funeral hymn
 - 36—Feminine pronoun
 - 39—Rips
 - 41—Compete
 - 42—Flying mammal
 - 45—Ida's Eddie
 - 47—Asiatic country
 - 49—Aria
 - 50—Ethel's George
 - 51—Purlain
 - 52—Sheriff's squad
 - 53—Part of speech
 - 54—Guide
 - 55—Glamorous soprano
 - 56—Compass point
 - 57—Open (poet)
 - 58—Vivienne —, soprano
 - 60—Printer's measure
 - 61—Play, Johnny
 - 63—Navigates
 - 65—Expanded
 - 69—Slim
 - 73—Residue
 - 74—North central state (abbr.)

- 75—Vera —, songstress
 - 77—Thoroughfare (abbr.)
 - 78—Native metal
 - 79—Yell
 - 81— Ross, announcer
 - 83—Islands (poet)
 - 85—French seaport
 - 86—Roman magistrate
 - 87—The excess of the solar year over twelve lunar months
 - 88—Pronoun
 - 89—Radio sponsor
 - 90—Negative suffix
- VERTICAL**
- 1—Perfume
 - 2—Coils
 - 3—The Duke
 - 4—Mineral spring
 - 5—Johnny —, bandleader
 - 6—Mountain nymph
 - 7—Leased
 - 8—Worm
 - 9—Spending orgy
 - 10—A black man
- Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week**
- | | | | |
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| MEN | IRON | DEAR | LEA |
| PEERAGE | NESE | BEASLEY | |
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| ANDRE | ME | LS | NOBLE |
| MARE | HIND | GLUT | BAER |
| OVA | BENNY | EERIE | LAS |
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| KATHRYN | APE | AURIC | CLE |
| ERA | MUDS | PINT | OAT |
| WIRE | ADIT | ARTH | MONO |
| PLIED | NESS | LEES | GLEM |
- 11—Mister, in India
 - 12—Story
 - 13—Low Latin (abbr.)
 - 16—Symbol for lithium
 - 17—A covered portico
 - 23—More rational
 - 25—Water-raising wheel
 - 28—Each (abbr.)
 - 29—Meadow
 - 31—Polite
 - 32—Prefix
 - 34—Correspond
 - 36—Oatmeal cake
 - 37—Nimbi
 - 38—To result
 - 40—Dirks
 - 42—Henry —, bandleader
 - 43— Weeks, bandleader
 - 44—Years of youth
 - 46—A sawbuck
 - 48—Defies
 - 49—Summit
 - 51—Charger
 - 52—Vincent —, narrator
 - 54—Exhaust
 - 55—Hoosegows
 - 57—Son of Agamemnon
 - 59—Fuel
 - 61—Great (abbr.)
 - 62—State of divorce
 - 64—Symbol for tin
 - 65—Spurt
 - 66— Jones, bandleader
 - 67—Push violently
 - 68—Johnny —, scat singer
 - 70—Bobbie —, bandleader
 - 71—Upright
 - 72—Repose
 - 76—African river
 - 80—Ancient Chaldean city
 - 81—Moisture
 - 82—Turkish governor
 - 84—Spanish (abbr.)

ONE EASTER RIPLEY NEVER WILL FORGET

(Continued from Page 8)

who dared to hold up 100 weddings for a year! Particularly when both the girls and men were so husky!"

But Ripley wasn't lost to matrimony yet—not by a long shot. He got an inspiration. "Tell them," he commanded the guides, "that I am not an orthodox Greek, and that while I am dying to marry one of their gorgeous girls, I fear I cannot. Tell them that my Easter fell eleven days ago, and it would be a mortal sin for me to observe two Easters in one year. God would punish us all."

White with terror, the guides complied. The rumble of the mob increased to a shriek of surprise as the news was given them.

As for Ripley, the perspiration stood upon his head, poured in streams all over him though the day was mild. It seemed a year before the priest sadly shook his head, and turned away.

"He was satisfied," Ripley said. "But

the people looked uglier and more threatening than ever. Then I remembered the power of dough re mi . . ."

Digging into his pockets, he dragged out their contents, twenty dollars.

"Tell them I will present this to the young couples as a gift," he begged the guides. "Tell them anything and let's get out of here."

When the Klonians heard the good news, they shouted their approval. But they would not allow Ripley to depart till he had witnessed the ceremony. The priest himself, beaming now, led Ripley into the church.

"This Easter I shall spend at home," says Ripley, "and the only lighted candles I shall see will be in church."

Do you wonder Bob Ripley says he never will forget Easter, 1933?

Bob (Believe It or Not) Ripley may be heard Sunday, NBC, 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST; 5:30 MST; 4:30 PST).

HITS OF WEEK

- SONG HITS MOST FREQUENTLY REQUESTED ON YOUR HIT PARADE**
1. Goody Goody
 2. I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket
 3. Let Yourself Go
 4. It's Been So Long
 5. Let's Face the Music and Dance
 6. Beautiful Lady in Blue
 7. Lost
 8. Lights Out
 9. Alone
 10. Wah Hoo
 11. Please Believe Me
 12. The Touch of Your Lips
 13. I'm Shootin' High
 14. You Started Me Dreaming
 15. Yours Truly Is Truly Yours

DESPITE ALL MEN

(Continued from Page 9)

"Mr. Brooks!" Phyllis exclaimed. "Just in time to take us to lunch!"

I was furious. "Nothing of the kind! Go away, Bob, or I'll scream!"

"Oh, Miss Kincaid! Got a mad-on? Don't be like that with the Boy Friend. I have things I want to say to him—I can't let him think too bad of me after—last night." As she talked she slipped one arm through Bob's, and started walking.

My outburst, my feelings, must not interfere with Phyllis. Besides, I reasoned, why not? This would be as good a time as any to finish with Bob. I went along without further protest.

"You know, Gertrude, I really think you mean what you say," he said.

I darted him a glance, without offering to answer.

"About wanting to go on with your career, and all. And about not wanting to marry me."

I RAISED my brows and turned to him full-face. What could I say? "Aha! See—I'm right! Well, in that case the Brooks persistence will have to take another turn in different directions."

His words left me cold. I didn't bother even to speculate his meaning. "Aw, kiss and make up, you two!" Phyllis cried. "I propose Longchamps. The cocktails are good and the food's better. What do you say?"

I ate in silence, and paid no attention to the small talk Phyllis and Bob exchanged. When she excused herself to powder her nose, though, I took occasion to tell Bob that I had had the lock on my door changed, and then I shouted: "And I never want to see you again! If you persist in shadowing me like this and intruding yourself, I'll find a way to make you stop—and I'll resort to violence if I have to."

He beamed his broadest smile. "My, but you have spirit. That's swell, Gertrude! You'll make all the better wife for it! Dull women are a pain."

But I was amazed when he rose and excused himself. It wasn't like him to leave where he wasn't wanted. The twinkle I saw in his eye should have warned me . . .

That evening, and every morning until the day of her tryout with Schuyler, I put Phyllis through the most highly concentrated course in dramatic acting I believe anyone's ever had.

Twice she was in tears after I called upon her to repeat a passage and concentrate upon proper emphasis; she begged me to give her a rest.

I only let up when I saw that real, hysterical tears weren't far away.

Instead of letting her rest, I told her traditional stories of the stage—for instance, that the great David Delasco once made Mrs. Leslie Carter so mad, he awakened her emotionally, which is what he intended to do. Thereafter she was a great actress.

ONCE she balked. With a show of temper of her own she flared at me: "I know you're doing a lot for me Miss Kincaid—but if this is what it takes, I don't think I want to act!"

"Sure!" I retorted. "Disgrace yourself with your sick father who's expecting so much of you—win the contempt of your brother who's counting on you for his own start! Going to be a quitter?"

She let the tears come then. And when they were spent she asked: "Miss Kincaid, why are you so good to me?"

I didn't answer. Of course I had told her nothing of my motive. And by the end of that first week I wasn't sure my motives weren't mixed. I was becoming genuinely interested in the little thing. She amazed me by standing up under fire.

Came the rehearsal at last upon which I had counted so much. During the interval, whenever it was necessary to encounter Schuyler, his attitude had been formal, rigidly polite. I made no attempt to overstep the same polite formality—although my

heart yearned to cry out and tell him a thousand tender things.

On the morning of that rehearsal Schuyler began by calling for several auditions for the understudy parts. He asked two others of the cast to read Linda's lines; then he called upon Phyllis—but not, I could see, without considerable reluctance.

He asked Phyllis to read a portion of a script that was unfamiliar to her. This sent her into a sort of momentary panic, I could see. I rose and stood directly between her and the microphone, where she could see me; at least I could give her that much support. How different it would have been, had he given her lines that she and I had rehearsed—even lines that one of the other try-outs had read in her hearing. Now she must do or die on her own, with my moral support alone to aid all that I had tried to instill in her.

Schuyler came over to where I was standing. "Bound and determined Miss Laverne is going to succeed, aren't you, Miss Kincaid?"

"We'll soon see, Mr. Hamilton. May we go ahead?"

Phyllis began in even voice—warmed up to her lines before she had turned a page . . . carried through . . .

For a long moment not a sound was heard. No one spoke. Then suddenly emotional Bud Haskins cried: "Well, I'll be darned!" Two of the men, old actors both, rushed forward then to shake Phyllis' hand. Schuyler was beaming when he walked up to her.

"Miss Laverne!" he said, with a warmth of sincerity in his voice. "How come you've been holding out on us? Why, it seems I've been overlooking a bet here!"

Phyllis smiled at me . . . I had to get away. It seemed that I was so brimful of emotion then that I was certain I'd betray it through the mistiness of my eyes. I fled to the control-room, and chose a corner to keep out of sight. I was so proud and happy I wanted to shout about it!

PURPOSELY I waited there until I calmed down somewhat. It had succeeded! Phyllis had outdone herself, far overshadowed the others who had had their try-outs. Schuyler saw that what I said a week ago was right. And he'd be bound to know that it was I who—

I turned as I heard the door open. For a wild moment I wanted to fly through the glass paneling when I saw it was Schuyler coming in.

His face still wore its pleased smile when he said: "Well, I was puzzled at first as to why you insisted upon giving Miss Laverne a chance. But now I get it. And I congratulate you!"

"Schuyler—then you do know?"

"Know? Why of course! It's in all the early editions of the evening papers. No wonder you were particular to have an understudy ready in double-quick time!"

"Why—why—I don't know what you're talking about!"

He gave me a quizzical look. "You don't? You are a good actress! Here"—reaching into his brief-case—"I'll take you at your word and show you then."

He held before me the front page of an evening paper. There in headlines that spread across two columns, beneath my picture, I read:

**ACE RADIO ACTRESS
TO WED MILLIONAIRE**

Gloria Kincaid Engaged to Steve
Manufacturer. May Quit
Acting for Cooking

I read no more . . . Something snapped within me. Blindly I reached out to catch hold of the desk, and—

What could this mean? What would be its effect upon Gloria and her desperate problem with Schuyler? How would it alter her standing with the air show? Read the next instalment!

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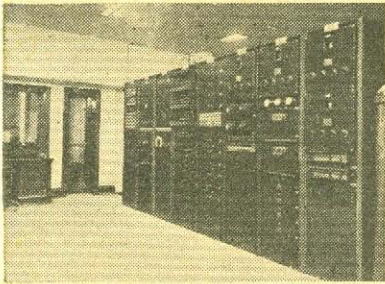
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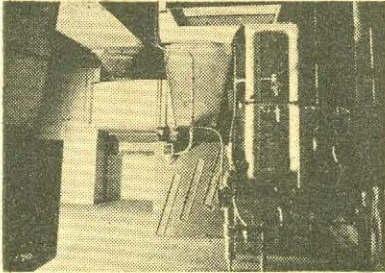
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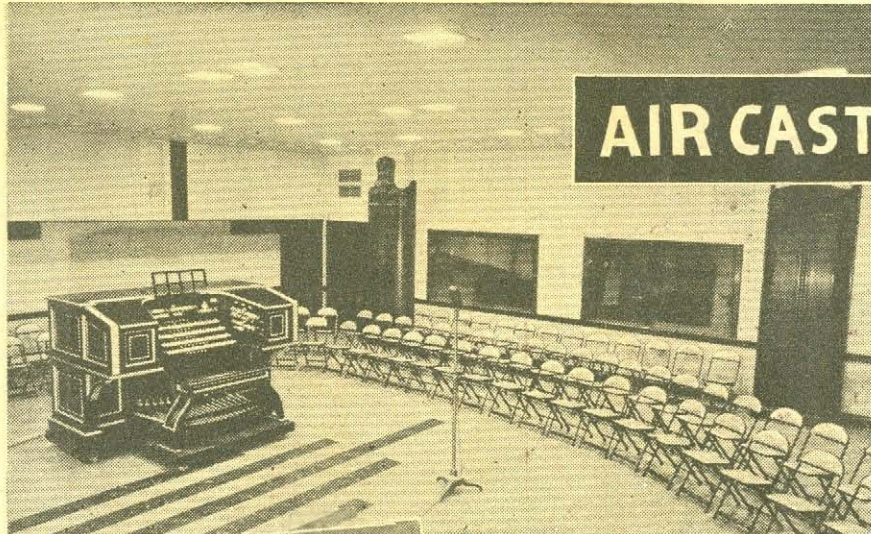
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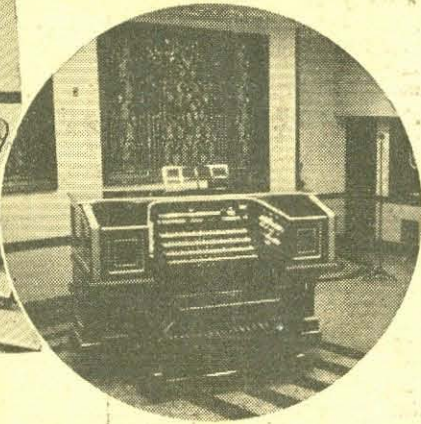
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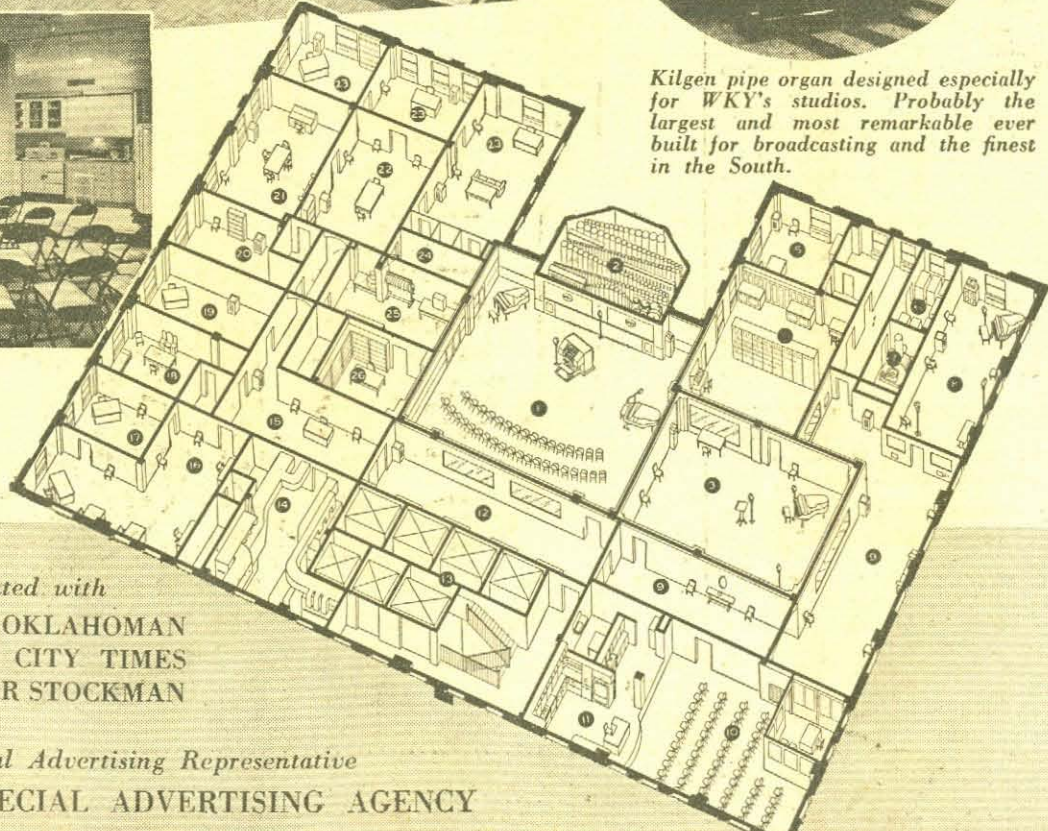
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