

Radio Guide

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY OF PROGRAMS

ENTERTAINMENT

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 1, 1936

10¢



Betty Winkler
Please See Page 37

SCOOP!

————— Read the Sensational Story Behind:
“THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND”—Page 6
Also—**“MY HUSBAND, BEN BERNIE,”** by Mrs. Bernie

On Our Way

HAVE you ever seen a ski-jumper in action? I have watched them at Lake Placid where they come swooping down their ice-covered runway toward the abrupt brink of their jumping platform. Then, with a surge of speed that makes your heart beat hard, they rocket out and away into space like something shot from a cannon.

That is the moment, I understand, ski-jumpers like best. It is the moment when things happen, when life comes to a terrific, nerve-tingling climax.

Well, I've never worn a pair of skis in my life but these last few days I have come to know something of that take-off sensation which the jumpers enjoy. For we of RADIO GUIDE, even without skis, have made a pretty nice take-off ourselves.

You were grand about the way you received our new issues. Your letters of praise and congratulations have thrilled us deeply. There no longer is any doubt that our friends like the new publication, as I told you last week. But two disturbing things have happened.

First, we got a letter from a discontented reader. It read: "I've bought GUIDE for a year but you can count me out until you come back to earth."

Second, a bulky envelope returned to us the front cover of our first bigger and better issue. It was the painting of Gloria Grafton, dressed in the costume she wears in Jumbo, if you remember. Written along the margin were these words: "Cut it out! Anyone who would print a shameless cover like this, and any woman who would pose for it, have the same filthy minds."

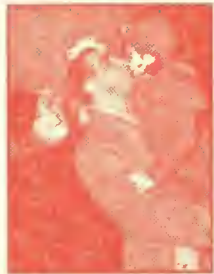
SIGNIFICANTLY, no name was signed. So I cannot write directly to the sender. Somehow, I hope this message reaches him; namely, that we are just old-fashioned enough to think that a beautiful picture is a beautiful picture

regardless of whether or not it happens to show a girl's knees. And because it was beautiful is the only reason that painting became a RADIO GUIDE cover.

Nor is there any way to tell that other disappointed reader that we are going to do a lot of new things in the immediate future which might give him a great deal of pleasure. I can only hint at it now, but the plan we propose to introduce next week will make every reader of RADIO GUIDE a part of a national organization for the support of fine radio broadcasting, give every reader a voice, if he or she wishes, in the planning and production of even the most important programs. Does it sound intriguing? You'll read about it in this same column next week.

Yes, unless all the signs are wrong, you and I and RADIO GUIDE are going places. The pace is fast, just as modern life is fast. But isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to be on our way?

IT'S amazing the way Eddie Cantor always turns up with something new. Recently, it was his offer of a free university education to the person who would write the best essay on How Can America Stay Out of War?



Eddie Cantor and his youngest... reunion in New York

The story of that offer comes from a friend who had dinner with Eddie just the other night. Eddie was a poor boy, remember. Today he feels keenly that he might have gone much farther, had he received a college education.

Last Fall he and Newton D. Baker, old friends, were discussing peace and the boiling point that Europe had reached regarding Abyssinia. "We mustn't let ourselves be drawn into any arguments," Baker said. "But how can we keep from it?" Cantor asked. "I don't know myself," Baker answered. "But somebody, somewhere must hold the secret."

To find that secret, Eddie Cantor is now offering \$5,000 of his own money.

Curtis Mitchell

NEXT WEEK

IF ANY reader with an elephant's memory remembers 'way back to that article we published a month or so ago written by Mary Watkins Reeves and called Cupid is a Pooch, that reader certainly won't want to miss a word of the newest and latest Reeves mss. to reach us.

It seems Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard had been On the Brink for quite some time but just couldn't make up their minds to Take the Step. Finally, when they did, along comes a nasty old Hollywood agent with a great big contract and a pot of gold, and lures the glamorous Harriet off to the sun-swept spaces of Cal.



Harriet Hilliard

So Ozzie ups and marries her and puts her on her plane and waves good-by, and then commenced the strangest honeymoon anybody ever experienced. We're calling the story Telephone Honeymoon, and know you'll simply love it.

THE Lullaby Lady, whose soothing songs have been such an important part of the Carnation Hour all these months, is a surprising lady in a lot of ways. The up-and-coming story told about her in next week's issue is going to satisfy all her old friends and win a lot of new ones. Her name—though it's been a secret—is Margaret Gent.



Margaret Gent

THERE is no longer any doubt of it; people do like our new rotogravure pages. Largely, we're told in both post card whispers and eight-page shouts, because of the chance it gives folks to see how their favorites look. So, we're going to publish more pictures. Of every sort of subject you can imagine: For instance, big shots hobnobbing with little shots. Which reminds us . . . did you ever see a big shot hobnob? Neither have we, but they do say some do it. Anyhow, you'll like the pictures.

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MY HUSBAND, BEN BERNIE

By

Mrs. Ben Bernie

As Told to

MARY WATKINS REEVES

Almost no one knows the long years of waiting which ended last Fall when Ben Bernie married Dorothy Wesley. Or how closely their romance skirted the edges of disaster. The complete story is told for Radio Guide, for the first time, by the person who knows it best—Mrs. Bernie herself

THE FIRST week Ben and I were married was terrible. Instead of the quiet ceremony and the unmolested honeymoon any couple is entitled to, we were pursued, interrupted and snooped after by reporters and photographers—until I wished quite early we'd picked a deserted South Sea island for our nuptials. Ben was accustomed to publicity, but I wasn't. And after waking up each morning to more of the perfectly awful newspaper pictures I take, and more of the silly things the reporters said I said, and additional captions like "Bernie Bride Unkissed after Ceremony" and "She Calls Him 'Maestie'" —well, I wanted a nice hole to crawl into. I was completely embarrassed by the business of marrying a celebrity.

But now we've been left alone a while and I'm catching on to being an orchestra leader's wife, I've consented to give to RADIO GUIDE the complete true story of our courtship and marriage. It covers a period of eight years, beginning with a party in Florida.

This sounds awfully strange, I know, but it's true—neither Ben nor I exactly remember how we met. A friend

of mine was entertaining at her Palm Beach cabana, and most of the guests were lolling around on the sand in bathing suits. I have a dim recollection of someone's saying informally: "Dot, I want you to know Ben. Have

a drink or something, you folks?" Then the someone walked away and left me with a brown-eyed chap who smoked a long cigar and talked about horse racing. I never did get his last name, and I didn't know anything

about horse racing; so it isn't surprising that after a few moments of conversation we were separated by other guests who strolled over. Love, I regret to admit, absolutely didn't happen at first sight. I promptly forgot the whole incident. And Ben won't say so, but I'm sure he did too.

Isn't it strange how the most insignificant incidents can sometimes change the whole course of your life? I would never have met Ben again if a date I had in New York one night two years later hadn't persuaded me we'd have more fun dancing at the Roosevelt Hotel than we would if we went uptown to Harlem.

"Aw, let's go to the Roosevelt," my date said. "Ben Bernie's playing there."

WHO'S he?" I asked. I honestly hadn't heard of him. That was before the days when everybody had radios and besides, I'd spent most of my life in strict boarding schools and Summer camps where you don't exactly keep up with who's who in jazz.

"Bernie?" my escort asked me in amazement. "He's an orchestra leader—like Paul Whiteman. You know."

Well I had heard of Whiteman, and if Bernie was like him then that suited

"I was Twenty-three When I Found the Man I Loved . . . But to Wait Six Years for Ben. It Sounded Like Exile"

me. And so we went to the Roosevelt. After we'd danced two dances I was amazed to see the orchestra leader coming toward our table. He grinned, nodded to my date, then burst out to me: "Wait a minute—don't tell me! I'm giving myself a course in remembering faces. I met you . . ."

I THOUGHT he was crazy. I was flattered to death but I still thought he was crazy. I said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Bernie, but I don't think—"

"Oh yes I did. I met you—Palm Beach! Am I right? At the Wells' cabana at a party, and you wore a green bathing suit . . ."

And I remembered. By the end of the evening we'd exchanged news about all the mutual friends we found

we had in Florida (Ben usually Winters there) and I'd learned a lot about orchestras and Ben had learned a lot about me: that—and I guess I have to put in the vital statistics sooner or later—I was born in Chicago of Hungarian parentage, that my full name is Dorothy Patricia Wesley, and that at the time of the Palm Beach party I was twenty-one.

When we left the Roosevelt that night Ben said to me: "By the way, I'm playing vaudeville at the Strand next week. If you get a chance to come around, drop back-stage. Good-night." It was all as casual as that.

I DIDN'T go until the very last day of his engagement there, and then I think the main thing that made up my mind for me was the Connie Bennett picture on the bill. A Connie Bennett picture is something I've never been able to resist; after that, and with my sister along as a prop to my leaning nerve, I thought I could manage to brave a stage-door. I'd always loved the theater and wanted the thrill of

Do you wonder his wife says nice things about him? She knows his fighting (?) prowess

seeing a real professional back-stage scene on Broadway.

Ben was a little surprised to see us, as though he'd forgotten his invitation to me. I remember being frightfully embarrassed. We talked about nothing at all for a few minutes, and I was beginning to leave when he suggested: "Why can't you two have dinner with me tonight at the Roosevelt?"

We dashed home and turned up at the hotel in our very best white linen suits. And we had to eat alone most of the time because Ben was directing the band and could only come to our table during intermissions. About ten o'clock he put us in a cab and asked if he might call sometime and said good-bye.

He did call a few days later. Mother, my sister and I had leased a New York apartment since my father's death. We were very close, the three of us. And Mother and Ben took to each other like kindred souls—mostly at first, I think, because both of them are plain crazy about Hungarian goulash and Mother really can cook it! Ben had a knack for making himself one of the family. We all became devoted to him and had a lot of good times together. He wasn't like a celebrity at all, really.



Look at the intensity he puts into his performing. It's one of the reasons' that he earned his way back—back into the world!

He was just like a friend of the family, and we had a great many things in common.

But love—love, so far as Ben was concerned, hadn't entered my mind. Truly. Many's the time I went out with dates while he sat around home with Mother and Sis. He'd told us, shortly after he began coming to our house, that he was unhappily married and had been separated from his wife for a long time. I was sorry for him as I would be sorry for anyone in that circumstance—my first reaction went no further than that, for Ben was just a pal to me then. My real reaction, however, a rather bitter experience, was to come later on when Ben's marriage would affect my whole life.

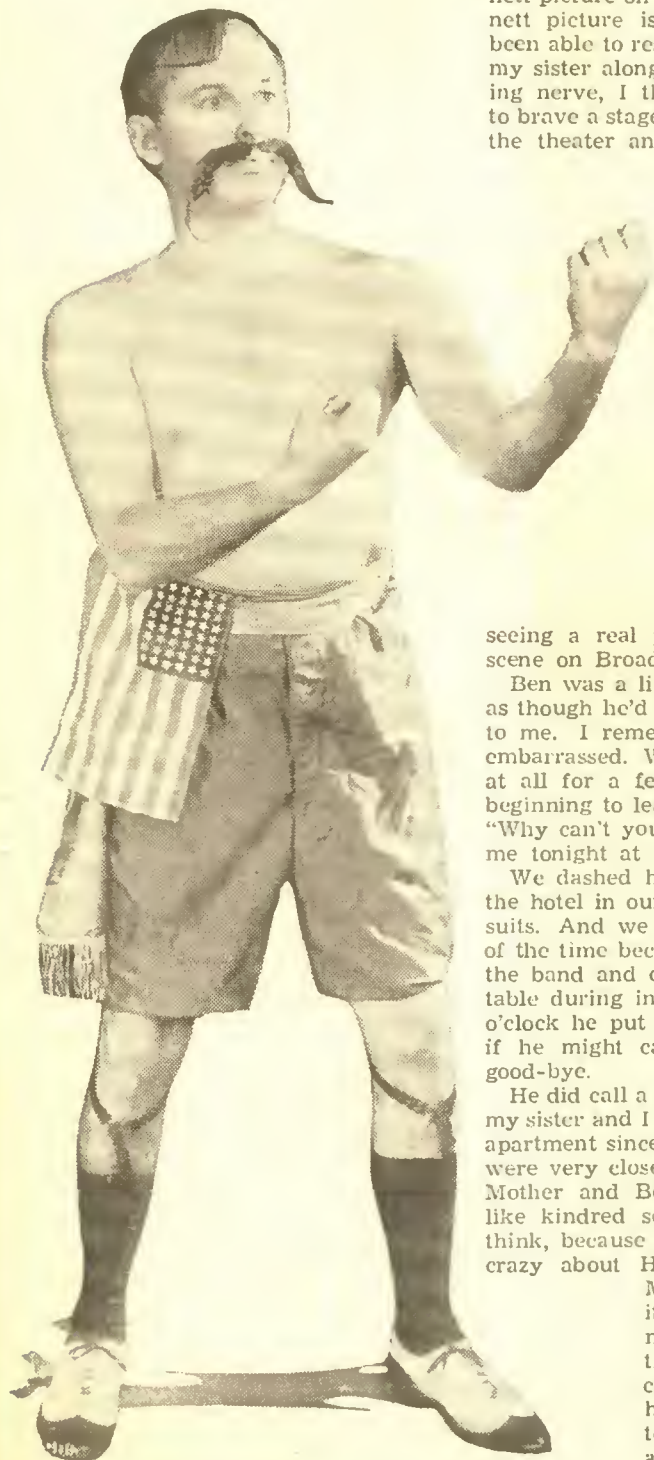
WELL it's hard to explain how you really happen to start romancing with someone. It was the telegram that began it, I think, at first—the telegram he sent me about three weeks after we'd left New York to visit relatives in Chicago. Twice he'd sent the three of us, together, flowers—addressed to The Wesleys, and that was all. But one day a wire came for Wes Wesley,

his nickname for me. All it said was: IT'S A LONESOME OLD TOWN and it was signed B. B.

And not so very long afterward we were in love. Suddenly it came to me that I had loved Ben Bernie all along—and, woman-fashion, I just simply hadn't realized it.

I wanted to be happy those first glorious weeks of our romance. I wanted the thrilling, carefree ecstasy every girl feels when she realizes she has found the man she was meant for. Instead I found myself completely miserable. For I was in love with a married man. And it's a horrible feeling to realize the person you love more than everything else in the world can't belong to you.

I didn't know what to do about it all, whether to run away and never see Ben again and try to forget, or whether to stick with him and take the consequences. What if I should go on loving him forever and he never could be free? What about his wife? Perhaps she still cared, and if that were true I hadn't any right to step in no matter how much I loved her husband. He really belonged to her. That was





Ben is so friendly and popular he couldn't leave Hollywood—or any other place—without a group of beautiful and friends to see him Ben says. Here's neighborhood proof.

the two of us were seen together at the tracks every day, the newspapers began to suspect a forthcoming wedding. And let me tell you the phone rang incessantly with reporters' inquiries! We denied every single rumor. Flatly. In fact, Ben had just about made up his mind that we wouldn't be married in Baltimore after all.

BUT our host and the rest of the guests at dinner that last night wouldn't have it. They were much more excited than we. They persuaded us to drive with them to Towson, Maryland, a little town a few miles outside Baltimore, where one of them knew a county clerk who could keep a secret, and a minister who wouldn't mind being roused out of bed. We

Even in Alaska Ben would manage to drop cigar ashes on Wes's rugs



the thing that was so very hard to bear. I tried to trust Ben, not to let him see the stress I was under. I tried to be gay and happy when I was with him—but I'm not a very good actress. He knew. One evening he said to me: "Wes, you're worrying—and I don't want you to. Let's take a long ride and talk this thing out." We did. We rode 'round and 'round Central Park until after three in the morning, talking. And when it was over I had to make the biggest decision I have ever had to face in my life.

FOR this was the straight of the story: Ben and Rose Harris Bernie had made an unfortunate match. They had lived together a few years, they had been separated on friendly terms for many more. There was a son, Jason, who was ten years old when his father and I first began going together. Because the little fellow was so young when his parents decided to part, they definitely agreed to put off obtaining their divorce until he should reach a more understanding age—say, sixteen, or so. That agreement still held on the mother's side; and Ben, for his son's

sake, wanted it to hold too. It would mean that we must wait six years for him to be free.

I was twenty-three then. I had found the man I loved. But from twenty-three until twenty-nine, six of the freshest, youngest years of my life when it's good to give and take love and whole companionship, I would have to string along on the outside of Ben's life, battling against the uncertainty of what those years might bring, having to be grateful for the half-loaf, for whatever beauty we could find under those conditions. Six years to wait for Ben! It sounded like exile.

Or I could go my way. "Don't make up your mind now, Wes. Think it over a while and be sure," he said to me on the way home that night.

"I'll wait, Ben," I told him almost immediately. No need to think it over, to agonize. Deep in my heart there was no other answer.

There were going to come dark times when the waiting was mighty difficult, when I grew afraid and impatient and lonely as I think almost any girl would. But for Jason's sake—

and he's one of the most adorable persons in the world—I would have had it no other way. I knew that Ben and I would be married whenever things were right that he could be free. So I tried not to worry.

Finally Jash became seventeen and went away to school in Connecticut. Ben and Rose obtained their divorce quietly, and two days later Rose married Serge Rolbein, a prominent Russian broker. I met her for the first time just after her wedding. She was charming to me, and since then she has become one of my very loveliest friends. I have been thankful so many times that everything has turned out so wonderfully for the three of us.

AT LAST Ben and I were free to go ahead with our plans. He had five days off, the Pimlico track was open—so he suggested that we go down to Baltimore for that time and be married the last day there, and thereby avoid the furor of a ceremony in Manhattan. Jeff Bernie, Ben's brother, went with us; and we were house guests of Mr. J. H. Stotler, trainer of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's stable. Because

could be married there, our friends assured us, in complete privacy.

So we all started for Towson at eleven-thirty—I didn't even have any flowers because the shops were closed—in a pouring-down rain on a pitch-black night. And we thought we were getting away with something. But oh no. When we arrived at the county clerk's office four newspaper reporters and two cameramen were sitting on the courthouse steps, smoking as nonchalantly as anything. Needless to say, they got the story in full. The next day we were entertained at

(Continued on Page 43)

IT COMES OUT HERE



Ruth Lee: She took it 'round and around

ONE morning, the first week in January this year, clerks in a music publishing house in New York lived through a day which, though they didn't know it then, was destined to be the most amazing day either they or the publishing business ever had experienced.

It started with a simple early-morning telegram from a Texas cowtown. It said, "Rush one hundred copies of the Music Goes 'Round and Around." The shipping clerk who handed the order read it. "One hundred copies for a Texas cowtown is boom time business, boys," he said. "Maybe prosperity is coming around that corner."

Boom time business . . . ? Listen! Lucky Strike Hit Parade tabulators, every one of 'em experts, put The Music Goes 'Round and Around in nineteenth place on December 28. By January 4 it had jumped to seventh position. On January 11 it was head and shoulders above everything else.

During one week it was heard thirty-nine times on the National Broadcasting Company networks.

One popular station which broadcasts request numbers was forced to play it twelve times during the same hour.

Another station which specializes in requests announced that, out of 1,500 calls, 493 demanded The Music Goes 'Round and Around.

Still a third station reports that if the number had been played for everyone asking for it, it would have required seventy-two hours of continuous playing.

Fast-moving manufacturers are making neckties about it . . . and dresses and dolls and cigarette-holders and bridge-pads and kiddie cars.

Record makers have recorded it a dozen different ways. Brunswick, for instance, has made five, including one by Farley and Riley's Onyx Club orchestra, which sold 100,000 almost before they could bat an eye.

As for sheet music, a half million copies have been sold over the counter.

NOW, to get back to that day early in January on which the fateful telegram arrived. By noon those clerks in that New York music publishing house were waist deep in orders. By night they were up to their eyes. But when they finally locked the doors and trudged wearily home, they had made a new record that probably will stand for all time. It was the biggest single day's sales in the history of the music business in this or any other country . . . 102,000 copies sold in one day.

Amazing, isn't it, but an even more amazing part of this story is the history of that song's birth pains and subsequent childhood. For The Music Goes 'Round and Around is no new tune freshly spun for the populace. It has been about for a long, long time, attended by circumstances baffling to a great many people.

No musical number could attract so much attention without focusing some of the spotlight's glare on its authors. With the result that those of us close to the business of entertainment were first treated to two entirely different sets of authors. New York informed

us authoritatively that the composers were two bright Irish lads named Farley and Riley whose jam band plays at the Onyx Club, favorite rendezvous of radio and theatrical entertainers. Chicago told us just as authoritatively that the composer was one Red Hodgson who had sung the song years earlier.

The truth of the matter, as we understand it, runs like this:

About five years ago a trumpet player in Ernie Palmquist's band wrote a ditty—well, he didn't exactly write it, either. If he just had, a lot of current complications might have been forestalled. So let's rather say he worked it up and sang it intermittently with a great deal of hokum. Because an orange was involved in the presentation, the patter was named The Orange Song. Did you ever hear it? No? That's what you think. The Orange Song, dressed in 1936 styles, is The Music Goes 'Round and Around. And the trumpeter was and is Red Hodgson.

IF YOU have wondered how songs come to be written, or whence the inspired composer gets his inspiration here is an insight to the catch-as-catch-can methods some of them use. Hodgson makes no claims to being a serious musician. His hair is short and his ideas are crisp, so 'way back five years ago when he saw a series of movie shorts in which a guy named Fuzzy Knight played hot music on a piano and pounded the piano top with his fists every now and then to emphasize the torrid rhythms in which he specialized, Red got a hunch.



Mike Riley and Ed Farley: They took it where it came out, and pinned it down

The Story of the Music Goes 'Round and Around Is a Story That, Like the Smash Hit Everybody's Raving About, Goes 'Round and 'Round—and 'Round!

By Peter Perfect

Red was twenty-two then, just out of Pennsylvania State College, and 'rarin' to go. He decided to use the same technique on some other instrument than the piano, and the horn he chose was the circular shaped mellophone. His act was this—as told me by one who first saw it, remember, five years ago.

Made up as a moronic hillbilly, he would interrupt the band in the middle of the number Dinah and ask if he could sing. He was hooted down but soon bobbed up again. Someone then handed him an orange to eat, and told him to sit down until he had finished. In his rube character Red would become confused and start to eat the peels, throwing the pulp of the fruit away. Seeing that he was not to be downed, his stooge in the act would clap him on the back, tell him, "All right then, go ahead and sing." whereupon Red would spit the orange peels into his hat and launch into the chorus. For the act, he always carried his mellophone. The stooge, at the proper dramatic moment, always challenged him to "Tell them how you play that thing."

And Red sang "You push the first valve down . . ."

But a novelty song in a Midwestern orchestra is far from the national epidemic of "It comes out here" that is now sweeping the country. How did it happen?

Just like this, and you can call it fate or fortune or whatever you want. Neither Red nor I will ever understand it.

RED joined the band of Earl Burnett and sang his way through the South. In Houston, a girl named Ruth Lee was added as a female vocalist. Naturally she heard him do the number night after night. Several months later, when the Burnett organization disbanded, she drifted to New York.

And now our two conflicting stories come together for the first time. For in New York she got a job with Farley and Riley, singing at the Onyx.



Red Hodgson: He started it going 'round and around, and he's showing you on his mellophone exactly where it comes out. At left, the cover of the sheet music that's making history

The legend which was widely publicized—that she floated in one evening and, with her head going 'round and around from the drinks the astute musicians fed her, sang the whole Hodgson number from beginning to end—is now discredited. Instead, she accidentally hummed the song one night between shows and both Farley and Riley were taken by its tune. When she told them the words, they hunched it was a hit. Without pausing, without even knowing of the obscure trumpeter in the Midwest who had originated it, they found a publisher for it; and they made a phonograph record.

In the meantime, what was happening to the Pennsylvania kid who had introduced it five years earlier?

HE AND his wife were living in a little apartment in Chicago. And he was trying desperately to get a job. Earl Burnett was near death in a hospital, and his band had broken up. Other orchestra leaders in the Midwest needed no trumpeters.

So Red went home one day, as he had many a day before, empty-handed. And was met by the manager of the apartment hotel in which he lived. "I realize the spot you're in, son," the manager said, "but the owners expect certain things of me and I have to do

them. I can go along with you until the end of the week on your room rent but you can't ask the hotel to go on feeding you."

UPSTAIRS, Mrs. Hodgson was waiting for the news she had heard so often. "Nothing doing today, honey. But we'll get something soon. I'll get a break some of these days."

She smiled and turned on their small radio. The swelling music was familiar. It was The Music Goes 'Round and Around. A well known band was playing it.

"Good grief, honey!" Red shouted. "That's my number. They're playing it . . . but where'd they get it?" He didn't know about Riley or Farley or Ruth Lee then.

Where did they get it? For two days Red Hodgson stormed the offices of Chicago's music publishers in an effort to find who had taken his brain child and adopted it. But no one knew anything about it. On the second day the skies cleared. A letter from a New York friend who had been a fellow member of Burnett's band told the whole story, told, too, how closely Red had come to getting not one cent out of his own composition.

That friend was Stanley Hickman. (Continued on Page 42)



DAMON BENNY and PYTHIAS CONN

By Kay Morgan

THERE were two new acts in the old Fox Crotona Theater in New York. One was a good-looking young violinist who tried to spin a few jokes. The other was a glum-faced song-and-dance man who wanted to be a writer.

Backstage one night, the song-and-dancer who wanted to be a writer, told the violinist who wanted to be a comedian. "Say, your patter is putrid! Why don't we team up? I'll write for you. With my gags and your personality you'll go over with a bang."

The other looked at him with contempt. "Listen, go back to your marbles and leave this business of being funny to me. You look like the last person in the world who could write jokes. Thanks," he said, "and no!" He turned and entered his dressing room.

This was nine years ago. And that's how the most famous partnership and the most successful friendship in radio almost died a-borning.

The violinist who turned thumbs down on the proposal was none other than Jack Benny, and the turned-down proposer was Harry Conn. Benny and Conn. Damon and Pythias, folks in radio call them.

Jack is the first to admit today that without Harry Conn he wouldn't have been selected by the RADIO GUIDE readers as top-hole rib tickler and outstanding star in the 1935 annual Star of Stars Election. Which shows the sort of guy Jack is. And Harry says that without Jack's inimitable, indolent manner, his gags wouldn't go over with such a punch. So there you are!

BUT to go back to that acidulous backstage meeting . . . Each took his own Broadway path and trod it alone. Apparently Jack was right. He didn't need a writer. In fact, he was doing pretty well on his own. Here he was now, star of the Earl Carroll Vanities—a highwater mark in those 1930 Prohibition days. That's how he came to get that offer to star on the new gingerale program then being planned. The contract was waiting for his sig-

nature. He swaggered in grandly, pen in hand, ready to sign.

"You'll be on twice a week," the agency man told him. "Better bring in a dozen prepared scripts for a starter."

Two shows a week! Beads of sweat stood out on Jack Benny's forehead. He was regarded as one of the wits of Broadway, to be sure. However, doing the same act night after night, month after month, in a show or in vaudeville, is one thing. But—getting together two brand new comedy acts a week . . . *whew!* He felt a little faint.

He saw a great radio chance—and salary—slipping right through his fingers. Panic-stricken, he rushed to his friend Nat Burns, who was then doing a bright radio act with his wife, one Gracie Allen by name.

"Don't worry," soothed Burns. "I'll send up our writer. He'll help you."

Benny waited—and stalked up and down his hotel room alone. Time passed. Where was that so-and-so writer that Burns had promised? An hour late already. Confound it, he had even forgotten his name. Now Jack couldn't even phone him. Jack's nerves were as brittle as an old rubber-band.

THE door opened. Benny looked up. "You!" he cried, somewhat in the manner of the harassed heroine confronting the villain in "Way Down East."

There before him was the sad-faced song-and-dancer of his old vaudeville days.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how Benny found Conn, radio found its biggest money-making team, and the public found a brand new type of radio comedy.

Not many comedians will give credit to their gag writers. It's supposed to be bad business. Spoils the glamour and the spontaneity of the funny man, don't you know! That's why these writers are jokingly referred to, in intimate radio circles, as the forgotten men.

Jack has gone against this rigid ruling of the airwaves. And that's a story in itself. The limelight glory of his radio success hasn't affected him—as



Jack Benny, Star of Stars in Radio Guide's Election, 1935, insisted that honors be shared with his ghost

it has some other comedians I could mention—to the extent where he has become pompous and wants to crowd out those who are largely responsible for his success.

I was in the room with a famous editor, an advertising agency man and Jack. There was a heated argument going on, with the first two men lined up against Jack. It seems that the editor was to appear on Benny's next program, announcing the grand fact that Jack was voted the most popular comedian on the air.

"But you can't go ahead with this fool idea of giving your writer credit on the air. You're supposed to be the funny guy. Lots of listeners may be disappointed if you give someone else credit. That's a bugaboo no comedian dares defy."

They were trying so hard, the editor and the agency man, to keep up the old illusion before the public. But arguing with Jack about that subject was like trying to carry on a conversation with the Delhi Lama. The program went on, but when the honors were passed



Ever hear Mary Livingstone read her poems? Here she is dashing off a few, leaving Jack and Harry breathless

around, Harry Conn, the unknown, unseen forgotten man, basked in the lime-light too. Jack made sure of that.

They're called Damon and Pythias, but not only because they're great friends. Matter of fact, they seldom go out together socially. Jack and Mary Livingstone, his wife, travel around with Burns and Allen, Jane and Goodman Ace and the other gay younger marrieds, while Conn goes about to wrestling matches and poker parties with the Broadway crowd. But their friendship goes even deeper than that. It's based on an unbelievable trust and understanding. Just for an idea:

After several of Benny's early broadcasts, Conn gave up his job writing for Burns and Allen. Now don't forget, at that time George and Gracie had been on the air and were established hits. And while Benny's first few broadcasts elicited, his rating as a radio comedian was still uncertain and his contract had only a few weeks to run. Broadway-wise skeptics told Conn he was crazy to give up a sure-fire success for a chance. But the heart-warming part of it all is that Jack didn't ask Conn

to do this for him. He's not the sort of fellow to demand any sacrifice made for him.

Well, you know what happened. The next few broadcasts made Jack a great star—greater, even, than the wildest dreams of either Benny or Conn. There was never a contract signed between the two. There was nothing to keep intact this business partnership—and after all, that's what it was. Jack could fire Harry tomorrow; Harry could walk out on Jack any time he wishes. There's absolutely nothing to prevent either. And yet there never has been a squabble over money, never a rumor that one was leaving the other. And in a profession where stars out-grow, with sickening rapidity, the people who've helped them climb up, this fact is news.

BENNY showed Conn the same loyalty that Conn displayed to him. At the beginning Harry received \$100 for each of those scripts. As Benny's salary ascended, so did Conn's. Harry never had to ask for it. Jack was one of the rare persons in radio who kept his head when success came to him—a mighty difficult thing to do in this ego-inflated industry. Harry's pay check rose from \$250 to \$500 and then \$750. When Jack reached his peak, just before he went to Hollywood, Conn's salary was something like \$1,250 for each script—the highest salary. I understand, paid any writer for one individual program.

The test of their friendship came with that Hollywood offer from MGM. Jack alone was called. The company didn't need a writer. Said they had plenty of their own under contract, who had been turning out good comedy scripts for their other comedians. But Jack stood firm. I can see him exercising the same stubbornness that he showed to the editor and the agency man: "I won't sign until Conn is signed, too." In the end he won. Conn was hired to write all of his movie dialogue at a salary of \$1,800 a week. But Jack gained more than his point. He gained, for the first time, real movie success, too.

YOU may remember Benny was in the movies once before. The Broadway Melody of 1929 it was. Jack recalls it with a headache, because it was an ill-fated venture for him. That was before the Conn days. Brutally and frankly, he was a flop in it. It seemed that the keen Benny wit, the suave Benny drawl were lost in a maze of wrong material. The great Broadway comedian who had made thousands laugh in the stage houses, couldn't get more than a faint ripple from the tremendous movie audiences. The movie portals were closed to him—and for good, he thought. Second chances are as elusive as cigarette smoke.

But it came to him—that second chance, I mean—and solely because of the great name he had made for him-

self in his radio series. This time, though, when he boarded the train for the movie colony, he wasn't afraid. He had the controlling hand of Conn to shift his gear to the real Benny stride.

And as a result—well, I hear that he's just placed the down payment on a palatial Hollywood home. Which means that he expects to be making a lot of other movies, don't you think?

And, oh yes—Harry has renewed his

lease at a smart Hollywood hotel, because even though he still has no contract with Jack Benny, he knows he'll be with his boss for a long, long time.

Jack Benny is presented by the makers of Jello every Sunday over an NBC-WJZ network at 7 p.m. EST (6 CST; 5 MST) and later the same night over a split network for the West Coast at 8:30 p.m. PST (9:30 MST).



When Jack went to Hollywood Cecilia Parker gave him a stuffed owl. Was it a mascot or just a hint to get wise, Cecilia?

It's One for Both — Both for One, with JACK and HARRY

LONELY LITTLE STAR

*Linda's Affairs Reach a Crisis
When She Has to Make the Most
Difficult Choice of Her Career*

Linda Logan, brilliant singing star of the Noko program for the Amalgamated Broadcasting System, owes much of her rise from obscure vaudeville to radio stardom, to the efforts of her manager, Manzoni. Her marriage to him led to divorce; but their star-manager relation continues, in part to give him some sort of return for his successful promotion, in part because Linda isn't sure whether she still loves him. However, his rigid regime to keep her in trim for her work robs her of romance, personal freedom, life.

She rebels—and meets a young man, Dan Corby, to whom she is greatly attracted. On a day when Manzoni has arranged an important audition for her, she consents to go picnicking with him. They are late getting back to New York. And at a hot dog stand where they stop, Linda is recognized by a group of girls and asked for her autograph. She is terrified, for she has not told Dan who she is—lest she lose the sweet comfort of his companionship.

Now go on with her story:

(Part Four)

I STOOD there in a daze, feeling cornered, trapped.

I had that same sensation I used to have in my first few times before the microphone, a panicky tightening of the throat that made it impossible for me to utter a sound.

The girls spoke again:

"Come on, please give us your autograph. We belong to a Linda Logan fan club over in Bethel. Gee, they'll be so thrilled when we tell them we've met Linda Logan in person—and bring back her autograph to prove it!"

Out of the corner of my eye I watched Dan, standing at the counter paying the check. He was well within earshot. He might easily be hearing all this.

Never in my life have I felt less like acting. But there was absolutely nothing else for me to do. Summoning all my poise, I smiled sympathetically and said:

"Sorry, girls—I'm afraid my auto-

graph wouldn't mean much to you. I'm not Linda Logan—although I guess I must look something like her. I've been mistaken for her before. Well—better luck next time."

I hurried away to wait for Dan outside in the yard. I could see the girls talking earnestly together as though trying to decide whether I was telling the truth or just putting something over on them.

Dan was almost beside them now,

Was it unsatisfied ambition driving me on—or did Manzoni have an emotional hold on me that I would never be able to break?



G. HUKKALA—

cupping his hands over a match to light his cigarette. How much was he hearing? How much had he heard?

If he had heard anything, his face gave no sign of it as he climbed into the car and turned the key in the dashboard.

He did not refer to it as he swung the car into the highway and started the headlong dash to New York. He hardly spoke at all, watching the road, while the speedometer climbed and climbed. He handled the car perfectly, and my only fear now was that we might be arrested for speeding in his anxiety to keep me from being too late for the audition.

The incident at the hot dog stand had put the audition out of my mind

for the moment. I was still shaky from the narrowness of my escape.

It showed me all too clearly the ever-present danger unless I told Dan who I was—everything about myself.

But if I told him, would he still love me? Wouldn't I be revealing myself as a different person whom he would have to get to know all over again?

A MAD impulse came to me then. What if Linda Logan just stopped being? Suppose she disappeared—dropped out of sight—with perhaps a brief announcement that she had gone away to live in Europe in retirement?

Why couldn't I continue the life I had begun—as Lucille Pennington, thus avoiding all risks to my happiness, all painful explanations?

We passed a cutoff sign on the highway which read: "This way to Portchester and Harrison." I remembered what Dan had told me about the Justice of the Peace in Harrison who would marry us at any hour.

I laid my hand lightly on his arm. I was about to urge him to turn back, to tell him I would go with him, that I would marry him now and put my whole mad plan into effect.

But in the same instant I saw the folly of it. That wouldn't solve anything. Once fame had put the finger on you, there was no escape.

The world would want to know, would insist upon knowing where Linda Logan had gone, and why. I might keep it secret for a while, but sooner or later the reporters would hunt me out.

THERE would be interviews, pictures of the bride in her little kitchen, sensational tabloid headlines. How Dan would hate it—and hate me for having brought all that down upon him!

No—my only course was to tell him—tell him before he found out through some accident such as had just loomed.

But first I had to break the news to Manzoni that another man had come into my life, that after the termination of my present contract, singing would take second place in my scheme of things.

It was only fair to tell him, so that he might be looking around for another pupil; also, I wanted to be sure of his reaction, that he wouldn't make trouble.

I would tell him, I decided, tonight—right after the audition.

The audition! The prospect of it came back to me with a cold chill. I was going to be frightfully late. I was due at four o'clock. It was already a quarter of, and we were still a good many miles from the outskirts of Manhattan.

DAN must have seen my anxious look, for he pressed his foot even harder down on the accelerator.

"I'm sorry, kid!" he said. "I hope you don't lose your job for this."

"It's not your fault," I consoled him.

"Remember—if Linda Logan gives you any backtalk, walk out on her. You've got me behind you!"

"Thanks, Dan darling," I said, tucking my arm through his and moving closer to him.

The smoky dusk of Fall was already lowering when we turned into the sleek stream of Fifth Avenue traffic. I caught my breath when I confirmed the time by a jeweler's clock. Ten minutes to five! Just fifty minutes late!

In all my career I had never done such a thing. I was so nervous now at the prospect of trying to explain to my unknown sponsor, to Manzoni, that my forehead was damp with perspiration. And somehow I had to go in there and sing!

(Continued on Page 15)

DEATH in the DARK

By Arthur Kent

CHARLES CULLOM was happy. In a few days he was going to be married again.

We are told that it is not good for man to live alone. Cullom, a vigorous widower of 49, believed this heartily. That is why we see him sweeping his pleasant little home in St. Louis, Missouri. It is evening a few days before this past Christmas. Decorators have come and gone. Now Cullom, with the help of his friend and neighbor, the toolmaker, Frank Weigel, has been cleaning up the cheerful mess they left. For the house must be made ready for the bride.

Outside, it was quite dark. Suddenly Cullom turned to Weigel.

"Did you hear a footstep?" he asked. "Thought I just heard somebody walk up the driveway." With that, he crossed to a window, opened it and shouted: "Hello!"

There was no answer. "I didn't hear anything," Weigel said. They went back to their work. But something seemed to be on Weigel's mind.

"Charlie," he said finally, "have you seen Corrington lately? I saw him today. He said he's suing you."

CULLOM frowned. Corrington, a great hulk of a man, had once been a professional wrestler. Even now, at the age of 65, his strength was prodigious. For over a year Cullom had hired him as an odd-job man. He had fired him a few weeks before.

"Corryngton is crazy," he said. "He imagines I owe him money. You know, Frank, those wrestlers take an awful slamming around."

Half an hour passed, and then Cullom went out to the garage to get some curtain-rods he had left in the car.

Light from the house fell upon the driveway. It was very dark. Ahead of Cullom the black bulk of the garage loomed faintly against the sky. He wished he had brought a flashlight.

And then, suddenly and unmistakably, Cullom heard a stealthy footfall.

"Who's there?" he cried sharply. The only answer was the sudden sound of a man running—running quickly towards Cullom. Then into the faint light from the windows of the house, a big man dashed. It was Corrington, the former heavyweight wrestler. Even in the half-light the man's brutal face showed the strain of terrific excitement. His lips curled back from his teeth. And the house lights gleamed on the twin barrels of a shotgun, clenched in his huge hands.

"No you don't! No you don't!" The senseless words rasped in a harsh

"Ya-a-a-a-h!" screamed the frenzied giant from the darkness outside. "How do yuh like that?"



half-whisper from the muscle-corded throat of the maniac. "You been dodgin' me, Cullom! But I been standin' right by your side every hour of the day and night. Now pay me. Pay me, you devil!" The half-whisper became a hoarse bellow. "Pay me what you owe me, or I'll kill you!"

JUST for a second Charles Cullom didn't know what to do. Then, in one convulsive spring, the bridegroom leaped out of the pool of light cast by the windows of his house.

"BOOM!" Even as Cullom sprang, the gun roared. The charge of shot hissed past his ear. It ripped and spat-tered into the side of the house. With a flying leap Cullom reached the door, yanked it open, hurled himself inside.

"BOOM!" Again the maniac fired, and again the man he tried to kill escaped death as the shot buried itself in the door.

"Frank! Frank!" Cullom dashed into his living-room. Outside the crazed gunner howled and gibbered. "Frank, turn on the floodlight for the tennis

court! I'm going to get my automatic! The switch is in the sun-porch, out back!"

Upon what tiny details can the life of a man depend! Excited, Weigel ran out to the dark sun-porch. Cullom raced into his bedroom to get his gun. Then Weigel pushed the button which—he expected—would flood the entire yard and driveway with light and expose the lurking madman to the defensive fire of Cullom's automatic.

BUT he pushed the wrong button. Instead of the yard, it was the sun-porch which was flooded with light. And of course, within that glass-enclosed structure Weigel had no more shelter than a gold-fish in a bowl.

"BOOM!" Again the gun spoke. A whole section of one of the sun-room's windows blew in. Weigel twisted and fell to the floor, with most of that charge of shot lodged in his chest.

"Ya-a-a-a-h!" screamed the frenzied giant from the darkness outside. "How do yuh like that?"

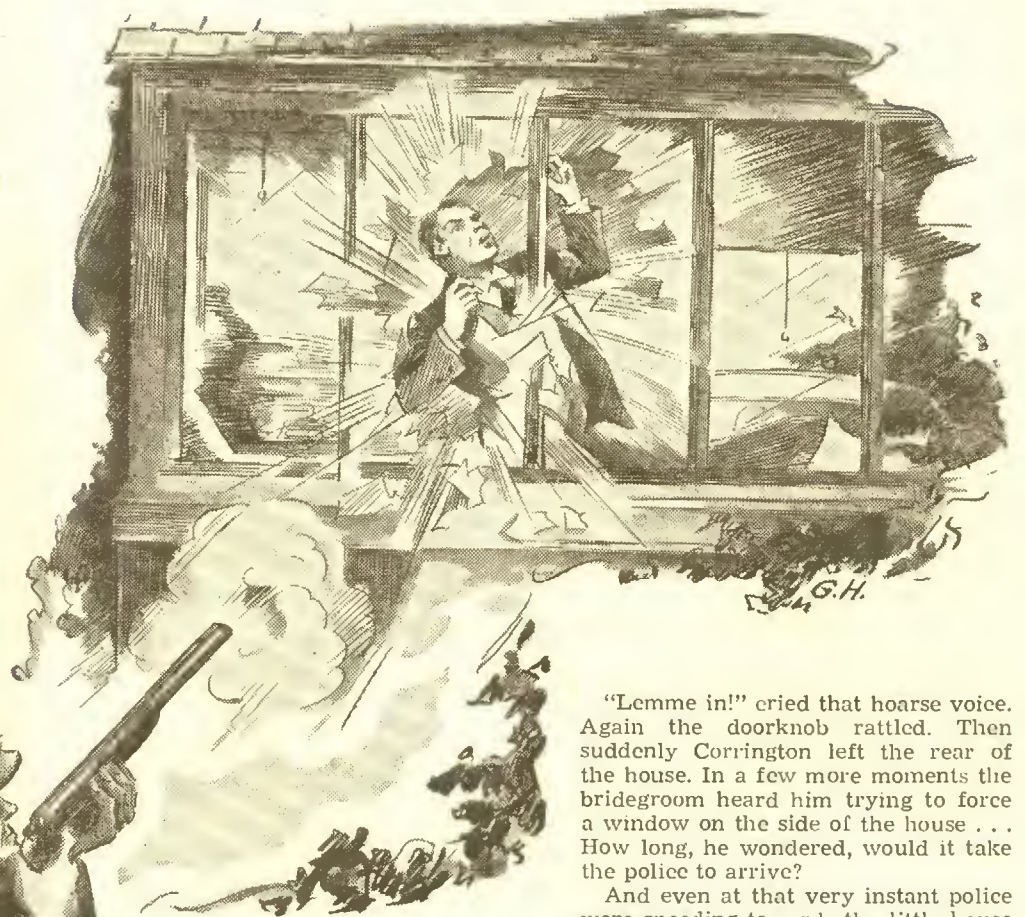
Cullom came running down the hall, the automatic in his hand. One glance was enough to show him that his friend was dead. In the yard, Corrington was laughing insanely.

"I'll get you next!" he yelled. "Come on out where I can see you!"

Cullom reached cautiously around the door-jamb, and switched off the light. Then he ran to his telephone.

"Police!" he cried, and the operator immediately put through a connection to the office of Sheriff P. G. Deuser of St. Louis County. "Come quick! Frank Weigel's just been killed. Corrington did it with a shotgun. He's outside now... Eh? This is Charlie Cullom on Cumberland Avenue. Near Midland, in Maryland Heights."

As Cullom hung up, he heard the madman trying to wrench open the locked door of the sun-room. Cullom took the safety catch off his automatic, and shuddered. He was no coward, but he fully realized his terrible danger.



"Lemme in!" cried that hoarse voice. Again the doorknob rattled. Then suddenly Corrington left the rear of the house. In a few more moments the bridegroom heard him trying to force a window on the side of the house... How long, he wondered, would it take the police to arrive?

And even at that very instant police were speeding towards the little house on Cumberland Avenue—screaming through the streets in a radio car. For no sooner had the besieged Cullom finished telephoning for aid than this message went out:

"Calling Car 27... Car 27... Man reported shot at the Cullom house on Cumberland Avenue, south of Midland, in Maryland Heights... Car 27..."

Now in Car 27—one of the county's 32 ever-busy radio patrols—was Deputy Sheriff Harry Newbold, a friend of Cullom's. And precisely as Newbold shot his car ahead and pulled the siren, the mad Corrington started to try to break into Cullom's house. It was a race. A race between Newbold and Corrington—between cop and killer.

THE madman was rattling another window. Cullom wondered how long it would take the cracked mind of the ex-wrestler to realize that he could easily smash the glass with the butt-end of his shot-gun—when, thin and faint and far away, he heard the siren of Newbold's radio car. It grew louder—nearer—nearer.

There was a crash of glass as the lunatic smashed the window.

"Now I'll get you!" he roared. Cullom ran to the front of the house. Outside, Newbold's radio cruiser screamed and skidded to the curb, the door flew open, and out jumped the sheriff's deputy. He ran around the front of the car, and in its headlights Cullom recognized his friend.

"Quick, Harry!" he yelled. "Run for the house! He's coming at you! Around the side drive! Run!" It was true. Corrington, gun in hand, had started down the side drive.

Newbold sprinted to the veranda. just as huge Corrington reached the front of the house. He lifted the shot-gun—but the deputy sheriff slipped into the door Cullom held open for him.

"Turn off all the lights in the house!" Newbold snapped, as he strode to the telephone. Incisively, he reported to radio headquarters.

"We'll need enough men to surround

(Continued on Page 16)

A CALLING ALL CARS STORY FROM REAL LIFE

MAJOR
BOWES'
AMATEURS

Heard on
January 12



The Major and Mildred Maranville, singer, sit listening to Ben Jones, the pianist from Honor City Jacksonville, Florida. Judging from the number of votes telephoned in Ben wowed 'em. He says he owes it all to his mother, who really taught him everything that he knows



At left, the Hackensack, New Jersey, pastor, Reverend James Moore, shows what he can do with a saw to produce two distinct tones. Beverly Lee is the Baltimore blues singer at right



Johnny Farata allows no flies to grow in his vicinity. Remember him? He's the lad who told the Major he had heard every accordionist on the Major's Hour, and he knew he could do better than all, whereupon he proceeded to prove his boast

Plums & Prunes

BY EVANS PLUMMER

JUST to show their appreciation for one of the swellest veterans of radio—LITTLE JACK LITTLE—about everyone working at radio in Chicago turned out last week at the Terrace Room of the Morrison Hotel. Not trusting any of my trustworthy P-Men to do the spying for me, I decided to accept the kind invitation of the Morrison greeters to attend the gala event.

Few of you will be old enough—as dial twisters, I mean—to recall the many pleasant hours of entertainment that whispering baritone Little Jack provided for the earliest of us crystal set tuners-in. And, I might note, Little Jack really began his radio career in the Windy City. So—after all his years of pilgrimage to Cincinnati, to New York and points between—Little Jack staged a homecoming. Or perhaps I should say his many friends staged the celebration for him. There among the huge crowd I saw—

Your announcer, Truman Bradley, still a bachelor and proud of it, arriving all alone but soon making himself at home chatting with Chicago daily newspaper radio editor Charles Gilchrist and his wife, Patricia.

Chick Olson of the screwy Olson and Johnson team, making whoopee in a mild form with Doria Coron because of that radio contract he and his buddy are about to begin.

MRS. LITTLE JACK LITTLE, whose first name really is Tea, assisting Jack as ever with the hand-shaking and, between times, worrying far more over her duties as manager of her husband than did he himself.

Benay Venuta and party auspicious in their arrival after the last curtain of *Anything Goes*, the play in which she is appearing—or was.

A half dozen bandleaders crying over Benay and the fact that every one of them had seen and heard the Venuta of several years ago and thumbed her down!

GALE PAGE, the charming NBC contralto, turning up minus her hubby who was nursing a cold. (It couldn't have been that caption in the recent Morrison Hotel monthly mag beneath Gale and hubby's picture referring to him as "Mr. Gale Page," could it?) . . . Mr. and Mrs. JESSE CRAWFORD sitting for a change on chairs instead of organ benches . . . Maestro AL KAVELIN proudly displaying his quite correct society deb vocalist, the lovely VIRGINIA GILCHREST . . . ENRIC MADRIGUERA wishing good fortune to his successor on the Terrace Room podium . . . Music-maker HARRY SOSNIK making the rounds with a large delegation from AL PEARCE'S gang . . . LES REIS and ARTIE DUNN paying their respects . . . NBC announcer BOB BROWN and wife MARY STEELE (Bob is mikeman for the spot's radio pickups) taking a postman's holiday . . . And then there were also bandsmen JACK HYLTON, BENNIE GOODMAN and JAN GARBER.

Of such, my palsy-walsies, was this

radio opening. Would you like to have been there? I thought you would and so provided this second-hand opportunity. And would you like more of these? Just let your old Uncle Plummer know.

You'll be hearing the name of the winning amateur song writer in the S. C. Johnson-Rico Marchelli contest if you tune in that show Monday night, February 3, at 8 EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST). The delay—impatient ones—was because of the voluminous entries and the plumpful decision of the sponsor to give fair and careful consideration to all.

"Abductor" Jose Manzanares

MERELY because the romantic California don, JOSE MANZANARES, conductor of Mr. Ford's Spanish musicale, happened to be in love with PERMELIA MAE GIBSON, gorgeous Detroit miss, it looked for a few dark minutes last week as if Jose, in Chicago for a flivver sales convention, would remain in durance vile under charges of abduction, kidnaping, arson, et cetera.

But it wasn't Jose's fault. He did and still does love the gal. Only her mother, Mrs. Cassie Gibson, a widow and college instructor (no, you dope, I didn't say college widow), didn't understand. They never do. Mama Gibson trailed daughter Pam to Chicago whence she had come intent upon pronouncing the fatal I do with Jose. Permelia had told Jose she was eighteen—a little white lie to the extent of one year too many. So Mama Gibson figured as how Senor Manzanares was luring away her chcek-ild illegally.

Well, it was all straightened out. Jose proved his honorable motive; Pam admitted her age fib; that she had run away, and that she was not abducted; Jose, with repressed tears in his dark brown eyes, made up his mind to wait a year before giving up his freedom—and Ma Gibson did just about everything any mother could do to make herself as popular as poison ivy when she becomes a mother-in-law! . . . If she ever does.

Here and There on the Air

THAT tearful episode of MYRT AND MARGE last week was not the result of an emotionally successful script, m'dears. No, it was because the cast almost was overcome by tear gas fumes released when the bank adjoining the CBS studios tested out its automatic vault alarm system . . . Society Column: MRS. FRED WARING and child are in Los Angeles for a sun tan . . . Vital Statistics: LORETTA POYNTON is bassinet shopping for a March heir . . . and LU 'N' EM'S CLARA (Mrs. Paul Mead) is proud mother of daughter Cameron who came to her house early in the morning of January 17 . . . Note of Pathos: With no carfare, she walked ten miles to sing in the WBBM unknown singer audition the other night. She sang, the judges complimented her voice and then she burst into tears and nearly fainted—so the truth of her finances, exhaustion and hunger came to light . . . Yes, she left encouraged, and with a fattened purse . . . for which plums to the CBS-WBBM gang.

Inside Stuff

BY MARTIN LEWIS

THIS WEEK'S NEWS REEL

Famous Faces in Famous Places

I'D LIKE to make a wager that not one listener to the AMOS 'N' ANDY program of Tuesday, January 14, knew that Amos carried on the show all by himself while Andy was in his home town of Peoria, Illinois, attending a surprise birthday party for his father.

Amos did a right smart job of jumping from his part to that of the Kingfish and Brother Crawford and back again. And how he kept from mixing them up is a mystery.

When the Kingfish asked for Andy, Amos replied, "He's delivering errands, he'll be back soon."

Trousers and Suit

MY QUAKER CITY sleuth-sayer passes on what looks like the probable outcome of the suit FRED WARING brought against a Philadelphia station for playing his records.

I'm told the judge presiding in the case was asked by a friend how the case stood. The jurist, being a diplomat, replied that he wouldn't give the verdict ahead of time, but added:

"If I bought a pair of trousers I'd like to see anyone try to stop me from wearing them."

Which seems to imply that whoever buys a record can play it, even if the purchaser is a radio station.

Chance for Punters

WARING and his troupe have started on their annual vaudeville trek, and if you think it's fun, you've got another guess coming. In addition to playing five performances daily, they have to rehearse for both their Tuesday CBS program and their new Friday night NBC show. After the early program for listeners in the East, they have to rush back to the theater for another performance, then rush back to the radio studio to give a repeat program for Pacific Coast listeners. Now don't anybody crack that Fred certainly makes the Music go 'Round and Around—or that such a strenuous program must be very Waring!

Oddities in the noose—with apologies to friend Walter—LILY PONS has her initials on her new auto license plates. And also the number 13. Besides having a post-office in Maryland named after her.

Domestic Troubles

MOST of the comedians of the airwaves don't find it very hard to entertain loudspeaker eavesdroppers. A few of them, however, are finding it tough trying to amuse their fraus.

No less than three radio romances are reported on the rocks. JIMMY DURANTE and his wife are on the outs, RAY KNIGHT and his missus agreed to disagree, and MRS. ERNEST TRUOX has announced her intentions of suing Ernest for divorce. The rest of the radio gang seem to be all right, and you can disbelieve any rumor you may have heard to the effect that the CONRAD THIBAUTS were not together. It is absolutely untrue.

Unmarried Husband

While some artists are splitting with their wives, Allen Prescott still remains *The Wife Saver*. With a title like that you'd expect him to have a

wife and save her many worries, but Allen is still a bachelor; leaves his household to a Filipino houseboy.

THERE'S a reason for FRANK FAY getting a buildup via the RUDY VALLEE route. The rumor is that the advertising agency which handles the Vallee show plus lots of other big ones plans to build Fay just as it did BOB BURNS and JOE PENNER, with the idea of making him the m.c. on a new show to hit the air later.

I'll let you in on a little secret, if you don't tell anyone! The quartet known as the Show Boat Four is really the Cavaliers in ship's clothing.

Rough Road to Fortune

DOES it pay to be an audition winner? Ask JANE WILLIAMS. She'll give you the answer. You probably recall that after coast-to-coast auditions and much ballyhoo, Jane was picked to sing opposite DICK POWELL on Hollywood Hotel. After thirteen weeks she was dropped like a hot potato. Then she got a job on the Wednesday night NBC Rendezvous program, and after a few weeks she had her exit notice. Jane made several trips to the agency to find out the reason for her dismissal, but they refused to see her. IRENE BEASLEY replaces Jane for at least four weeks.

Radio Shirley Temple

CARLETON E. MORSE, author of *One Man's Family*, has discovered a feminine contender for RICHARD SVIHUS' title of the youngest radio actor. She is ANN SHELLEY, four years old, and she makes her debut in *One Man's Family* as Claudia's little daughter Joan very soon.

Blonde and cuddly, Ann reads lines with almost the same poise and confidence that mark the work of Richard (*Pinkie* in the Barbour saga). She is a pupil at the Hollywood Playhouse, San Francisco kindergarten for dramatic art, where Morse found her.

Charlie Davis, former ork leader in whose band Dick Powell first sang, now runs a linoleum store in Oneida, New York, and is glad to be able to sleep regularly.

A Don by Any Other Name

The Don Ameches are so happy it's a boy! They have named him Ronald John. The movie people who signed the splendid actor are thinking of changing his name so that it will be easier to pronounce when it's up on the marquee—and air angel no like.

Vox Poppers Beat Leap Year

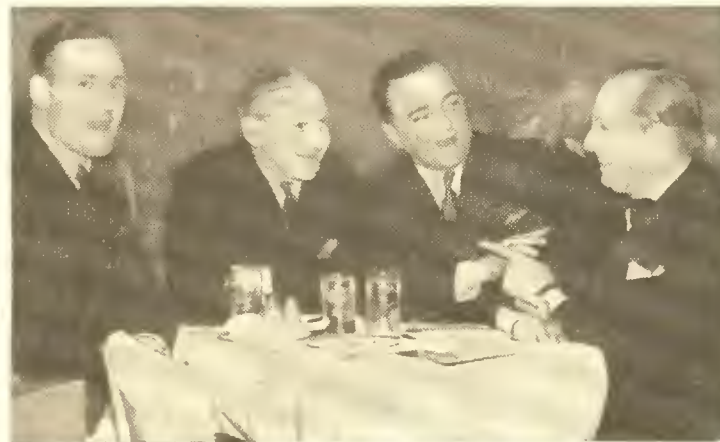
JERRY BELCHER and PARKS JOHNSON are thinking very seriously of starting a matrimonial agency. The Vox Pop interviewers received a letter from a gal wanting to know where she—a girl who neither drinks, smokes, pets nor uses slang—could find a young man who would be interested in her. The boys asked an Irishman about it over the air, but he wasn't interested. However, since the question was popped, Jerry and Parks have received letters from all over the country asking for the girl's address. They are forwarding the letters.



Eugene Ormandy has plenty of reason to wear that cat-that-ate-the-canary smile. He has hopped from fiddling in a New York movie house to conducting important symphony orchestras, with corresponding increase in popularity. Now he's to lead the Philadelphia Symphony



Left: Now that Red Roland, her spaniel, has come into her life, Martha Mears will take no substitutes. Right, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson after her return from Hollywood, where she was engaged in making various motion pictures



Ben Bernie in trouble with the law? No—Ben's little pal Walter Winchell wanted to come see Ben—friendly visit and all that—but he thought he'd be safer taking along Head G-Man J. Edgar Hoover and his first assistant, Clyde Tolson



Jessica Dragonette: She won Radio Guide's Annual Queen of Radio Election, 1935. Will she be this year's Star of Stars?

VOTES WANTED

ONCE again, while the new songs and sensations of 1936 are whirling 'round and 'round, we introduce the most significant annual radio star popularity poll in America, for the third successive year.

Who are the favorites of the 1935-36 radio season? Whose announcing voice most enthalls the public of America? Whose tenor or soprano voice lifts us most? What dramatic show grips our emotions the strongest?

The stars themselves want to know, and so do their bosses, and so do we. So, printed below is the first RADIO GUIDE Star of Stars Election Ballot.

This year for the first time we have selected ten classifications. Each describes an entirely different sort of radio entertainment. In your own mind, each has its outstanding star. There are no strings attached to the ballot. Readers may vote for any and all classifications. However, ballots

without the sender's name and address will not be counted.

This year the Star of Stars Election will end at midnight of May 30. This means you may send in as many ballots as you wish between now and that date. It means, too, that the friends of this star or that one will have time to organize their clubs and friends for the support of their favorites. It is important, however, to start voting at once. While ballots may be saved and sent us in a batch, the stars who are supported by those delayed ballots will temporarily suffer in the rankings to be published as soon as votes start coming in. To save a cent or two, paste the ballot on a postcard.

Note:—for the protection of RADIO GUIDE readers, the ballot printed in RADIO GUIDE is the only official one. No others will be accepted.

Voters are wanted. Your star-favorites want your support. We want to know your choices. So VOTE NOW!

OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

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

2-1-36

THIRD SCOTTIE CONTEST RULES

1. Contestants are required (1) to submit a clipping from any newspaper of a funny news story and (2) fifty words or less on "Why News Broadcasts Are My Favorite Radio Programs."
2. First prize will be one pedigreed Scottie dog.
3. First prize will be awarded to the contestant who submits a clipping of the funniest story.
4. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision of judges shall be final.
5. Judges will be Gabriel Heatter and the editor of RADIO GUIDE.
6. Any contestant may submit as many stories as he wishes.
7. No correspondence can be entered into regarding stories submitted, and all stories

become property of RADIO GUIDE.

8. No employe of RADIO GUIDE or members of their families may compete.

9. Address all entries to 3rd Scottie Contest, RADIO GUIDE, Chicago, Ill.

10. All entries for Contest No. 3 must be in this office before 5 p.m., Thursday, January 30, 1936.

Gabriel Heatter will announce the winner's name and read the Scottie-winning story on his Week-End News Revue for Scott's Emulsion at 5:45 p.m. EST (4:45 CST; 3:45 MST; 2:45 PST), Saturday, February 1, over these stations: WJZ WFIL WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR WHAM KWK KDKA WXYZ WGAR WCKY WENR WMT KSO WREN KOIL WMC WAVE WAPI WJDX WSM WSB

THIRD SCOTTIE CONTEST

TO TRADE: One pedigreed Scottie dog for a funny news story. That's still RADIO GUIDE's proposition to you, and surely in your daily readings you have run across some bright, newsy tale that can be incorporated into one of GABRIEL HEATTER'S weekly news broadcasts for Scott's Emulsion over an NBC network some Saturday night.

Each week someone is going to carry off one of those lovable pets in exchange for a funny news story acceptable to Mr. Heatter. The famous commentator reports that you have sent in some excellent ones already—but he is eager for more.

He must have more, in fact, for the simple reason that there are more or less of those pert pups to be given away, so try to win one.

This is one contest which is easy for any one to win, and simple for everybody to enter. If you are not quite certain of the type of stories we want, just listen to Heatter this Saturday. It doesn't have to be anyone's personal

experience. For example, clip a story out of your own newspaper if you think it is funny enough for broadcasting on Mr. Heatter's program. When you find what you think is a suitable entry, just clip it and accompany it with a 50-word paragraph on the topic: "Why News Broadcasts Are My Favorite Radio Programs."

Already some proud owner is going around showing off his Scottie, won in this unique RADIO GUIDE-GABRIEL HEATTER contest. If your first entry didn't win, that doesn't mean that your next one can't.

There is no limit in this contest to the number of entries you are allowed.

So just keep your eye closely on your daily paper, spot a really humorous yarn, clip it out, prepare your 50-word comment, and mail them to this office so that they reach here by 5 p.m., Thursday, January 30. Then, on February 1, listen to Mr. Heatter's NBC broadcast, and maybe you will hear the news you want to hear, that the Scottie dog is yours.



Gabriel Heatter, famous news broadcaster whose bosses Scott and Bowne and Radio Guide are looking for funny news stories

LONELY LITTLE STAR

(Continued from Page 10)

I said good-by to Dan in front of the huge gray Amalgamated building and hurried inside.

When I flung open the padded doors to the great high-ceilinged studio room, I was stunned. Absolute silence greeted me. It looked deserted—as though there weren't a soul in the place.

I looked again at the audition card in my pocket, wondering if I hadn't made a mistake. No, this was it, all right. Studio K.

Well, then, they had just gotten tired of waiting for me and had all gone.

Sick at heart, I was turning to go when I heard a voice, ghost-like in the stillness, calling my name.

"Linda!"

I jumped, startled, at hearing the familiar sound echo out, although I could see no one.

Then I saw him—Manzoni. He had been sitting there all alone, hunched over, waiting, waiting, in the silent empty studio.

He came lurching toward me up the aisle, like a drunken man, or a man in a dream. I stood waiting, bracing myself for his accusation.

But it did not come.

"Linda," he whispered, and his voice was like that of a hurt child, "how could you do this to me?"

I felt let down. Where were his temperamental tantrums? His storms and ravings? He made no sound nor movement. Instead he just stared at me, an injured-dog look in his eyes, and raised his hands in a helpless gesture.

"I got here as soon as I could," I said defiantly.

"Not soon enough," he muttered. "All gone—the orchestra gone, the sponsor gone, your future gone."

He pressed his hands against his temples.

"Ten thousand dollars of my own money it cost me!" He shook his head sadly. "And the work—but all that is nothing—nothing. What hurts is—your big chance, the chance of your lifetime—is gone."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The picture of him standing there, the fiery Manzoni, too tired, too hopeless to rage, all the fight and fury gone out of him, hurt me I think even more than anything he could have said.

He looked at me hopelessly, his arms hanging limp at his sides.

"Now I can tell you whom the audition was for—it doesn't matter any longer. It was the Kleartone Hour!" "The Kleartone Hour!"

The words escaped my lips almost involuntarily. That was the top—radio's accolade. A half hour of classical music, supported by one of radio's best orchestras. Only the finest grand opera and concert singers usually were chosen for it. The thing I had dreamed of all these years—the unattainable summit of success—and I had had it almost within my grasp.

The strength went out of my body, and I collapsed into a chair.

"Oh, Manzoni! I'm sorry!" I said. I meant it, too. I was sorry for myself—sorrrier for him.

Tears started in my eyes.

But my sympathy had an unexpected effect. It lashed him to sudden anger. Now it came, the storm I had been expecting.

"Sorry!" he shouted, overturning a chromium and leather chair with a loud clatter as he leaped to his feet. "You ruin everything and then have the nerve to come here and tell me you're sorry! That is the finality. We

are through—done—finished forever. Get out!"

I was standing up now, in the aisle. He started towards me, gesticulating wildly. It was my turn to be angry now.

"You're not human!" I cried. "For once in my life I forget that I am a slave to the clock. For a few hours I am so happy that— But why should I explain to you? You wouldn't understand. You couldn't."

"Go on! Go on!" he goaded. "Make your excuses if you can. What happened to you?"

"It's simply—" I faltered—"that I've fallen in love."

There! It was done with—the announcement that I had dreaded so.

He recoiled as though I had struck him.

"In love!" he gasped. His mouth quivered. His hands shook.

"Yes, in love," I repeated. "You have just had the goodness to inform me that we are finished. I'm glad it came from you. That makes it easier. You say I spoiled everything. Well, I think I can bear up under that. Hereafter when I sing, it will be for the joy of it—and not for money."

He took a step forward, seized the edges of my coat and looked up at me beseechingly.

"Just tell me it isn't true," he begged.

"Why should I bother to torment you? It doesn't matter now."

"Who is he? I have a right to know."

I reminded Manzoni that he was no longer my husband, that he had even renounced his claim on me as my manager. I said that I had no intention of telling him.

For a moment he looked at me as though he would choke Dan's name out of my throat with his two hands. He seemed trying to gain control of himself as he paced up and down soundlessly on the thick soft carpet while I watched the big red second hand on the studio clock spin 'round and 'round again. He blew his nose loudly.

When he faced me again, his face was sweet, gentle, guileless.

"What a fuss we're making, we two," he purred, "over a little thing you choose to call love. Puppy love! That's what it is."

Hot words of denial flooded to my lips. But the mocking laughter in his eyes kept me silent.

"A nice face—a romantic afternoon—those things come to us all," he went on, "but for them do we throw away a career—the work of a lifetime? No—no—we are too wise—you and I—for that, Linda."

"We have a job to do together—you and I—to bring you to the top. You have not done your part very well today. But as you say—you are young and human. Those little foolishnesses will creep in. But we must not allow them to spoil the work of years—when the goal is in sight."

"Soon we shall have reached it—afterwards we shall have all the rest of our lives for love! Love—I'll show you what love is!"

The light in his eyes frightened me. I did not want to hear any more.

"I want to go home," I said.

"The car is outside. I will take you," he replied.

"I am going alone," I said. "I need to walk."

As I walked along the cold, wind-swept street, I felt somehow as though I had been untrue to Dan. Why had

(Continued on Page 42)

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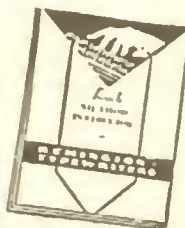
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DEATH IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 11)

the place, if we're to take him alive," Newbold said. "Some of the boys had better circle around to the back of the place. Others to the side. Then let somebody give a signal, so they can all close in at once." And he heard the broadcaster speak:

"Car 19 . . . Car 19 . . . Approach the Cullom house from the front. Car 35 . . . Car 35 . . . Circle the house and approach from the rear . . . Car 23 and Car 24 . . . Prepare to co-operate with flanking movements . . . Car 31 . . . Car 31 . . . Prepare for emergency duty."

Said the police broadcaster, capping this campaign:

"When officers are in position, Deputy Lewis will give a whistle as signal to close in on the madman . . ."

Cars swooped to the curb before Cullom's house. Engines roared—slowed. Brakes ground. Tires rasped. Doors slammed, and the night air smelled of burning rubber.

A sharp whistle blew. The thin blue line of the law closed in. Not a man faltered, though each one knew that possible death was waiting in the dark. And then, with dazzling suddenness, that big flood-lamp blazed into light above the tennis court—like a star-shell illuminating war trenches.

At this, Corrington broke completely. He ran to the center of the court. He raised the heavy gun over his head and howled like a wolf. He stamped and shouted and grimaced.

"We could fill him full of lead," Deputy Robert Bonzo murmured to his buddy, Deputy Lewis, who had blown the whistle. "But I'd hate to kill a man in that condition. Less I had to."

But to take the mad giant alive was itself a mad job.

Suddenly, Bonzo thought he saw his chance. Corrington had turned, to poke his gun at a fleeing police shadow. His back was towards the Deputy. How long would it stay that way—with several yards of brightly-lighted court separating them?

Bonzo took the chance. He flashed onto the lighted tennis court like a sprinter leaving his mark. At the sound of the cop's swift footfalls, the bigger man whirled. He brought down the shotgun. Other officers began running in to support Bonzo. The shotgun roared.

But Bonzo won by a split second. Instead of ripping the head from his shoulders, that charge of shot blew harmlessly past. Just in the nick of time the officer had snapped the butt of his pistol in a swift-swinging clip. The giant collapsed. Bonzo grabbed the gun.

Corrington bounced up. With a frenzied swing of his arms the ex-wrestler threw two deputies sprawling. Like a bear he grabbed another in a close hug and began to break his back. But by that time the deputies were all over him. They manacled his ankles and wrists and took him to the insane ward of a local hospital.

"I never liked the noise of those sirens," Bridegroom Cullom told the deputies, after it was all over and the body of Weigel had been borne home to his dazed widow. "But when I heard the first one tonight, just as Corrington started to break in my window, I changed my mind. From now on that's my favorite music. And police broadcasters my pet programs!"

The Club House

WHEN I first began to enthuse about the establishment of this cheery little fan rendezvous in RADIO GUIDE, I had a pretty silly feeling that I was going to spend an awful lot of time in the Club House alone.

But I guess I'm not the only star devotee in the world after all. I didn't have an idea that many of you are just as ardent fans as I am or that you, too, would walk a mile to gaze on the features of some particular favorite.

But what has struck me as the most interesting feature of this gathering about the Club House fire, is the number of artists who do not rank as tops in radio, yet have tremendous fan followings—clubs in their honor and what not! It's really very revealing to know that listeners are so loyal to those whom they pick out to honor. But then I also happen to know how the artists, even the first rank performers, dote on admiration and the many things their fans do to prove it, so for one I'm not ashamed of my part in the national affection for these generous stars.

By now I guess you know what this Club House is for. Just in case there's any doubt in anyone's mind, let me explain that it's a place created for the exchange of interesting facts about the listeners' favorites, and of information about activities in their behalf. So let us see you here often.

AND I see that VIRGINIA VERRILL has her hearty boosters, too. The caller who made us aware of Virginia's fans was Miss Florence Raniger, Secretary of the Bronx Virginia Verrill Fan Club, No. 1750 Grand Avenue, Bronx, New York. That was a pretty smart gag of yours, Florence, signing off, "Verrilly yours." I should certainly have liked to be at your surprise party for Virginia on her 19th birthday. Was she surprised? Did the excitement make her even more beautiful than she is normally? I envy you that moment.

When your readers know that you are pulling off stunts like that, there will be a rush to join your organization.

YOU can believe me I was thrilled to learn that two of my very favorite artists have been honored by a club. It was one I hadn't heard of, and I thought that I really was in the know on all these things. It's amazing what a little confabbing around the Club House will bring out. This club I'm going on about is the one for ELEANOR HOLM and ART JARRETT. It doesn't surprise me any to know that they cooperate. I know them both pretty well and they are so naturally gracious that they couldn't ignore their club even if they wanted to. Mary Helen Queller, of No. 1748 East 52nd Street, Brooklyn, New York, is president and she tells me club dues are 50 cents a year, which not only means membership but brings the bi-monthly club papers—and better than all, photographs of themselves sent out by Eleanor and Art.

BUT what's this lying on the table? It looks like a copy of one of those so-called class magazines. What it really is, is the booklet published by the BEE BEASLEY fan club. I'll bet that Blanche Nasinec of Lyons, Illinois, national president of the organization, left it around so all you Beasley fans would see it and put yourself in the

way of getting one regularly. Blanche was here a little while ago, and I know to what lengths she'd go to corral another Beasley fan. But I'd do the same thing for that long, lean gal from the South. I was one of the fans who helped RADIO GUIDE readers elect her Radio Queen in 1934, and now that another contest is starting and Bee is back on the air, it will be interesting to see how many will stand by her again.

THANKS a million to you, Sydelle Lisnick, for what you have to say about my particular friend, PAT KENNEDY. I'm glad you love that good-natured Mick as much as I do. I'll tell you a little secret maybe you didn't know. Connie, Pat's wife, was here in Chicago last week helping him look for an apartment, and it will be grand to see Pat reunited with her and the baby.

He has been a pretty blue kid ever since his job brought him back to Chicago. I asked him out to the house for dinner on Christmas day but he was so unhappy that he just didn't want to be in anybody's company.

He locked himself in his hotel room the entire day and wouldn't even answer the phone. So there should be a new lilt to his voice in a few weeks. Because I know you will welcome any new members, I'm telling everybody that you live at No. 1407 South Kedvale Avenue, Chicago. If I know anything about radio listeners you will see a marked increase in your mail a few days after this is published. That Kennedy guy really has a following.

BUT I see they want to sweep around here. So I'll have to get out for now. But don't forget the Club House is always open. It's here for just one purpose: to permit you to air your fan club activities. So don't be bashful. Let us hear from you regularly. And if this column can further your activities—well, here 'tis. See you next week.

THE CLUBMAN

Book Worth \$5000 Found by Woman in New England

A woman in a small town in Massachusetts read an article in a leading weekly magazine about valuable old books. Among the books mentioned was "Tamerlane" by Edgar Allan Poe, a small 27 page booklet printed in 1827. Next day, imagine her joy when she found the valuable edition in the attic! She sold it for more money than she could save in a lifetime. The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the United States, will pay \$5000.00 for each copy of the same edition. They also want to buy thousands of other old books of all kinds (school books, story books, histories, poetry books, bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) old newspapers and magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you \$50—\$100—\$500 or even \$5000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden in your old trunks, attic or basement? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 1701, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and cash prices they will pay!

In Cincinnati With—

Orville Revelle

TRULY the age of miracles has not passed; not at least, when one who is deaf, blind, dumb and virtually totally paralyzed can write, "you can't know the joy it gives me to hear the many messages of cheer over WLW."

Blanche Jameson, the Miracle Girl who learned to hear through vibrations, to see through her finger-tips and to talk through her typewriter after being handicapped for twenty-five years, wrote the above words after hearing her first program and concluded with, "Thanks so much and might I get in touch with your artists?"

This fan letter to a Crosley artist from Blanche Jameson of Birch Tree, Missouri, should prove that this old world is a great place to live in, after all!

Get set for Walter Huston, who snubs the cameras for the mikes on Thursday, February 6, at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). He's to do an old stage favorite for you.

JOE CHAMBERS back from Washington, D. C., after a business trip.

The Crosley biggies now rate two offices. They moved into their new ones at Fourth and Vine, yet retained the old ones out at the Colerain plant. Prosperity has turned the corner!

WSAI'S TRANSMITTER will have moved from Mason to Cincy by the first miking of, "Play ball." And that reminds me—an oil company paid twenty G's for the ballcasting rights. Wonder if it's to be exclusive for the first time.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

ACORRESPONDENT asks what I meant some weeks ago by writing that "L. Melchior is the only tenor in all the world today who is able to sing with distinction the roles of *Siegfried* and *Tristan*"—and also:

- (1) If I consider any tenor of today the equal of CARUSO?
- (2) Does NINO MARTINI sing higher than did Caruso?
- (3) How do I rate RICHARD CROOKS and NINO MARTINI in comparison with other tenors now living, and with MELCHIOR?

My answer must be prefaced with the statement that it is always dangerous to compare and rate singers, yet we do it constantly. It depends upon the point of view. Certainly, according to the standard of size and richness of timber, no tenor voice today is the equal of Caruso's. Martini, who has a very small voice, can sing higher; and, over the radio and in his movie he frequently sings the heavy dramatic arias, such as *Vesti lagibba* from *Pagliacci* and *Celeste Aida*, which Caruso sang. This is possible because of amplification, which today minimizes the difference between dramatic and lyric tenor voices.

Mr. Melchior is the finest living helde (or heroic) tenor for the Wag-

WCKY Gossip

DO YOU LIKE figures? (Arithmetically speaking, of course!) Here's some to ponder over: The new 350-foot tower gives the L. B. Wilson outlet a 34 per cent gain in signal strength, equivalent to an 80 per cent increase in power, with a jump of 130 per cent in primary night time service. (I'm like you—preferring geography when I attended school.)

LEE GOLDSMITH plans vacation trip to New York . . . The *Master Builder* moves to the Thursday 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST) spot . . . Who is the tall, dark and handsome New Yorker—or is he a Noo Joiseyite—who has KATIE NELSON goin' 'round and around?

WKRC Notes

CLIFFORD E. (Cliff) ADAMS, recently admitted to the Ohio bar and former member of the announcing staff, returns as political commentator with b'casts of all Council meetings his menu.

Bill Martin and Jack Curran are the best of friends until it comes to the selection of dogs. Bill prefers German Police—Jack, Scotties.

Reports from WCPO

CHIEF DEERFOOT (guaranteed to be a full-blooded Indian) tells true stories of covered-wagon days each Tuesday and Saturday, 5 p.m. EST (4 CST).

Are you a racing fan? If so, tune in Harry Hartman and his Today's Winners each afternoon at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST). Harry gives the results, which are sandwiched in between music.

nerian roles of *Siegfried* and *Tristan*. Mr. Crooks and Mr. Martini are among the best lyric tenors of our day; others are John McCormack, Mario Chamlee, Beniamino Gigli, Giacomo Lauri Volpi, Tito Schipa, Charles Kullmann, and the Metropolitan's latest addition, Joseph Bentonelli.

Veteran critics with long beards and longer memories award the title of World's Greatest Tenor to Jean de Reszke. The distinguished Pole, with less voice than Caruso, was able to impersonate operatic characters with more feeling and charm, and to make them more believable. He also sang the music with better taste, and as it was written. He did not hold high notes merely for effect. He colored his voice and his expression to fit the meaning of the text. That is what I mean when I say Lauritz Melchior sings the roles of *Siegfried* and *Tristan with distinction*.

It is also interesting that Mr. Melchior is looking for a successor. He has offered a scholarship to any young man with a promising heroic tenor voice. If you know such a person, send his name to Mr. Melchior in care of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. And don't fail to listen Sunday (NBC at 10 p.m. EST; 9 CST; 8 MST; 7 PST) when he sings.

(Continued on Page 27)

MEN WANTED

for TEA and COFFEE ROUTES

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| Adolph Pickney | N. Y. 85.00 |
| Geo. W. Wright | Maine 63.75 |
| A. Pardini | Calif. 69.09 |
| Norman Geisler | Mich. 129.00 |
| Albert Becker | Mich. 100.00 |
| Gunson R. Wood | N. Y. 65.00 |
| Lanar C. Cooper | Mich. 90.00 |
| He'n Woolmington | Pa. 45.00 |
| Ruby Hannen | W. Va. 73.00 |
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NAME

ADDRESS

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

Joe Penner Won the Honors in RADIO GUIDE'S First Annual Star of Stars Election in 1934—Jack Benny Won Top Place Last Year. Who Will Be the Listeners' Choice This Year? —See Page 14, This Issue.



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COMING EVENTS

Eastern and Central Time Are Given

For MST Subtract One Hour from CST



SUNDAY, JAN. 26

PIERRE DE LANUX

Another Trans-Atlantic News Exchange Broadcast will be heard on the CBS-WABC network at 12:45 p.m. EST (11:45 CST), with Pierre de Lanux talking from Paris, France.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Guests on the Magic Key of RCA program over an NBC-WJZ network at 2 p.m. EST (1 CST) will be Giovanni Martinelli, Metropolitan Opera tenor, and Richard Himber's orchestra.

ARTURO TOSCANINI

The Philharmonic Symphony Concert, heard over the CBS-WABC network at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST) will be under the direction of the noted conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

LYNNE GORDON

Lynne Gordon, 17-year-old songstress, now is the featured soloist with Harry Reser and his Cliquot Club orchestra over an NBC-WAAF network at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST).

CAMERON McLEAN

The guest star on the Ford Evening Hour over the CBS-WABC network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) will be Cameron McLean, baritone.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR

The guest soloist with the General Motors concert over an NBC-WAAF network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) will be Lauritz Melchior.

MONDAY, JAN. 27

DAVID HARUM

One of America's best loved characters of fiction, David Harum, will come to the air in a new series to be heard daily except Saturday and Sunday over an NBC-WJZ network at 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST). The series is presented by the B. T. Babbitt Company.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

The popular serial, The Romance of Helen Trent, has returned to the CBS-WABC network Mondays through Fridays at 11:15 a.m. EST (10:15 CST).

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

The program which features readings by Ted Malone and music by Howard Ely, Between the Bookends, will be heard again on the CBS-WABC network Mondays through Fridays at 2 p.m. EST (1 CST). Happy Hollow follows at 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST).

EDWIN C. HILL

The famed news commentator, journalist and author, Edwin C. Hill, will be heard in a new series of his Human Side of the News talks every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over an NBC-WAAF network at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST).

EDUCATION IN THE NEWS

Taking the place of Gould and Shefter, Education in the News will be heard every Monday over an NBC-WAAF network at 7:45 p.m. EST (6:45 CST).

MUSIC OF OLD MEXICO

A new program presented by the makers of Hormel's Chili-Con-Carne, has been introduced to CBS-WBBM listeners at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). The music of old Mexico will be featured by Juan Haidrigo and his Americanos



Eddy Duchin: He returns to the NBC Fire Chief Jumbo show, Tuesday evenings

Marimba band, with Don Tuttle, tenor, and the Three C's.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Andre Maurios, distinguished French author and critic, will discuss the troublesome situation of France in international affairs during a special broadcast from Paris over an NBC-WAAF network at 6:35 p.m. EST (5:35 CST).

VOX POP

The Voice of the People, conducted by Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson, will present a new weekly series of interviews with the man on the street, over an NBC-WAAF network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), replacing NTG.

EDDY DUCHIN

Starting this evening, Eddy Duchin and his orchestra will be added regularly to the Jumbo Fire Chief show over an NBC-WAAF network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST).

CINEMA THEATER

Heretofore heard on Wednesday, the Cinema Theater today changes to

Tuesdays every week—NBC-WJZ network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST).

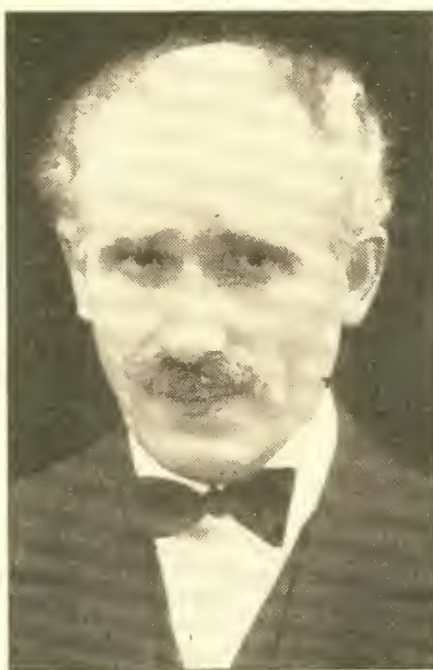
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29

BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHTS

The heavyweight championship bout of Great Britain, between Jack Petersen and Champion Len Harvey will be described in an international broadcast over an NBC-WAAF network at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST).

PARIS NIGHT LIFE

A new program, Paris Night Life, will



Arturo Toscanini: He returns for a new Philharmonic series, CBS Sunday afternoon

be a feature of the CBS-WABC network at 7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST), presented by Louis Phillippe, Inc.

OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS

A new series entitled Our American Schools will be broadcast over an NBC-WAAF network at 7:45 p.m. EST (6:45 CST).

IRENE BEASLEY

Succeeding Jane Williams on the Rendezvous program, Irene Beasley will be heard regularly over an NBC-WJZ network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). Charlie Leland, comedian, and the Symphonettes, girl trio, are added.

PIPE CLUB SWITCH

The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, previously heard on Saturdays over an NBC-WAAF network, changes today to regular Wednesday broadcasts over a coast-to-coast NBC-WJZ network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST).

EFFICIENCY IN PUBLIC SERVICE

Daniel C. Roper, U. S. Secretary of Commerce, will address the National League of Women Voters during a special broadcast for NBC-WJZ listeners at 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST)

on Efficiency in Public Service. Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald of Michigan and Mayor Fiorello La Guardia of New York also will speak.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30

MUSICAL HOBBIES

Irene Rich, radio and movie actress, and her daughter Jane, will sing duets during the Music Is My Hobby broadcast over an NBC-WJZ network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

ST. LOUIS BLUES

The CBS Dramatic Guild will present The St. Louis Blues over the CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST).

PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL

Celebrations in connection with President Roosevelt's Birthday Ball will be broadcast over combined NBC-WAAF and WJZ networks at 11:30 p.m. EST (10:30 CST).

FRIDAY, JAN. 31

GLEE CLUB AND SONGSTRESS

Susquehanna University Glee Club will be heard over the CBS-WABC network at 10:30 a.m. EST (9:30 CST), followed by Margaret McCrae, songstress, at 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST).

JAMES MELTON

The popular tenor of radio and screen, James Melton, now is featured regularly on the Kellogg Prom over an NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST).

ST. DUNSTAN SINGERS

The St. Dunstan Singers will be heard from Philadelphia over the CBS-WABC network at 2:45 p.m. EST (1:45 CST).

SATURDAY, FEB. 1

CHILDREN'S CONCERT

The New York Philharmonic Children's Concert, with Ernest Schelling directing, will be a feature of the CBS-WABC network at 11 a.m. EST (10 CST).

INTERNATIONAL WEEKEND

A Saturday feature of NBC's international exchange programs for several years, which was sent to the BBC for rebroadcast in the British Isles—International Weekend—returns to an NBC-WAAF network for another series, at 12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. CST). Frank Black and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, with outstanding guest soloists, are featured.

MESSAGE OF ISRAEL

Doctor David De Sola Pool will be heard in a series of five talks on the Message of Israel February broadcasts, NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST).

WANAMAKER MILE

The famous Wanamaker Mile will be broadcast from Madison Square Garden over the CBS-WABC network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST).



*It's About Time for
You to Have the In-
side Story of Dick
Powell's Romances—
All of Them—With
All of Those Girls
—and Here It Is*

By Katherine Albert

All Those Girl Friends

I KNOW you've seen those items in the paper—"Dick Powell, radio's favorite man-about-town, seen with Mary Brian at the Troc . . ." "Dick Powell, gay Lothario, is ever so much that way over beautiful Virginia Bruce." "Dick Powell . . ." Well, need I go on?

But there's always a lot more to a story than what you read in the papers. With hundreds of gossip writers pouncing upon every bit of news, how can you tell when it's Real Love—the moonlight and roses sort—or just a pleasant evening or just—perish the thought department—a lot of publicity?

And that brings me to my story. It seems to me that it's about time for you to have the inside story of Dick Powell's romances—all of them. It's about time you learned which ones have been serious and which ones not, and just what part each girl played in Dick's life. Would you like to have been one of that bright company whom Dick Powell has loved and lost? . . . Well, let's see.

It all began with Mary Brian. Dick was absolutely new to Hollywood. He had been picked up from an Eastern theater stage where he was mastering ceremonies all over the place. Hollywood baffled him. His first picture, *Blessed Event*, made Hollywood just

so much more Greek to him. It was during that trying time that he met Mary Brian.

Strangely enough, they did not become interested in each other until the very end of shooting the picture. Dick was undoubtedly awed by Mary, who had been beamed around the film village by so many ardent swains. And Mary thought that here was just another juvenile.

But something at last drew these two together, and for months the romance was a tender and beautiful thing. As a matter of fact they are still terribly good friends. And therein lies one of Dick's chief charms. No matter how many girls he dates, he always can chat with their predecessors.

AND—to digress a moment—here's one for the book. When Dick furnished his new home, he called in a decorator. But when the job was finished Mary Brian was called to give the final okay. She didn't like certain things about the house, so Dick made the changes that she suggested. Later on Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell dropped by to see the place. They too had suggestions—and Dick took them all. Today the house is a hodge-podge of the combined tastes of all Dick's girl friends.



Joan Blondell: She turned to Dick Powell as her closest friend in an hour when she needed a kind word

Dick adored Mary because she was such a swell companion. You see, Dick isn't a selfish lad, but he works very hard at the studio and on his radio programs. And when he goes out for the evening he wants to go where he feels like going, without any arguments or problems. He hates getting dressed up. He hates making plans. And when a girl asks him where they're going, his invariable answer is, "I don't know." Would you like that kind of boy friend?

And maybe that's the reason that, with the exception of a couple of dates Dick had with Merle Oberon, he's never been one for the glamour gal. The good scout is his choice.

In looks Mary Brian wasn't his type. He prefers 'em soft, fluffy and blonde (how about it, girls?). But in mood Mary suited him exactly.

The two adored driving to Caliente for the day. And Dick's low-sprung car with cute little Mary snuggled

down in the seat next to him, was a familiar sight on those ribbon-like California roads. Sometimes they would drive along for hours, and neither one of them would speak.

BUT then, again, they'd be just a couple of crazy kids. Dick loved to give last-minute dinner parties. (Still does, for that matter.) And he always called Mary in to help him plan these spontaneous parties which were much more fun than the carefully-thought-out, carefully-arranged affair. Mary would suggest the menu and help him receive the guests as they arrived.

But it was when Dick got really serious that the romance came to an end.

To hide his hurt, because Mary meant a great deal to him and played a vital role in his life, he turned to many, many girls. He lived the old safety-in-numbers theory . . .

Mary was his first Hollywood girl. She gave him the benefit of her good



advice concerning conquering the film colony. And that advice evidently has paid.

Girls are mad for Dick. You're always assured of a grand evening when Dick is your beau. There are no problems to be faced, and the Powell boy is good for a million laughs. He can string along with any mood and is all-round good company. But there always will be a large part of his heart which belongs to Mary Brian.

ALTHOUGH Mary was Dick's first Hollywood girl, she was not the very first to claim his heart. When Dick was leading a band in a Washington theater a girl was there acting as mistress of ceremonies. Her name was Maxine Doyle. And even in those days the local gossip writers tried to make this a serious romance. Dick was crazy about Maxine, but his ambition was great. He did not want to remain a bandleader all his life. Ahead of him stretched a bright future. He had his eyes turned toward Hollywood.

And so Dick and Maxine reached an understanding. They would take what their young love had to offer in laughs and good times and companionship. And when the time came for parting, there would be no regrets.

There were none. But a couple of years after Dick had been in Hollywood, Maxine was signed by Warner Brothers studio. Dick was the first to greet her on the lot, the first to tell her what she needed to know about the complex village called Hollywood. She was excited and thrilled by this attention, and thereafter brought all her studio problems to Dick. His is a fine, broad shoulder upon which to weep. But romance is gone. They are seen occasionally together. She no longer is under contract at Warners and is free-lancing. But she knows that whenever she needs a friend, Dick is ready to help her.

And now let's turn to some of the

lesser loves in the pattern-of-Powell romances. Would you find a place here?

For years Dick had been wanting to go fishing. But golly! He is always at work on a picture, and when he isn't at the studio he's arranging his radio program. So the leisurely sport of sitting on the bank and waiting for the fish to nibble had to be foregone. And then one Sunday his manager, Mike Levee, gave a fishing party.

Mike took over a trout farm near Hollywood, and assembled all his guests around the big pool. Dick cast his line in an expert manner. But he was too expert. He discovered it had caught in another line. Impatiently he began to unwind. The person with the caught line was unwinding, too. And so Dick and Mary Carlisle came face to face for the first time. Right then and there Dick forgot how mad he was to fish. They spent the rest of the evening talking. And many evenings thereafter.

Mary is swell company for Dick. She is always gay, always happy and has plenty to talk about. Dick loves to sit by the hour listening to her prattle. But she also is a good listener.

ANOTHER time Mike Levee gave a mining party. The guests were escorted to an abandoned gold mine and actually went to work there. Margaret Lindsay was in the party. Garbed in riding clothes, she entered into the spirit of the thing with real zest and wasn't afraid of getting dirty. He took her around places for quite a while. They are still good friends. Margaret gave Dick a police dog named Ranger. It remains his favorite pet.

But there is another girl in Dick's life who brings him real mental stimulation. This is Jean Muir, one of the most intelligent gals in Hollywood. With her he talks about the more serious things of life, but he is attentive enough to take her dancing, too, and to send her flowers and little gifts.



Alice Faye (left): She gave him companionship for wonderfully good times. And Olivia de Havilland and Frances Langford, above with Dick, support him on his Hollywood Hotel program

At one time Dick went around with Ginger Rogers. That happened during the making of Forty-Second Street, and the thing that brought these two together was mutual ambitions. Both were intrigued by the thought of the careers they were building.

Alice Faye is another girl with whom Dick has been seen. Again it's the career angle, plus good times.

When Regis Toomey, a close friend of Dick, gave an informal dinner party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Virginia Bruce was one of the guests. She and Dick were introduced. Simultaneously they said, "Hello, neighbor." You see, for years they had lived just a few blocks away from each other in the Toluca Lake colony, but this was the first time they had met.

And because they were young, because both loved to dance and because they were neighbors—at least that's what they said—Dick asked Virginia, one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, for a date. Both simply adore seeing movies. So just like you and your best beau they trotted to all the new movies that came along.

BUT Virginia found a serious side to Dick's nature, too. Not only is he a grand playboy, but he is terribly earnest about his work and is impatient to do more and more and more to advance his career. He appears, at first meeting, to be tremendously nervous. Virginia says that this is simply the divine restlessness of ambition.

Little Olivia de Havilland met Dick when they played together in Mid-Summer Night's Dream. He asked her to several parties, among them the elaborate Japanese dinner—to which all the guests wore native costumes—at director Frank Borzage's. Olivia was charmed by his ease of manner. And then they discovered another mutual interest. Both adore to swim, and when Dick invites Olivia for a dip in his beautiful swimming pool, she can beat

him at all water games. Which makes Olivia feel grand.

In fact, Olivia sort of summed up the general opinion about Dick when she said, "He is the sort of person who is liked by everyone who knows him, because he is perfectly natural. And he's so thoughtful, always doing nice things for a girl—like remembering to send her favorite flowers, never forgetting her birthday, etc. And he has a genuine interest in other people."

AND now we come to the newest romance—Dick and Joan Blondell. Here's the story on that. Long before the divorce, both Joan and her husband, George Barnes, were Dick's very dear friends. It was perfectly natural that when the split came Joan should turn to a friend for comfort.

Both Joan and Dick insist that it is not a romance—but be that as it may, there's a new Joan Blondell. She has lost a great deal of weight, is wearing her hair differently and, instead of roaming around in slacks and a sweater, she's one of the best-dressed gals in town. Has Dick brought about the change? Who knows? At any rate when Dick's birthday was celebrated recently, Joan sent a big cake.

And there's one girl in Hollywood who believes it's the real thing. Her name is Sybil Jason. Shortly after Dick's birthday party she entertained and invited Dick. Dick brought Joan Blondell to Sybil's party. And Joan was met with an icy stare.

So there you have the story of Dick Powell—his romances. So many girl friends, all with a place in his life. And yet, somehow, marriage does not seem to be for him. It's my hunch that he just isn't the marrying kind.

The Campbell Soup Company presents Dick Powell in Hollywood Hotel every Friday evening over the CBS-WABC network at 9 p. m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).

Ginger Rogers (right): She shared mutual ambitions and dreams. Below, Jean Muir: She stimulated his mind



Is Your Husband Your Hobby?

Let Odette Myrtil, Violinist and Singer, Tell You from the Experience of Two Marriages, How She Keeps a Husband—and Keeps Him Happy

By Mary Watkins Reeves

THE latest thing in hobbies, madame, is husbands. Odette Myrtil told me so.

If the man you married is your whole life and he knows it, if making your marriage a success is a full-time job that takes all your effort and a lot of sacrifice—that's just about the swellest way in the world to lose your husband.

But if you can make a hobby of the man you married, if you can keep him thinking he's undoubtedly one of the latter day saints but you could do without his cherubic presence if you had to—then you'll keep him courting you the rest of your life. It's a cinch.

Odette Myrtil told me how. And Odette should know because she's had both kinds of marriage. She's scrubbed, worn gingham and pushed a pram for an American in England. And she's entertained, worn Paris originals and pushed service buzzers for an Englishman in America. And between the two she's learned enough about marriage to accomplish the almost-impossible—she lives in New York and holds a Hollywood husband.

Odette, you know, is the glamorous star of the Evening in Paris program. On the air she's petite, piquant and as Frenchy as *crepes Suzettes*. Off the air she's still petite and piquant, but the oo-la-la stays tucked under a Yankee accent and the only Parisian thing about her are the labels inside her very smart clothes. She's Mrs. Stanley Logan of Douglaston, Long Island, wife of a prominent picture director, mother of a nineteen-year-old son, and radio star.

AND during her thirty-six years (only she doesn't look a scrap over twenty-five) she's been faced with every major problem love and marriage can bring to the modern woman—child marriage, divorce, children of divorce, poverty, marriage vs. career, and finally a cross-country-commuting husband. And you don't go through all that without learning a lot about living, and men, and what it takes to

make happiness. That's why Odette's ideas on husband-holding are particularly valid, and her present marriage an amazing success.

The next time you get to thinking that maybe you didn't marry your soul-mate after all, you can at least have the satisfaction of knowing you were the one who got yourself into it. You were the one who decided this is my man and I'm going to have him, so I married the guy. But Odette Myrtil, wed at sixteen, was a victim of the most uncivilized custom remaining in France today, the marriage *de convenance*. It means just what it says, a marriage of convenience. Your mother and father decide whom it would be a good idea for you to marry, make a fat financial offer to the young man and you marry him—that is, if you're a nice girl. Of course among the lower classes love can blossom undisturbed. But Odette Myrtil was definitely a nice girl.

SHE was born in Paris, the gifted and only daughter of Charles Belza, famous French tenor. She was educated by the finest private tutors in the most expensive private kindergartens and schools, and at the age of eleven she had developed into a child prodigy violinist. All rich little French children who show an affinity for fiddles are packed off to Brussels to study at the famous Conservatoire. So was Odette. Under Eugene Ysaye she worked ten and twelve hours a day at her instrument until, at sixteen, she toured every principal European city in concert and made quite a name for herself. Then her family decided she should have a husband.

Barely sixteen she was. She'd never had a date in her life, or attended a kid party or seen a moving picture or read a love story. She'd never been farther than the front gate or the door

No situation ever stumps Odette—poise is part of her marital secret

of her hotel room without a chaperon. She'd never had any boy playmates except her cousins and she didn't know how to dance or flirt or walk in high heels. But she must have a husband because she had reached the marriageable age of rich French girls. So her parents, with the best of intentions, started looking around. And it was all right with Odette until she saw the blue-booked but beefy specimen they'd decided on. Then she did what no nice French girl ever does—she renegged, wildly and flatly!

THE Belzas were stopping in Brighton, England, at the time. Odette was to play an engagement there and they had allowed ten days for her to rest and rehearse for it. The hotel wouldn't permit her to practise in her suite because it disturbed other guests, so M. Belza made arrangements for her to use the local vaudeville house in the mornings before it opened. There was an American comedy team, much on the order of Van and Schenck, playing the vaudeville house that week. One of the pair arrived early at his dressing room one day, saw a tiny, pretty little brunet fiddling away on the dimmed stage, ducked out and returned in a moment with a big bunch of yellow forsythia wrapped in tinsel.

Four days later Odette Myrtil eloped

with Bob Adams, vaudevillian from New York. He was twenty-two years older than she. And about it she told me, "It was the biggest mistake I ever made. I got married just to be getting married."

That was the beginning of a long stretch of hardship and unhappiness. Odette loved Bob in the way every young girl loves her first flame. She did everything a conscientious woman does who wants her marriage to succeed. That her parents had turned against her in outraged anger didn't matter—she went to London with her husband, she washed and cooked and scrubbed and sewed for him, she bore him a son Roger; and when the family finances finally demanded it she went into vaudeville with him, singing and

playing her violin, and raising a baby in a Pullman trunk back stage. And pretty soon Odette was getting places that Bob wasn't, and they weren't getting along so well. Pretty soon she had been contracted to come to America to appear in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolics.

SO THEY brought little Roger to New York with them and established a home in a midtown hotel. And Odette was such a success in the Frolics that for the next few years, between Mr. Cochran in London and Messrs. Ziegfeld and Shubert in New York, she zig-zagged like a comet back and forth across the Atlantic and starred steadily brighter on both sides. Over there she shone in Charlot's and Cochran's Revues, here in Vogues, The Love Song, Countess Maritza, White Lilies and other musicals.

And all the time the boy Roger was growing up in a home with little happiness in it, only a determined sticking-together of his parents for his sake.

some leading man, Stanley Logan. And before the evening was over Odette Myrtil knew she was really and truly in love for the first time in her life.

THEY were grown-up, both of them. Logan was thirty-seven, she twenty-seven. Their interests were the same, their ideas mutual. With a basis for happiness so stable as that, it wasn't long before they decided they wanted their happiness together for the rest of their lives.

But this time Odette was going to be sure, sure that her love for Logan could stand the tests of time and separation and fortune, for he aspired to a Hollywood directorship and she to further stage stardom here and abroad; and each wanted the other to be unencumbered. So she spurned the quickie divorces any wealthy actress can obtain, and chose one that required a three-year wait. There was another reason for being sure, too. Roger would be returning from England after a while. And a child of divorce, Odette

were calling each other by their first names and playing soccer all over the Astor's best Jacobean furniture and going off places together and considering the purchase of a motorboat. And several months later the three of them moved into the loveliest Long Island home you can imagine, with tennis courts and the huge blue Sound outside the windows and four servants and a pony with crisp little ears and candle-light that twinkles on rich-set, wine-red tablecloths at dinner time. It's like Odette, that home. Odd and colorful—and at the very same time you sort of feel that everything about it, and her, is really as plain as an old shoe. And that's trite but it says exactly what I mean.

FOR, after reading the story of her life, I know the picture you've probably formed of her—Poor Little French Girl grown up, serious face, soulful eyes, worry-wrinkles et al. And that's the wrong picture. Odette Myrtil, if you passed her on the main drag in your town, would look to you like any darned attractive young woman who's simply popping with pep and has notions about how to rig herself up to match a personality like that.

She has a trim little figure and on it she puts lusciously plain-tailored frocks and coats, minute custom-made spiked pumps, hats that are absolute perfection—then invariably ruins the tailored effect by adding something godawful Frenchy to her getup like a huge chiffon kitty-bow tied under the throat, or chin straps on her bonnets. Her eyes are heavily lashed and intensely brown, and when she talks they snap incessantly and her hands gesticulate all over the place and the first thing you know you're nervous too. And she is, in the parlance of the production men and studio engineers she works with, "a good egg," because she's full of insane foolishness and snappy comebacks—the unmistakable and delightful mark of persons who have been mixed up with show busi-

WELL, I was young then. I didn't know. But I've learned this about husbands—and I don't expect a man in the world to agree with me because the truth lies so deep in them they don't realize it themselves. But it's fact—men hate wives who are servants

ness all their lives. Most radio folk don't have that easy camaraderie. Troupers from way back always do. And with it all she's a star, and the mother of a Yale man whom she laughingly calls her gigolo, and the efficient wife and sweetheart of one of Warner Brothers' ace directors. And when I said sweetheart I really meant it because that, Odette Myrtil explained to me, happens to be how she holds (and has held for eight years) a husband who must hang his hat three thousand miles away from the hall closet of a lovely home in Douglaston. And this is how it works—let Odette tell:

"The first time I was married I was a wife. I was everything a wife is supposed to have been since the beginning of time. I cooked and sewed and kept an immaculate apartment and catered to my husband's whims and smoothed his brow when he was worried and ran his bath when he was tired and was johnny-on-the-spot twenty-four hours a day. And don't mistake me—I don't regret that work. I'm just ashamed of it. I'm ashamed that I was so stupid I could let being a wife take up every second of my life like that, absorb my personality and individuality, demand so many sacrifices of me and leave me about as dull and colorless to my husband as the linoleum on the kitchen floor. I was trying so hard to make my marriage a success and let myself come second in importance. And of course what I hadn't expected to happen for all my work—happened. I was so dull there was no thrill for him; my life was so dull there was no thrill for me. And soon we were miserably unhappy together.

(Continued on Page 43)



Even though she studied violin, Odette was not satisfied until she could sing as well as she played



Into her singing Odette puts vibrancy and fire

Finally Odette sent him to England for a four-year period of schooling. He was only eight, and although it broke her heart to be away from him she thought it would be best for his development. When he had gone she and her husband established separate residences.

Odette was lonely after that. She'd been working too consistently to cultivate many American friends. One night Irene Bordoni, whom she had known in Paris, invited her to a backstage party of the cast of Little Miss Bluebeard, introduced her to her hand-

believed, is entitled to a definite voice in the selection of a new parent.

"Two years before Roger came home," she told me, "I resigned myself to one determination: that if he didn't take to Stanley in the whole-hearted, natural way of a child, then I'd just never become Mrs. Logan. You see, Roger was my obligation to life while Stanley, as much as I loved him, was only my obligation to happiness. And my son had to come first."

Well, the ending was a fairy-tale. Twenty-four hours after Roger arrived in New York he and Stanley

He Listened to His Mildred

Richard Crooks in costume for his fine performance in *La Traviata*—after years of sticking to his big dream



Read What Happened When Richard Crooks' Wife Turned a Deaf Ear to the Take-My-Advice Men and the You-Are-Holding-Him-Back Women

By Helen Hover

that the awful strain wouldn't crack up his voice. For six weeks this heart-break continued. And then, as suddenly as she was stricken, Patsy recovered . . .

The dangerous part of Crooks' career was not that he had to struggle for success—but that he found it too easy. While he kept his church job, he sang for managers and conductors, and all were impressed by his soaring voice.

ONCE he received an offer to sing the lead in *The Student Prince* at \$1,000 a week. Now don't forget, at that time Crooks was making a bread-and-butter salary as a church singer, he was spending almost all of it on his twenty-collars-a-half-hour vocal lessons, and the baby's doctor bills were swallowing up the little that was left. That \$1,000 meant no more washing dishes for Mrs. Crooks, no more darning, no more dizzy spells as she wrestled with supper over a hot stove. And yet she made him turn it down!

Mildred Crooks was afraid—but not of her husband's success. She was afraid that their ideal would be lost. She could see this offer as his first step in the direction of just another jazz singer. She knew he would make good

in a church and married her.

Those first few years weren't easy. Oh not that the pair was starving. Richard had a vital tenor voice which no one could deny. But he and Mildred had an ideal, too. It was that some day he would tread the same boards as did Caruso, and sing in the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was when he was just asserting himself as a singer that the tragedy occurred. Their little girl, Patricia, came down with sleeping sickness. Terror-stricken, they rushed her to a hospital while they cried out to her, trying to shake her out of the dread slumber. It was the crisis, not only in the child's life, but in Richard's career as well.

Voices are lost because of great suffering and anguish. Mrs. Crooks knew it. She cleaned the house and tried to smile to her strapping young husband as she sent him off to the church, and then she rushed to the hospital to watch over the baby. At night she lied to him about the child's condition so

For Richard Crooks listened to his wife. And he's glad of it.

What started it all was the fact that Richard and Mildred—that's the Little Woman—had met and plighted their troth when they were five years old. Yes, really! She was the little tomboy next door who used to pester him, he was the boy who teased her. From the kindergarten days when he tolerated her with a little-boy bluster, to the upper grades when he took her to the school proms, Richard and Mildred kept company.

THEIRS was a childhood romance that had an undercurrent of deep, adult understanding. They both were devoted to music. He was the boy soprano, she played the pipe organ in their church choir. And after school her pigtailed head would thump up and down as she plucked away at the piano, while he sang in his lusty young voice. She was irrevocably tied up in his life and career.

When he was 21 he got his first job

in the show, that more musical comedy offers would come his way, that he'd be making easy money, and that in no time at all he would become so blinded by the Broadway glitter that the Metropolitan would be forgotten.

Crooks eventually became soloist with the New York Symphony. But still he wasn't earning enough to carry out his great plans. There were the studies in Europe, for instance. Each week Mildred would put aside some money in the fund, but the saving process was slow and painful. The solution of it all came from a third party. This person was willing to give Crooks \$10,000 to study in Europe. In return, he wanted to be known as Crooks' patron. It was such a simple way out.

BUT instead of finding Mildred delighted with the news, he found her grave. "No, Dick, let's not do it. We can save enough money to go on our own and do as we please. Let's not be tied down to a patron who will dictate to you later. Too many singers have allowed a rich patron to control their destinies. Your freedom is worth more than that."

Many weeks, when it was impossible to put a cent into the fund, Richard might have regretted that he listened to his wife. But they made it—the trip, I mean. They traveled third-class, to be sure, but—"We had so much fun. We lived in a shabby old hotel that had only one bath. And our dinner cost fifteen cents—including wine."

Another turning point faced them right after their trip. If there had been a patron, no doubt that he and Mrs. Crooks would have been at loggerheads at this

next step in Richard's career. For at this time Crooks received an offer to sing in the Metropolitan. You can see that the patron would have advised him to say yes. But Mrs. Crooks shook her head. The tea-cup chatters, the telephone gossips heckled in full blast once more. But she and her handsome young husband turned their backs on the world and followed their own instincts. She felt that he wasn't ready for the Met yet. That's all. How could the others possibly realize that here was a wife who was willing to sacrifice the ease of the moment for the full realization of her hopes?

EVEN today, Mr. Crooks told me, "Too many youngsters with fine voices gleefully accept their first bid from the Metropolitan—and instead of a successful debut they find that they can hardly open their mouths. Once you fail at the Met, well—" a shrug—"you're through. They forget—these beginners—that preparing for the opera takes time. Lots of time. I could name a dozen young men and women—with excellent voices, mind you—who leaped into the Met too early.



Note the easy grace with which Richard Crooks faces the microphone when he is singing

And here he is enjoying himself somewhere in the Maine North woods

were unprepared, and found their most glorious dreams shattered in failure. The moment you step onto that time-honored stage, you immediately stand comparison with Caruso and Bori and the greatest.

"If Mildred had been greedy, instead of patient, she'd have hurried me along, made me accept my first chance and I would have been a flop! She held me back until I was absolutely ready. Why?"—his gray eyes widened in awe—"It was five years after I received my first offer that I made my debut at the Opera! But in those five years I studied in Europe, went halfway across the continent and back in endless concert tours, and I sang for practically every great symphony conductor. When I stood on the Metropolitan stage I had the training, the experience, the background to overcome the jinx."

Tears were streaming down Mildred

Crooks' face the night of his debut. Here was her husky young husband, the boy who used to pull her hair in the kindergarten, the man whose socks she had darned, whose dinner she had cooked—here he was on the boards of the Metropolitan opposite the great Lucrezia Bori in *Manon*. She was too dizzy to notice that he received thirty-seven curtain calls, and that his applause held up *Manon* for fifty minutes!

THIS year she has seen her husband achieve the greatest honor to come to any American singer. For he is the first American tenor ever to open the Metropolitan Opera season. And incidentally, it's a feather in the cap of American culture, as well. It was for this that Mildred Crooks was planning when she clamped the stopgap on her impetuous young husband's early offers. That is her answer to critics.

Today she has everything. Two beautiful children, Patsy and Dick, Junior. Two beautiful homes—one a large cottage facing the ocean in Sea Girt, New Jersey; the other a swank duplex apartment in one of New York's finest hotels. An attractive young husband who looks more like an ex-football star than an imposing opera star. And she has his love.

But that isn't all she has. At least you feminine readers will know what I mean when I say she has the supreme satisfaction of laughing in quiet at the hecklers who would so gladly have given her free advice.

SHE has the reward of unshakeable faith and the assurance of permanency such as only can come from success founded on rock rather than on the shifting sands of intermittent achievements. She has the pride which is hers because she is the embodiment of the principle, "She also serves who only stands and waits."

I like to tell a little story about Dickie, Junior. This Christmas his famous father sang *Silent Night* in the local Sea Girt church. Dickie, who shows promise of inheriting the Crooks glorious voice, sings in the church choir every Sunday for about ten cents a week.

The day after Christmas the choir-master said to Dickie, "I hope you sing as well as your father did."

Dickie looked at him contemptuously. "What!" he scoffed. "For fifty cents a month?"

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company presents Richard Crooks January 27 and every alternate Monday over an NBC-WEAF network at 8:30 p. m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).



Mildred Crooks is the guide to her husband's career, as well as a help to his keeping in practice

Night-Clubbing

with the

STARS

Time: Thursday before
Christmas
Place: Continental Room
of Stevens, Chicago
Stars: Myrt and Marge



Doorman Peter Foy (above) greets Myrt, Marge, Gene Kretsinger (Marge's husband) and Marge's 18-year-old brother, George Damerel, Jr. Below, Seymour Simons, maestro, joins the party for a chat



Left, titian-haired Kitty Belais takes Myrt's wraps. Note how George, Jr., resembles his mother. Above, head-waiter Fred Thelan takes charge of the party to insure the enjoyment of their meal



Seymour Simons, left, turns from his orchestra while conducting because he cannot resist the eye-ful of Myrt dancing with her son. Right, the end of a perfect evening comes with the finale of the floor show



ON SHORT WAVES

By Charles A. Morrison

Figures in Parentheses Denote Megacycles or Thousands of Kilocycles

THE most important of the new short-wave stations reported recently is the powerful Colombian, HJU, Buenaventura. HJU announces its frequency as 9.065 megacycles and is owned by the National Railways of Colombia. Studios are located in the National Railway station at Buenaventura. Frequent announcements are made in English.

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, home of numerous small short-wave stations, has adopted the new name of Ciudad Trujillo, Trujillo City in English.

Foreign Short-Wave Programs for Sunday

- 5 a.m.—Sunday program (VK2ME).
- 6 a.m.—Week's review (RNE).
- 8 a.m.—American hour (DJB).
- 8:10 a.m.—Microphone debutantes (PCJ).
- 9 a.m.—Budapest program (HIAS3).
- 9 a.m.—Male choir (PCJ).
- 9 a.m.—Pini, tango orch. (GSF, GSE).
- 10 a.m.—Week's review (RNE).
- 10:30 a.m.—Vatican City program (HVJ).
- 11 a.m.—Commerce hour (COCD).
- 12 noon—American hour (DJB).
- 12:30 p.m.—Mantovani's orch. (GSB, GSD, GSI).
- 1 p.m.—Cuban dance music (COCD).
- 1:40 p.m.—Iceland program (TFJ).
- 2 p.m.—Latin-American music (COCD).
- 2:15 p.m.—Horse races (YV2RC).
- 3 p.m.—Religious services (GSB, GSD, GSI).
- 3:15 p.m.—Talk, Immortality (GSB, GSD, GSI).
- 4 p.m.—Classical program (COCD).
- 5 p.m.—Mayor's program (COCD).
- 5 p.m.—House in the Forest, play (DJC).
- 5:45 p.m.—Sunday concert (HC2RL).
- 6 p.m.—Good Sisters of America (COCD).
- 6 p.m.—Sunday evening concert (DJC).
- 6 p.m.—Budapest program (HAT4).
- 6 p.m.—Government program (XECR).
- 6:30 p.m.—Dance music (YV2RC).
- 6:30 p.m.—Windsor Castle view (GSA, GSC).
- 7 p.m.—Methodist religious services (GSA, GSC).
- 7 p.m.—English program (EAQ).
- 7 p.m.—South American program (COCD).
- 7:40 p.m.—Musical program (VK3ME).
- 8 p.m.—Cuban dance music (COCD).
- 8:30 p.m.—Theater resume (EAQ).
- 9:15 p.m.—Brass band (DJC).
- 10 p.m.—Religious services (GSC, GSI).
- 10:30 p.m.—Lottery program (COCD).
- 12 mid.—Overseas hour (JVN).

(Programs for the rest of the week will be found on the respective program pages.)

News Broadcasts of the Week
EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour
 Daily—5:15 a.m., GSF, GSB; 7 a.m., VK2ME; 8 a.m., GSG, GSF; 11:30 a.m., GSB, GSE; 1 p.m., GSB, GSD, GSI; 2:30 p.m., Pontoise; 5 p.m., GSB, GSC; 5:15 p.m., EAQ; PRF5; 6 p.m., 2RO; 7:20 p.m., Pontoise; 8:15 p.m., DJC, DJD; 9 p.m., COCD; 10 p.m., CJRO, CJRX; 10:45 p.m., GSC, GSI; 12:05 a.m., JVN.
 Sunday—9:30 a.m., PCJ.
 Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat.—9:30 a.m., PHH.
 Daily except Sunday—5:30 a.m., VK3LR.

| Log of Foreign Stations Whose Programs Are Listed | |
|---|--------------|
| (Megacycles, or thousands of kilocycles, shown) | |
| 2RO (Rome) | 9.64 |
| CJRO (Winnipeg, Canada) | 6.15 |
| CJRX (Winnipeg) | 11.72 |
| COCD (Havana, Cuba) | 6.13 |
| CRCX (Bowmanville, Canada) | 6.09 |
| DJB (Zeelen) | 15.20 |
| DJC (Zeelen) | 6.02 |
| DJQ (Zeelen) | 10.29 |
| EAQ (Madrid) | 9.87 |
| FYA (Paris) | 11.72 |
| GSA (Davenport) | 6.05 |
| GSB (Davenport) | 9.51 |
| GSC (Davenport) | 9.58 |
| GSD (Davenport) | 11.75 |
| GSE (Davenport) | 11.86 |
| GSF (Davenport) | 15.14 |
| GSG (Davenport) | 17.79 |
| GSI (Davenport) | 15.26 |
| GSL (Davenport) | 6.11 |
| HIAS3 (Budapest, Hungary) | 15.37 |
| HAT4 (Budapest) | 9.12 |
| HBL (Geneva) | 9.60 |
| HBP (Geneva) | 7.80 |
| HC2RL (Guayaquil, Ecuador) | 6.66 |
| HJ1ABE (Cartagena, Colombia) | 6.12 |
| HJ4ABE (Medellin, Colombia) | 5.83 |
| HVJ (Vatican City) | 15.12 |
| JVM (Nasaki, Japan) | 10.74 |
| JVN (Nasaki, Japan) | 10.66 |
| JVP (Nasaki, Japan) | 7.51 |
| KKH (Kahuku, Hawaii) | 7.52 |
| PCJ (Hilzen, Holland) | 15.22 |
| PHI (Hilzen, Holland) | 11.73 |
| PLV (Bandoeng, Java) | 9.41 |
| Pontoise (Pontoise, France) | 11.73, 11.88 |
| PRADO (Rijobamba, Ecuador) | 6.62 |
| PRF5 (Rio de Janeiro) | 9.50 |
| RNE (Moscow) | 12.00 |
| RV59 (Moscow) | 6.00 |
| TFJ (Reykjavik, Iceland) | 12.235 |
| TIPG (San Jose) | 6.41 |
| VK2ME (Sydney, Australia) | 9.59 |
| VK3LR (Melbourne, Australia) | 9.58 |
| VK3ME (Melbourne, Australia) | 9.49 |
| YV2RC (Caracas, Venezuela) | 5.80 |
| XECR (Mexico City) | 7.38 |

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 17)

Chicago music-lovers often complain because they do not hear all of the good network sustaining programs. They ask why. The reason is to be found in the fact that local commercial programs on key Chicago stations far exceed the number in other cities. The commercial programs which bring in revenue, naturally take precedence over the sustaining features, even though the talent paid by the local advertiser is not likely to compare favorably with the sustaining talent of the network originating in New York. This is an unfortunate, but understandable situation under our present setup. And that setup compensates by bringing us at least occasionally much

greater talent than we could have if there were no advertising!

A basketful of Evans Plummer's plums to LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI for his California farm! Despite the cancellation rumor which fooled us, he did conduct, by the way, the General Motors Concert—and it was the best arranged program of their entire series to date.

Tab These

Next week the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, directed by its young conductor, ANTONIO MODARELLI, is scheduled to begin a series of Thursday evening broadcasts (NBC at 8:30

p.m. EST; 7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST) . . . GUY MAIER and LEE PAT-TISON are recommended on their Tuesday afternoon broadcast (NBC at 4:30 p.m. EST; 3:30 CST; 2:30 MST; 1:30 PST) . . . ALEXANDER SEMMLER is progressing through the full cycle of Beethoven's 32 piano sonatas (Sundays, CBS at 10:35 p.m. EST; 9:35 CST; 8:35 MST; 7:35 PST) . . . So interesting did radio listeners find the Cleveland Orchestra workshop program that NBC has scheduled a regular fifteen-minute broadcast during that orchestra's Thursday morning rehearsal. The workshop is heard weekly at 10:30 a.m. EST (9:30 CST; 8:30 MST; 7:30 PST).



J. E. SMITH, Pres., National Radio Institute

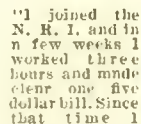


Manager Radio Service Dep't.



"Before taking the N. R. I. Course, I was a 'dunkey' in a furniture store. Now I have a job as manager of the Radio Service Department of one of Mississippi's largest furniture stores. Since starting your course, I have made over \$3,000."—DAVID J. SHUMAKER, R. 2, Box 165-F, Vicksburg, Miss.

Earns Money Quick in Radio



"I joined the N. R. I. and in a few weeks I worked three hours and made clear one five dollar bill. Since that time I have gotten married, have bought my home, a nice place valued at \$3,500 during the so-called depression, and have one of the nicest, most pleasant jobs that a man has ever known. And it is all mine, I own it."—E. LAMAR JOHNSTON, 250 Fifth Ave., Rome, Georgia.

\$75 in One Week



"One week my business netted \$75.00 on repairing alone, and there were sales to be added. I have only you to thank for it. In my estimation, N. R. I. is the best home-study school in the United States."—R. S. LEWIS, Box 514, Pittsfield, Ill.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME IN SPARE TIME FOR A GOOD RADIO JOB!

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW MAIL COUPON

Act today for better pay. Act today to break away from a low-pay, no-future job—to get away from having to skimp, scrape, to pay your bills. Mail coupon for my free 64-page book. It tells you how I will train you at home in your spare time to be a Radio Expert; about my training that has helped hundreds of men to make more money.

Many Radio Experts Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a Week

Consider these facts—think of the good jobs they stand for. Over 20,000,000 Radio sets in use, over 600 broadcasting stations, over 40 manufacturers of Radio sets, over 2,000 manufacturers of parts, over 100 Police Departments Radio equipped, airplanes and airports Radio equipped. Thousands of ships touching every seaport of the world, Radio equipped. Over 35,000 stores selling sets and parts. Over 2,000,000 autos Radio equipped in recent years. Loud speaker systems wherever people gather, indoors and outdoors. Commercial Radio stations dotting our coast lines. Radio, a big industry—is growing bigger. A few hundred \$30, \$50, \$75 a week jobs—have grown to thousands.

Get Ready Now for Jobs Like These

A spare time or full time service shop; installing, maintaining, operating—broadcast, aviation, commercial, ship, television and police stations. A Radio retail or service business of your own. Installing, maintaining, servicing, loud speaker systems. A service or sales job with a store or jobber. I'll train you for good jobs in many branches of Radio.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week extra in spare time almost at once

Every neighborhood can use a good part time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in almost every neighborhood. Get my book—see for yourself that many of my students make \$200 to \$1,000 in their spare time while learning.

Your Money Back if Not Satisfied

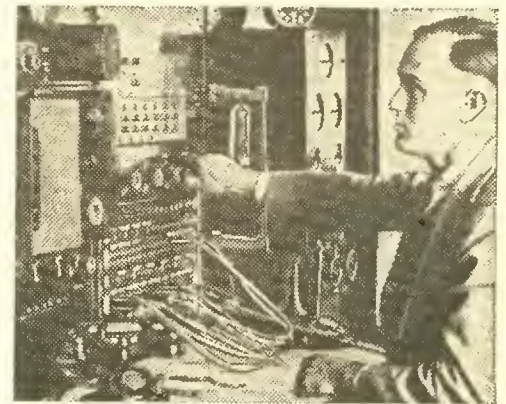
I'll make this agreement with you. If you are not entirely satisfied with my Lesson and Instruction Service when you finish, I'll refund your tuition.

Find Out What Radio Offers

Mail the coupon. My book of information on Radio's spare time and full time opportunities is free to ambitious men. Read what Radio offers you. Read about the training I give you. Read letters from graduates—what they are doing and earning. There's no obligation. Mail coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute, Dept. 6BT6, Washington, D. C.

The Tested Way to BETTER PAY



SAVE MONEY—LEARN AT HOME

My Special Equipment Gives You Broad Practical Experience

Hold your job. No need to leave home and spend a lot of money to become a Radio Expert. I'll train you quickly and inexpensively right at home in your spare time. You don't need a high school or college education. Many of my successful graduates didn't finish grade school. My practical 50-50 method of training—half with lessons, half with Radio equipment I furnish—gives you broad, practical experience—makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical and quick. There is opportunity for you in Radio. Old jobs are becoming more complicated—many need better trained men. New developments are making new opportunities. Short waves, loud speaker systems, police Radio, auto Radio, aviation Radio, television—Radio's newest uses are covered by my training. Here's a field that's growing. It is where you find growth that you find opportunity.



MAIL THIS NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute, Department 6BT6, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please write plainly).

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

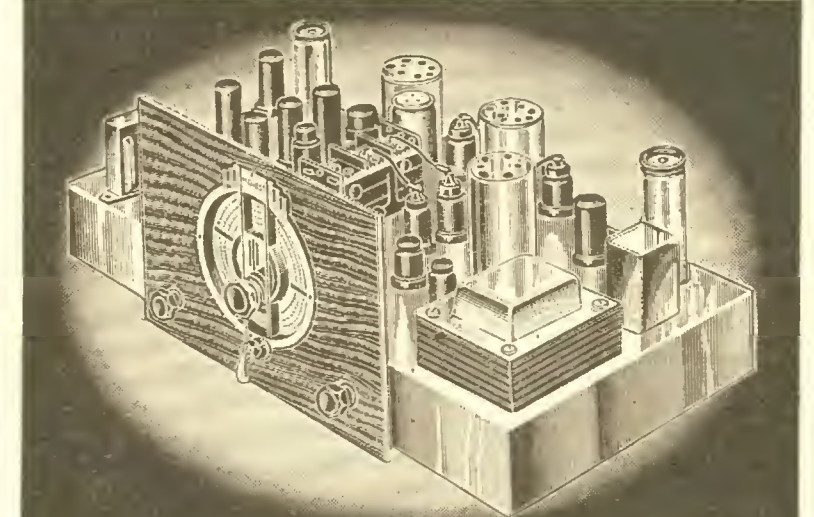
NBC—Catholic Hour; "The Bread of the Father's House," Very Rev. F. J. Sheen, speaker; Mediaevalists Choir: WFAF WGY WAVE WSM WTAM WHIO WSAI (sw 9.53)
 KDKA—C. E. Quartet
 WAIU—Capital University
 WCKY—Grab Bag
 WCPO—Basin St. Ramblers
 WGBF—A Resene Mission
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
 WIAM—Tea Time Melodies
 WLW—"Smilin' Ed" McConnell
 WMMN—The Old Sage
 WWVA—Flyin' X Roundup
6:15 p.m. EST 5:15 CST
 KDKA—Those O'Malleys, sketch
 WAIU—World's Music
 WCKY—News; Musical Cocktail
 WCPO—Shacklev Ensemble
 WENR—Rhythm of Youth
 WGN—Anson Weeks' Orchestra
 WIAM—Country Medical Talk
 WWVA—Earle Summers' Orch.
6:30 p.m. EST 5:30 CST
 NBC—Echoes of New York Town; Rose Marie Brancato, soprano; Melodeers Quartet; Helen Claire, in Sketches; Josef Bonime's Orch.: WFAF
 NBC—William Scott's Orchestra: WSAI
 CBS—"Smilin' Ed" McConnell, songs: WABC WKRC WHAS KMOX WBBM (sw 11.83-9.59)
 NBC—Grand Hotel; "Scooping the Star," drama; Ann Seymour & Don Ammer; WJZ KDKA WENR WCKY WIAM (sw 11.87-15.21)
 WAVE—Community Chest
 WCPO—Church Federation
 WGY—Annette McCullough, songs
 WHIO—Lou Breese's Orch.
 ★ WLW—Court of Human Relations, drama
 WMMN—Chamber Music
 WSM—Chapel Choir
 WTAM—House of a Thousand Eyes
6:45 p.m. EST 5:45 CST
 CBS—The Voice of Experience, advice: WABC WKRC WWVA KMOX WHAS WBBM (sw 11.83-9.59) (also see 11:30 p.m.)
 WAVE—Boake Carter Travel Time
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
 WGY—Miners' Quartet
7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST
 ★ NBC—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Johnny Green's Orch.; Kenny Baker, tenor: WJZ KDKA WENR WHAM WAVE WSM WLW (sw 11.87) (also see 11:30 p.m.)
 NBC—K-7 Secret Service Spy Stories; Drama: WSAI WGY WHIO WCKY (sw 9.53)
 ★ CBS—Eddie Cantor, comedian, with Parkyakarkas and Jimmy Wallington; Louis Gress' Orch.: WABC KMOX WHAS WKRC WBBM (sw 11.83-9.59) (also see 11 p.m.)
 WAIU—Evening Melodies
 WCKY—Musical Revue
 WCPO—Emma Scully, violinist
 WGN—Evensong
 WMMN—Organ and Piano
 WTAM—Gordon's Music
 WWVA—News
7:15 p.m. EST 6:15 CST
 WCPO—Harris' Orch.
 WGBF—Sport Facts; Evening Chimes
 WMMN—Musical Varieties
 WTAM—Mangel Cuatrecasas' Orch.
 WWVA—Twilight Reveries
7:30 p.m. EST 6:30 CST
 ★ CBS—Phil Baker, comedian, The Great American Tourist; Beetle and Bottle; Hal Kemp's Orch.: WABC WKRC WHAS WWVA WSMK WCKY (sw 11.83-9.59)
 ★ NBC—Robt. "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley; Ozzie Nelson's Orch.; Harriet Hilliard vocalist: WJZ KDKA WCKY WENR WIAM WSM WAVE WHIO (sw 11.87)
 NBC—Fireside Recitals; Eivard Nilssen, basso; Haroldstey Johnson, tenor; Graham McNamee: WFAF WGY WTAM WSAI (sw 9.53)
 KMOX—Musical Moments, soloist and orchestra
 WAIU—Lane Prescott's Orch.
 WBBM—Bennett Sisters, vocal trio

WCPO—Harry Hartman's Sport Review
 WGBF—German Band
 WGN—Bob Becker, dog drama
 WLW—Showdown Revue
 WMMN—Sunday Varieties
7:45 p.m. EST 6:45 CST
 NBC—Sunset Dreams; Morin Sisters & Ranch Boys: WFAF WTAM WGY WLW (sw 9.53) (also see 11 p.m.)
 KMOX—Hot Dates in History
 WAIU—Musical Moments
 WBBM—Money Music
 WCPO—Dude Ranch Nights
 WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
 WSAI—News
8:00 p.m. EST 7:00 CST
 STOP—Make a note to cast your ballot in this year's annual Star of Stars Election. See Page 14 of this issue.
 NBC—The Melody Lingers On; Leo Spitalny's Orch.; Vocal Soloists; Norsmen Quartet: WJZ WLS WCKY WHAM WHIO KDKA WSAI (sw 11.87)
 CBS—Sunday Night Free For All; Lois Louie and Guest Artists: WABC WMMN WBBM KMOX WKRC (sw 6.12)
 ★ NBC—Major Bows Original Amateur Hour: WFAF WTAM WLW WSM WAVE WGY (sw 9.53)
 WGN—Book Review
8:15 p.m. EST 7:15 CST
 WCPO—Sherdena Walker's Orch.
 WGN—Ted Weems' Orchestra
8:30 p.m. EST 7:30 CST
 WCPO—Jimmies Play House
 WGN—Funny Bone Follies
 WLS—Ralph Emerson, organist
 WSAI—Jack Hylton's Orch.
8:45 p.m. EST 7:45 CST
 WCPO—Rhythm and Rhyme
 WLS—Al Rule, "One Buck-Private's Experiences"
9:00 p.m. EST 8:00 CST
 ★ CBS—Sunday Evening Hour; Cameron McLean, baritone, guest: WABC WHAS KMOX WKRC WSMK WBBM (sw 6.12-6.06)
 NBC—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, featuring Famous Acts of the American Theater; Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Georges Metaxa, tenor; Men About Town, trio; Orchestra: WFAF WTAM WGY WSAI WAVE WSM WCKY WHIO (sw 9.53)
 ★ NBC—Life Is a Song; Charlie Previn's Orch.; Countess Olga Albani: WJZ WENR WLW KDKA WHAM (sw 6.14) (also see 12 mid.)
 WCPO—Billy Snider's Orchestra
 WGBF—Classical Hour
 WGN—News; Sports Review
 WMMN—Jack Rowand, baritone
9:15 p.m. EST 8:15 CST
 WCPO—Sherdena Walker's Orch.
 WGN—News
 WMMN—Pres. Birthday Ball Program
9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST
 NBC—American Album of Familiar Music; Frank Munn, tenor; Lucy Monroe, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Gus Haenschen's Orchestra: WFAF WTAM WSM WGY WAVE WCKY WHIO (sw 9.53)
 ★ NBC—Walter Winchell, commentator: WJZ KDKA WENR WHAM WLW (sw 6.14) (also see 11:15 p.m.)
 WCPO—Leo Reichert's Orch.
 WGN—Sunday Evening Club
 WMMN—Modern Melodies
 WSAI—Fireside Hour
9:45 p.m. EST 8:45 CST
 ★ NBC—Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties; Dorelle Alexander, guest: WJZ WENR WCKY WHAM KDKA WSAI (sw 6.14) also see 11:30 p.m.)
 WLW—Unbroken Melodies
10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST
 ★ NBC—Sunday Concert; Lauritz Melchior, tenor, guest artist; Symphony Orchestra, WFAF WAVE WTAM WCKY WGY WHIO WSM (sw 9.53)
 ★ CBS—Wayne King's Orch.: WABC WHAS WKRC KMOX WBBM (sw 6.12-6.06)
 MBS—Famous Jury Trials: WGN WLW
 WCPO—Billy Snider's Orchestra
 WMMN—Euticene Tunes
 WSAI—To be announced

NBC—Benny Goodman's Orch.: WJZ KDKA (sw 6.14)
 NBC—Ray Pearl's Orchestra: WFAF WGY WCKY WTAM
 ★ NBC—Life Is a Song: KOA KPO KDYL KFI KGW KOMO KIHQ (also at 9 p.m.)
 ★ CBS—Leslie Howard: KERN KMJ KIH KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI (also at 2 p.m.)
 WENR—Henry Busse's Orchestra
 WGN—Ted Weems' Orchestra
 WLW—Jimmy Joy's Orchestra
12:15 a.m. EST 11:15 p.m. CS
 NBC—Benny Goodman's Orch.: WSM WAVE
 WLW—Ted Weems' Orchestra
 WTAM—Johnny Huntingham's Orchestra
12:30 a.m. EST 11:30 p.m. CS
 NBC—Earl Hines' Orch.: WJZ KDKA (sw 6.14)
 CBS—Charles Gaylord's Orch.: WABC WKRC WSMK WBBM KMOX
 NBC—Sammy Kaye's Orchestra: WFAF WGY WTAM WCKY WAVE WSM
 ★ NBC—One Man's Family: KPO KFI KGW KOMO KIHQ KTAR (also Wed. at 8 p.m.)
 WENR—Little Jack Little's Orch.
 WGN—Will Osborne's Orch.
 WHAS—Henry Halstead's Orch.
 WLW—Ted Fiorito's Orchestra

12:45 a.m. EST 11:45 p.m. CS
 KMOX—When Day Is Done
1:00 a.m. EST 12:00 Mid CS
 WBBM—Eddie Neibaur's Orch.
 WENR—Jess Hawkins' Orch.
 WGN—Ted Fiorito's Orch.
 WLW—Moon River
1:30 a.m. EST 12:30 CST
 WBBM—Jeff Johnson
 WENR—Organ Melodies
 WGN—Will Osborne's Orchestra
2:00 a.m. EST 1:00 CST
 WBBM—Eddie Neibaur's Orch.
 WGN—Ted Weems' Orch.
2:30 a.m. EST 1:30 CST
 WBBM—Austin Mack's Orch.
 End of Sunday Programs

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Today's Programs Classified

Comedy

7:15 p.m.—Lazy Dan: CBS-WABC
9:00 p.m.—Al Pearce's Gang: NBC-WJZ

News

7:55 a.m.—NBC-WJZ
8:15 a.m.—NBC-WEAF
9:55 a.m.—CBS-WABC
10:00 a.m.—NBC-WEAF WJZ
12:25 p.m.—NBC-WJZ
1:00 p.m.—NBC-WEAF
6:00 p.m.—NBC-WEAF
6:15 p.m.—NBC-WEAF
6:30 p.m.—CBS-WABC
6:30 p.m.—NBC-WEAF WJZ
6:45 p.m.—H. V. Kaltenborn: CBS-WABC
6:45 p.m.—Lowell Thomas: NBC-WJZ
7:30 p.m.—Edwin C. Hill: NBC-WEAF
7:45 p.m.—Boake Carter: CBS-WABC
11:00 p.m.—George R. Holmes: NBC-WEAF
11:00 p.m.—NBC-WJZ
11:30 p.m.—NBC-WEAF

Classical Music

11:00 a.m.—Musical Appreciation Hour: NBC-WEAF WJZ
3:00 p.m.—Bolek Musicale: CBS-WABC
3:30 p.m.—Vivian Della Chiesa: CBS-WABC
8:00 p.m.—Concert; Jessica Dragonette: NBC-WEAF

Morning

6:00 a.m. EST 5:00 CST
WHIO—Breakfast Express
WTAM—Hank Keene's Early Birds
WWVA—Bluegrass Roy
6:30 a.m. EST 5:30 CST
KMOX—Home Folks' Hour
WAU—Musical Clock
WLW—Top of the Mornine
WTAM—Sun Up
WWVA—The Eye Opener
6:45 a.m. EST 5:45 CST
WGY—Musical Program
7:00 a.m. EST 6:00 CST
Musical Clock: WTAM KDKA
KMOX—Jimmy and Dick
WCKY—Morning Roundup
WCPO—Arkansas Founders
WGY—Musical Revue
WKRC—Jerry Foy's Orchestra
WLS—Smile-a-White
WLW—A Nation's Family Prayer
WSAI—Good Morning
WWVA—Gospel Tabernacle
7:15 a.m. EST 6:15 CST
KMOX—Livestock Markets
WCPO—Sunrise Worship
WGY—Morning Salute; News
WLS—Weather; Livestock
WLW—Rise and Shine
WSAI—Old Time Fiddlers
7:30 a.m. EST 6:30 CST
NBC—Jolly Bill & Jane: WEAF
CBS—Organ Reville: WABC
NBC—Pollock & Lawnhurst, piano duo: WJZ
Musical Clock: WCKY WGY
KMOX—Home Folks' Hour
WAU—Citizen News
WIIAS—Asbury College Devotions
WHIO—Morning Devotions
WKRC—Breakfast Express
WLS—Chuck & Ray; SodaBusters
WLW—Sunday School Lesson
WMMN—Sterling Entertainers
WSAI—Tonic Tunes
WSM—Kine Cole & Mr. Hodee Podge
WTAM—Music Box
7:45 a.m. EST 6:45 CST
NBC—Yoichi Hiraoka, xylophonist: WEAF
NBC—Sonbeams; News: WJZ
WAU—Third Dimension Music
WCPO—Breakfast Time Tables
WHIO—Breakfast Express
WLS—The Boys; Pat Buttram
WLW—News
WSAI—Musical Sun Dial
WTAM—Junior Broadcasters
8:00 a.m. EST 7:00 CST
CBS—Oleander, male quartet: WABC

NBC—Morning Devotions: WJZ
KDKA WAVE WSAI (sw-21.54)
NBC—Organ Rhapsody: WEAF
WCKY WTAM WHIO
Musical Clock: WCPO WGY
News: WLS WWVA
KMOX—News; Home Folks' Hr.
WAU—Musical Auction
WGBF—Gospel Tabernacle
WGN—Good Morning
WHAS—Slim and Jack
WLW—Chandler Chats
WSM—Morning Devotions
8:15 a.m. EST 7:15 CST
CBS—Ray Block, pianist; City Consumers' Guide: WABC
NBC—(News, WEAF only), Good Morning Melodies: WEAF WSM WAVE WCKY WHIO WTAM
NBL—Lew White, organist: WJZ
KDKA—News; Musical Cluck
KMOX—Ozark Mountaineers
WAU—Voice of the Listener
WCPO—News
WHAS—Log Cabin Boys
WLS—The Tunetwisters
WLW—Divano Trio
WWVA—Variety Program
8:30 a.m. EST 7:30 CST
CBS—Big Freddie Miller, songs: WABC
NBC—Cheerio: WEAF WTAM
WLW WGY WSM WCKY WAVE
KMOX—Tick-Tock Revue
WAU—Hymn Time
WCPO—Harris' Orch.
WGN—The Old Settler
WHAS—Breakfast Business
WHIO—Merchants' Hour
WKRC—Cubanovies
WLS—Junior Broadcasters Club
WMMN—Shopping Notes
WSAI—Church Forum
WWVA—Morning Dance Tunes
8:45 a.m. EST 7:45 CST
NBC—Landi Trio & White: WJZ
CBS—The Bluebirds, girls' vocal trio; On the Air Today: WABC
KMOX—German Program
WAU—Paul's Patter
WCPO—Orpheus Male Chorus
WGBF—Timely Topics
WKRC—The Upstarts
WLS—Scotty & Girls of the Golden West
9:00 a.m. EST 8:00 CST
★ NBC—Breakfast Club: WJZ
KDKA WSM WAVE WSAI (sw-15.21)
CBS—Dear Columbia, dramatization of fan mail: WABC
WSMK WHAS WKRC
NBC—Upstarters Quartet: WEAF WCKY
Hymns of All Churches: WLW WGY
KMOX—Views on News
WAU—Tonic Tunes
WCPO—Birmingham's Buckaroos
WGBF—Simpson Service
WGN—Timely Tunes
WLS—Jolly Joe's Pet Pals
WMMN—Religious Fellowship
WTAM—Livestock Quotations; Vaughn King's Calisthenics
WWVA—The Ol' Pardner
9:15 a.m. EST 8:15 CST
NBC—The Streamliners: WEAF WCKY
KMOX—Olsen Melody Weavers
WCPO—Dorsey Bros.' Orch.
WGBF—City Court
WGY—Market Basket
WLS—Morning Devotions
WLW—Academy of Medicine
WTAM—Board of Education
9:30 a.m. EST 8:30 CST
KMOX—The Corn Itskers
WAU—Playing the Song Market
WCPO—Morning Serenade
WGY—John Sheehan, tenor
WHIO—Municipal Court
WLW—Way Down East
WMMN—Dear Columbia (CBS)
WTAM—Health and Home
WWVA—Phil Cook's Notebook
9:45 a.m. EST 8:45 CST
CBS—Montana Slim, Yodeling Cowboy: WABC WMMN WSMK KMOX
KDKA—Style & Shopping Service
WAU—Program Resume
WGN—Len Salvo, organist
WGY—Musical Program
WHAS—The Jackson Family
WKRC—Belle and Martha
WLS—Morning Minstrels
WLW—Backstage Wife, sketch
WTAM—Shero Trio
WWVA—Gertrude Miller
10:00 a.m. EST 9:00 CST
NBC—News; Happy Jack, songs: WEAF WSM WAVE WGY WCKY
NBC—News; Dream Singer: WJZ

CBS—Josephine Gihson, hostess counsel; Norwegian Dance: WABC WKRC KMOX WHAS
NBC—News; Art Tatum, pianist: KDKA (sw-15.21)
WAU—World Revue
WCPO—Stepping Along
WGN—Hymns of All Churches
WHIO—Radio Kitchen
WLS—Prairie Ramblers; Patsy Montana; Henry
WLW—How to Be Charmine
WMMN—Mourning Melodies
WSAI—News; Household Hints
WTAM—News; Fox Fur Trappers
WWVA—Curley Clements
10:15 a.m. EST 9:15 CST
NBC—Home Sweet Home, sketch: WEAF WGY WLW WTAM
NBC—Edward MacHugh, baritone: WCKY WAVE KDKA
WHIO WSM (sw-15.21)
NBC—Kitchen Pirate: WJZ
CBS—Captivains: WABC WHAS WSMK WMMN
KMOX—Let's Compare Notes
WCPO—Dot Club News
WGBF—Household Hour
WGN—We Are Four
WKRC—Woman's Hour
10:30 a.m. EST 9:30 CST
NBC—The Mystery Chef: WEAF WGY
CBS—Susquehanna Univ. Glee Club: WABC WKRC KMOX
NBC—Today's Children, sketch: WJZ KDKA WLS WCKY (sw-15.21)
King Martov: WHIO WTAM
WAU—Social Whirl
WAVE—Devotional Service
WCPO—Tweed's Orkl.
WGN—To be announced
WLW—Housewarmers, Orch
WMMN—Theater Party
WSAI—Authors in Review
WSM—Continental Troubadours (NBC)
WWVA—Rapid Ad Service
10:45 a.m. EST 9:45 CST
CBS—Margaret McCrae, songs: WABC WKRC WWVA WSMK WMMN
NBC—David Harum, sketch: WJZ WCKY KDKA WHIO WLS (sw-15.21)
NBC—Betty Crocker, cooking talk: WEAF WTAM WGY
To be announced: WSAI WAVE
KMOX—Police Court Broadcast
WAU—Market Basket
WCPO—Anita Auch
WGN—Backstage Wife
WHAS—Party Line
WLW—Live Stock; News
WSM—Breen & de Rose (NBC)
11:00 a.m. EST 10:00 CST
★ NBC—Music Appreciation Hour: WJZ WEAF WSAI WSM WAVE WTAM WCKY KDKA WHIO WLW WGY (sw-15.21)
CBS—Cooking Closeups: WABC KMOX WKRC (sw-15.27)
WAU—Echoes of Stage & Screen
WCPO—Today's Headlines
WGBF—Mister and Missus
WGN—Friendly Neighbor's House Party
WHAS—James Sheehy, tenor
WLS—Martha Crane and Helen Joyce; Morning Homemakers' Program
WMMN—Variety Musicale
WWVA—Pioneers
11:15 a.m. EST 10:15 CST
CBS—Romance of Helen Trent, sketch: WABC WWVA WKRC WMMN KMOX (sw-15.27)
WAU—Bob Wylie's Orchestra
WCPO—Ivory Interlude
WGN—Blue & Witmer
WHAS—Strange As It Seems
11:30 a.m. EST 10:30 CST
CBS—Just Plain Bill, sketch: WABC WKRC KMOX (sw-15.27)
WAU—Montana Meechy
WCPO—Homespun Philosopher
WGBF—Baby Shop Man
WGN—Bachelor's Children
WHAS—Chats with Dolly Dean
WLS—Hilltoppers
WLW—Our Singing Neighbor
WMMN—Hillbilly Bill
WWVA—To be announced
11:45 a.m. EST 10:45 CST
CBS—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, sketch: WABC WKRC KMOX (sw-15.27)
MBS—Modern Cinderella: WGN WLW
WAU—Livestock Markets
WCPO—Frigid Facts
WGBF—Hoosier Philosopher
WHAS—How to Be Charming
WLS—Markets; News
WMMN—Mystery Melody Prgm.
WWVA—Belle and Martha

Afternoon

12:00 m ES 11:00 a.m. CS
NBC—Simpson Boys ul Sprucehead Bay, sketch: WJZ
NBC—Martha & Hal: WEAF WAVE
CBS—The Voice of Experience, advice: WABC WKRC KMOX WWVA WHAS (sw 15.27 9.59)
NBC—Pat Barnes in Person: WLW
KDKA—News
WAU—Farm Bureau
WCKY—News; Question Box
WCPO—Lew White
WGBF—Wedding Anniversaries
WGN—Don Pedro
WGY—Musical Program; News
WHIO—News; Weather & Markets
WLS—Otto's Tunetwisters and Tumble Weed
WMMN—Questions and Answers
WSAI—Martha & Hal
WSM—Radio Kitchen
WTAM—Youth and Experience
12:15 p.m. ES 11:15 a.m. CS
NBC—Sophisticates, girls' trio: (News, WJZ only): WJZ WAVE
CBS—Musical Reveries; Stuart Churchill, tenor; Readings and Orch.: WABC KMOX WHAS WKRC (sw-15.27-9.59)
NBC—Homeboy & Sassafraz: WEAF WTAM WSAI WCKY
KDKA—Salt and Peanuts
WAU—Luncheon Music
WCPO—Home Beautiful
WHIO—Inquiring Madcap
WGN—Len Salvo, organist
WGY—Grace and Scotty, songs
WLS—The Old Kitchen Kettle
WLW—True To Life, sketch
12:30 p.m. ES 11:30 a.m. CS
NBC—Merry Madcaps; Orch.: WEAF WSAI WCKY WHIO
NBC—Nat'l Farm & Home Hour, Guest Speakers; Walter Blaufuss' Orch.: WJZ WSM WAVE KDKA (sw-15.21)
CBS—Mary Marlin, sketch: WABC WKRC KMOX WHAS (sw-15.27-9.59)
WAU—Spectator
WCPO—Luncheon Music
WGN—Harold Turner, pianist
WGY—Farm Program
WLS—Virginia Lee & Sunbeam
WLW—Livestock, River, Weather & Market Reports
WMMN—Shopping Notes
WTAM—Hank Keene's Radio Gang
WWVA—Tony and Dnmic
12:45 p.m. ES 11:45 a.m. CS
CBS—Five Star Junes, sketch: WABC WKRC KMOX WHAS (sw-15.27)
NBC—Jules Lande's Ensemble: WEAF WSAI WCKY WHIO
WAU—Grain Talk
WGBF—Bulletin Board
WGN—Painted Dreams
WLS—Weather: Produce Markets; News
WLW—Farm and Home Hour
WTAM—Non-day Resum
WWVA—Luncheon Music
1:00 p.m. ES 12:00 m CS
NBC—News; Market & Weather Reports: WEAF
WABC WMMN (sw-15.27)
NBC—Joe White, tenor: WCKY WHIO
KMOX—Magic Kitchen
WAU—Wortman Gang
WGBF—Church & School News
WGN—The Love Doctor
WGY—Doc Schneider's Yodeling Cowboys
WHAS—College of Agriculture
WKRC—Saying Sue and Husband
WLS—Dinnerbell Program
WSAI—Varieties
WTAM—Over the Garden Wall
1:15 p.m. EST 12:15 CST
NBC—Concert Miniatures: WEAF WTAM WCKY WHIO
CBS—Savitt Serenade: WABC WSMK WMMN WKRC (sw-15.27-9.59)
WAU—Dance Rhythms
WGBF—Markets; Farmer Purcell
WGN—Rich Man's Darling
WGY—Stock Market Reports
WHAS—Georgia Wildcats
WSAI—Woman's Club Forum. Dave Upson
WWVA—Musical Program
1:30 p.m. EST 12:30 CST
NBC—Gale Page, songs: WJZ WAVE WSM WLW
NBC—Sammy Kaye's Orchestra: WEAF WTAM WCKY WGY WHIO
KDKA—Young Artists

KMOX—Savitt Serenade
WAU—Song Time
WCPO—Salon Serenade
WGN—Markets; Mid-day Service
WHAS—Savines Talk; Weather; Markets; Temperature
WSAI—Treatwells on Tour
WWVA—Variety Program
1:45 p.m. EST 12:45 CST
NBC—Hot & Will, sketch: WJZ WAVE
CBS—Mount & Gest, piano duo: WABC (sw-15.27)
CBS—The Broadcast Rhymesters: KMOX
KDKA—League of Women Voters
WAU—John Agnew
WCPO—Dance Hits
WGBF—Curbstone Reporter
WGY—Bridge Forum
WHAS—Shopping Guide
WKRC—Melodious Measures
WLS—Markets
WLW—Love Doctor
WMMN—Cowboy Jack
WSM—State Dept. of Agriculture
★ WSMK—RADIO GOSSIP (1385 kc)
WWVA—Gospel Tabernacle
2:00 p.m. EST 1:00 CST
NBC—Words & Music: WJZ WSAI KDKA (sw-15.21)
★ CBS—Between the Bookends: WABC WKRC WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
NBC—Magic of Speech: WEAF WAVE WCKY WSM WTAM WHIO
KMOX—Inquiring Reporter
WAU—Hark and Slim
WCPO—Guldman Band
WGBF—Hawaiian Fantasies
WGN—Movie Personalities
WGY—Helen Hathaway, soprano
WIIAS—University of Kentucky
WLS—Pa and Ma Smithers
WLW—Vocational Agriculture
2:15 p.m. EST 1:15 CST
CBS—Happy Hollow, sketch: WABC WKRC WMMN (sw-15.27)
KMOX—The Happy Hunters
WCPO—Art Lecture
WGY—Household Chats
WLS—Cornhuskers & Chore Boy
WLW—Story Plays & Rhythms
WWVA—Tex Harrison's Buckaroos
2:30 p.m. EST 1:30 CST
NBC—Airbreaks, variety music abc: WEAF WTAM WCKY WHIO
CBS—Amcr. School of the Air: WABC WKRC WHAS WSMK KMOX WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
NBC—Clark Dennis, tenor: WJZ WSM WAVE
KDKA—Home Forum
WAU—Variety Program
WCPO—Philip Carlson, baritone
WGBF—Billboard
WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
WGY—Piano Pals & Roger Sweet
WLS—Grain Market
WLW—Health
WSAI—News
WWVA—Ma Perkins, sketch
2:45 n.m. EST 1:45 CST
NBC—Musical Revue; Billy White, tenor: WEAF WTAM
NBC—Gen. Fed. of Women's Clubs: WJZ WAVE
WAU—lib Uehelhart
WCPO—Fashion Flashes
WGN—Marriage License Bureau
WGY—WPA Series
WLW—History of Music
WSAI—Airbreaks (NBC)
WSM—Ma Perkins, sketch
WWVA—Patterns in Ormandy
3:00 p.m. EST 2:00 CST
NBC—Forever Young, sketch: WEAF WTAM
CBS—Bolek Musicale: WABC WSMK WHAS WKRC WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
NBC—U. S. Marine Band: WJZ WSM WSAI WCKY WAVE WHIO
MBS—Molly of the Movies, sketch: WLW WGN
KDKA—Stroller's Matinee
KMOX—Ma Perkins, sketch
WAU—Marietta Vohr
WCPO—Today's Winners
WGBF—Sunshine Hour
WGY—Florence Ball, singer
WWVA—Cowboy Loye and Just Plain John
3:15 p.m. EST 2:15 CST
NBC—Ma Perkins, sketch: WEAF WGY WTAM WLW WLS
KMOX—Backstage Wife, sketch
WAU—Congratulations Column
WGN—June Baker

3:30 p.m. EST 2:30 CST
NBC—Vic and Sade, sketch: WEAF WTAM WGY WLW
CBS—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano; Orcl.: WABC WSMK WHAS WWVA WKRC WMMN (sw 15.27-9.59)
KDKA—Backstage Wife, sketch
KMOX—How to Be Charmine
WAU—Lawrence Williams
WGN—Good Health & Trainine
WLS—Innsmakers
3:45 p.m. EST 2:45 CST
NBC—King's Jesters, harmony quartet, with Marjorie Whitney, contralto: WJZ WCKY WSAI WHIO
NBC—The O'Neills, sketch
WEAF WGY WTAM WLW WSM
KDKA—Charm
KMOX—Ambrose Haley & Ozark Melodeers
WAVE—Afternoon Melodies
WGN—Songs of the Islands
4:00 p.m. EST 3:00 CST
NBC—Woman's Radio Review
WEAF WSM WCKY WAVE WSAI WTAM WHIO
CBS—Eddie Dunstedter Entertains: WABC WKRC WSMK WMMN (sw-15.27)
NBC—Betty and Bob, sketch
WJZ KDKA WENR (sw-15.21)
Betty and Bob, sketch: WGY WLW
KMOX—Jimmy and Dick
WAU—George Wood's Orchestra
WGN—Mark Love, basso
WHAS—Weekday Devotions
WWVA—Hugh Cross and the George Porgie Boys
4:15 p.m. EST 3:15 CST
NBC—Gene Arnold and Ranch Boys: WJZ
CBS—Army Band: WABC WKRC WMMN WSMK (sw-15.27)
MBS—Life of Mary Sothern sketch: WGN WLW
How to Be Charmine: WENR WGY
KDKA—Karen Fladoc
KMOX—Four Harvest Hands
WAU—Allan Tarshish
WIIAS—Bronks and Pierson
4:30 n.m. EST 3:30 CST
NBC—Girl Alone, sketch: WEAF WTAM
NBC—Ward & Muzzy, male duo: WJZ WSM WENR WCKY KDKA—Concert Recollections
KMOX—Skeet and Frankie with Ozark Mountaineers
WAU—Kings of Strings
WAVE—Ice Cream Singer
WCPO—Gray Bros.' Orch.
WHAS—Army Band (CBS)
WHIO—To be announced
WGBF—News
WGN—Ed Fitzgerald & Co.
WGY—Musical Program
WWVA—Shopping Syncopation
4:45 p.m. EST 3:45 CST
NBC—Strolling Songsters: WJZ WENR WSM WAVE KDKA (sw-15.21)
CBS—Tea At The Ritz; Margaret Santry, Society Commentator, Jerry Cooper, baritone; Harold Stern's Orch.; Guest Artists WABC WHAS KMOX (sw 15.27-9.59)
NBC—Grandpa Burton, sketch: WEAF
WAU—ABC Club
WCKY—Souvenir of Song
WCPO—News
WGBF—Musical Masterpieces
WGY—"Smilin' Ed" McConnell
WHIO—Tarzan, sketch
WSAI—Airbreaks (NBC)
WSM—Ma Perkins, sketch
WWVA—Patterns in Ormandy
3:00 p.m. EST 2:00 CST
NBC—Forever Young, sketch: WEAF WTAM
CBS—Bolek Musicale: WABC WSMK WHAS WKRC WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
NBC—U. S. Marine Band: WJZ WSM WSAI WCKY WAVE WHIO
MBS—Molly of the Movies, sketch: WLW WGN
KDKA—Stroller's Matinee
KMOX—Ma Perkins, sketch
WAU—Marietta Vohr
WCPO—Today's Winners
WGBF—Sunshine Hour
WGY—Florence Ball, singer
WWVA—Cowboy Loye and Just Plain John
3:15 p.m. EST 2:15 CST
NBC—Ma Perkins, sketch: WEAF WGY WTAM WLW WLS
KMOX—Backstage Wife, sketch
WAU—Congratulations Column
WGN—June Baker

KDKA—Curly Miller's Plough Boys
KMOX—Window Shoppers
WCPO—Levitow's Orch.

6:45 p.m. EST 5:45 CST
NBC—Lowell Thomas, commentator: WJZ WLW KDKA WTAM (sw-11.87-15.21)

CBS—Flying Red Horse Tavern; Osmond Perkins, m.c.: WABC WHAS WKRC WBBM KMOX (sw-6.12-6.06)

NBC—The Other Americas; Edward Tomlinson, speaker: WJZ WHAM WENR WLW KDKA (sw-6.14-11.87)

NBC—Lum & Abner: KPO KFI KGW KOMO (also at 7:30 p.m.)

WBBM—George Olsen's Orch. WGBF—Coral Room WGN—Joe Reichman's Orch.

5:30 p.m. EST 4:30 CST
NBC—Tom Mix' Adventures: WEAFF WTAM WGY WSAI WHIO (sw-9.53)

7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST
NBC—Amos 'n' Andy: WEAFF WGY WLW WTAM (also see 11 p.m.)

8:15 p.m. EST 7:15 CST
NBC—Wendell Hall, songs: WJZ WCKY KDKA WHAM WLS (sw-11.87)

10:45 p.m. EST 9:45 CST
CBS—Mary Eastman, soprano: WABC KMOX WHAS WKRC WBBM WMMN WSMK (sw-6.12)

11:00 p.m. EST 10:00 CST
NBC—George R. Holmes, news: WEAFF WCKY

12:30 a.m. EST 11:30 p.m. CS
NBC—Paul Pendarvis' Orchestra: WJZ KDKA (sw-6.14)

5:45 p.m. EST 4:45 CST
CBS—The Goldbergs, sketch: WABC WKRC WHAS WSMK KMOX (sw-15.27-9.59)

7:15 p.m. EST 6:15 CST
NBC—ALKA-SELTZER Presents Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: WEAFF WSAI WTAM WGY WHIO

9:00 p.m. EST 8:00 CST
NBC—Al Pearce's Gang: WJZ WHAM WCKY KDKA WLS WHIO (sw-6.14)

11:15 p.m. EST 10:15 CST
NBC—Phil Levant's Orchestra: WEAFF WENR WSM WCKY WAVE WSAI

11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
NBC—Jesse Crawford, organist: WEAFF WGY WSAI WCKY WHIO WTAM (sw-9.53)

1:00 a.m. EST 12:00 Mid CS
WBBM—News; George Olsen's Amateur Show

Night

6:00 p.m. EST 5:00 CST
NBC—(News, WJZ only), Animal News Club: WJZ
NBC—Flying Time: WEAFF WENR WCKY WAVE

7:30 p.m. EST 6:30 CST
NBC—REMINGTON - RAND, Inc., Presents Edwin C. Hill, "Human Side of the News": WEAFF WAVE WHIO

9:15 p.m. EST 8:15 CST
WAVE—Jack Ehy's Orch. WCPO—Billy Snider's Orchestra WGN—News; Sports Review

11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
NBC—Shandor, violinist; Raun Weeks' Orch.: WJZ WHAM

12:00 Mid ES 11:00 p.m. CS
NBC—Henry Busse's Orchestra: WEAFF WSM WGY WCKY WLW WENR WAVE WHIO

2:00 a.m. EST 1:00 CST
WBBM—Jeff Johnson's Orch. WGN—Ted Weems' Orchestra

6:15 p.m. EST 5:15 CST
NBC—(News, WEAFF only); Lee Gordon's Orch.: WEAFF WCKY WHIO WSM WGY (sw-9.53)

7:45 p.m. EST 6:45 CST
NBC—Boake Carter, commentator: WABC KMOX WKRC WHAS WBBM (sw-11.83-9.59)

9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST
NBC—Fred Waring's Orch.; Soloists: WJZ WHAM WSM WCKY WENR KDKA WAVE WHIO (sw-6.14)

11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
NBC—The First Nighter, drama: WEAFF WLW WTAM WSM WGY (sw-9.53)

12:00 Mid ES 11:00 p.m. CS
NBC—Henry Busse's Orchestra: WEAFF WSM WGY WCKY WLW WENR WAVE WHIO

3:00 a.m. EST 2:00 CST
WBBM—Austin Mack's Orch. End of Friday Programs

6:30 p.m. EST 5:30 CST
NBC—The Singing Lady: WGN
CBS—Jack Armstrong, sketch: KMOX WBBM

8:00 p.m. EST 7:00 CST
STOP—Make a note to cast your ballot in this year's annual Star of Stars Election. See Page 14 of this issue.

10:15 p.m. EST 9:15 CST
WGN—Musical Moments
WHAM—The Forty-Niners
WMMN—Hal Kemp's Orch.

11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
NBC—Shandor, violinist; Raun Weeks' Orch.: WJZ WHAM

12:00 Mid ES 11:00 p.m. CS
NBC—Henry Busse's Orchestra: WEAFF WSM WGY WCKY WLW WENR WAVE WHIO

3:00 a.m. EST 2:00 CST
WBBM—Austin Mack's Orch. End of Friday Programs

FOREIGN SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR FRIDAY

- (See Page 27 for List of Stations, their Locations and Frequencies)
EST Shown; for CST Subtract One Hour
4 a.m.—Cabaret program (GSF, GSB).

- 4 p.m.—Mother, drama (RV59).
4:30 p.m.—Miniature variety (GSB, GSC).

HITS OF WEEK

Table with columns: Song, Times. Includes 'The Music Goes 'Round and Around', 'A Little Bit Independent', etc.

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS

Table with columns: Song, Points. Includes 'The Music Goes 'Round and Around', 'Red Sails in the Sunset', etc.

Advertisement for RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS FRIDAY 10 P.M. EST. Includes image of a man in a suit and text: CBS—including WKRC—WADC —WHAS—WJR— and Coast to Coast Network. New York's Smartest Dance Orchestra.

Today's Programs Classified

Comedy

5:30 p.m.—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten: NBC-WEAF
12:00 p.m.—Carefree Carnival: NBC-WJZ

News

7:55 a.m.—NBC-WJZ
8:15 a.m.—NBC-WEAF
9:55 a.m.—NBC-WABC
10:00 a.m.—NBC-WEAF WJZ
12:25 p.m.—NBC-WJZ
1:00 p.m.—NBC-WEAF
5:45 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter: NBC-WJZ
6:00 p.m.—Frederic William Wile: CBS-WABC
6:00 p.m.—NBC-WJZ
6:15 p.m.—NBC-WEAF
6:30 p.m.—CBS-WABC
6:30 p.m.—NBC-WEAF WJZ
11:00 p.m.—NBC-WJZ
11:30 p.m.—NBC-WEAF

Classical Music

11:00 a.m.—N. Y. Philharmonic Children's Concert: CBS-WABC
12:15 p.m.—Genia Fonarivova, soprano: NBC-WJZ
2:00 p.m.—Metropolitan Opera: NBC-WEAF WJZ
8:00 p.m.—Beauty Box Theater: CBS-WABC
8:15 p.m.—Boston Symphony Orchestra: NBC-WJZ
9:00 p.m.—Nino Martini, tenor: CBS-WABC
9:15 p.m.—Russian Symphonic Choir: NBC-WJZ

Talks

11:00 a.m.—Our Amer'n Schools: NBC-WEAF
10:30 p.m.—Public Opinion: CBS-WABC

Morning

6:00 a.m. EST 5:00 CST
WHIO—Breakfast Express
WTAM—Hank Keene's Early Birds
WVVA—Blue Grass Roy
6:30 a.m. EST 5:30 CST
KMOX—Home Folks' Hour
WAIU—Musical Clock
WLS—Smile a While Time
WLW—Tup o' the Morning
WTAM—Sun Up
WVVA—The Eye Opener
6:45 a.m. EST 5:45 CST
WGY—Musical Program
7:00 a.m. EST 6:00 CST
Musical Clock, WTAM KDKA
KMOX—Jimmy and Dick
WCKY—Morning Roundup
WCPO—Arkansas Fiddlers
WGY—Musical Revue
WHAS—Asbury College
WKRC—Jerry Foy's Orchestra
WLW—A Nation's Family Prayer Period
WSAI—Good Morning
WVVA—Wheeling Gospel Tabernacle
7:15 a.m. EST 6:15 CST
KMOX—Aunt Sarah, Harry and Johnny
WCPO—Sunrise Worship
WGY—Morning Salute, News
WLS—Weather; Livestock
WLW—Rise and Shine
7:30 a.m. EST 6:30 CST
NBC—Julia Bill & Jane, WEAF
CBS—Organ Reveille: WABC
NBC—Pollock & Lownhurst, piano duo: WJZ
Musical Clock: WCKY WGY
KMOX—Home Folks' Hour
WAIU—Citizen News
WHAS—Asbury College Devotions
WHIO—Morning Devotions
WKRC—Breakfast Express
WLS—Tumble Weed
WLW—Morning Devotions
WMMN—Sterling Entertainers
WSAI—Old Time Fiddler's
WSM—Delmore Brothers
WTAM—Music Box

7:45 a.m. EST 6:45 CST
NBC—Yochi Hiroaka xylophonist: WEAF
NBC—Sunbeams; News: WJZ
WAIU—Third Dimension Music
WCPO—Popular Varieties
WHIO—Breakfast Express
WLS—The Boys; Pat Buttram
WLW—News
WSM—Leon Cole, organist
WTAM—Junior Broadcaster Club
8:00 a.m. EST 7:00 CST
NBC—Morning Devotions WJZ
WAVE KDKA WSAI (sw-21.54)
CBS—On the Air Today; Lyric Serenade: WABC
NBC—Organ Rhapsody: WEAF WCKY WLW WTAM WHIO
News: WLS WVVA
Musical Clock: WTAM WGY
WAIU—Morning Melodies
WGBF—Gospel Tabernacle
WGN—Good Morning
WHAS—Shin and Jack
WSM—A Morning Devotion
8:15 a.m. EST 7:15 CST
NBC—(News, WEAF only) Good Morning: WEAF WAVE WSM
WCKY WHIO WTAM WSAI
NBC—Walter Casset, baritone
William Meeder, organist: WJZ
KDKA—News; Musical Clock
KMOX—Ozark Mountaineers
WCPO—News
WLS—Red Foley
WLW—Divano Trio
WVVA—Cap, Andy and Flin
8:30 a.m. EST 7:30 CST
CBS—Big Freddie Miller, songs: WABC
NBC—Cheerio: WEAF WTAM
WAVE WLW WGY WCKY WSM
KMOX—Tick-Tock Revue
WAIU—Playing the Song Market
WCPO—Regnsen's Orch.
WGN—Morning Kaleidoscope
WHAS—Log Cabin Boys
WHIO—Merchant's Hour
WKRC—Hawaiian Sunlight
WLS—Junior Broadcasting Club
WMMN—Shopping Notes
WSAI—Church Forum
WVVA—Morning Dance Tunes
8:45 a.m. EST 7:45 CST
CBS—Chapel Singers: WABC
NBC—Laudt Trio and White: WJZ
WAIU—Paul's Patter
WCPO—Irene Brasley
WGBF—Timely Topics
WKRC—The Upstarts
WLS—Skyland Scotty & Girls
9:00 a.m. EST 8:00 CST
NBC—Banjofers: WEAF WCKY
NBC—Breakfast Club: Don McNeill, m.c.; Russell Pratt; Jack Owens, tenor: WJZ
WSM KDKA WSAI WAVE (sw-15.21)
CBS—Bandwagon: WABC
WSMK WHAS WKRC
Hymns of All Churches: WGY
KMOX—Views on News
WAIU—Vincent York's Orch.
WCPO—In a Mexican Patio
WLS—Jolly Joe's Pet Pals
WLW—Amer. Family Robinson
WMMN—Religious Fellowship
WTAM—Vaughn King's Calis thenies
WVVA—Cowboy Loye and Just Plain John
9:15 a.m. EST 8:15 CST
NBC—Streamliners; Orchestra: WEAF WCKY WTAM
KMOX—The Bandwagon (CBS)
WCPO—Garfield's Orch.
WGBF—City Court
WGY—Market Basket
WLS—Morning Devotions
WLW—Child Training Talk
9:30 a.m. EST 8:30 CST
KMOX—The Corn Huskers
WAIU—Rhythm Encores
WCPO—Morning Serenade
WGY—Streamliners (NBC)
WLS—News; Livestock
WLW—Rhythm Jesters
WMMN—Bandwagon (CBS)
WTAM—Health and Home
WVVA—Curley Clements
9:45 a.m. EST 8:45 CST
CBS—Men of Manhattan, male quartet; News: WABC WSMK
WKRC—WHAS WMMN KMOX
WAIU—Program Resume
WGN—Len Salvo's Mail Box
WGY—Musical Program
WHIO—Municipal Court
WLS—Wm. O'Connor, tenor
WLW—Streamliners (NBC)
WTAM—Shero Trio
WVVA—The Ol' Partner
10:00 a.m. EST 9:00 CST
CBS—Bill & Ginger: WABC
WKRC WHAS

NBC—News; Vaughn de Leath, songs: WJZ KDKA (sw-15.21)
NBC—News; Happy Jack: WEAF WAVE WSM WCKY
WGY WTAM WHIO
KMOX—Better Films Council
WAIU—Lady of the Morning
WCPO—Dot Club News
WGN—Hymns of All Churches
WLS—Prairie Ramblers, Pats Montana; Henry
WLW—Virginians quartet
WMMN—Kiddie Carnival
WSAI—News; Household Hints
WVVA—Hugh Cross and the Georgie Porgie Boys
10:15 a.m. EST 9:15 CST
NBC—Vass Family: WEAF WTAM WCKY WHIO
CBS—Clyde Barrie, baritone: WABC WHAS
NBC—Edward MacHugh, Gospel Singer: WJZ KDKA WAVE WSM (sw-15.21)
KMOX—Let's Compare Notes
WCPO—Smile Club
WGBF—Household Hour
WGN—Serenade
WGY—Musical Program
WHIO—Woman's Hour
WLW—(Ohio Fed. of Women's) Clubs
10:30 a.m. EST 9:30 CST
NBC—Marie de Ville, songs: WJZ
CBS—Let's Pretend children's program: WABC WKRC WHAS
NBC—Nicholas Mathay's Orch.: WEAF WSAI WTAM WCKY WGY WLW
KDKA—Home Forum
KMOX—Ramblin' and Mary Lou
WAIU—Social Whirl
WAVE—Devotional Hour
WGN—Elihu Sherry
WHIO—Three Z's
WLS—Jolly Joe's Junior Stars
WMMN—Homemaker's Chat
WVVA—Rapid Ad Service
10:45 a.m. EST 9:45 CST
NBC—Originalities; Jack Owens tenor; Orch.: WJZ KDKA (sw-15.21)
NBC—Nicholas Mathay's Orch.: WSM WHIO
KMOX—Police Court Broadcast
WAVE—Morning Moods
WGN—Musical Serenade
WVVA—To be announced
11:00 a.m. EST 10:00 CST
NBC—Our American Schools: WEAF WGY WSAI WAVE WHIO WTAM WCKY WSM
NBC—The Honeycombers: WJZ
CBS—New York Philharmonic Children's Concert; Ernest Schellinz, conductor: WABC
WHAS WKRC KMOX WMMN (sw-15.27)
KDKA—Kiddies' Klub
WAIU—Pup Concert
WCPO—High School Students' Foundation
WGBF—Mr. and Mrs.
WGN—Friendly Neighbor's House Party
WLS—Barn Dance
WLW—Painted Dreams
WVVA—Kiddie Program
11:15 a.m. EST 10:15 CST
NBC—Norsemen, quartet: WEAF WSAI WTAM WAVE WCKY WSM WGY WHIO
NBC—Wendell Hall, songs: WJZ WLW
WGN—Morning Musicale
11:30 a.m. EST 10:30 CST
NBC—Mexican Mariamba Orch.: WEAF WSAI WSM WTAM WCKY WAVE WHIO
NBC—Whitney Ensemble: WJZ WLW
WAIU—Montana Merchy
WGBF—Baby Slop Man
WGY—Children's Theater of the Air
WLS—Rocky and Ted
WMMN—Geppert Studios
WVVA—Organ Interlude
11:45 a.m. EST 10:45 CST
KDKA—Grab Bag
WAIU—Livestock Markets
WGBF—Variety Musical
WGN—Mark Love, basso
WLS—Rocky and Ted
WMMN—Mystery Melody Prem.
WVVA—Belle and Martha

Afternoon

12:00 m ES 11:00 a.m. CS
NBC—Dimpson Boys of Sprucehead Bay, sketch: WJZ
CBS—Jim Fettes' Orch.: WABC
WHAS WKRC KMOX WVVA WMMN (sw-15.27.9.59)

NBC—Merry Madcaps: WEAF WAVE WSAI WCKY WSM
KDKA—News
WAIU—Farm Bureau
WCPO—College of Music
WGBF—Auditions for Young Folks
WGN—Melody Moments
WGY—Musical Program; News
WHIO—News, Weather and Markets
WLS—Morning Minstrels
WLW—McCann, talk
WTAM—Rosemary
12:15 p.m. ES 11:15 a.m. CS
NBC—Genia Fonarivova, soprano, Orch.: (News WJZ only) WJZ
CBS—Musical Reveries; Stuart Churchill, tenor; Readings and Orch.: WABC KMOX WHAS WKRC (sw-15.27-9.59)
News: WCKY WVVA
KDKA—Salt and Peanuts
WAIU—Rhythm Ramblers
WGN—Len Salvo organist
WGY—Doc Schneider's Yodeling Cowboys
WHIO—Inquiring Mike
WLS—"The Old Kitchen Kettle," Mary Wright
WLW—World News & Financial
WMMN—To be announced (CBS)
WTAM—Merry Madcaps (NBC)
12:30 p.m. ES 11:30 a.m. CS
NBC—Int'l Week End: WEAF WCKY WSAI WHIO
NBC—Nat'l Farm & Home Hour; 4-H Club Program; Speakers; Marine Band: WJZ WSM KDKA WAVE WLW (sw-15.21)
CBS—George Hall's Orchestra. WABC WKRC WHAS KMOX (sw-15.27-9.59)
WAIU—Spectator
WCPO—Fried Facts
WGN—Harold Turner, pianist
WGY—Farm Program
WLS—Ralph Emerson, "The Old Story Teller"
WMMN—Shopping Notes
WTAM—Hank Keene's Radio Gang
WVVA—Tony and Dominic
12:45 p.m. ES 11:45 a.m. CS
WAIU—Gram Talk
WCPO—Home Beautiful
WGN—Painted Dreams, sketch
WLS—Weather, Produce Markets; News
WTAM—Noonday Resume
WVVA—Luncheon Music
1:00 p.m. ES 12:00 m CS
CBS—Jack Shannon, tenor: WABC WSMK WVVA WHAS (sw-15.27.9.59)
NBC—(News, WEAF only) Manuel Contrera's Orch.: WEAF WCKY WHIO WTAM WSAI
Luncheon Music: WAIU WCPO
KMOX—Magic Kitchen
WGBF—Church & School News
WGN—Lucky Girl
WGY—Stock Reports
WKRC—Savin' Sue and Husband
WLS—Posty Service Time
WMMN—Front Page Dramas
1:15 p.m. EST 12:15 CST
CBS—Poetic Strings: WABC
WHAS WKRC WSMK WMMN (sw-15.27)
WGBF—Markets; Farmer Purcell
WGN—Noontime Tunes
WGY—Manuel Contrera's Orch.
WLS—Garden Club
WVVA—Variety Musicale
1:30 p.m. EST 12:30 CST
NBC—Gene Beecher's Orch.: WEAF WTAM WAVE WSAI WGY WSM WCKY WHIO
CBS—Buffalo Presents, WABC WMMN WSMK WKRC (sw-15.27.9.59)
NBC—The Old Skipper's Gang: WJZ KDKA (sw-15.21)
E.MOX—Those O'Malleys, sketch
WAIU—Song Time
WGBF—Auto Club
WGN—Markets; A Mid-day Service
WHAS—Savings Talk; Weather
Markets; Temperature
WLS—Closing Grain Quotations
WLW—News & Financial Notes
WVVA—Variety Program
1:45 p.m. EST 12:45 CST
KMOX—La Pieno Accordion Orchestra
WAIU—Little Theater
WGBF—Curstone Reporter
WHAS—Mrs. Randolph shamone
WLS—Livestock Market Review
WLW—Enric Madrigner's Orch.
WVVA—Wheeling Gospel Tabernacle

2:00 p.m. EST 1:00 CST
★ NBC—Metropolitan Opera: WJZ WEAF WSAI WAVE WSM WLW WCKY KDKA WGY WTAM WENR WHIO (7.33.9.53.11.87)
CBS—Al Roth's Syncopators: WABC WHAS WSM WKRC (sw-15.27-9.59)
KMOX—News Through a Woman's Eyes
WAIU—Bark and Slim
WCPO—Jack Miller
WGBF—Billboard
WGN—Movie Personalities
WMMN—The Gang
2:15 p.m. EST 1:15 CST
CBS—Al Roth's Syncopators: KMOX WVVA
WCPO—Variety Time
WGN—Waves of Melody
2:30 p.m. EST 1:30 CST
CBS—Fito Gular, tenor: WABC WSMK WHAS WKRC WVVA (sw-15.27-9.59)
KMOX—Amateur Parade
WAIU—Variety Program
WGN—Panther House Ensemble
2:45 p.m. EST 1:45 CST
CBS—St. Dunstan Singers: WABC WHAS WKRC KMOX WSMK WVVA (sw-15.27-9.59)
WCPO—Jones' Orch.
WIBL—Two Wino Deuces
WGN—Doring Sisters
3:00 p.m. EST 2:00 CST
CBS—Down by Herman's: WABC WHAS WKRC WSMK KMOX WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
WAIU—Vic Frazier's Orchestra
WCPO—Today's Winners
WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
WVVA—Cowboy Loye & Just Plain John
3:15 p.m. EST 2:15 CST
WGN—June Baker
3:30 p.m. EST 2:30 CST
CBS—Isie ot Dreams: WABC WHAS WSMK WKRC KMOX WVVA WMMN (sw-15.27-9.59)
WAIU—Dorothy Romoser
WGN—Ted Weems Orchestra
WLS—Merry Go Round
3:45 p.m. EST 2:45 CST
KMOX—Ambrose Haley & tzark Melofeers
4:00 p.m. EST 3:00 CST
CBS—Motor City Melodies: WABC WKRC WSMK WHAS WMMN (sw-15.27)
KMOX—Jimmy and Dick
WAIU—George Wood's Orchestra
WENR—Music and Comments
WGN—Employer & Employee
WVVA—Hugh Cross, George Purcie Boys
4:15 p.m. EST 3:15 CST
KMOX—Four Harvest Hands
WAIU—Allan Tarshish
WGN—Ed Fitzgerald & Co.
4:30 p.m. EST 3:30 CST
NBC—Our Barn, children's program: WEAF WGY WCKY WHIO WSAI (sw-9.53)
CBS—Chansnette, salon musicale: WABC WHAS WKRC WMMN (sw-15.27)
NBC—To be announced: WJZ WLW KDKA WSM WAVE (sw-15.21)
KMOX—Skeets and Frankie with Ozark Mountaineers
WAIU—Cocktail Hour
WCPO—Von Hallberg's Orch.
WTAM—To be announced
WVVA—Shopping Syncopation
4:45 p.m. EST 3:45 CST
KMOX—The Rollickers
WCPO—News
WENR—To be announced
WKRC—Jr. Chamber of Commerce
WTAM—Don Jose
WVVA—Front Page Drama
5:00 p.m. EST 4:00 CST
NBC—Blue Room Echoes; Orch.; Soloists: WEAF WTAM WGY WHIO WSAI WCKY (sw-9.53)
CBS—Frank Dailey's Orchestra: WABC WSMK WKRC WHAS WVVA (sw-15.27)
NBC—Musical Adventures; Alma Schirmer, concert pianist: WJZ KDKA WAVE WENR WLW WSM (sw-15.21)
WAIU—John Agnew
WCPO—Chief Deerfoot
WGN—Len Salvo, organist
WMMN—Luelle Charley Pagan
5:15 p.m. EST 4:15 CST
NBC—Clark Dennis, tenor: WJZ WSM WAVE WLW WENR

KDKA—Bill and Alex
KMOX—Window Shoppers
WGN—Margery Graham
5:30 p.m. EST 4:30 CST
NBC—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten: WEAF WAVE WGY WTAM WLW (sw-9.53)
CBS—Vincent Lopez Orchestra: WABC KMOX WSMK WVVA (sw-15.27)
NBC—Albert Pausyn Terluone, Dog Dramas: WJZ WENR WCKY KDKA (sw-15.21-11.87)
WAIU—World's Music
WAVE—To be announced
WCPO—Shackley Ensemble
WGN—Musical Moods
WHAS—Herbert Koeh & Soloist
WHIO—Rhythm Revue
WKRC—Highway Harmony
WMMN—Shopping Notes
WSAI—Will You Waltz
WSM—Strings
5:45 p.m. EST 4:45 CST
★ NBC—Gabriel Heatter; Week-End News Review: WJZ WSM KDKA WENR WCKY WAVE (sw-11.87-15.21)
KMOX—Drama, Fed. Housing
WCPO—Pat Gillick
WGBF—News
WGN—Illinois Society, sons of
WKRC—Vincent Lopez' Orch. (CBS)
WVVA—Front Page Drama
Night
6:00 p.m. EST 5:00 CST
NBC—Otto Thurn's Orchestra: WEAF WSAI WCKY WLW (sw-9.53)
CBS—Frederic Wm. Wile, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight": WABC WKRC WSMK KMOX WBBM (sw-11.33)
NBC—News; Temple of Song: WJZ WENR WAVE
Serenade: Rachmaninoff
The Hour: Alberti
We Praise Thee: Rachmaninoff
In the Silent Night: Rachmaninoff
The Wild Hills of Clare Can Turn Ye to Me: When I Have Sung My Songs
Sea Fever: The Earth Is the Lord's
Nikolsky
KDKA—News
WAIU—Dinner Music
WCPO—Dinner Music
WGN—Judy and Her Jesters
WGY—News Musical Program
WHAM—Sports
WHAS—Out of the Dusk
WHIO—News; Business Review
WMMN—News Commentator
WSM—News; Jack's Gang; Pan-American Broadcast
WTAM—Black and White
WVVA—News
6:15 p.m. EST 5:15 CST
NBC—(News, WEAF only) Otto Thurn's Orch.: WEAF WTAM
CBS—News of Youth, News Dramas for Children: WABC (sw-11.33-9.59)
CBS—Cadets Quartet: WBBM WMMN
KDKA—Curly Miller's Plough Boys
KMOX—Ynuth and its Future
WAVE—Skeets Morris Parade
WCPO—Range Ramblers
WGN—Tuneful Moments
WGY—Municipal Series
WHAM—Those O'Malleys, sketch
WKRC—Sports; News
WLW—The Evolution of the Jury
WSAI—Sports Review
WSM—Sunday School Lesson
6:30 p.m. EST 5:30 CST
NBC—News; Kings Jesters: WJZ WHAM
CBS—News; Elsie Thompson, organist: WABC KMOX WSMK
NBC—News, Alma Kitchell, contralto: WEAF WSAI WCKY WHIO (sw-9.53)
KDKA—Dinner Music
WAIU—Rhythm Ramblers
WAVE—Skeets Morris
WBBM—Howard Nommiller
WCPO—Gregory's Orch.
WENR—News
WGY—News Evening Brevities
WKRC—Musical Moments
WLW—To be announced
WMMN—News; Sports Reporter
WSM—Story of the Shield
WTAM—News; Sportsman
6:45 p.m. EST 5:45 CST
CBS—Gogo Delys, songs: WABC WBBM WMMN WHAS

NBC—Jamboree, vocalists & Orchestra: WJZ WENR WSAI KDKA (sw 15.21-11.87)
 NBC—Religion in the News, Speaker: WFAF WTAM WCKY WGY
 WCPO—Stars of Song
 WGBF—Seneca Club
 WHAM—News
 WHIO—Michael Hauer's Orch.
 WKRC—U. of C. Alumni Prgm.
 WLW—Alfred Gus Karger
 WSM—Sacred Quartet
 7:00 p.m. EST 6:00 CST
 CBS—The Family on Tour with Frank Parker; Bob Hope, m.c.; musical and dramatic: WABC WWVA (sw-11.83 9.59)
 CBS—L. Nazari Kurkudis's Ensemble: WSMK KMOX
 NBI—Jamboree: (sw-11.87)
 NBC—Sports Page of the Air
 Thornton Fisher: WFAF
 NBC—The New Yorkers: WAVE WCKY
 WBBM—Pat Flanagan, news
 WCPO—Galvano and Cortez
 WGBF—Musical Moments; Soloist; Orchestra
 WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
 WGY—Musical Program
 WHAM—Hank & Herb
 WHAS—Asher & Little Jimmy
 WKRC—Community Players
 WLW—R.F.D. Hour
 WMMN—Joe Larosa; Orch.
 WTAM—Gordon Rhythm
 7:15 p.m. EST 6:15 CST
 NBC—Popcye, the Sailor, sketch; Vic Irwin's Orch.: WFAF WTAM WGY WCKY WHIO (sw-9.53)
 NBC—Honie Town, sketch: WJZ WSAI KDKA WAVE WSM (sw-11.87)
 KMOX—Freddy Marcus & Orch.
 WBBM—Eddie House, organist
 WCPO—Bergain's Orch.
 WENR—Music and Comments
 WHAS—Jack Denny's Orchestra
 WHAS—Nazar Kurkudis Ensemble (CBS)
 WLW—R. F. D. Hour
 7:30 p.m. EST 6:30 CST
 NBC—Message of Israel; Dr. David De Sola Pool, guest speaker: WJZ WENR WHAM
 NBC—Hampton Institute Singers: WFAF WSAI WCKY WTAM
 CBS—Edward d'Anna's Orch.: WABC WKRC KMOX WHAS WBBM (sw-11.83-9.59)
 KDKA—Ethel Harris
 WAII—Day Is Done
 WCPO—Harry Hartman's Sport Review
 WGBF—Birthday Club
 WGN—Bob Elson's Sports Review
 WGY—Musical Program
 WLW—Jack Denny's Orchestra
 WMMN—Organ Moods
 WSM—Jack's Mountaineers
 WWVA—Sport Flashes
 7:45 p.m. EST 6:45 CST
 MBS—Wash. Merry-Go-Round: WLW WGN
 KDKA—ABC of Faith
 WAII—Musical Moments
 WAVE—Musical Moments
 WCPO—Yorkie's Orch.
 WHIO—Clint Noble's Orch.
 WSM—Hilltop Harmonizers
 WWVA—Where To Go To Church
 8:00 p.m. EST 7:00 CST
 STOP—Make a note to cast your ballot in this year's annual Star of Stars Election. See Page 14 of this issue.
 NIP—Your Hit Parade; Carl Hoffs' Orch.: WFAF WHIO WTAM WLW WAVE WGY (sw-9.53)
 NBC—El Chico, Spanish revue: WJZ KDKA WCKY WENR WHAM (sw-11.87)
 ★ CBS—Beauty Box Theater; Operettas & Guest Artist: Al Goodman's Orchestra: WABC WKRC WHAS WBBM KMOX (sw-6.12-6.06) (also see 11 p.m.)
 WCPO—Popular Rhythms
 WGN—Thos O'Malleys sketch
 WLS—Henry Hornsbuckle; Prairie Ramblers
 WMMN—Saturday Syncopeations
 WSAI—Hoss Pierce's Orch.
 WSM—Leou Cole, organist
 WWVA—Music Jamboree
 8:15 p.m. EST 7:15 CST
 NBC—Boston Symphony Orch.; Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor: WJZ WHAM KDKA WCKY WSAI (sw-11.87)
 Symphony No. 1 Mahler

MBS—Ted Weems' Orchestra: WGN
 WCPO—Sherdena Walker's Orch.
 WLS—Hoosier Hot Shots; Guest Artist
 WSM—Hayseed Symphony
 8:30 p.m. EST 7:30 CST
 WCPO—Jimsie's Playhouse
 WGN—Dance Orchestra
 WLS—Barn Dance Party
 WWVA—Bilde School of the Air
 8:45 p.m. EST 7:45 CST
 WCPO—Garfield's Orchestra
 WSM—Delmore Brothers
 WWVA—Arcadians from the Air Castles
 9:00 p.m. EST 8:00 CST
 ★ NBC—Rubinoff & His Violin; Virginia Rea, soprano; Jan Perce, tenor; Graham McNamee: WFAF WTAM WLW WGY WAVE WHIO (sw-9.53)
 ★ CBS—Nino Martini, tenor; Andre Kostelanetz' Orch. & Chorus: WABC WHAS KMOX WKRC WBBM (sw-6.12-6.06)
 NBC—Boston Symphony Orf.: (sw-6.14)
 WCPO—Billy Snider's Orchestra
 WGN—News; Sports
 WLS—Barn Dance Jamboree
 WMMN—Dance A While
 WSM—Possion Hunters; Uncle Dave Macon; Gully Jumpers; Dixie Liners; Curt Poulton; Jack's Missouri Mountaineers
 WWVA—News
 9:15 p.m. EST 8:15 CST
 NBC—Russian Symphonic Choir: WJZ WHAM WCKY KDKA (sw-6.14)
 WCPO—Walker's Orchestra
 WGN—Chicago Symphony Orch.
 WSAI—Today's News
 WWVA—Air Castle
 9:30 p.m. EST 8:30 CST
 ★ NBC—The Chateau; Al Johnson, m.c.; Victor Young's Orch.: WFAF WTAM WGY WLW (sw-9.53)
 CBS—Along Rialto Row: WABC WFBM WWVA WKRC WBBM WMMN (sw-6.12-6.06)
 ★ NBC—ALKA-SELTZER PRESENTS National Barn Dance; Maple City Four; Henry Burr, tenor; Uncle Ezra; Verue, Lee and Mary; Hoosier Hot Shots; Lucille Long; Tune Twisters; Joe Kelly, m.c. and Others: WJZ KDKA WHAM WLS WAVE WHIO (sw-6.14) (also see 11:00 p.m.)
 KMOX—Musical Moments
 WCKY—From Page Dramas
 WCPO—Leo Reichert's Orch.
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orch.
 WHAS—Greater Louisville Ensemble
 WSAI—Johnny Johnson's Orch.
 9:45 p.m. EST 8:45 CST
 KMOX—Along Rialto Row (CBS)
 WCKY—On the Mall
 WGN—Anson Weeks' Orch.
 10:00 p.m. EST 9:00 CST
 ★ CBS—Milrose Games Track Meet; Wanamaker Mile: WABC WBBM WSMK KMOX WMMN WHAS (sw-6.12-6.06)
 WCKY—News
 WCPO—Bradford's Orchestra
 WGN—Will Osborne's Orch.
 WKRC—Billy Snider's Orch.
 WSAI—Sweet Music
 WSM—Lasses and Honey; Fruit Jar Drinkers; Sarie and Sallie; Deford Bailey; Crook Brothers' Band; Dehore Brothers; Possum Hunters
 WWVA—Fred Waring's Orch.
 10:15 p.m. EST 9:15 CST
 KMOX—Scott R. Dekins
 WCKY—Radio Parade
 WGN—Ted Weems' Orch.
 10:30 p.m. EST 9:30 CST
 NBC—To be announced: WFAF WCKY WGY WTAM (sw-9.53)
 NBC—To be announced: WJZ WHIO WAVE WHAM WSAI KDKA (sw-6.14)
 CBS—Public Opinion: WABC WBBM WHAS WKRC KMOX (sw-6.12-6.06)
 WCPO—Jimmy Ward's Orch.
 WLS—Hayloft Theater
 WLW—Jimmy Joy's Orchestra
 WMMN—Melody Manor
 10:45 p.m. EST 9:45 CST
 CBS—Patti Chapin, songs: WABC WHAS WBBM WKRC KMOX (sw-6.12-6.06)
 WCPO—Charlie Budde's Orch.
 WFBF—Will Hauser's Orchestra
 WLW—News

11:00 p.m. EST 10:00 CST
 NBC—(News, WJZ only); Dick Gasparre's Orch.: WJZ WHAM
 CBS—Abe Lyman's Orch.: WABC KMOX WSMK WHAS
 NBC—Dance Orchestra: WFAF WCKY WSAI
 ★ CBS—Beauty Box Theater: KEHN KMJ KHJ KOIN KGB KFBK KFRC KDB KOL KWG KFPY KVI (also at 8 p.m.)
 ★ NBC—ALKA-SELTZER PRESENTS The Nat'l Barn Dance: WLW KFYY KPO KF1 KGW KOMO WTMJ KOA KDYL WIBA WDAY KGR KGHIL KTAR KFSD KGU KSTP KHQ WEBC (also see 9.30 p.m.)
 KDKA—News; Sports
 KMOX—Sport Page of the Air
 WAVE—Jack Eby's Orchestra
 WBBM—Eddie Neibaur's Orch.
 WGBF—Colonial Club
 WGN—Horace Heidt's Orch.
 WGY—News Bobby Meeker's Orch.
 WHIO—Harold Greenmeyer's Orchestra
 WKRC—News
 WLS—Barn Dance Varieties
 WMMN—Club Eldorado
 WSM—Dixie Liners; Uncle Dave Macon; Fruit Jar Drinkers; Robert Lunn; Binkley Brothers; Sid Harkreader; Delord Bailey; Gully Jumpers
 WTAM—Leroy Smith's Orch.
 WWVA—Inquiring Mike, Paul Miller
 11:15 p.m. EST 10:15 CST
 NBC—Dick Gasparre's Orch.: WAVE WHIO
 CBS—Abe Lyman's Orchestra: WKRC
 KDKA—Behind the Law
 KMOX—Chic Scoggin's Orchestra
 WGBF—News Broadcast
 WGN—Will Osborne's Orchestra
 WLS—Prairie Ramblers and Red Foley
 WSAI—Jimmy Joy's Orch.
 WWVA—Midnight Jamboree
 11:30 p.m. EST 10:30 CST
 NBC—(News, WFAF only); Ben Bernie's Orch.: WFAF WAVE WHIO WCKY WSAI WGY (sw-9.53)
 CBS—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra: WABC WHAS WSMK WMMN
 NBC—Ray Noble's Orchestra: WJZ WHAM KDKA (sw-6.14)
 KMOX—Amateur Night
 WBBM—George Olsen's Orch.
 WGBF—Dance Orchestra
 WGN—Freddie Martin's Orch.
 WLS—National Barn Dance
 WTAM—Ray Pearl's Orch.
 11:45 p.m. EST 10:45 CST
 KMOX—Chic Scoggin's Orch.
 WGBF—Dance Orchestra
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
 WKRC—Ozzie Nelson's Orch. (CBS)
 WTAM—Gordon Rhythm
 12:00 Mid ES 11:00 p.m. CS
 NBC—Eddy Duchin's Orchestra: WFAF WGY WCKY WHIO
 CBS—Claude Hopkins' Orch.: WABC WSMK WBBM KMOX WMMN
 NBC—Carefree Carnival; Helen Troy: WJZ WAVE
 KDKA—Messages to Far North
 WGBF—Dance Orchestra
 WGN—Kay Kyser's Orch.
 WHAM—Bob Larri's Orch.
 WHAS—Billy Marshall's Orch.
 WLS—Barn Dance
 WLW—Jolly Pop Corn
 WSM—Curt Poulton; Crook Brothers' Band; Delmore Brothers; Sam and Kirk McGee; Binkley Brothers
 WTAM—Stan Wood's Orch.
 12:15 a.m. ES 11:15 p.m. CS
 WKRC—Claude Hopkins' Orch. (CBS)
 WLW—Kay Kyser's Orch.
 WTAM—Otto Thurn's Orch.
 12:30 a.m. ES 11:30 p.m. CS
 NBC—Harold Stern's Orchestra: WFAF WGY WCKY
 CBS—Herbie Kay's Orchestra: WABC WBBM WHAS WMMN
 NBC—Griff Williams' Orchestra: WJZ WAVE KDKA (sw-6.14)
 KMOX—Saturday Nite Club
 WGN—Ted Weems' Orch.
 WHIO—Harold Greenmeyer's Orchestra
 WLW—Moon River, organ & poems
 WTAM—Johnny Huntington's Orchestra
 WWVA—Vivian Miller, organist
 12:45 a.m. ES 11:45 p.m. CS
 WGN—Jack Hylton's Orch.

WHIO—Harold Stern's Orch.
 WKRC—Herbie Kay's Orch. (CBS)
 WWVA—Midnight Jamboree
 1:00 a.m. ES 12:00 Mid CS
 WBBM—Al Diem's Orch.
 WENR—Geo. Hessebercer's Orch.
 WGN—Kavlin's Orchestra
 WHIO—Nathaniel Shilkret's Orchestra
 WLW—Jimmy Joy's Orchestra

1:15 a.m. EST 12:15 CST
 MBS—Jan Garber's Orchestra: WGN WLW
 WHIO—Harry Reser's Orchestra
 1:30 a.m. EST 12:30 CST
 MBS—Will Osborne's Orchestra: WLW WGN
 WBBM—Thas, Gaylord's Orch.
 WENR—Henri Laskon's Orch.
 1:45 a.m. EST 12:45 CST
 WLW—Enric Madriguera's Orch.

2:00 a.m. EST 1:00 CST
 WBBM—Neibaur's Orch.
 WGN—Kavlin's Orchestra
 2:30 a.m. EST 1:30 CST
 WBBM—Austin Mack's Orch.
 WGN—Jack Hylton's Orch.
 3:00 a.m. EST 2:00 CST
 WBBM—Hal Munro's Orch.
 WGBF—DX Program
 End of Saturday Prgrms.

CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SUNDAY
 7 p.m. EST (6 CST), CBS-WABC network. Eddie Cantor program. Rebroadcast to West Coast at 11 p.m. EST (10 CST). \$5,000 fund for scholarship to college awarded for letter on staying out of war. Fund donated by Cantor personally. Closes February 22.
 7:30 p.m. EST (6 CST), NBC-WEAF network. Fireside Recital. Weekly prize of a heating system for writing a winning letter. Sponsor, American Radiator Company.
 7:45 p.m. EST (6:45 CST), NBC-WEAF network. Sunset Dreams. Rebroadcast for West at 11 p.m. EST (10 CST). Jingle contest, wrist watch prizes. Sponsor, F. W. Fitch Company.
TUESDAY
 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC-WJZ network. Crime Clues program. Rebroadcast to West Coast over NBC at 12:30 a.m. EST (11:30 p.m. CST).

ASK MR. FAIRFAX

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES' first steady job was as an office boy for a real-estate firm. His wages were three dollars a week. Later he built up a stable of race horses. The Capitol Theater in New York was the first theater to broadcast regular programs, and it was through the medium of the Capitol Family that he became known as a genial gentleman who often lent a helping hand to beginners. (Miss V. W., Chicago, Ill.)

FREEMAN GOSDEN (AMOS) is five feet eleven inches tall, and slender. CHARLES CORRELL (ANDY) is about five feet seven inches tall, and of a stocky and athletic build. (Mrs. I. M. D., Chicago, Ill.)

WILLIAM HERBERT COMSTOCK takes the part of Tizzie Lish on the Al Pearce program. (Miss P. A. K., Marshalltown, Ia.)

HARRY SALTER was born in 1909 in Bucharest, Roumania. (Mrs. L. E. K., Stamford, Conn.)

FOREIGN SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR SATURDAY

(See Page 27 for List of Stations, their Locations and Frequencies)
 EST Shown: for CST Subtract One Hour
 8:05 a.m.—Microphone Debutantes (PHI).
 9:35 a.m.—Scotland vs. Wales, rugby (GSF, GSE).
 10:30 a.m.—Vatican City program (HVVJ).
 11 a.m.—Commerce hour (COCD).
 12:15 p.m.—Barrel organ (GSB, GSD, GSI).
 1 p.m.—Cuban dance music (COCD).
 2 p.m.—Latin-American music (COCD).
 2 p.m.—Saturday magazine (GSB, GSD, GSI).
 4 p.m.—Classical program (COCD).
 5 p.m.—Impromptu show (DJC).
 5 p.m.—Mayor's program (COCD).
 5:30 p.m.—League Peace talk (HBL, HBP).
 6 p.m.—Good Sisters of America (COCD).
 6 p.m.—Prince Orlovsky (DJC).
 6 p.m.—Dance music (GSA, GSC).
 7 p.m.—Rugby match (GSA, GSC).
 7 p.m.—South American music (COCD).
 7 p.m.—Don Timoteo, comic (YV2RC).
 7:30 p.m.—Dance music (DJC).
 8 p.m.—Cuban dance music (COCD).
 8:30 p.m.—Anna's Continentals (YV2RC).
 8:30 p.m.—Piano dance music (DJC).
 9 p.m.—How to talk Spanish (YV2HC).
 9:15 p.m.—Dance music (DJC).
 10 p.m.—Talk, Foreign Affairs (GSC, GSI).
 10:15 p.m.—Twelve O'Clock (GSC, GSI).
 10:30 p.m.—Lottery program (COCD).
 10:30 p.m.—Talk, South America (HJ4ABE).
 12 mid.—Overseas hour (JWN).

Uncle Ezra
 The Old Jumping Jenny Wren
 —Himself—



The Old Man with the Young Ideas
 Full of Pep—and Rarin' to Go

Every Saturday Night

The NATIONAL
 BARN DANCE

Hear It Over
 56 NBC STATIONS
 Coast-to-Coast

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Maple City Four; Hoosier Hot Shots; Uncle Ezra; Otto and His Tune Twisters; Arkansas Woodchopper; Sally Foster; Henry Burr; Verne, Lee and Mary; Lucille Long; Bill O'Connor; Skyland Scotty and Joe Kelly, Master of Ceremonies. A rollicking program of old time singing, dancing and homespun fun. Brought to you direct from WLS, Chicago, every Saturday night over

KDKA - WLW
 9:30 P.M. EST - 11:00 P.M. EST
 Sponsored by ALKA SELTZER

LONELY LITTLE STAR

(Continued from Page 15)

I not stuck to my purpose? Why had I not defied Manzoni? When he had given me the lead, told me that this was the end of our association, why had I not walked out without answering him?

Was it unsatisfied ambition driving me on, that ever-present desire to attain one more rung in the ladder of success before I stepped down forever?

Or did Manzoni have an emotional hold on me through the years of our association, that I would never be able to break?

A moment ago I had been clear in my mind, decided. I knew what I wanted. I wanted to give up my career—at once—forget everything, start life anew as plain Lucille Pennington.

Now everything was confused. Did I owe it to myself, to Manzoni, to make happiness wait while I made of my career a complete and finished thing?

And when would it be? How long must I carry on my masquerade with Dan? And what would happen if he were to discover my innocent fraud in the meantime?

It was Manzoni himself who brought me the answers to all these questions, when he came to my apartment later that evening.

"I have done something," he said, "that I have never in my life done before. I have apologized—I have humbled myself. I have grovelled in the dust before the sponsor of the Kleartone Hour. I do not say that he is yet ready to forgive and forget. But I believe I have opened the door for a reconciliation."

My heart leaped up at the joyful news. I knew then how much—how terribly much—that crowning success meant to me—how close it was to my heart!

Linda Logan—the little cabaret singer, who had done her stuff for the customers while nickels clattered at her feet in the dingiest of dives, singing the great arias from grand opera! Can you blame me for being overwhelmed at the prospect?

"But—" Manzoni added, and his black brows drew together in a threatening frown—"if I am to go ahead and work on this, I cannot risk any more upsets. I must exact a promise from you not to see this man again—until I give the word."

"When will that be?" I asked breathlessly.

"Not until after you have sung in your first performance."

And what of Dan? What would he think if I did not see him again, if I could not explain? Would it mean that I would lose him forever?

"Well?" Manzoni said. "I am waiting for your answer!"

What can Linda tell Manzoni? Happiness—or a glorious crown to her career—which shall she choose? You will find thrill piling upon thrill in Linda's story in next week's issue of RADIO GUIDE.

James Wallington: My wife is suffering from the Whim Whams, Eddie.

Eddie Cantor: The Whim Whams? Don't you mean the Jim Jams?

Jimmie: No, Eddie, the Whim Whams.

Eddie: Oh! I get it. You mean if you don't suit her Whims she just Whams you.

—Cantor's Pebecco Show

Voice of the Listener

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

Spon-sore

Sirs: I agree with Beatrice Blage regarding radio advertising. The tibs told over the radio about products advertised are enough to sink a nation. We hear a certain cosmetic will make your skin like an infant's, a certain soap will make you like an angel, a certain medicine will cure all ills known to medical science, a certain tooth-paste will make discolored teeth as white as snow, and on and on it goes. Such gross exaggeration of facts is disgusting.

Oxford, North Carolina S. S. Morris

Sirs: I have listened to the radio twelve years and never have I heard such a lot of rot as this Winter. There is a great deal too much bally hooing, such a lot of rot told about things for sale. I can't help but laugh, for the stuff said about Palmolive and Lux is almost the same, word for word. I know they are both good for I have used both, but it's such rot saying they are both the best.

Lincoln, Nebraska J. A. Haines

Dissatisfied tuner-inners discern a subject that is currently distressing all sellers of advertised products. They strive to avoid duplication or banality but how, they ask, can they sell their merchandise if they don't claim it is



Jack Fulton: "Glad he is singing all the Penthouse Serenade songs"

the best? RADIO GUIDE will be glad to forward readers' specific suggestions to broadcasters whenever requested.—Ed.

Housemaid's Need

Sirs: Saturday used to be a great day for radio, but not any more. They've got the Metropolitan Opera on NBC from 2 until 5 p.m. now. Before that, the football games used to monopolize the entire afternoon. That was o.k. and I've nothing against opera either, but like many others my Saturdays are usually spent in giving our home its weekly cleaning. It's not exactly a pleasant task, but the grand orchestras and novelty programs helped to cheer. I ask you, who wants to weep with a soprano while slaving with a broom and dustcloth? Give us back our snappy rhythm shows.

Auburn, New York Virginia Peterslie

RADIO GUIDE sympathizes with sweeper-upper Peterslie but regrets there is little it can do. Substitute suggestion: use a phonograph.—Ed.

A Marlin Spike

Sirs: What has happened to the Mary Marlin program? The last few weeks the programs have become less interesting and lately they are absolutely ridiculous. Why don't they give us more of the character Mary Marlin is supposed to portray and less of Never-Fail Hendricks and the rest of the characters who detract from this program?

Wrightsville, Pennsylvania Mary Benedict

Hold Your Ire

Sirs: In reading your very interesting column, it seems to me that practically all vocal controversies by your readers center about Frank Parker, Lanny Buss and Conrad Thihault. I do not begrudge anybody their favorites but surely there must be other equally talented and interesting singers in radio beside the aforementioned.

For instance, there is Kenny Sargent on the Camel program. Sargent, in my opinion, is truly one of our best and really interpretative ballad stylists on the air today. He possesses a softly intriguing baritone voice that is pleasant to the ear, and he knows how to interpret lyrics in a manner that makes them something more than mere words.

Los Angeles, California Tommy Echeverria

Won't Be Long Now

Sirs: Why doesn't a fine periodical like RADIO GUIDE give readers an article or two about Lanny Ross and Jack Fulton? It is just wonderful that Mr. Ross now has charge of the Show Boat. The show is so much better now. And about Jack Fulton; I'm glad that he is singing all the songs on Penthouse Serenade instead of sharing them with Don Marin.

Washington, D. C. Jane Woodward

Clash of Wits

Sirs: We have been ardent followers of the programs of Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor and resent the Cantor program change to 7 p.m. We wonder if something could be done about this switch of time that puts what we consider the two best comedy programs on the air at the same time. Perhaps other listeners will have something to say about this also.

Stamford, Connecticut Mr. Charimides L. Avery, Mr. Bernard I. Goldberg, Mr. Philip Prior, Mr. Frank J. Zurzola, Mr. George Goldberg.

Splitting Pairs

Sirs: I am sure more fans of the Show Boat agree with me in hoping Mary Lou will be back on that program again. Lanny Ross and Mary Lou are ideal together and top the program a hundred per cent. So here's hoping.

York, Pennsylvania M. H. Smitt

And Spoil the Plot?

Sirs: I have been a follower of Backstage Wife for some time. I can hardly wait for each chapter to unfold. How about wising up Larry Noble to Phyllis Gail? In real life no man would be so dumb as not to recognize an insult or be so trusting time and time again. (I refer to Mr. Dan Phane or Fane.) It's getting to be so you can just about make out what's going to happen next. Mary always plans on accompanying Larry to some doings but someone always manages to change her mind for her and that's getting too stale.

Whiting, Indiana Mrs. Margaret Moore

Program planning is one of those mysteries of radio which baffle even the expert. The why of this or that, to the lay listener, is often impossible to fathom. In general, be it known, good reasons underly most shifts. Often, things listeners don't like may be explained by bad writing or bad judgment—other times by cheap office politics and program jealousies.—Ed.

Concurrent Events

Dear VOL: I should like to applaud every one of your proffered resolutions to the networks. The ones which interest me most are six and twelve. A fine dramatic vehicle should be repeated for at least a week, and to this resolution may I add that the identification of the actors would add greatly to the pleasure of the listeners.

Harrisburg, Pa. A. Church

RADIO GUIDE's editor, proud of his New Year resolutions, is happy that reader Church agrees.—Ed.

Southern Exposure

Dear VOL: We read your symposium on "Mercy Killing" and are glad so many are willing to "wait for God."

Southern Pines, N. C. (Miss) Florence Garvin

Omitted from RADIO GUIDE's story "Mercy Killing Hits Radio" (Dec. 21) was fact that many stars who believe in science taking life refused to be quoted for fear such opinions would offend their public.—Ed.

Frank Comments

Dear VOL: Frankly speaking, I don't see why anyone should worry about the welfare of the Parker program. I think it's great; so does everyone else I have talked with. Its sponsors should pat him on the back! Furthermore, I believe Jack Benny's performances should cause all the gray hairs. The delicious flavors are all disappearing. So, wake up, sponsors.

Grnton, Massachusetts Norma H. Woods

IT COMES OUT HERE

(Continued from Page 7)

and today Red can thank him for the \$10,000 his one-third interest in the number already has brought him. Almost, though, he didn't get even that one-third interest. If it hadn't been for Hickman . . .

But this is that curious story. Hickman had heard Hodgson sing his song many times, of course. When he heard it was being published with authorship credited to Farley and Riley, he started for the music publisher's office full of righteous indignation. And told him the Hodgson side of the story.

One hour after Red read Hickman's letter, he got a long-distance call from that music publisher. "Technically, Farley and Riley have the rights to the number," the man in New York said. "You didn't copyright the piece and they did. But I don't publish lawsuits, Hodgson. I publish songs. It's all right with both Farley and Riley if I cut you in for one third of the royalties. It'll make you rich. Is that okay with you?"

"I'll tell the world it's okay," he cried.

And that's the reason you see on the music sheets today, "Words by Red Hodgson . . . Music by Edward Farley and Michael Riley."

It's a funny little world, isn't it? Yesterday, I saw Red at Chicago's biggest theater, where he is being paid \$1,000 a week. In New York, Farley and Riley and their jam band are playing on Broadway and drawing \$3,000 weekly. All three of them have offers from Hollywood.

So that's the remarkable story behind The Music Goes 'Round and Around. Hodgson wrote it, Ruth Lee took it to New York, Farley and Riley popularized it—and I, you, we . . . sing it and sing it and sing it. It's fun, it's a frolic, I love it—but the darned thing is driving me nertz.

BULLS AND BONERS

SPORTS ANNOUNCER: "Breckenridge high school uses the Notre Dame system while Pauls Valley uses the Warner Brothers system."—Mrs. Dick Flake, Mexia, Texas. (January 4; WFAA; 2:55 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "The loser will push a peanut around Lincoln Square with his nose on his hands and knees."—Myron Nearing, Clinton, Illinois. (December 28; WJBL; 7:35 p.m.)

NEWS REPORTER: "The father received slight burns in tearing the child's clothing which had become ignited from her body."—Lucille Davenport, Trenton, Missouri. (December 26; KMBC; 4:10 p.m.)

NEWS REPORTER: "She found the wagon and her husband frozen to death."—Mrs. Carl E. Miller, Cochran, Pennsylvania. (December 26; WCAE; 12:04 p.m.)

NEWS COMMENTATOR: "General Custer's soldiers stood with him end to end during the attack."—Orville Praton, Mitchell, South Dakota. (December 23; KSOO; 12:55 p.m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour. Send your contributions to Bulls and Boners Editor, c/o RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

MY HUSBAND, BEN BERNIE

(Continued from Page 5)

a lovely wedding breakfast, then we returned to New York.

At present we're living in a furnished suite at the Delmonico. I've a kitchen and dining room I insisted upon, because I like to fix the very huge breakfast Ben enjoys so much at one o'clock in the afternoon. He's working, you see, until three or four every morning, so of course he sleeps late and I fit my routine to his. We have dinner at five-thirty just before he leaves to play the dinner show at the Paradise. Then around ten p.m. I always try to go downtown and have a late supper with him.

Ben and I have a lot of fun. Before we'd been going together very long I realized I was going to have to learn to like five things he's crazy about—golf, dogs, horses, fishing and bridge—or else our companionship would never be complete. It certainly took a struggle to get me honestly to like scorching in a boat all day just for the sake of a few crokers! But as for bridge, I've turned out to be the fiend in the family. Ben's an ace golfer and I'm still trying to beat him at it. When we play together he calls it a hot match, which is teasing of course—that's something else he specializes in.

Jash will be coming to stay with us during many of his holidays from school. He's over six feet tall and exactly like his dad, and he plays football and aspires to Yale and being an actor. And Ben—well, Ben's just ham enough (I can tease too!) to want Jash to have that ambition! So I'm sure there'll be a Bernie Thespian on the boards a few years from now. And some day, if Ben's career ever allows us to settle in one place long enough, we want to build a home and raise a family.

It's terribly hard to say nice things about your husband and not make them too nice, especially when you're a bride. But I'm proud of Ben because he started out in the world with so little chance to get ahead, and has made his chances for himself. He likes to be alone, and unless we've guests he's usually quiet around the house. His original quips and slangisms that he uses on his broadcasts seem to bubble out of him incessantly, but they're a part of his personality that he takes off like his overcoat when he comes home. He reads a lot of non-fiction—it's Samuel Pepys' Diary right now. His sense of humor is terrific, his tastes are simple in everything but sex, he does drop endless cigar ashes all over the floor and he's perfectly grand to my mother and sister.

That's Ben. If the things I've said are too nice—can you blame me?

Ben Bernie and his orchestra may be heard Tuesdays on an NBC-WJZ network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).

NEXT WEEK

THOSE lightning calculators of the East Overshoe Sewing Circle who are waiting—just waiting—their chance to be disillusioned about Ma Perkins, will have to wait awhile longer. We thought we'd give the tongue-waggers a little more time to practise before we cut loose with the lowdown on your favorite radio character.

New Skin in 3 Days



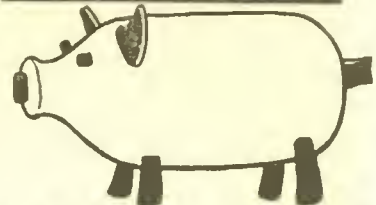
Outer Skin Blemishes All Gone!
Visible Pimples and Blackheads,
Freckles, Ugly Large Pores
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You thought this impossible, but now you can have a clear, healthy, young and beautiful skin in 3 days. Look for this new treatment in your favorite magazine.

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IS YOUR HUSBAND YOUR HOBBY?

(Continued from Page 23)

and men hate wives who give them no suspense! To every woman in the world I'd like to say 'Don't let marriage take too much of your time and never let your husband think that just because he married you you're his alone. If you can do those two things you'll never have to worry about holding a man.

"Because if you make a hobby of your husband instead of a full-time job you'll spend the rest of your hours doing things that keep you charming and alert—reading and going places and exercising and doing all the things you're interested in. And what if that doesn't leave you time to be the 100% diligent housekeeper? What have you lost, anyway? There isn't a man in the world who minds coming home to store-bought pie and mussed living room if his wife's pretty and interesting and gay

"And as soon as you get lots of outside interests you'll be giving him the suspense it takes to hold a husband. If he knows you're sticking in the house working away from nine to five, he's not going to break his neck getting home by five-thirty. What for? What's the inducement around there anyway outside the perfect dinners he's spoiled on? But if you've been out doing things, if you've been away at a job or a golf tournament or a luncheon or show or something, he'll immediately imagine—as only husbands can—that you met hundreds of fascinating people at those places who probably seemed more attractive to you than he does; he's going to realize you're completely capable of having fun without him—and I vow he'll not only be kept strategically jealous and entertained by you, but he'll try ten times as hard to keep himself attractive to you.

"That's the way I look at this marriage of Stanley's and mine. We're together about two weeks of every ten, when one of us flies to visit the other. Each of us has our separate careers and interests. Neither of us has had to sacrifice any friends or pleasures that the other doesn't care for because we have time to ourselves.

"And why do I work? Because I don't want to be just a successful director's wife, a figurehead. I want to keep earning the aliveness that only those women who have interests outside of their husbands earn.

"Stanley lives at his club in Hollywood, and I live alone while Roger's at school and go on with my work here in New York. All of us are always together for holidays and vacations and things. And when Stanley comes I drop everything and have another honeymoon and the romance never wears away! Because even though we talk to each other every night by phone there's always the item of distance between us that keeps both of us in a tiny, healthy bit of suspense and wondering about the other. That's the way you are before you're married. And suspense, really and truly, is after all the essence of romance.

"So you see, the only difference between me and the average wife is that I have weeks where she has days, I have visits with my husband where she has every evening."

The Bourjois Sales Corporation presents Odette Myrtill In Evening on NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).

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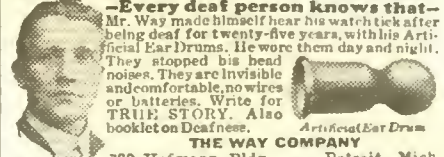
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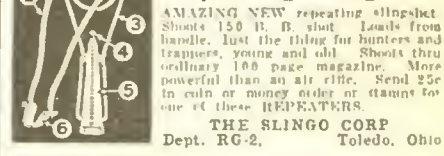
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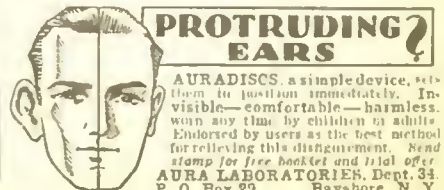
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The men and women answering to the description of radio's most popular stars in RADIO GUIDE'S 1936 Star of Stars Election. How will we find them? That's for you to answer—by voting—voting right away. See ballot and full instructions on page 14 of this issue of RADIO GUIDE. Don't delay. Boost YOUR favorite.



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THANKS, MISTER!

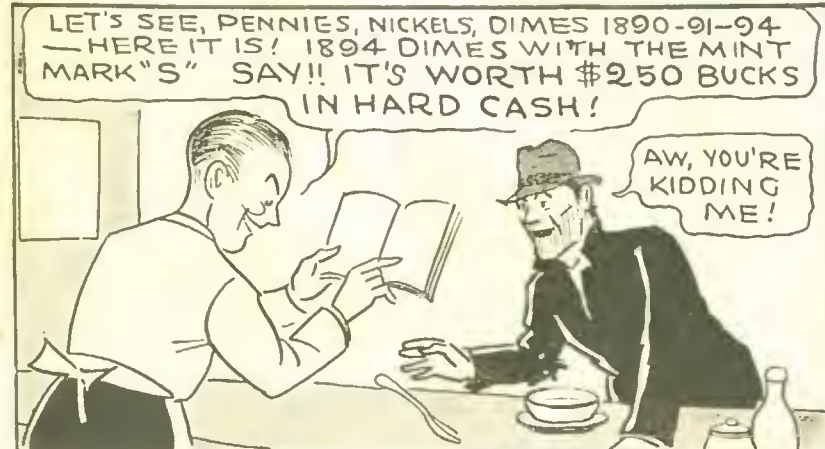


HERE, FELLA, YOU STILL LOOK HUNGRY, EAT THIS EXTRA BOWL OF SOUP!

THANKS! HERE'S MY DIME, BEFORE I FORGET IT!

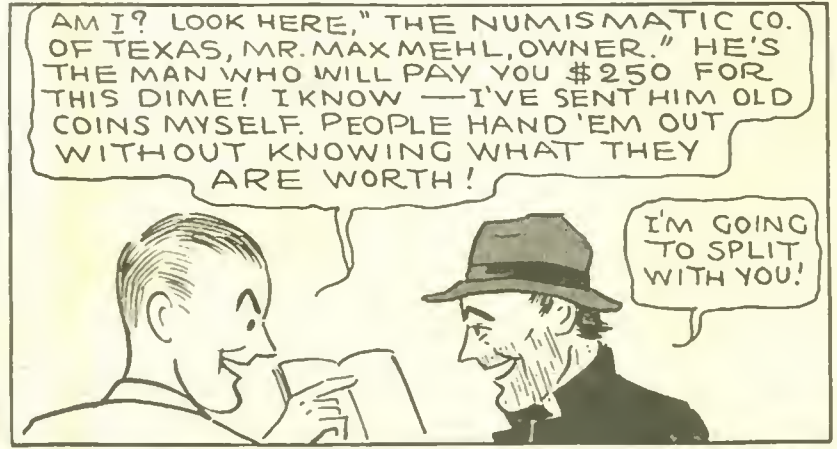


SAY, THIS DIME LOOKS KINDA FUNNY! THERE'S AN OLD DUCK WHO EATS HERE EVERY DAY WHO SAVES COINS. HE SELLS 'EM TO A MAN NAMED MEHL DOWN IN TEXAS. HE GAVE ME A BOOK THAT SHOWS WHAT COINS ARE WORTH —WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL GET IT, I'D LIKE TO SEE A FELLOW LIKE YOU GET A BREAK!



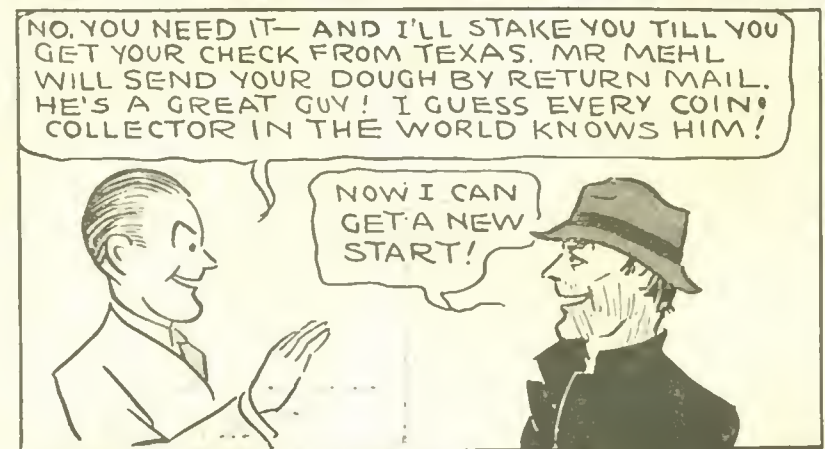
LET'S SEE, PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES 1890-91-94 — HERE IT IS! 1894 DIMES WITH THE MINT MARK "S" SAY!! IT'S WORTH \$250 BUCKS IN HARD CASH!

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NO, YOU NEED IT— AND I'LL STAKE YOU TILL YOU GET YOUR CHECK FROM TEXAS. MR MEHL WILL SEND YOUR DOUGH BY RETURN MAIL. HE'S A GREAT GUY! I GUESS EVERY COIN COLLECTOR IN THE WORLD KNOWS HIM!

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