Chicago, Ill.
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*Vol. II., No. 18.*

The Truth About Stoopnocracy
*By Colonel Stoopnagle*

My Radio Experiences
*By Tony Wons*

Beginning The Microphone Murders
*By Leslie Harewood*
Crashing the CHAINS

Road of Amateur Trying to Break into Radio Big Time Is a Rough One — NBC Program Chief Tells Why

By John F. Royal
Vice President and Program Director, National Broadcasting Co.

A FEW YEARS ago, back in what we fast-moving moderns term "the old days," if Johnny or Mary could sing a song without souring the milk of human kindness or, if a college boy had a good "line" of snappy repartee, his or her friends would earnestly advise: "You oughta go on the stage." And alas! too many of them did—or tried to. Thousands of them, fortunately for themselves, gave up the struggle after a period of disillusionment and discouragement; other thousands have continued the heartbreaking struggle for years, and a few have found that they really have talent which is in demand.

Today, the amateur parlor entertainers continue as of yore to sing and recite and wisecrack, and

their friends continue to encourage them. But now the advice is: "You oughta get into radio."

The sudden, almost overnight, expansion of radio as a field of employment for entertainers has fired the imaginations of countless young people who feel, or have been told by well meaning friends, that they have that elusive and indefinable gift called "talent."

Like the discovery of gold in '49, radio has opened a new door to fame and fortune and adventure—and, also like the gold rush, it has been besieged by hordes of people totally unfitted for its rigors. Equipped with nothing but self-confidence, they have tried to push their way past the barriers to the rich rewards, and they have failed without even knowing why.

The reason they failed is because they tried to jump from obscurity to success in one leap. The miners who staked the rich claims in California and Alaska—and they were few in comparison with the great number who failed—were men who were fitted by experience for just that kind of work.

For years they had been prospectors, or had followed rigorous outdoor pursuits which had hardened them and taught them to read the secrets of nature. Physical hardships didn't weaken or discourage them, and they wasted no time in fruitless experiments. They won out because they knew their business and the thousands of clerks and small business men and adventurers who failed could lay their failure to their lack of train-

ing for that particular kind of work.

In the aforementioned olden days, the aspirant for stage honors got his or her start on the "small time," either through seasons of minor parts in some obscure stock company, or through tank-town vaudeville bookings. If they had real talent in any degree, plus that odd combination of temperament and perseverance that makes a trouperr, they gradually worked their way upward to road companies and split-week bookings, and perhaps eventually landed on Broadway.

In the history of the stage there have been a few whose rise to stardom was an overnight sensation, but these have been very few indeed compared with the number whose success was due to hard work in the discouraging school of experience.

When radio came along, it merely offered an additional "prospect" to those whose friends encouraged them to believe that they had entertainment talent. Indeed, it even seemed to widen the possible field, for there are always many young people whose friends tell them that they should be in the public eye who fortunately are restrained from attempting a stage or movie career either because they have physical defects or they just haven't the nerve to face an audience, they assumed that all they needed was a good voice or a comic manner.

So thousands of boys and girls set out to be radio stars. Mary sang solos in the church choir, her friends told her she had a sweet voice, so why couldn't she do just as well as Jessica Dragonette? Tommy could tell the funniest stories in a squeaky voice, and Bob

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Paul Whitman attending an audition at NBC studios in New York.
Oh! to Be a STOOPNOCRAT

Now That April's Here -

Of Course April Isn't Here
But It Will Be—Well, You'd Better Read About It Yourself

By Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle

d'ya say? What's new? and 'So long. Don't take any wooden nickels.' It does away with the tops of stuffed olive jars and with the paper wrappers they put on lump sugar in restaurants.

Stoopnocracy has taken the elimination of tassels on bathrobe cords as its first premise. (It has been suggested that we use 'Oh, Premise Me' as our theme song. We're mulling over this.) Tassels on bathrobe cords, as practically everyone knows, are useless and only get in your way.

How do we Stoopnocrats propose to eliminate all these icky things? We shall do it by a new process of mine called disinvention. It is not the invention of new stuff; rather, it is the invention of stuff which does away with other inventions.

For instance, who amongst us, I ask, has not been irked by the jangling of an alarm clock in the morning? Well, Stoopnocracy does away with this evil very simply and completely by disinventing an alarm clock with a silent bell, so that people don't have to get up and turn it off before they roll over and go to sleep again.

Stoopnocracy is divided into two parts; or rather, there are two groups of Stoopnocrats. One group is composed of those who furnish ideas for things that should be eliminated, while the other group is made up (Continued on Page Twenty-One)

Stoopnocratic Board of Strategy in session. Left to right, Budd and The Colonel, himself.

All Stoopnographs and drawings: Committed by Stoopnochel Stoopnagle in person.

Join the Stoopnocrats!

All you have to do to join the Stoopnocratic Party is to submit a "disinvention" - that is, something that you would like to have eliminated from the scheme of things - to Colonel Stoopnagle, care of Rando Guide, 341 West Twenty-Sixth Street, New York. You will be enrolled on the Great Stoopnographt and will receive a Stoopnocratic button.

One of the objectives of the Stoopnocratic Party will be the disinvention of money. The medium of exchange in the Stoopnocratic State will be Misdirected Energy Certificates and the unit of value will be irks (not ergs). Because of the present furor over unemployment, Colonel Stoopnagle has decided that people like to work and therefore should not be paid for doing so. Consequently, under Stoopnocracy, Misdirected Energy Certificates will be issued only to those who won't work.

P.S. - Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle is well known throughout the world - well known as an inventor and writer. Everyone is familiar with the Colonel's celluloid umbrella, so you can see if it's raining or not; his celluloid string for tying around the fingers of people who never forget anything anyway; his invented lighthouses for submarine and his countless other works. Who in the literary world has not read over and over again such works from the Colonel's pen as "Corduroy" and "How They Created; Without Laurence in Arabia; "Radio Announcers: Why; "How Love Came to Elsie Gulch; or "If Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind?" Who, we ask again?

For the present, the Colonel has set aside his inventions and his pen and with the help of his partner, Budd, has started a new movement, called STOOPNOCRACY, which bids fair to sweep the country, which is a good idea even if nothing else happens to it, because the country could stand a good sweeping. Always first when a hot new story breaks, Rando Guide was the first publication to obtain an interview with Colonel Stoopnagle, and in the following article the Colonel will tell in writing, for the first time, something about STOOPNOCRACY.

If you know any more about it after reading the article, and we do, tell us. We'd like to meet you.
BLOODHOUND of the AIR

WHAT new instruments of death, man's inventive genius may be able to devise for sowing instant destruction over vast areas and perhaps annihilating whole nations during the next world war is a question, the answer to which no one can now foretell. But it is a question of far greater moment to Ministers of War than the other contributions of science to the sum total of human knowledge.

That is the reason distinguished chemists and engineers are at work behind laboratory doors in all the great capitals of the world, some experimenting with deadly chemicals and high explosives, others with "infernal machines" and long range guns; but each waging a battle against time in the hope that he will be first to arrive at the coveted discovery and thereby safeguard the interests of his own country.

One of these instruments, an aerial messenger of death, the principle of which have never hitherto been published, was invented by Dr. Sydney N. Baruch of New York, and Uncle Sam had it up his sleeve during the late World War. The antics and possibilities of the Baruch Aerial Torpedo are so amazing they dwarf the imagination and justly merit for the device the title: "Bloodhound of the Air."

Imagine if you will a flying machine gun which may be shot into the heavens at a speed of more than four hundred miles per hour and through radio control, made to pursue an enemy airplane.

But, if you think that is wonderful, try to conceive that this same aerial torpedo, after it has brought down the enemy plane, may be re-directed to its starting point and caught above a "magnetic field" which causes it to come to rest in mid-air without impact or damage.

Little wonder then that those few persons who knew that Uncle Sam had complete specifications for it in the secret archives of the government at Washington and might have used it had the World War continued, privately came to speak of it as the "Bloodhound of the Air." And, if it can do a mere part of what its inventor claims for it, there need be no fear of an aerial invasion of the United States by any foreign foe.

Obviously it would be impossible to obtain either from the government or from Doctor Baruch any detailed specifications of the flying death messenger. And the pictures reproduced on this page are published in skeleton form in order that the espionage service of foreign governments. These illustrations are exact duplicates of those in the archives at Washington and, although the specifications have been in Uncle Sam's hands for more than fifteen years, these are the first to be published.

In general, the "Bloodhound of the Air" is a helicopter type of torpedo. The flutter wheel gadgets on its nose are in reality two sets of blades which run in

(Continued on Page Twenty-One)

Dr. Sydney Norton Baruch, noted inventor and research engineer, friend of Presidents and high government officials and one of radio's pioneers, has enjoyed an illustrious career, the following summary of which appears in "Who's Who in New York City."

Invented: thermo-relays and other devices, receiving gold medal award of international jury of scientists headed by Professor Vladimir Karapetoff of Cornell University and Dr. Stearns, 1915; the depth bomb used successfully during the World War, 1918.

Occupations: Chief Research Engineer for Federal Telegraph Company, (now Radio Division of Postal Telegraph Company) builders of largest radio station in the world; President of Public Service Corporation of California, 1918-29; Chief Research Engineer for General Petroleum Company of America, 1921; built first high-power portable broadcast station from which "Risky" broadcast a trip through Canada over WEEF and affiliated stations; CHCR, WBBK, 6XT, California; L.Y. Bordeaux, France; WBYV, New York, 1929. Director and Controller United Broadcasting System of radio stations, 1928; Active head, Sound Pictures, Inc. "Member, Radio Conference, U. S. Department of Commerce, Royal Society of London, Franklin Society of London, American Institute of Engineers."

Are You Listen'n?  
Let Me Tell You About My Experiences Since I Began My Career on the Radio

By Tony Wons

I understand you have been broadcasting for some eight years. What is the appeal in radio that keeps you at it such a long time?

ANSWER: Well in the first place it is a living, and we must live, even though we don't always know why. Then, I love the work, and in that respect I am one of the fortunate men for there is nothing more conducive to a contented life than having work you love to do, and being able to make your bread and butter by that work.

QUESTION: In your philosophical discussions over the radio, you get some interesting comebacks from your audience, don't you?

ANSWER: In the TONY'S SCRAPBOOK program which has been on the air for seven years, almost every day, I have discussed practically every popular subject from appetizer to dessert. Some of these topics were highly controversial and have elicited some unusual fan letters. The radio audience is so huge that you are bound in your daily broadcasts to come in contact with every imaginable sort of human mind. The wise, the ignorant, the sympathetic, the hard-boiled; the weak, the strong; the rich, the poor; men, women, children of both sexes. They all sit in judgment. And since they cannot talk back, they write back, agreeing with you in flattering terms, or fighting your opinions most bitterly.

It is easy for the comedian cracking jokes or the musician to get away with anything, but if you discuss controversial subjects such as religion, politics, social reforms, capital punishment, life here and hereafter, you are a target for everyone who happens to be on the opposite side, and they do not hesitate to fire their arrows at you. Often these darts get under your skin and sting for a long time. For instance, if you say a word for antivivisection you will be bombarded with letters from those who claim that antivivisectionists are just a crowd of old women who don't know what to do with their spare time so they impede the work of the scientists. If, on the other hand, you say something in favor of the vivisectionists, you will receive a barrage from the anti-vivisectionists that you will not soon forget. You will be crock, you will be ignorant, you will be a savage.

Race is another ticklish problem. It is even dangerous to say that all men are created equal. Somebody belonging to a race which he thinks is favored of God, will object to that. Your radio head hangs by a thread if you discuss religion. Social reform is a hot potato. Discuss it quickly and drop it if you do not want to bring down upon your neck all the wrath of the enemies. If you say a word in favor of Capitalism, the radicals will attack you; mention the Communists and you will have Socialists to pacify. If you discuss the flaws in prohibition you will soon be told in no mistakeable terms that prohibition is all right but there's something the matter with you. And so it goes on. But it is this which makes the job of running a radio scrapbook such intensely absorbing work.

QUESTION: There must be many letters of praise too, aren't there?

ANSWER: Of course there are bouquets as well as brickbats. Oh, you can be discouraged and unhappy about something that went wrong; you can be planning suicide, but when you get a letter from some radio fan who says, "Your program was splendid. It helped me," all is joy again and you want to

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Heart Throbs and Laughs in UNCLE DON’S Mail

By Uncle Don

Radio Uncle of a Million and a Half Children Still Finds Thrills in Letters He Receives from His Little Nephews and Nieces after Four Years of Daily Broadcasts

HELLO, little friends of mine, I’m glad to see you look so fine." Gosh, if I could only have a microphone in front of me instead of this typewriter, I could do a whole lot better. To tell the truth I feel like a "goop" who has had a bad attack of "mike" fright, and I don’t think that catalepsy or rigor mortis has a thing on that.

One man I know had an attack of it at the Polo Grounds two years ago at the start of the Army-Navy game, and they almost have to hold him down when he sees a microphone now. He had prepared forty-five minutes of a continuity about the service schools. Just before he was to go on the air the wind, which was high in those upper tiers, blew the sheets over the field while his back was turned momentarily. Before he could recover them they had been ground into the mud by the marching cadets. Try talking into a microphone for five minutes without using any notes sometime and you’ll get the idea how he felt.

My first experience as an entertainment of children was equally gruelling. This, chiefly, was because I had only a half-hour to prepare for it. I don’t know what I would have done without a piano, even with years of experience on vaudeville stages over the country.

It took only five minutes to convince me that it was impossible to write enough material to fill thirty minutes. As a consequence I decided to be myself and to draw from my own experiences as a child, couched, of course, in simple nonsyllabic words. I sang and played tongue-twisters and got so tangled up that I had to laugh at myself. The children sensed the reality and that made such an impression on me that I’ve tried to be real ever since.

One can never hope to be as real in every sense of the term as a child. And the years have taught me that their imagination is more vivid than that of adults.

That first broadcast makes me shudder when I think of the mistakes I might have made, judging by one made about six months after that first program. As a reader more than likely knows, one of the things I am called upon to admonish children about is sucking their thumbs. One night I got on the air and told those addicted to the habit that it was wrong to do it. The thing to do, I went on, was to suck your elbow!

That is a physical impossibility and I said it merely because, in trying to do it, they would forget their thumbs. Two days later I got a blast from a mother who said that her two eldest children had almost wrenched an arm from a year-old baby in trying to get the infant’s elbow up to its mouth.

Another instance that shows how careful one

has to be happened only recently. A letter had reached the office saying that one of my club members had turned up his nose at ham and cabbage and ended with a plea that I tell him how good it was. When the opportunity arrived I started to brag that I was going to have ham and cabbage for dinner but when I came to the word "ham" I realized that thousands of the adolescents in my audience were Orthodox Jews, who regard ham as not being kosher, and had to change it to corned beef.

That might sound far-fetched to a casual reader, but it is not. It is my business to encourage children to eat foods that are strengthening, especially where they do not conflict with religious scruples. I could visualize these little ones going to their parents and saying: "Uncle Don eats ham. Why don’t we have some?"

Many parents have requested me not to get away from the imaginative ideals these children have woven about me on the air. As a consequence any answer the parents might have made about the ham would have destroyed such ideals.

One cannot have any race or creed or any type of bigotry in radio broadcasting and all of my associates on the air are glad that this is so. It is perfectly true in children’s programs. Those of us who are fortunate enough to be so engaged realize this when we make personal appearances, when the children grab our hands, hang on coat tails or clamber aboard our grooming.

My broadcasts over WOR have taught me the joys that fall to the lot of philanthropists. Theirs is the thrill of giving: of doing good.

I have had thrills in broadcasting. Every sort; the entire gamut of human emotion. One day’s mail brought gales of laughter and a flood of tears.

The laughter was in connection with a chiding I had given a child addicted to swearing. The mother was notified to have him at the radio set when I went on. Five minutes were devoted to telling him the evils of using bad language. Then I asked him: "You won’t do it again, will you?"

Hesitating long enough to let him make a reply, I added, "All right then, since you’re a good little boy I’ll let you in on a secret. There’s a present for you behind the radio." Dashing around the receiver, his eyes popped when he saw the present, a scooter. He turned to his mother and exclaimed: "How the h— did it get here so fast?"

The tears came as the result of a broadcast to a little boy who had never spoken to his sister. The mother had died at the birth of the latter and he blamed her for his loss. I devoted at least ten minutes to

(Continued on Page Twenty-One)
HERE's the last chance for radio fans to vote in the annual National American's Jazz King—here likewise are the latest standings. Yes, Old Maestro Bernie is head shoulders above his nearest competitor, Guy Lombardo, who advanced but 1,300 votes while Ben polled 2,590 this past week. And to think Lombardo was on top two weeks ago.

Wayne King remains third with 1,290 more counts; Rudy Vallee and George Olsen stay at fourth and fifth with a cope of hundred votes added during the seven days.

Don Russo, who sparted ahead of Cab Calloway two weeks ago, now has six positions clinched with a leading head of nearly two hundred on the hot third spot. At eighth and ninth, are to be found Herbie Kay and Hoyt Orne with the mantles of the "Pop" Whiteman, formerly eighth.

But it's all over but the shouting and "second guessing." The final dash takes place this week. All ballots must be mailed on or before Tuesday, February 21, at midnight. Otherwise they cannot be counted in the final standing to appear in the issue of Radio Guide dated Sunday, March 5, and on all weekends on Thursday, March 2.

The last ballot appears on page 17, and the total number of ballots leaders in the contest has increased from a mere score or more to the impressive total of 20!

FACETLY every maker of every kind of synoptron in the country has their own audience, friends, and considering the large circulation and wide distribution of the syndicate, it is conclusive that the magnitude of the vote cast, the final result of the contest will be a fair indication of America's Jazz King.

More analysis of the new standing shows Joe Swiders has moved up and Ted Weems down, the golden-voiced Mark Fisher has advanced two positions, and Bing Crosby, King of the saxophone, has shown surprising hard horse strength by jumping into the "also ran" up to seventh place.

Remember—you mail your votes early—

If you want to change the lineup in favor of your pet baton wielder, is Bernie on your list? With King or Lombardo pass him on the stretch? Or will it be a dark horse? Don't forget the final ballot on page 17, and here are the standings up to date:

(Figure in parentheses denotes latest week's standing.)

1. Ben Bernie (1) 9,779
2. Guy Lombardo (2) 7,386
3. Wayne King (3) 5,234
4. Rudy Vallee (4) 4,112
5. George Olsen (5) 3,078
6. Don Russo (6) 1,116
7. Cab Calloway (7) 974
8. Herbie Kay (11) 819
9. Hoyt Orne (12) 817
10. Paul Whiteman (8) 729
11. Isham Jones (10) 618
12. Abe Lyman (12) 542
13. Jack Dempy (13) 391
14. Joe Sanders (14) 347
15. Ted Weems (14) 344
16. Mark Fisher (16) 315
17. Frank Tubbs (11) 311
18. Hal Kemp (16) 296
19. Clyde McCoy (27) 296
20. Maurice Sherman (20) 295
21. George Hall (22) 292
22. Art Kassell (21) 287
23. Carl Moore (19) 234
24. Frankie Masters (22) 167
25. Don Pollack (24) 138
26. Rina Colombo (26) 137
27. Nelson Wynn (25) 137
28. Ozzie Nelson (28) 99
29. Harry Turner (47) 96
30. Jan Garber (29) 90
31. Happy Felton (30) 71
32. Don Pedro (31) 69
33. Half Face Jimmy (32) 69
34. Duke Ellington (34) 62
35. Smith Ballew (33) 54
36. Dave Egan (26) 54
37. Don Bestor (37) 50
38. William Cheatham (38) 48
39. Charlie Agnew (38) 44

(Leaders with less than forty votes not shown.)

DON RUSSO
It's time we win votes.
Radio Guide
Fred Allen  N. Phylharmonic Orchestra

Katherine Avery
Radio newcomer, she has been playing in Milligan and Milligan over CBS and WGN and other dramatic productions. Miss Avery was well known on the speaking stage as Katherine Hodgson.

www.americanradiohistory.com
Radio Guide
Tuesday, February 21

Easy Aces
Radio Guide

Willard Robison

WGN—2:30 P.M.

WBBM—3:00 P.M.

WFL—4:00 P.M.

WGN—5:00 P.M.

WBBM—6:00 P.M.

WFL—7:00 P.M.

WGN—8:00 P.M.

WBBM—9:00 P.M.

WFL—10:00 P.M.

WGN—11 P.M.

Wayne King

WMAQ—2:30 P.M.

WBBM—3:00 P.M.

WFL—4:00 P.M.

WGN—5:00 P.M.

WBBM—6:00 P.M.

WFL—7:00 P.M.

WGN—8:00 P.M.

WBBM—9:00 P.M.

WFL—10:00 P.M.

WGN—11 P.M.

Clubroom Exchange

Dear Sir:

Instead of forming or joining clubs for various activities, let us accumulate information about each individual, a group of fans has organized this way called the "Rhythm" club. In this manner, we will be able to give all the information about the groups, the better orchestra, and insure better and more reliable dope. We have already established contacts with such sources that will give us the jump on other organizations. Anyone who would be interested in such an organization please write to A. H. Cohanz, 841st Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Sincerely,

Katharine Caruthers,
8821 89th Avenue,
Woodlawn, Long Island

Gentlemen:

As president of the Stars' Friendship Club, I should like to say that I have been very much interested in your club and would be interested in publishing your letter in our "Clubroom Exchange" column.

The Stars' Friendship Club at the present time is boosting such well-known artists as King Crosby, Johnny Marvin, Will Osborne, Roddy Valle and Ruth Etting. The dues to the club entitles every member to a membership receipt, a list of fellow members and the Stars' Friendship Journal in a quarterly publication and contains news of the activities of the Honorary Members as well as articles concerning them. I shall be happy to welcome any member interested in any of these artists as members.

Sincerely yours,

Harold E. Nash, Jr.
213 edward Avenue,
Groton, Connecticut

Radio Guide

Dear Sir:

I think the Clubroom Exchange column the very best idea a radio magazine ever had. I should ap-
preciate it a great deal if you were to tell me whether there are any fan clubs for David Ross Roubinoff and Arthur Tracy. I would like to join any club for the above-mentioned radio stars.

Sincerely yours,

Bertha Gottlieb
36 West 46th Street
New York, New York

Clubroom Exchange

Dear Editor:

I notice in Clubroom Exchange a column that very badly the idea a radio magazine ever had. I should ap-
priate it a great deal if you were to tell me whether there are any fan clubs for David Ross Roubinoff and Arthur Tracy. I would like to join any club for the above-mentioned radio stars.

Sincerely yours,

Bertha Gottlieb
36 West 46th Street
New York, New York

Radio Guide

Dear Sir:

I am starting a "Ted Fiorito Fan Club," and I would like to get the fact before the radio public. While I don't know of a great deal about fan clubs, I do know that I intend to make this one a friendly fan club; all members to know just how it's run, and all members to be part of the club. Also, the first person who sends me a letter will be the captain of that particular division, if he so desires.

Sincerely yours,

Lucille Cornelius
4101 Monterey Street
Bakersfield, California

Gentlemen: I would like to get the low-down on your club, as I see one has been organized. Please print this letter, and I would like to hear from the club.

Sincerely yours,

Lucille Cornelius
City, Md.

Radio Guide

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the School of Radio, and I think it is an excellent way to cor-
respond with other radio fans. I am organizing a club in honor of Bing Crosby. All those who are interested please write to me for further details.

Sincerely yours,

Mildred Pueir
911 Dixwell Avenue
Hamden, Connecticut

www.americanradiohistory.com
INSPECTOR Malone slammed down the receiver of his telephone and turned two blazing eyes in the direction of his assistant, Joe Mattson.

"Somebody's shot Henry Sterling!" he bel lowed. "Radio station WQI . . . quick, Matty, we've got to go there!"

"Not Senator Sterling?" the younger man gasped, with evident bewilderment.

The veteran Chief of New York's Homicide Bureau hesitated for one brief second, nodding his head in the affirmative. Then he shouted orders with the rapidity of a machine gun.

"Yes!" he rasped, grabbing up his coat from the desk and kicking a brass cuspidor from the length of the room. "Beat it, Matty!" he commanded. "Tell Flaherty and Doc Graves to follow us with three men . . . leave word at the desk . . . you'll drive and we'll take three private . . ."

The Inspector scowled at the departing form of his assistant. Then his tense lips moved. "The dirty rat that pulled that trigger—he'll burn for it!"

Two minutes later, a high powered P. D. car was speeding toward First Avenue and the East River docks. It swerved to the left, then turned North on a broad thoroughfare. Inspector Malone sat next to the driver.

"Now give it the works!" he shouted. "Step on it, Matty! Step on it!"

From beneath the iron hood came an answering roar, a bloodcurdling shriek of warning from the speeding car. The speedometer shot up to sixty-sixty-five, finally seventy, while terrorized pedestrians stood on the sidewalks and gasped. Block after block was clipped off at this hectic pace.

Suddenly, the veteran homicide chief laid a hand on the arm of the man at the wheel.

"Slow down there!" he commanded. "Slow down there!"

He pointed to a dingy, four-story structure. "The one with the tawers on it, he shouted. "That's the aerial."

Across the top of the building was an oblong sign: "RADIO BROADCASTING STATION WQI."

A moment later, when the five men from Headquarters were ascending a flight of sticky stairs, the Inspector consulted his watch. Exactly eight minutes had elapsed since first news of the tragedy. He hurried to the main studio.

Sprawled on the floor, a few feet from the microphone, lay the body of United States Senator Henry Sterling.

Even in death, the ruddy oval face of the famous statesman, so well known to every newspaper reader in America, was sublime. The collar about his neck was unfastened, and the back of his coat was stained with blood. He lay on his right side, his legs spread apart. One of his hands clutched a typewritten manuscript. Inspector Malone ordered everyone out of the room.

Silently, reverently, the great detective gazed downward at the great statesman. Like one in a trance, the Inspector stood there. To him, it was incredible that Henry Sterling was dead, that his lips were forever sealed. The underprivileged masses had lost their staunchest defender. The government at Washington had lost a tower of strength. But the state of New York had lost its most able representative in half a century of national affairs.

The veteran police official called back dim memories of years before—how the dead man had fought for an honest police department; how he had engineered the clean-up which brought it about; then later, the countless deeds of service he had performed, after becoming a Senator. Help for the needy. Positions for the idle. Pensions for those unfortunate maimed by the World War.

A tear welled to the Inspector's eyes, an eye ordinarily as hard as blue steel. And during the swift passing interval, in which he lamented the loss of Henry Sterling, the friend, he swore bitter vengeance.

"Whoever did it has got to fry!" he whispered bitterly. "And by the Saints above, I'll get him, the dirty louse!"

He turned abruptly with a command to the man on the door. "Get Matty," he ordered.

Immediately he commenced a tour of inspection.

LIKE the general run of small broadcasting stations, WQI's walls were hung with red velour. The studio was approximately twenty-five feet wide by forty-five feet in length, with a heavily carpeted floor. A glass panel permitted a view of the control room and transmitter. A piano, piano bench, five chairs, a settee, the table upon which rested the microphone, and a clothes tree were all the furniture it contained.

The only opening, other than the door, was a small ventilator with wooden shutters, high upon the rear wall and overlooking the East River.

Mattson came through the door frowning. "Looks tough, Inspector," he said gloomily. "I've got their names and addresses and how long they've worked here. The men are all posted and—by the way—Flaherty and Doc Graves just now showed up."

The Inspector glanced studiously at Mattson's copious notes.

"Anybody know who did it?" he demanded.

"Swallow this one, Inspector," Mat tson returned. "They all say the Senator was alone!"

Inspector Malone hurried the notes to the floor. "The hell they do!" he stormed. "Get Doc and Flaherty!"

He was showily eyeing the ventilator, when the others came into the room.

"Why didn't they bump off the President?" frowned Doc Graves, a chubby little man, who wore a funny derby and tortoise shell glasses. For a moment he bent over the dead statesman in silence. "They'd a' died for him in my ward, Mal," he said finally. His eyes were moist when he looked up at the Inspector.

"Mine too, Doc," the Inspector mumbled. "Come on, boys. This is one time we'd better take our hats off."

Flaherty, a tall, gaunt and emotionless man, had been idly scanning the room. He removed his battered brown crusher and laid it on the table beside Doc Graves' derby. "The Inspector turned to Doc Graves, who was about to perform the post mortem.

"Better make it snappy, Doc. You'll find he was shot in the back by a .32 calibre gun. But you won't be able to tell from what height, because he couldn't be shot if he was sitting or standing. Matty, here, says the staff's ready to swear he was alone in the room. Look him over fast, Doc. You can give me a prelim—and finish up at the undertaker's."

Flaherty, the finger-print expert, was bending over the dead man. "Remember when Fanny died, Inspector?"

The other nodded, cursorily unaware of what his subordinate was coming to.

"Well," continued Flaherty, "he got my Tom a furlong from the Navy. "And on top o' that, he sent a wreck—now, by God, if I could get my hands on the guy that plugged him. I'd have a song and dance for the whole country."

"Then I hope you get the chance, Flaherty," said Inspector Malone. "It's the same all with us. But you'd better bring in the picture gun and get busy. You can print that tribe outside later on. Shoot the whole works here in the studio, everything in sight."

INSPECTOR Malone reached down for the manuscript in the murdered man's hand. While Doc Graves and Flaherty went through the usual routine, he studied it intently. Its first page was finished up and tossed it back upon the table.

"Well, Inspector," came a voice from behind. "Another little copper picnic, eh?"

Inspector Malone wheeled abruptly, frowned at the swaggering figure. "Oh, you?" he sneered. "I thought it was somebody!"

"Nope, wrong again, Inspector," said the other, "just poor, little me, crashing the gate—the uninvited guest."

Monte Drake, reporter for New York's most sensational tabloid, The Evening Vindicator, jerked hismelon shaped head in the direction of the big boy. "Some good boys now—word about that.

"Can't catch Malone. — and unless I get me three of them I makes it to the table. It's hooey!" he wanted to know who the gussies and the truck drivers and the bop heads.

"Another cracker?"

ONTOP of the police crusader, an office room to pay a visit to the Senator. Doc took a seat and sat down. "Well, fortune of the afternoon, Doc?"

"Walkin' around," was the reply. "They'd a' seen me, Inspector."

He wore his typewriter spectacles and sat on a leather chair.

"Come, now—what's all this about Campbell?"

"Oh, you know, Inspector."

The Inspector scanned the room (Continued)
Who Killed Senator Sterling as He Stood Alone in front of the Microphone? Follow The Trail of the Slayers with Inspector Malone in This Stirring Mystery

Who killed Senator Sterling as he stood alone in front of the microphone? Follow the trail of the slayers with Inspector Malone in this stirring mystery.
Radio Guide

By Evans Plummer

NO LESS than three independent
network enterprises have come to
my ears during the past several months, and now there is
a persistent rumor on Broadway that-
and it is the key station of a new NBC "white" network.

There is no doubt about the three independent enterprises. Ed Wynn and George W. Trendle, millionaire
owners of a Michigan station chain, are together in the Amalgamated
Broadcasting System, Inc., of New
York, which has approached a num-
ber of stations in the East and Mid-
west for affiliation. When under
way, the Wynn-Trendle network will
have one innovation. Instead of the usual stereotyped standby an-
ouncement at the conclusion of
each program, the Fire Chief
himself would crack wise for laughs and
to sustain listener interest.

I'm glad to see competition build-
ing for NBC and CBS. Check and
don't miss their shows. They'll
invite you, too, if they are smart,
for their competition is not with one
another or new chains, but with
other media and local stations. Some
day we'll see a dozen or more net-
works. I hope each one adds something
distinctive and original to the art of broadcasting. Variety
is the spice of life.

Live Mike-

THOSE new animated cartoon
movies of Am's 'Andy will be
as much enjoyed by the small
flop, "Check and Double Check",
which went over the two million
mark solely on fan curiosity but
didn't deserve it... Myrle and
Marge are behaving better of
their own accord. They keep
themselves so well lately that
there's nothing to print.

And did you know that Don
Beast, just admitted to the
Y'Veach musicians' union, may
pick up a commercial every week?
This same baton-wielder wrote that
girl, "Tropical Love Song."
He did it one morning, orchestrated
it that afternoon and sold it that
afternoon.

Free lunch and a Chicago radio
critics' audition unheard in the
new West Side Edition... Ed and
Mary McDonnell... In the Mysterious
Oxsey Roy Cohen's hit, "Fake
May Day... No one has seen
that elegant CBS singer, Harriet
Cruise, can warble so sweetly.
She's got a great deal of the old
Irish nobility... The coughless
maestro's name, Mike Porter, is
Waring: not Waring.

Dick Tracy's handsome big
solo sax and arranger, would
to go east to his home and his
beloved Jane Vance. She'll be
the key station of a new NBC "white" network.

(BBC) and NBC-WQAQ's Valentine's Day
and found a floor show as an added
come. Ann Garem is the opening
star... Eddie and Ralph
Columbia's Orchestra

(SNBC)

Her NBC-WENR network program, at 5:30 p.m.
Monday to Friday, has been renewed for another
year.

You can't fool the public... 

Roses are red—

Nurses are good. But on Valentine's Day
Plums for you.

But the one word ever fail

C. E. G., they'll be a piano trio.

They're all taking lessons! ... Art
Fassel came back to do another
ABC-WGN's "A
dress" show. But it
would be a bigger news if Gover-
lauren would start
drumming up licorice.... That
peach-appealing Hugh Hipple, new
Kassel

Nurse, is probably of

the air. But this week
we've been missing

and the Old Maestro's
personality expired all
over the program...

Hall and Charles Kallen for their new
"Brothers and Sisters.
Happiest tune on the NBC Minstrels.
And some dandy prunes for that
present (Feb. 9) announcement of the
Milf Brothers.... The scheduling
of NBC and CBS which places the
good "New York-Belasco bill and the
Lombard-Baron-Allen program on the
same bill but that you can't hear
both.... More prunes for the
Mark Fuller dance behind
without Milton Norman Barry.
He was good.

As for the Waring, Medbury pre-

Are you LISTENING? + + + Wons Answers:

LISTENING? + + + Wons Answers:

A letter from a dear 
friend

Favored by WGN, however, 

Progress

But when I saw

Richie the Irish nobility

WIGW-At the "Three Sisters "

WGN-Sun and Sylvia, drama.

WIGW-Buffalo and Georgia, drama.

WIGW-Nashville, drama.

WIGW-Wayne's Kings, Chicago.

WIGW-Willow's Kings, Detroit.

WIGW-Islam Jones (of CBS)

WIGW-Alice Roosevelt, Chicago.

WIGW-Red Feather, Buffalo, N.Y.

WGN-Woman's American Opera

WGN-Chicago's Opera.

(Correction from Page Five)

Three are those in hospitals
waiting patiently for something—
may be life, maybe death. Thesefor
those in prisons, wearing away their
three days in prison and weeping
in their dingy stone rooms; there
are those who are poor and broken
and desolate, trying to keep the
light of one's own personal
in the lonely

WGN-Nashville Opera

WGN-Grand Opera of the

WGN-Allen's Opera.

WGN-Max Fish's Orchestra.

WGN-Doctors, nurses, minis-

WGN-Medical Society.

WGN-Vincent's Opera

WGN-Program Special Engi-

WGN-Blackstone's Orchestra.

WGN-Philadelphia Sym-

WGN-Vincent's Opera.

WGN-Allen's Opera.

WGN-Allen's Opera.

WGN-Blackstone's Orchestra.

WGN-Blackstone's Orchestra.

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Baron Pearl

(THURSDAY CONTINUED)

8:30 P.M.  KYW—Tooter Sullivan and Son of St cloud, Iowa; dramas
WBBM—Cleve Millier's Orchestra
WCFL—Children's Chorus of NBC
WGN—Peanut Program; Col Stoopnagle and Band; WBBM—Έμμινο Νάσαφέλ
WJS—Visit Steve League
WSDF—Dramatic Sketch

8:45 P.M.

KYW—The Globe Trotter
WBBM—Dramatic Sketch (CBS)
WENR—Dramatic Sketch (CBS)
WBBM—The Bachelors (NBC)
WJS—Three Buddies

9:00 P.M.  KYW—The Gilded Glee
WBBM—Vocalized Orchestra
WCG—Vocalized Orchestra
WBBM—Big Lunteg and Buskers
WJS—Happy Shavers
WSDF—Two Lute Quartets

9:30 P.M.  KYW—The Coletto Quartet
WBBM—The Nelson Set
WCFL—New Orleans Jazz Band
WDG—Dover Variety Program
WBBM—Big Lunter and Buskers
WJS—Mary Mungan, tenor (CBS)
WMAQ—Danny Balley and Leo Sims (NBC)

10:15 P.M.  KYW—All Time's Orchestra
WBBM—Merry and Muzzy, drama (CBS)
WCG—Radio Variety Program
WBBM—Dream Ship
WJS—Bertie and Muriel
WBS—Marion Dunn, tenor (CBS)

10:45 P.M.  KYW—Sports Reporter
WCC—Solemnly Terrible Talk
WENR—Annie A. Andy (NBC)
WBBM—Jay's Orchestra
WJS—News
WJS—Columbia Symphony Orchestra (CBS)
WMAQ—Andy's Orchestra (NBC)

11:00 P.M.  KYW—Mark Foy's Orchestra
WCC—Fashion News
WENR—Dancing to Yesterday (NBC)
WBBM—Dancing and Mugwong
WJS—Glee and Muzzy, drama
WMAQ—Floyd's Orchestra

11:15 P.M.  KYW—Jack Champion's Orchestra
WCC—Polly's Cafe
WERK—Joseph Lanza, piano selections (NBC)
WBBM—Wayne King's Orchestra
WJS—Orville Langer's Orchestra
WJS—Isabel Jones' Orchestra (CBS)
WMAQ—Chicago City of Music

11:45 P.M.  WCC—Billie Holiday
WENR—Benton Originals
WJS—Benny Goodman Orchestra
WBBM—Mrs. J. W. Moll

12:00 A.M.  WCC—Bert Small's Orchestra
WENR—Majestic Orchestra
WJS—Wayne King's Orchestra
WBBM—Kidd Harmonica Orchestra
WBBM—Studio Variety Program
WJS—Bobby Matthews Orchestra
WBS—Edna Darrah's Orchestra (CBS)
WMAQ—Junior Hibberson Orchestra
WENR—Busk's Favorite Orchestra (NBC)

12:30 A.M.  WCC—Nathan Cole
WENR—Wayne King's Orchestra
WBBM—Charlie Coot's Orchestra
WJS—Curtis Brown Orchestra
WBS—EIGHT 8:30

12:30 P.M.  WCC—Glenn Miller Orchestra
WENR—Majestic Orchestra
WJS—Edna Darrah's Orchestra (NBC)

12:45 A.M.  KYW—Jack Coot's Orchestra
WBBM—Around the Town Dance Orchestra
WENR—Congratulations, Orchestras
WJB—Double Header Orchestra
WMAQ—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra (NBC)

Jazz King Ballot

My Choice for America's Jazz King is

VOTER: ______________________ CITY: ______________________

Mail Ballots to Contest Editor, Radio Guide, 345 W, 26th St, New York City

(You Can Vote this Ballot on a Postcard)

has been taken off Chicago outlets. WWJ, Detroit, is probably your best bet.

Mrs. J. R. F. Alna, Ark.—Booth Tarkington's 'Steed and Con tin Bill,' is broadcast over the NBC Blue chain at 5 p.m., CST, Monday, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Midwestern stations that carry it are KWK, WREX, KOIL and WMAG.

J. H. Zion, Ill.—WWBI and KMLO bring you Tony Wans programs every weekday morning.

L. B. Chicago, Ill.—Some sort of a Christmas dinner has been advertised. Gene and Glenn are expected over WNL in Cincinnati.

M. D. Chicago, Ill.—Ralph Kirby's still is featured on NBC's programs, but there is no Chicago outlet for his programs, either.

Mrs. V. R. F. Philadelphia, Pa.—Arthur Tracy is on a vaudeville tour just now, but he is heard intermit tently on CBS sustaining programs.

C. G. L., Petersburg, Ill.—"The Shadow" is given by NBC to only a few eastern stations. It comes at 7:30 p.m., EDT, Wednesday nights, from WEAF, WJZ, WJAR, WTAG, WGY, WRC, WJ W.

Mrs. J. C. W. Danville, Ill.—Major Bowes, Capitol Family is another NBC program that has not been reached through Chicago WOC, WHO, WSM, WKY and WOAI are some of the midwestern outlets.

R. H., New Orleans, La.—Otie Nelson has taken George Olsen's place in the Hotel New Yorker, but Olsen is making vaudeville performances. Nelson may be heard over NBC chain stations at irregular intervals.

A. J. K., Godfrey, Texas—Eddie and Ralph, the Sistahs of the Skillet, are no longer sponsored, but they can be heard daily except Saturday and Sunday at 1:45 p.m., CST, over the NBC Blue network, WBBM and WMAG.

L. L., Baltimore, Md.—Ralph Kirby's first broadcast in Sep tember, 1939, over a local New Jersey station. He jumped to WOR and WMAG in New York, and went NBC in September, 1931. He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, 1901.

—ADVERTISEMENT—

Wednesday night... 7:30...

We present the World's Fair All Star Minstrels in their grand introductory overture... and with a BANG... the merry minstrels are on their way... and as the end man sings... First we gotta have some tambourines—Some costumes of course, it naturally seems—Next we gotta have some music gay—without some melody you might not stay—Four funny end men—count them if you will—with songs and jokes that'll give you a thrill—Where's Mr. Smith we'll joke about you— and where is Mr. Brown—you'll get a laugh too...

And we'll bet you'll get plenty of laughs, as you listen to this real old time minstrel show... with real old time minstrel men... There's Billy Broad, Dan Holt, Bobby Ashes and Wallie Kennedy—comedians... Jack King, Merrill Jones, Blackwell and Joseph Lincoln... soloists... Ralph Winkenwerder, Interlo cuator, Jack Higgins, The Musical Director... and that dancin' fool... George Martin... Tune in... Wednesday nights at 7:30...
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<th>Time</th>
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<th>Host</th>
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<td>5:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WGES—Sunshine Special</td>
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<td>6:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WAFM—Farly Folk Show</td>
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<td>6:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Good Morning Program</td>
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<td>6:35 A.M.</td>
<td>WLS—Silver Link</td>
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<td>6:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WBBM—Good Morning</td>
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<td>6:55 A.M.</td>
<td>WGES—Musical Tea</td>
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<td>7:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KYW—Musical Club</td>
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<td>7:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WBBM—Farce International</td>
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<td>7:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WGES—Chamber Music and Dixie Morn</td>
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<td>7:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Music Class</td>
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<td>8:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WLS—The Colleen Trill; Ralph Emerson</td>
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<td>8:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WMAP—Lettie Gib (NBC)</td>
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<td>8:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WGBH—Freedom</td>
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<td>WGES—Silver Line</td>
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<td>WJJD—Ginn Class</td>
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<td>9:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WLS—Sahara’s Tambarese</td>
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<td>9:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WMBV—Morning World</td>
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<td>9:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WBBM—Christian Science Churches of America</td>
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<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WCFL—Loring, inspirational talk (NBC)</td>
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<td>10:05 A.M.</td>
<td>WBOO—Frankie Marvin, Country Ballads</td>
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<td>10:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—C. Citrus Hour</td>
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<td>10:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WBSN—Breakfast</td>
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<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WGES—Prairie Club</td>
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<td>WBBM—Morning Mass</td>
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<td>WBOO—Franklin</td>
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<td>12:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Happy Go Lucky Time</td>
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<td>12:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WBSN—Big Band concert</td>
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<td>12:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WBGH—Musical Gems</td>
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<td>1:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WCLF—The Traveling Club</td>
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<td>1:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WGEA—Gene Autry, Wailing Cowboy</td>
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<td>1:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WBBM—Modern Living; Lindsay’s Magic</td>
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<td>2:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WCFL—Dance Music</td>
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<td>2:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WBOO—Saturday Night</td>
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<td>2:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Radio School of the Bible</td>
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<td>3:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WGBH—Music Special; 60 minute recital</td>
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<td>3:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WBOO—Saturday Night</td>
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<td>3:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Studeo Carnival</td>
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<td>3:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WGBH—Wednesday, Gospel Program</td>
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<td>4:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WBOO—Radio School of the Bible</td>
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<td>4:15 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—Waltz and Fradure</td>
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<td>4:30 A.M.</td>
<td>WGBH—Music Special; 60 minute recital</td>
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<td>4:45 A.M.</td>
<td>WJJD—June concert</td>
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<td>WBBM—Morning Mass</td>
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www.americanradiohistory.com
MISGIVINGS fill my mind as I write the Garden Hour, starting its third session Sunday (4:30 p.m. over WMAQ). The hours air well-produced and well-liked songs, . . . those best loved by the public.

This is the last of the concert and operatic stage will continue, as in the past, to give the public what it wants—or what the sponsor thinks it wants. Musicians will continue to suffer and hear superior talents wasted on mediocrities, back- neyed, even trashy material. So far as the advertiser is concerned, the public will have been satisfied.

Perhaps the advertiser is correct. Without any more reliable indicat or of listeners' tastes than few mail, the sponsor's judgment will not be disputed. He believes that the balance of his product, the larger public, are interested in hearing old time favorites come and over and over again. The greater the talent, the bigger the name, the more prolific material, the better their receiving sets. So runs the book of prophecy!

If that is the policy, and if it pro duces sales, the aim is achieved. The advertiser is not responsible for improving the public's taste.

## Programming

He might be assured, however, of reaching his objective if he always handled artists with a universal appeal. John McCormack, Lawrence Tibbett, and a few others, can "pull" the public into a similar ads. But there are good musicians, with superior talent and operatic backgrounds, who cannot sing English convincingly. They are not "at home" in the programs which they broadcast. Their uninitiated efforts fail to appeal to the most casual listener, and are offensive to the sensitive musician.

The planning of the broadcast recital requires more discrimination than the impressing of the listening groups and their agents. Choosing names with drawing-power from an artists' roster to sing the public's

## Garden Hour

We shall hope for the best from the Garden series. Two excellent artists will be featured on the opening broadcast. Cole Gade sings this Sunday. A most promising number of the latest Chicago Civic Opera Company, at Metropolitan, Carmen and Aida in "Il Trovatore," Miss Glade recently sang Carmen in Radio City's opening bill. Her voice is a warm and powerful contralto, one of the few voices known today. She has promised Dallapiccola's familiar "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice."

The second program features Esma Melis, the American coloratura with a perfect torch. Mr. Melis has been heard frequently by New Yorkers over WJR and elsewhere. She will be assisted by a male quartet and the Vigo Little Symphony.

Good Recital

There remains, however, the more significant problem: What can the serious lover of music expect from the radio?

If he must depend on the advertiser, the claim is that the general pub lic is in the minority. And no mat ter how influential that minority is, it does not receive much consideration.

The Symphonic broadcasts and the Metropolitan Opera are sus taining features. The networks desire to explain the grand and rare, and when they have not presented a compar ably recital or chamber music series that the facts, the advertisers have been too high. Like everything else, they are coming down.

It should be recognized, further, that music does not always de mand the manipulations of celebrated personalities. The same type of artist that the advertiser requires—one with a large "beau tiful voice"—is not needed for the finest radio programs.

Perhaps the directors of our net works underestimate the intelligence of the public and its potential knowledge. Something that is real and genuine in musical terms, something that has been pre sented, might receive support.

At least, it would be worth the trial.

## Children's Concerts

Walter Damrosch, who we heard recently give a fine concert (July 26, New York, and July 27, Chicago) to Germany, presents a pro gram illustrating Nature in Music and Form in Music (Friday, 10 a.m. over NBC-KYW).

The first includes Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "The Garden of Love Flowers." From Dvořák's "New World Symphony;" and Jeanine Strauss, "Pulcinella;" "The Rain and Lightning."

Form in music is illustrated by Feist's "My Old Kentucky Home," Bach's "Air for the G String," Dvorak's "From the New World," Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. Ernest Schelling will act as both commentator and soloist for the Philharmonic Young People's Concert Saturday, 10 a.m. over CBS-WMAQ, with music by Chopin's H minor Piano Concerto, and conduct Powell's "National on the Hill," the Limerick and Scherzo from Haydn's "Irish Symphony;" and Ode from Gustav Holst's birthday (from Bee thoven's Ninth Symphony, words by Oliver Wendell Holmes), and "Mooro."
Radio Guide

STOOPNOCRACY and STOOPNAGLE

(Continued from Page Three) of those who furnish methods for eliminating them.

For instance, if a fellow pales be- hind me in a movie theater and

musses my coat with his elbow, and I tell Bud about it, then I become a Stoopnagler.

Then, if Bud makes his in the now for doing it, he becomes a Stoopnogler.

Anyone wishing to become a Stoopnagler must first send in to us either a suggestion for something to be eliminated, or a means of eliminating something. Then, if he qualifies for membership, he must make the oath of allegiance to Stoopnocracy, which I am making public now for the first time. There are nine points to the oath, which are given in full in:

1. I swear to stuff all the stuff in connection with Stoopnocracy.

2. I think Stoopnocracy is peachy.

3. Machinery, I believe, is either the foe of the man and as such should be treated accord-

ingly, unless there is an antidote.

4. I believe in work more and leisure and often in less leisure and more work, or vice versa.

5. I can spell St-o-o-p-n-o-g-l-e-r correctly.

*Not to be confused with the animal that plays on the side of hills.

6. I’ll play the game.

7. I am against taxes on bath-

robes cords.

8. That in all I can think of right now.

Summarily dismissed. Summarily we roll along.

Stoopnocracy really is in its

in-fancy. We haven’t even had time to select a slogan. Several have been suggested, however. Here are a few of them:

“Help the cause of Stoopnocracy, or bust!"

“How about the cause of Stoopnocracy, or help the cause!"

“Stoopnocracy sort of doesn’t care much about slogans, so maybe we’ll just shout all of these up as an

“Help!” I am sure you readers felt saying that right off.

Stoopnocracy, as I said before, really begins when Technocracy becomes the Technocrats and troubled by the economic situation that causes them to try to jump down, down, dawn on all charts. In newspapers and newsreels the Technocrats have been exhibiting worthless charts such as Stoopnagogue No. 1 shown at the top of page 3.

As in tune with this chart, all the Technocracy charts show the heavy line going down until it reaches the point marked “Now” which seems to be about the same.

The problem the Technocrats are trying to solve is how to make these lines go up again about the upswing.” I think they term it.

Well, Stoopnocracy has succeeded where Technocracy has failed. The now stands half a chart and there-

fore is only half as confusing and half as inscrutable as regular charts. You will note also that General Stoopnagogue No. 2 starts with “Now” in the lower left hand corner. Since there is no other place for the lines to go, they must go up, as is shown in Stoopnagogue No. 5.

In short, the whole point of this illustration is that the line tried several times to drop down but was forced to continue up. Thus, Technocracy has brought forth a chart that partly illustrates and easily with this new chart.

Naturally, the question arose and has been answered in Technocracy charts. Stoopnagogue did not fail when this crisis arose.

Technocracy has always pay the game. It was found that the Technocracy charts make as pecky tick-tack-toe, which had been used more than ten times the same week on the air.

3. Radio would never be referred to as “ether” or “eterizing.”

4. The people who sponsor the musical note that tells you what time it is would have a contest on the air, just to be different from the other programs. They would say, “we'll play five or six different

musical notes and they say, “Oo-oo,” which means none at all. Or, then again, they could designate it flat as their musical note, and instead of playing just this one note at 9 p.m., they could have a dance note, a song note, “My Time Is Your Time.” At the conclu-

sion of the selection the announce-

“Guess how many of our musical notes there were in this song. To the person who guesses the correct answer, we will send a letter within the next two weeks telling him what time it was I heard this program.”

There are many more changes Stoopnocracy would effect, but I must wait until another day to tell you about them. For now I am going out to organize a Stoopnocracy parade. There will only be one person in the parade, so as to block traffic, and I’ve got to try to figure out who this one person should be.

If Radio Guide will permit me to do it, I should like to write more at a later date telling of some more evils we shall eliminate, and how we are going to get rid of them. Bud, my partner, is a droll fellow. He come up to me the other night and says, "Mr. Colonel, tell me the names of some of the most prominent

RADIO MILITARY BLOODHOUNDS

Funnboners

FACTORY MILITARY BLOODHOUNDS

1:30 P.M. --- Variety Orchestra (NBC)

10:50 P.M. --- King’s Variety Orchestra (NBC)

11:10 P.M. --- Variety Orchestra (NBC)

(Continued from Page Four) of opposite directions to give it sta-

The child tried and immediately

screwed up from pain.

The mother telephoned to advice outside about it and I found time to tell her that I heard her scream and I knew how badly it hurt.

"You just keep trying," I urged. "I'll give it time, the cart is perfect.

Space precludes me going on with similar cases but these will suffice to give the idea of what goes on behind the scenes in the "Uncle Dom" programs

"It is a long time I will be in broadcasting, but some day, I’m going to try to get a small farm and then live in the country. I am happy within the roar of the surf. I will have to be able to go "a-fishin’ with some youngsters and do some reflection on what’s gone.

"Goodnight little (and big) friend of mine."
The MICROPHONE MURDERS

By Leslie Hewartood

(continued from page thirteen) the details about the owner of station WQI.
Senator Royal, owner of station WQI, was the conclusion the grasping
letters proclaimed. And the lover of radio stations hinted that
senators were in league with some-
one of the station.
Inspector Malone read the first two par-
graphs.

am sufficiently re-

The most sensational re-

The first introduced a young

flavor, the eyes of Eve

Inspector Malone scowled

The Inspector's face worried

NATURALLY, we'll ask the

WILL MATTSON cut the

Steve (See Page Fifteen)

bANNER headlined Monte

This was he the last seen

I didn't say, Inspector.

And that's all you know, Mr.

he told the man in the

“Whose do you say, Miss Rand-

“And you heard no shot?”

“Who did it sound like?”

I didn't speak, Inspector. "You're

When had she gone from the

She had screamed that

He was convicted of

The studio.

“Say, Sadie Meighan.”

I should have been there when

As for the Spanish girl, her face

The Spanish singer, actress,

That isn't a racketeer, but a

whatchamacallit

STOP! I say, where are

If you say, Miss Rand-

He's one of the best shots in

“Why don't you say it, Inspector?

If you're sure, you're

The voice said hoarsely, “I didn't

“Who did it sound like?”

Who was it, then? You're sure
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www.americanradiohistory.com
Oodles of Plums

Dear V. O. L.:

Although I have taken your worthwhile magazine from the first copy and during that time have written many things for you, I have never had a chance to hear a thing from one of them yet so here’s hoping that this gets into your hands soon.

I have a couple of plums to hand out and so here they are... Plums to Ben Berlin’s irresistible line of chatter along with more plums for Dick Stabile’s well arranged arrangements and even better hot sax playing. To Pat Kennedy, many thanks for your patient work for vocals and all the lads for excellent playing. Plums to Bing Crosby and his companion, Eddie Lang, andennie Hayton’s band who complete another great show.

And a host of them to radio’s greatest songwriters, Johnny Morris and Bing, for their radio for going on the blitz every time you start listening to Joe Sanders.

In closing, let me award all the plums in this universe to Rudy Vallee. And also to Phil Harris for his excellent work, though he’s here only on occasion.

A Satisfied Reader

Martin Driscoll

Hey, Mildred Bailey

Granite City, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I salute you for having supplied a publication long wanted and needed. A Magazine that has this has always been a thing plus thing. We send you plums and you send your orchid is big enviable. Send me a plum like you have on your cover.

Your ramona article was good and congrats to Pop Deane White, man, but to me there is just one singer of songs for the Dean and Mildred Bailey is her name.

By the way I wonder if Gracie Allen’s brother has anything to do with this technocracy talk? Keep up the good work, Mildred. I’ll have the plum marketcornered.

Miss Hattie Shepard

Give Value Credit

Middleton, Delaware

Dear Sirs:

I disagree with Deanna Hansell’s remark in her letter saying that Rudy Vallee is tiresome. Why not give the boy credit? He’s a hard worker and you must admit that he has a very sweet voice and sings all his songs with enthusiasm that he should be sung. I also think that you should have used his name as well as his talent and his wonderful voice.

Gene Davis

Crashing the Chains (Continued from Page Two)

Ray Charles

Dear Sirs:

I am a constant reader of the Raymondo Guide and think of it as a great band Guy has. He is good, but his music becomes tiresome as every number is arranged about the same. His music is only sweet, whereas such bands as Isham Jones, Eddy Duchin, Ted Weems, Hal Kemp and others are just as smooth as you would like and I believe the Lombardo Guide to be an excellent music critic.

J. M. K.

It’s the Cats

Gentlemen:

I have of late been lured by the words of Raymondo Guide and thanking you again for that lovely piece of writing by Ben Allen.

Mrs. Wm. R. Pfeil

York, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

There is some truth in your remarks, but I believe that the author is wrong. The music of Raymondo Guide is excellent, and I would suggest that you write more about this great tenor.

R. R. Roughton

Write Another Anyway

Hambal, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

While in Ohio recently I purchased a Raymondo Guide, I was appalled by the lack of detail on programs I had been told to expect the excellent service of the New York papers and I had been told that your paper furnished a similar service for those in the hinterland. Why must you limit your music critic to a more column and a half?

Toscanini is arriving next month, I am wondering if you will feature him on the front page. Week after week you have placed stories and pictures of the great blues singers on your front page. Yet men who are really important figures in our music have never been mentioned or awarded a single column. Are these men that are internationally prominent too much for the “Guide”?

Let your excellent music critic express himself! -R. R. Roughton

Write Another Anyway

Bemont, Ill.

My Dear Sirs:

That high F sung by Martini Guide, I wish to point out that its critic labeled it correctly. The tenor did not hold the tone after he reached it. I listened to the Gentleman from Vermont again last night and read the expression of admiration of Baltimore in this week’s Guide. I do not agree entirely.

Martini has a fine voice. He sings well but not as well as who read a great artist. Neither is “Contrary Mary Farnsworth.” Let us know more of Hilda Burke, Ernest Hutchison and Bruno Walter. And have Mr. Smith write about the music, not what he is saying, while Alice Fair and Hilda Cole write “slush.” I will be glad to talk about them not all your readers are ignorant of music. There is a difference between criticism and Ballyhoo.

Yours Truly

For Better Music

Page Jackie Heller

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Vox Popper of The Voice:

After poring through your January 23-24 edition of Raymondo Guide I find that I am not the only listener who has been disappointed in hearing Little Smilin’ Jackie Heller any more. For popularity and real music diction he takes my vote. There is a “Little Jackie Heller Club” in Pittsburgh which used to meet every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7 p.m. but after a number of excellent broadcasts we find that instead of Little Smilin’s appealing voice covers the gutteral throat-songs of some political speaker. How come? Doesn’t he rate with the NBC officials?

To pair with Jackie we are all in favor of his “Beau Brummell” and Amahane Hathaway. Here’s to Ben Bernie for further exploration of Little Jackie Heller.

H. L. Halen

(set of J. L. Heller Club)
HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

COMEDY

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19—Eddie Cantor, the banjo eyed booby, on NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.
Fred Allen, the dead pan comedian, and his revue is on CBS-WGN at 8 p. m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20—Groucho and Chico Marx—"Flywheel Shyster and Flywheel," attorneys at law. Still trying to grab a case, these mad comedians are on NBC-WSM at 6:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21—Ed Wynn, The Fire Chief, again giggles his comedy repertice with Graham McNamee on NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22—Burns and Allen will be with you again even if Miss Allen finds her brother. They’re on CBS-WGN at 8:30 p. m.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23—Jack Pearl as the Baron Munchausen continues to "Van de Shariel" on NBC-WENR at 9 p. m. Stoopnagle and Budd and their mad comedy may be heard on CBS-WGN at 8:30 p. m.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24—Al Jolson again brings his comedy and songs to you on NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25—The Funnyboners, that trio of funsters, come to you on CBS-WBBM at 5:45 p. m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19—New York Philharmonic Orchestra direct from Carnegie Hall and presented by CBS-WGN at 2 p. m.
Paul Whiteman’s Rhythmic Concert on NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.


TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21—Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. The old maestro again plays for you on NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.
Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra over NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.
Howard Barlow and his Symphony Orchestra on CBS-WJKS at 10 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22—Symphony concert with Henry Hadley as guest conductor on NBC-WTAM at 8 p. m. World premiere of Henry Hadley’s tone poem, “The Ocean,” and his opera “A Night in Old Paris,’’ will also be played.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23—Rudy Vallee and his guest stars on NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.
Captain Henry’s Showboat featuring Charles Winninger and Lanny Ross, on NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24—Cities Service Concert, featuring Jessica Dragonette, soprano, on NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.
Leonard Hayton and his augmented orchestra on WABC network at 9 p. m.
Symphony Orchestra, with Mary Eastman, soprano, as soloist. Presented by CBS-KMOX at 8:15 p. m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25—Boston Symphony Orchestra on NBC-KYW from 9 to 11:15 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19—"Roses and Drums," with De Wolf Hopper on CBS-WGN at 4 p. m.
Great Moments in History on NBC-WLS at 6:30 p. m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20—"Fu Manchu" mystery—another Sax Rohmer episode on CBS-WGN at 7:30 p. m.
"The Country Doctor" with Phillips Lord on NBC-WLS at 7:45 p. m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21—Eno Crime Club on NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.
"Magic Voice" featuring Elsie Hitz on CBS-WGN at 7:15 p. m.
CARTER—enjoys his "Shadow," that fascinating mystery drama, continues on NBC-WBEN at 7:30 p. m.

VOCALISTS

RUTH ETTING—CBS-WGN. Monday and Thursday at 8 p. m.
MORTON DOWNEY—NBC-WENR, Wed. at 8:30 p. m.; CBS-WJJS, Thurs. at 9:45 p. m.; and Sat. at 9 p. m.
BING CROSBY—CBS-WGN. Wednesday and Saturday at 8 p. m.
DONALD NOVIS—NBC-WENR, every Wednesday at 8:30 p. m.
MILLS BROTHERS—CBS-WGN, Monday and Thursday at 8:15 p. m.
WHISPERING JACK SMITH—CBS-WGN, Mon., Wed. at 7 p. m. and Thurs. at 7:15 p. m.
KATE SMITH—CBS-WGN, Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30 p. m.
BOSWELL SISTERS—CBS network over WJJS, Thurs. at 9:30 p. m., and WBBM Sat. at 8:15 p. m.
STREET SINGER—CBS network over WCCO on Fri. at 9:30 p. m. and Sun. at 11:45 a. m. Saturday broadcasts at 6:45 p. m. over WBBM.

NEWS

EDWIN C. HILL—at 9:30 p. m. on CBS network over WJJS Monday and Tuesday.
BOAKE CARTER—at 6:45 p. m. on CBS-WBBM on Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Fri.
LOWELL THOMAS—at 5:45 p. m. on NBC-WLW Mon., Tues. Wed., Thurs. and Fri.
FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE—"The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," on CBS-WISN at 6 p. m. Saturday.