Guy Lombardo
A Swell Guy
By Whitney Bolton

The Bachelors of Radio
By Larry White

HOW "SHERLOCK HOLMES" CAME to RADIO by Frank H. Lovette
RALPH KIRBERY

SQUINT into the domestic status of any of the male stars of radio, and you will find the strongest discovery that fans mail from the fair sex is falling on deaf ears if it seeks to have these Monial state. More than a score of the leading personalities on the air have quelled demands to continue in single blessedness. Any one of the imposing group would cause the heart of a maiden to flutter in palpitation expectancy.

And if the would-be bride is at all particular about the part he has played in the general scheme of radio, she should be apprehensive because the list of eligible bachelors runs from orchestra leaders to composers, singers and announcers. A husband can be supplied from almost any department.

Picking at random twenty-one of the leading bachelor stars of radio, the list offers thirteen singers, four orchestra leaders, three announcers and one composer, all of whom have been found in their bloom up the ladder of success without recourse to marriage.

If a young lady's taste runs to singers she may attempt to hitch her wagon to such bachelor stars as Tommy McLaughlin, Harry Franklin (Singin' Sam), Richard Maxwell, Henry M. Shope, Al Darby, Johnny Hart, Frank Parker, Ralph Kirbery, Lanny Ross, John Fogarty, Charles Carlile, Whispering Jack Smith or Phil Regan.

If she thinks she could put up with an orchestra leader around the house, the way is all clear for her to have Cupid aim an arrow in her behalf at Ozzie Nelson, Abe Lyman, Leon Hovsepian, Howard Haydn. If a composer, she may cast eyes on Emery Deutsch and if something more prosaic in disposition she may find among the announcers Fred Utal, Ben Grauer or John S. Young.

These selections are just to give mildly an idea. There is no occasion to say that she may open an avenue to the intimacy of the illustrious bachelors. Justice McLaughlin once held the record for being the youngest baritone in the world. When a youngerster, he got lost at a bazaar. The family immediately dispatched a searching party and found him singing "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" before a delighted audience.

From that day on his singing was taken seriously and he was sent to the best teachers for instruction. The years that followed saw him touring the country with Vincent Lopez and then joining Major Bowes at the Capitol Theater. Singin' Sam entered radio by the back door, so to speak, inauspicious as he did not come in through the usual audition channel. A friend asked him to sing on a lawn mower program at a Connecticut station once and Singin' Sam has been in, and in strong, ever since. He has a song for everyone log on just about everybody to grandma. He is an ardent radio fan, too, but can never get home from the studio fast enough to hear his own programs. He has a hunting lodge in Maine that sends many a day there stalking deer.

Richard Maxwell used to sing bars in the college glee club. Then along came Galli-Galli and convinced him that he was a tenor. He was understudy for John Steele in the Music Box Revue and was later featured in The Lady in Ermine. His fine tenor voice is a regular feature over the air.

Henry M. Shope is an excellent tenor who found inspiration in the teachings of his mother, also a singer. He left Pennsylvania for New York and was with Winthrop Anne's Gilbert and Sullivan company for several years. He is on the air with the New Yorkers' Quartette and the A. and P. Gypsy Trio. Parker sang in operettas before becoming a radio star and has a world of experience behind him even though he is only twenty-five.

Ralph Kirbery's main devotions are girls and fishing but fishing must get the nod because he has been heard to say, "Fishing interferes with your business." Ralph used to charm the girls with his rich baritone voice. Then came a radio audience and he has been at the top ever since. He thinks so much of the girls, however, that he would not marry one only to leave her alone while he went on one of his frequent fishing expeditions.

Lanny Ross, tall and typically good looking college man, evinces characteristics of a strong but silent personality. Although he excelled in sports at Yale he forebore an opportunity of competing in the Olympic games so that he could tour Europe with the Yale Glee Club. He lives with his parents and occupies his leisure moments in quiet reading and study. He is a man of serious moods who is too sincere to suffer from a swelled head and whose ambition does not base from success.

Even radio tenors have hobbies and we find John Fogarty wherever one catches the scent of race horses. This is not difficult to understand when you realize that Fogarty was brought up on a ranch in Montana until the time he joined the doughboys in the World War. He studied voice culture with Louise Chartiere in Canada.

When Charles Carlile started to sing he considered it only as a hobby. But he applied himself so well he was offered a scholarship in a national radio contest which paved the way for him to study music in New York and Berlin. Within a very few years he has been featured on several outstanding programs.

Whispering Jack Smith, forty-year star of crooners, was on the air in the days when radio consisted of something slightly more than a tube and a wire. Even with the deluge of newcomers he has managed to keep his name on top.
GUY LOMBARDO: Swell Guy

In Which Your Interviewer Shows Why Little Boys Are Crazy If They Want to Become Policemen

By Whitney Bolton

GUY LOMBARDO

Carmen has just rushed in with the information that it was neither Sebastian nor Johannes Sax who invented the saxophone; it was Antoine Joseph Sax. It doesn't matter. It could have been Siegfried Sax and Carmen would have been just as elegant at the work of making music come out of the instrument. Lebert Lombardo, not to be outdone by Brother Guy at the fiddle and Brother Carmen at the saxophone, offered himself as a trumpet man in the orchestra. Guy accepted him with cheers, because when Brother Lebert gets on the business end of a trumpet that trumpet makes music to curl your soul up with delight. Two years ago big brother Victor Lombardo mastered the intricacies of the saxophone and applied for work; he got it. Then Lebert decided to join Carmen in the singing. He was allowed to. For all I know, there may be two or three more brothers back home working night and day to perfect themselves so they can join Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians. If they are like Carmen, Lebert, Victor and Guy I hope there are more.

The Roy Band of Ontario isn't so old, or, rather, wasn't so long ago. It was in 1923. Ten years Guy is still a very young man, so you can imagine that the neighborhood maestro was just about bare-hi to a bull fiddle when he became Conductor Lombardo.

Much of the charm which the 1923 boy must have had still remains. It is an engaging, enthusiastic young charm. It is a charm which combines modesty with ambition. And if you think modesty isn't a tough job, try being the kind of conductor Guy is. Young personable, an excellent musician, an easy personality—plus popularity with the smart younger set. These in combination would be enough to affect the modesty of most any young man. What they have done to most of our orchestra leaders is obvious, because our orchestra leaders in the main are what Uncle Alf Whiteside down in South Carolina used stomaching to describe as "conceited pups." Not so Maestro Lombardo.

As a matter of fact, his reaction to popularity and fan mail falls somewhere between frank delight and astonishment.

I asked him about fan mail, mass letters, all of the things which accrue to a personable young orchestra leader who broadcasts swell music on a big network. I meant women. He replied:

"Look at this marvellous! There is a station in Philadelphia which broadcasts my music on a short wave length. People on the other side sometimes pick it up. Look at this letter from fourteen doctors in a Dublin medical school. They work hard, their time is filled, and they took time to sit down and write me how they liked my music. All the way from Dublin, I think that's marvellous." I insisted on feminine fan mail.

"Look, here's another thing. Some people living in Germany heard the music and they wrote back to ask where they could get records I had made. I told them and then one night a German came in here and thanked me for having told him about the records. He came here to tell me that. Those things make me happy.

What can you do with a man like that? He isn't to be envied by any of the girls in your feminine fan mail common to orchestra leaders. I suspect he's got too much sense to get interested. It is flattering to know that guy's music is appreciated, of course—beyond that, no soap. I could only wish, as a long sufferer from the fatigues of orchestra leaders, including two of our most celebrated cities before they would treat the late Guy in more than his music. They

(Continued on page 23)
How to BECOME a LISTENER

A

L of the present day
Writers and Thinkers... Thinkers are generally Writers who do not think what they write... but taking it vice versa, up to this hour... these men have ignored the Gentle Art of Listening as a servant of the arts of their pens. The Art of Making Noise is flagrantly publicized in magazines, newspapers and pamphlets.

I've to read a story in New Confessions. Before you have completed the list of accounts of how the girl interior decorator fought for her rights and won, as usual, you still have wasted through countless ads telling you

HOW TO BECOME A PUBLIC SPEAKER... HOW TO MASTER THE SNAPE DRUM...

HOW TO YELL FOR HELP...

IF YOU USE A TOUCH NEIGHBORHOOD AND HOW TO BLOW A FACTORY WHISTLE IN THE EVENT THAT THINGS GET BETTER.

In other words, there are scores of organizations willing to coach and tutor you in the raucous profession of NOISE MAKING but not one line from an Institute suggesting that if you clip the coupon you can master the art of keeping still... and LISTENING.

As soon as my bill is brought to the attention of Congress, I pledge myself to champion the noble Art of Keeping Still... and LISTENING...

And while I am off the subject it may be well to explain the above bill which I have failed to have submitted to the house so long my wife thought it was high time the bill cluttered up the Senate for a change and acted as an antidote for homely Long.

The bill, drawn up by the writer on a moment of rhapsodic pique, provides for the lowering of mail-boxes throughout the country. With lower mail-boxes, mail-stops away on vacations can reach up and stuff a post-card into the Government receptacles.

Not one of you readers, I venture to say, can look me in the eye and state, truthfully, that you have ever received a picture postcard from a midget acquaintance reading "Having a fine time. Wish you were here”, or "Went in the water yesterday and was startled by a nearby mother who mistook me for her child".

People are wont to say "The elephant never forgets but man can get never remember". This is unsafe to your tiny acquaintances. Thousands of small problems inners employ themselves annually and would be only too glad to inform their friends if it were humanly possible. Hundreds of midget romances have been nipped in the bud... (Editor's Note... Colonel Stroopgange was nipped in the Rudd in the Great Flood in '94 but suffered no ill effects)...

thanks to the present elevation of the mail-box. For example, a writer traveling salesman is called away on business.

After weeks of waiting, the diminutive farmer's daughter, receiving no mail from him, dries her eyes and enters a Junior Convent. Her heart is broken and she pit-a-pats through life never knowing that her lover wrote each day but was unable to reach the mail-box opening with his thunder scroll. A young relation which throns the lore of our lives. These are trying times, folks. If wages, salaries, stocks and prices can come down, so can Mail Boxes.

When this Bill is passed, I shall devote the rest of my life to missions with potential Listeners. For the present, in my haste to reach the great minority, and the end of this article, I am forced merely to sketch a brief outline of the conditions necessary, and the equipment needed by those who would become Radio Listeners.

The first and outstanding qualification essential to the embryonic Farmer Listener, and plenty of tame time if it hangs heavy on your hands... don't be discouraged. Turn on the nearest radio and let tone hang heavy on your ears. You will be unpubbed to find it difficult to listen at first. After you have heard "You're an Old Sport", or "Sooner or later"... listen in time within the hour, the natural tendency is to give vent to some oral rough stuff.

This might ease your feelings, for the moment, but in later years your blood pressure will increase of its own accord, so why hasten congested arteries and post-prandial whimpering, "Haste makes waste" as the gentle ninonette said to the bosom dowager who had the reputation of running from crumple to crumple and from banquet to buffet lunch.

There is certain paraphernalia you will need after you are launched on your career as a Listener. I list these trappings here and suggest that you purchase the articles without further ado... or with ado if you prefer it. Apart from your ears, with which you have been equipped if you are normal, and a radio set which you surely own if you are sub-normal, or solvent, you will want...

100 Place Postcards... 1 Tablet of Writing Paper... 1 Bundle of Envelopes... 1 Bottle of Ink... 1 Pen... and a quantity of stamps. An Autographs Book and an Album for pictures of the Radio Stars... are optional.

When you have taken inventory of your apparatus you will no doubt say "My God! With all this junk, I could become a poet". The chances are that in moment of abandon you have forgotten your future status with all of the window of an itinerant artist. However, you will thank me for providing you with these weapons after your first thirty days as a professional Radio Listener have drawn to a close.

Listening day in and day in... naturally you can't listen in if you are out a day, you will find that certain programs, and people, get on your nerves. They upset you to the point where you could crawl down into the bend speaker, with muffs aforesaid unless, of course, you prefer to go alone. At given moments, you feel as though you could creep into the bowels of your set and kick the radio of the war from tube to tube without combustion. This, of course, is impossible and you are lonesome. Ask your spleen rampant in your system and the little corpuses scurrying to the chest moors and veins of your body seeking safety and hoping to avoid contamination. This is why your accommodations come in. Instead of pulling your hair out by the roots or working your forefinger, if you are pulse-addled, you simply take your pen in hand... describe your emotions on the moment on the writing paper and mail the canoes of the advice on your annoyance.

At other times, you may be impregnated by the voice of some popular tenor. You wonder what he looks like. Has he buck teeth? Are his根欧市场需求? Has he Athletes' Flaccus? These and a thousand other questions play leap-frog in what's left of your mind. To secure instant relief and satisfy your curiosity simultaneously you simply send him one of your postcards asking for his picture. It will arrive in a few weeks and when your disappointments has been stifled you can put him away and forget about him.

"Ah," you are probably saying... "and if you are, the acoustics must be written for I can't hear you... But,

you are possibly continuing, "what should I write to the Radio Artist? I'm not much of a artist and I hate to write a letter, bawling out some announcement only to receive a reply by return mail." To enable you to cater to every emotion, start from "Listening-in", I have drafted a set of form letters. Study them if you want to become a Limerick Contest... if you want to request a selection... if you want to complain. There is no time like the present.

Form Letters

How to Write for a Photographer

Dear Mr. Smith,

I have written you a letter from my own squalid little rooms, but I have been out of town and you have not had a chance to reply.

I am sure you know the importance of your work in the field of photography. It is a field which is growing daily and which we all must work hard to maintain.

As a photographer, I have always been interested in your work and I am sure that you would be interested in knowing more about my own experiences in the field.

I would be happy to discuss these matters with you in more detail, and I hope that you will be able to find time to meet with me.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely yours,

[Your Name]

How to Comment on a Program Expressing Dissatisfaction

Dear Mr. Smith,

I am writing to express my dissatisfaction with your program. I have listened to it several times, and I am not at all satisfied with what I have heard.

I believe that your program is not fulfilling its purpose, and I feel that you should take steps to improve it. I hope that you will give serious consideration to my suggestions, and that you will make the necessary changes to make your program more effective.

Sincerely yours,

[Your Name]

How to Comment on a Program Expressing Satisfaction

Dear Mr. Smith,

I am writing to express my satisfaction with your program. I have listened to it several times, and I am very impressed with what I have heard.

I believe that your program is fulfilling its purpose, and I feel that you should continue to produce it. I hope that you will take my suggestions into consideration, and that you will continue to produce a program that is of high quality.

Sincerely yours,

[Your Name]

How to Write to a Comedian

Dear Mr. Smith,

I don't know what criteria means but if it is supposed to sound like a set with some trouble going through his next... Hey! Are you the last word? Why don't you stop to work?

A Tired Fan

How to Write to a Actress

Dear Miss Smith,

I am a fan of yours and I have been following your career for some time now. I have enjoyed your performances and I am impressed by your talent. I would like to express my appreciation for your hard work and dedication.

Please accept my best wishes for your continued success and well-being.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]

How to Enter a Limerick Contest

Dear Mr. Smith,

I have heard that your radio station is having a contest for listeners to submit original limericks. I would like to enter the contest and share my limerick with you.

[Submit your limerick here]

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely yours,

[Your Name]

The Author in person

With the only radio fan (CBS) which he is sure he can hold.

The Wizard of the Radio World Who Sees All, Knows all, Tackles the Toughest Problem of Them all and Throws it—How He Throws it!

By Fred Allen
SENIORITA from CINCINNATI

Ramona, in Spite of Her Teuton Ancestry, Has the Appearance And Temperament of the Latin

By Ernest S. Colling

Whiteman stopped at the hospitable on one of his trips. When Ramona spotted the pretty Paul in the dining room, she practically made her piano stand up on its hind legs and bark. But Paul, alas, seemed to pay no attention to the young girl who was so obviously doing her damndest.

Was Ramona discouraged? If you think so, you don't know the old German-Spanish-Cincinnati girl. She clenched her own white teeth and if anything was on her mind, she said it only with music. In a few months she was back home, but not broke. Far from it, for she stepped into a solo spot on station WNL in her old home town, and continued on the air there for nearly two years, appearing in no less than twenty-five different programs during that time. Perhaps she might have thought that Lady Luck was giving her the run-around in the Whiteman affair, but she maintained her beautiful faith in the fickle goddes, and at last she was rewarded.

For now the long reign of coincidence stretched forth and brought Whiteman to the threshold of the Ohio. Statistic show that it took him two years to get there from St. Louis which was a long time for that year in the 2 A C. (After the Crash), but when he at last arrived with Dame Fortune (a non-ribald figure of speech), Ramona was waiting.

But again—alas! Once more she viewed the fertile fields of great success, and once more it appeared that she might stub her toe before reaching them. For during this time she had been doing for her big chance, Ramona had allowed dat of devil Avois-dupin to creep up on her, and now—Caramba!—the scoundrel idol told her that she was over-est—stupid, if you can imagine Paul being critical on that embarresse.

Ah, yes, the famous band leader remembered very well the Pittsburgh incident and agreed that she was a remarkable girl; but in the midst of all this she expressed no little of the less classical songs, but dear, dear, where had she picked up that extra poundage? She pleaded, but he was too kind. Reduce should not be another name in Cincinnati!

Then seeing her despair at this dictum, he retolled a little and told her that the job would be easy, hand as it appeared, and that her name seemed. Pointing a finger of pride at himself as Exhibit A, he told her how the famous Whiteman corporation had been absorbed by a holding company and how the application of a little more of this and the absorption of a little less of that would enable her to turn the same trick.

The curtain now falls to denote the passing of a few months and the missing of a few notes. When next it rises, who is in thin we see? This slim, svetile songstress, this petite, pretty pianist, can it be—is she, Ramona? In New York, in the NBC studios.

For the past year she has played in Whiteman's band, and in that time she has become a national favorite on the air over NBC, and she is one of rhythm. An instrument that gives a piano that certain feeling, and when she sings—

But that's something else. Ramona, you remember— or do you? Is scatology nights any—Ramona began life as a soprano, and her first baby adventures were in scaling the treble clefs. But then she took up the sopranos, and her voice slid down and down into the umbrous baritone depths, although she could not yet reach for a note higher than one. When she was seventeen, she was a self-contained maid quartet, and when she was hired to sing alto in a Kansas City church, she learned the art of baritone, trom or baritone whenever one of her fellow singers over-slept on a Sunday morning. In her radio work she sticks to the lower register and wows away with many a quavering low F.

A distance, Ramona looks like a typical Spanish señorita, but a close-up transforms her into a classical Nordic. Her straight, smoothly brushed hair is light brown, and her deep dark eyes are the deep blue as is her complexion. Her face is rather large, but with the addition of a few pounds. The great Whiteman considerable figure of speech), Ramona discouraged?

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The Microphone MURDERS

By Leslie Harewood

THE big man chuckled a gratifying smile at the others, in which Dick caught the sound of his own name.

He was boomed in thunderous tones. “So you know not you are in American headquarters of the Julia (Cortis) Field on the return trip. Mattson was waiting with a police car to drive the suspect to the courthouse with a glare at the covering Drake. Not until the car pulled up, said the Communist, the smart boy, who spent two years of training in Moscow, and his friend Senator Sterling and Sexton Royal. The audience sat open mouthed, filled with mingled amusement and horror.

And look how he did it!” Inspector Malone laughed, turning back to the radiator. His hand caught hold of the cylindrical black handle used to regulate its heat. He pulled a cap from the end of it.

“You see—I killed him.” Drake sobbed, as a ring of police surrounding him. “I was crazy!” he shrieked.

“Meet the Judas of the Fourth Estate,” said the officer, standing over the dead man. “This is Walter Stevenson, theडे नन्दकुणान जानी लगानी। जेन का मुहर, क्षेत्रीय नरसिंह कील, जो उनके पास थी। सामने यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ शिक्षा देने के लिए आपके साथ अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित। उन्हें आपके साथ जिनके पास की लगाता थी। एक दिन पास थी। कहीं यहां नेता, उन्हें सहायता करने के लिए अधिकारियों से परिभाषित।
She KNOWS What She WANTS

Betty Barthell, CBS Singer, Shops Until She Finds Just What She Is Looking for—Hats Are Her Weakness

By Bernice French

"My accessories are always black," Miss Barthell said; "hats, shoes, purse and shoes. I'm actually particular about these things; they have to fit each costume perfectly, and as you know, black can be worn with almost anything. "I like opera pumps best for the daytime but for evening and dinner clothes I wear a sandal with a very narrow strap. Oh, and always the highest possible heel, unless, of course, I'm buying shoes to wear in the country, then a Cuban heel, but never a flat one!"

Miss Barthell, who carries her tall, slender figure beautifully erect, believes that a tall girl should be proud of her height and should do her utmost to accentuate it. She despises the lack of common among many tall young women, of slopping or drooping their shoulders as if they were ashamed of their size.

Miss Barthell is enchanted with the new hats. "Although I'm one of those very conservative people who never change things when they first come out, I do let myself go wild on the subject of hats. The most extreme ones intrigue me!"

I asked Miss Barthell what her hat style was like, and she pointed out triumphantly, "when I do finally get something, I never tire of it!"

There is, you will admit, nothing helpless or fluttery about this procedure, nor about Miss Barthell's method of planning her wardrobe. At the beginning of each season she decides what clothes she will need and she holds rigorously to her scheme through the months that ensue.

At last we caught the scene of magnolia blossoms and mistyジュダム・ドミンク・ミルス・ジェール？Drumpy hats, we thought—now here comes the ruffles, for Miss Barthell had opened the wardrobe door and was taking out what she informed us was her favorite dress. But her first words disillusioned us—

"I love clothes," she said, "but they must be right! Good line is more important to me in a dress than anything else. I don't care who makes my clothes, as long as they are simple—and look as if they belong to me."

The dress Miss Barthell showed us first was of black wool crepe (Fig. 1), fitted through the waist and having a modified shoulder fullness and a very interesting apron line: that tied at the waist in back and was trimmed with a row of large buttons. Removable white pique collar and cuffs relieved the somberness of the black.

"I'm superstitious about this dress," Miss Barthell confessed, "I wear it whenever it's possible on any important occasion. You see well—she colored shyly, "anyway—it brought me good luck."

From this modest statement we gathered that this very smart little outfit was the one she was wearing the day she missed the train. That doesn't sound like especially good luck, does it? This is how it happened.

Betty decided, early in December, that she would spend Christmas at home; then made up her mind to catch the first train home, leaving ten minutes after her broadcast. She put on her black dress, packed her bags, bounced into her program and out again and was clashing down the Columbia corridor, station bound, when a program director grabbed her arm and murmured something about an audition.

Miss Barthell followed him, minus both music and musicians but as she turned into the audition room there came also her pianist, Harry Waino, and two or three of the orchestra boys. With that train in mind, Betty waited for no announcement, she announced herself. The orchestra swung into an impromptu accompaniment and she offered her lively lyrics.

And the result of all this was a place as featured vocalist in the Chesterfield series on the WABC-Columbia network.

No wonder she (Continued on Page 19)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 A.M.</td>
<td>KWSW—Sunshine Program; Paul McClure</td>
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<td>WWJ - The Eight O’Clock Concert</td>
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<td>WQL - Highlights of Music</td>
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<td>WJJD - Carolina Broadcasting</td>
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<td>KJWJ - Jackson Symphony</td>
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<td>WDD - Organ Melodies</td>
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<td>WJJD - New York Times</td>
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Radio Guide

Features:

"Phil Cook"

Monday, April 3

8:00 A.M. WGA-F-Radio Law, dramatic sketch
WBBM-Organ

WCLF-WCLF Kids' Airplane Club
WCCG-Melodrama
WCTO-Second Hour Express
WJZ-The Lucky Time
WLS-Gene Autry, Oklahoma Gal

WMAQ-Organ Punch Program

9:15 A.M. WBBM-Mail Call
WICO-Contest Half Hour
WOSR-Ann Landers, syndicated column
WMAQ-Ann and James, comedy and essays

9:45 A.M. WBBM-Musical Program
WLS-Elizabeth Trinnaman, Hay; Flat Rock Market Reports

WGN-Market Reports

10:45 A.M. KVV-Valentine Law, dramatic sketch
WAFB-Musical
WAFD-Clockwork Country
WMDJ-Shakey Record (NBC)
WMC-Melodrama, Hymns
WIBD-Household Gold
VMAQ-Children's Concert

11:45 A.M. KVV-Morning Orchestral
WAFB-Organ Melodies
WIBS-Right and Wrong with Val Sherman
WCLF-Top Hat and Low Bow Dinner Program
WGCI-Miss, Teddy goes for Don (NBC)

12:45 A.M. KVV-Study Central
WCLF-November Orchestra (CBS)
WLS-Carnes Central

1:45 P.M. WAFB-World News Reports
WIBO-Book Reading
WMAQ-Elementary School Program

2:30 P.M. WAFB-Adie Poole, organ
WCLF-Organ Melodies
WIBS-Organ Melodies
WCLF-Cocktail Orchestra
WCLF-Organ Melodies
WIBS-Organ Melodies

3:45 P.M. WIBD-Valentine Law, dramatic sketch
WIBO-Organ Melodies
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

4:35 P.M. WIBD-Valentine Law, dramatic sketch
WIBI-Contest Half Hour

5:30 P.M. WICB-Third Tenor (NBC)

6:30 P.M. WIBO-Organ Melodies
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

7:30 P.M. WIBO-Contest Half Hour
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

8:30 P.M. Wribb-Contest Half Hour
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

9:30 P.M. WIBD-Contest Half Hour
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

10:30 P.M. WIBB-Contest Half Hour
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

11:30 P.M. WIBD-Contest Half Hour
WIBI-Contest Half Hour
WIBO-Organ Melodies

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Radio Guide
Tuesday, April 4

Features:

8:00 A.M.  WGN-Blind Farmer's Almanac (CBS)
8:30 A.M.  WGN-Radio Newsman (CBS)
8:45 A.M.  WGN-Medical Newsmen (CBS)
9:00 A.M.  WGN-The Morning Show (CBS)
9:15 A.M.  WGN-Second Thought (CBS)
9:30 A.M.  WGN-Market Reports (CBS)
9:45 A.M.  WGN-The Morning Show (CBS)
10:00 A.M. WGN-Market Reports (CBS)
10:15 A.M. WGN-Second Thought (CBS)
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10:00 P.M. WGN-Market Reports (CBS)
10:15 P.M. WGN-Second Thought (CBS)
10:30 P.M. WGN-Radio Newsman (CBS)
11:00 P.M. WGN-Market Reports (CBS)
11:15 P.M. WGN-Second Thought (CBS)
It is three o'clock in the morning.
High above New York City's deserted streets, in a penthouse apartment which overlooks the forbidding East River, a young woman sits staring vacantly at an unfinished manuscript.
Outside her window it is drizzling rain. The atmosphere is heavy, eerie, mysterious. For actually it is the time of night when countless crimes and dark deeds are committed in every great city, the hour when huntsmen steal forth upon missions they dare not endeavor during the light of day.
The time is propitious, the atmosphere is perfect. But tonight the words won't come for Edith Meiser.
She is tired. Her nerves are frazzled from overwork. But she doesn't give up. The script for Sherlock Holmes must be delivered in the morning. A cast will be waiting. A role could have been set. The show must go on. If it doesn't, the thousands, perhaps millions, who think of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson as living, breathing, walking and talking figures, rather than creatures of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's imagination, are going to be disappointed. Even offended, when they tune in their radios two nights later with the expectancy of hearing Sherlock Holmes and his exciting adventures with his famous associate.
Edith Meiser looks ahead at the little furry stick dog sleeping by the fireplace. She swivels, hunts her face between ruffled hands and tries to concentrate again.
In fancy now she soars away again. She alights upon a lonely moor in Scotland, looking out through the mist and cold and the dampness at the bleak, desolate waste lands. Behind her is the House of the Baskervilles.
She has become a vicarious Sherlock Holmes. She thinks of the curse of the ancient line of the Baskervilles. She takes a few steps and steps down at a huge bronze's track. It is the track of the beast which has terrified all the residents of the moor lands. It is the track of the beast which has eaten alive all previous Masters of the House of Baskerville. The curse began. Sherlock Holmes must solve the mystery. She feels she share the life of the new Master of the House of Baskerville.
Edith Meiser in the mental role of Sherlock Holmes, is in the thick of it all. She is the real live Sherlock Holmes. She sees the savage beast's tracks. The atmosphere is thick, reeking, penetrating. It is being photographed upon her brain. Her subconscious mind congratulates her. It is going to be one of the greatest radio continuities she has ever written.

Suddenly and without warning, the air is rent with a screeching howl.

Edith Meiser screams in sheer terror. She is terrified. She is Sherlock Holmes and the dampness of the beast which has destroyed the Baskervilles.

Tom McGinty, her husband, also a writer, bounds into the room and clasps her in his arms. And while he seeks to console her there is another howl. But this time it is more muffled. Together they turn toward the fireplace. Her own tiny furry black pet, her own tiny dog named "Doctor Watson", pounces in her direction. Both laugh. It was a serve of her running experience, one she says she will never forget. But it is called for the atmosphere, the mood, the mystery, the terror of some of the finest continuities Edith Meiser has done during the three years since she has been adapting the Sherlock Holmes stories to radio.

Even Lady Coyle of London, widow of the late A. Conan Doyle who gave Sherlock Holmes to the world, also sole owner of all rights to royalties involved in publication or dramatization of anything using the name Sherlock Holmes, has been so elated with Edith Meiser's radio adaptations she has given the sponsors of the National Broadcasting Company program with latitude in their use of the series. More latitude in fact than has ever been previously given to the hundreds who have dramatized the adventures of the mythical old sleuth in all parts of the world.

For she claims Edith Meiser, who is solely responsible for the program being on the air, first got interested in Sherlock Holmes is a story which dates back to her childhood. How I have always been a sort of pseudo-Sherlock Holmes or mail order detective to go out and find the author of radio series and had there been no information available as to who actually wrote it, I would have looked for a grizzly old man with long hair, heavy tortoise-shell eye glasses, drooping brows, stooped shoulders and uncreased trousers to say I was a stern, taciturn, detective.

Fortunately I did have advance information that a young woman wrote it and another piece of pseudo-Sherlock adaptation, I had heard the address. My telephone number and someone had been kind enough to assure me that she would be glad to give me a part of the afternoon. Those arrangements having been made in advance, all went well.

I had to do was commandeer a couple of Residence Club photographers and go after the story. Naturally I anticipated a technical dissertation upon ways and means to commit and prevent crimes, perhaps even statistics upon the growth and increase of crime in America the comparison between our racketeers and those of foreign countries.

Having learned I was to meet a young woman, I rather expected the shell-rimmed spectacles just the same. I expected not to beustions, dogmatic, curt and peremptory. Be so, I shall never attempt another radio personality, because I got one of the sure-fire footholds of life which is another way of saying a most detectable master of radio.

Edith Meiser in person came to the apartment door pleasantly smiling. I learned later that she was a former Broadway star, that she and played in one of America's leading stock companies shortly after graduating from Vassar, that she had done a coast to coast vaucluse engagement, had been one of the favored in "the fabulous aggregation known as the Theater Guild.

She hows the theater in favor of the radio in party accident, partly destiny, partly heredity. She comes from a newspaper family, as a matter of fact. Her father is a director in the corporation which publishes one of the largest papers in America. Her younger sister is also a writer.

Just as I said before, she came to the door pleasantly smiling. She received me into a spacious living room flanked on one side by an expanse of studio windows. On the other side a French door opened upon a tiled terrace. Aside from a corner of the delightful room where shelves upon shelves contain mystery novels and various editions of Sherlock Holmes, there was no mystery about the place.

Left: Richard Gordon, as Sherlock Holmes, solves another grammatical murder. Below, the radio sleuth in a moment of concentration.

Edith &
She got away
The lady herself, I perceived, had chestnut hair, twinkling grey eyes, was tall but not too tall, willowy, alert and humorous. All of her features conveyed charm and character together with a certain modest dignity which asserted itself immediately in the form of humorous comments about herself.

While we were posing the pictures she introduced her little dog, "Doctor Watson," the same little dog which almost scared her to death on that momentous night when she was dramatizing the Hound of the Baskervilles. "Watson," as she calls him for short, couldn't quite realize what it was all about. He emitted a series of sharp and loud barks for such a diminutive canine. They ended finally and we sat down to talk about Sherlock Holmes.

"How did all this Sherlock Holmes series happen?" I asked her.

She hesitated and smiled again. "I'm almost afraid you won't believe me," she said. "It started so long ago. And it started over a case of seasickness."

Naturally I assured her I would believe her and meant it too. Then she recounted how as a child on an ocean liner she became quite ill from gazing at the unending horizon. The ship's physician confided her to quarters, so to speak, and there wasn't much to do lying in bed in her stateroom but read. Someone in her family dug up a couple of volumes of Sherlock Holmes and she read them. When she had recovered in a few days she read them again.

Edith Meier was eleven years old then. Her family was taking her to Dresden to place her in a fashionable school. During the two years she was in Dresden and the following year at Geneva she maintained her interest in Sherlock and Doctor Watson, little dreaming that some day she would be dramatizing these mysteries thriller for a coast-to-coast radio audience.

But the passing years were to be replete with romance, adventure and unbridled delight for the probably impudent Detroit child attending school in Geneva, that Swiss Alpine city now associated so irrevocably with the olive branch and dot of peace. In those days she liked to run away from school with her childish associates and attend the movies. Already she had formed a desire for the stage. It was a desire not altogether of her own choosing and origins.

Back in Dresden her adoring mother had been sorely perplexed at the way her eleven-year-old daughter pronounced her German. Consequently it was arranged through friends of the family that a tutor extraordinary be engaged. This tutor turned out to be one of the court readers, a trapeze artist who served as an execution counselor in the school of the princess.

It must be that the child, Edith, had already acquired, even at such an early age, that engaging smile which is an integral part of her today. The Sherlock Holmes and the plays of Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller. The tutor had read long passages from these famous old masters. But the tutor eagerly guarded her rising young diaries against he had sufficiently approached perfection to render a flawless recital. And then one fine day the tutor took little Edith into a group of relatives and friends. Edith read a poem. The assembly burst into tears.

But that decided things for Edith. She would become an actress.

But all the more reason for study, training and education. She must have to be called one of the better college. It became Vassar.

"Don't ask me too much about Vassar," she laughed, when we had gotten along to that point of our conversation. "You see, Matthew Vassar founded a girl's school and an insane asylum at the same time. He had two plots of ground, one by the river. The other several fields away. It was difficult for him to decide where to put the buildings. Finally, however, he put the asylum beside the river because he was afraid some of the girls might fall into the water.

I will extract some of the incidents and honors which punctuated her undergraduate life..."
**Radio Guide**

**Features:**

**"Waring's. Pennsylvanians"**

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<td>WJW-The Globe Trotter</td>
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<td>WJW-Mark O'Brien's Orchestra</td>
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<td>6:05 AM</td>
<td>WBYM-Tony Roma, Are You Listening (NBC)</td>
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<td>6:10 AM</td>
<td>WWCX-Lake Park Baseball Club</td>
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<td>6:15 AM</td>
<td>WBSU-Bob Hope, American Melodies</td>
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<td>6:20 AM</td>
<td>WBSU-Johnny Mercer</td>
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<td>WBSU-Louie Van Swidower</td>
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www.americanradiohistory.com
Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

Radio Guide

City to the Great Station . . . and Tuesday night, Lillian Raye, beloved wife of Harry (Buck) C. former publisher and founder of Radio Digest, succumbed. Address: 400 W. 24th St., N. Y. C. . . . Dave Kapp is leaving WJD to concentrate on artist management and program production, with Parker (Half Pint) faxon, one of his acts.

One of the breach producers and most astounding, which recently by way very little publicity, was the spot newcast of Harold Eustis, Chicago Daily Times-WBBM reporter, recent. On the air from the Times with bulletin, he glanced through the glass of his booth and saw the Times office being held up. So Eustis broadcast all the details of the sticker (for $100) while the bands looked overlooked! Read, to you, Mr. Eustis!

In Our Town

LARRY FISK, WBBM's engineer man, and Thelma Ingerly, secretary to producer Bobby Brown who won't have a new house, were secretly married March 18 . . . WJJD's Billy (Jack Owen) sunshine and blonde WIBI warbler Helen Strelkoff have gone and done it Mr. Cliff (Kissed) Goldenrod, Kay Rayen at your, had a bad time of it with her tonsils last night . . . A fond admirer of Miss Priswa, has presented her with a bouquet. Patricia Ann Manns with two large solid silver picnic and Judy spoons made in England a century ago. Leave to the classy Edgerton Beach hotel to bowler-tail dignity . . . Yes, they'll serve beer, they announce, but only bottled beer. "Boy, this is better to Kelly's." Which reminds that Art Limich will open his new bar soon—now that his wife's a new secretary, he's going to live in Englehart, the crooner, has financially the nation, has recently returned back. Bing Crosby, and make of WLS very vixen, will be celebrating his first anniversary as husband on April 1. . . . More statistics: April 17 marks the twenty-fourth year of the nation's Grandpa (Bill) Barlow's Burton . . . That gent who's trying to make a comeback from his madness (Lombard's first flick), hosted a record guest (not me) with a check $50. . . . Mike Mulligan, a radio critic, could add, and did.

Recommended Songstresses: June Carroll at WAAF . . . Sara, the girl with Artie Collin's band at the Blue Door . . .

And for a flock of pianos, keep tuned to Mr. R. Lewit, WBBM on Mon.-Wed. at 6:30 p.m. . . . Following in his big brother Bob's footsteps, Phil Andrews has written a show, The Batteau Vixen, which is almost on the dotted line. It in will be benefit Freddie Fay, the actor, and Dick Tetley . . . Jackie Huber, who stopped Jack Kemp's first Sky Riders Monday night show, is also planning them in m. c. with Frank Libear and Lewit's band at the College Inn.

Plums and—

METHINKS I shall devote the entire prune crop this week to the 6,000. Yes, the 6,000. Not a single word, not one, written.. . . And so the nation's feminine almost got the job — except that the advertising agency buying the program has no entirely different person in mind for the part, made the feminine heroine, and she got the assignment there . . . In signing off, I'd like to tell interested station managers that I'll be glad to reveal the producer in all honesty and with verifying facts, should they be interested.

FLEMIN' ALLAN

Personal musical director and pianist of WLS, the Prairie Farmer station.

PURITY PERSONAL

THE Benzel Sisters, now on tour, took advantage of a week's vacation to dash home to New Orleans for six hours. Touring from New Orleans for six hours, they were heard over the Columbia chain, and flew back to continue their journey by auto.

In tribute to his talents and services for many moons, Kate Smith has presented Nat Bruff, her orchestra maestro, with a rare violin made by Gagliano in 1785.

Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra will be heard at the Glen Island Casino on Long Island Sound. Of this organization, Gray will bring with him a CBS wire.

Angelo Pati, noted radio psychologist whose talks on Your Child are heard over the Columbia chain, was recently awarded a high honor when he was given the Italian Government's gold medal for special merit in education.

Boosie Coughlin, a Funnymaker, is the proud father of a baby, tentatively named Funnymaker, Jr.

Bug Crosby left New York City last week for Hollywood where his next picture, College Honor, is now in production.

PHILIP H. LORD, known as Sir Pheasants and the Country Dust, left New York last week for the first extended vacation of his five years in broadcast. Of his physicians to take a rest, Mr. Lord sailed for Miami where he will spend the next three months. Upon his return, April 2. Mr. Lord's father, the Rev. Albert Lord, for thirty years pastor of the First Congregational Church, Meriden, Conn., will be the guest speaker on Sunday Night at Seth Parker's, the program originated by his son several years ago.

One of Our STAR Salesmen

BOYS WANTED

Earn Money in your spare time. Surprise your parents. Show them you can be self-supporting.

Just Send Coupon . . .

Radio Guide

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Radio Guide

Features: "Rudy Vallee"

Thursday, April 6

10:15 A.M. WSBM-American Museum of Natural History (CBS)
10:20 A.M. WSBM-Museum Ensemble
10:25 A.M. WSBM-Rhythm Band; orchestra; Mr. Snips; Mr. Skips
10:30 A.M. WSBM-Orchestra of the Air
10:35 A.M. WSBM-Yankee Stern; accordion
11:00 A.M. WSBM-Mercury Troup, Mabel Radio
11:20 A.M. WSBM-Spotlight Quartet Hour
11:30 A.M. WSBM-Orchestra of Women (NBC)
12:00 NOON WSBM-News from the Air
12:30 P.M. WSBM-Three Cheers for the Buck
1:00 P.M. WSBM-Orchestra of the Air
1:30 P.M. WSBM-Radio! Radio! Radio!
2:00 P.M. WSBM-Reporter, Mr. Smith
2:15 P.M. WSBM-The Big Band Book
2:30 P.M. WSBM-Local News
3:00 P.M. WSBM-Radio Review (NBC)
3:15 P.M. WSBM-Three Cheers for the Buck
3:30 P.M. WSBM-News from the Air
4:00 P.M. WSBM-Orchestra of the Air
4:15 P.M. WSBM-Mercury Troup, Mabel Radio
4:20 P.M. WSBM-Spotlight Quartet Hour
5:00 P.M. WSBM-Orchestra of Women (NBC)
5:30 P.M. WSBM-News from the Air
6:00 P.M. WSBM-Three Cheers for the Buck
6:15 P.M. WSBM-Reporter, Mr. Smith
6:30 P.M. WSBM-Radio! Radio! Radio!
7:00 P.M. WSBM-The Big Band Book
7:15 P.M. WSBM-Local News
7:30 P.M. WSBM-Radio Review (NBC)
8:00 P.M. WSBM-Three Cheers for the Buck
8:15 P.M. WSBM-Reporter, Mr. Smith
8:30 P.M. WSBM-Radio! Radio! Radio!
9:00 P.M. WSBM-The Big Band Book
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Radio Guide

Peeping Behind the Scenes in Chicago Studios

JACK AND JOE

Or Heldin and Kelly, or better still, "The Two Loonians of Chicago." New WLS symphonies heard Thursday at Saturday at 9:45 a.m. "Send in your tale of woe," they ask, "on the back of any kind of a label." They're not particular. Their dizzy rhymed answers will keep you in stitches. Jack and Joe are on the Bunt Dance, too.

Radio's development as an educational medium is strikingly demonstrated in the announcement of the radio schedule of the University of Chicago for the spring quarter which opens April 3. The University will be on the air over WJJD, WJXW, and KTW with different programs for a total of thirty-three hours a week.

Two courses in literature will be broadcast direct from the classroom, Prof. James Weier Lion's course on English literature from Carlyle to Stowe, over WJJD at 10 a.m. and Associate Professor Mittag's course on Contemporary English Literature, at 11 a.m. WMJ

Another type of broadcast will be discussion of contemporary problems and developments in business, economics, government, and society, by prominent faculty members. The "Round Table" discussions continue over WMJ, and the School of Social Workers will have three series on the air.

A series on "Schools and the Present Crisis" has been arranged in cooperation with the Illinois State Congress of Parents and Teachers. The series will be broadcast over KTW each Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. c/ock.

Bob White's Milligan and Maddie, those demon detectives of the air whose experiences have regaled the audiences of a Columbia chain and WGN locally, will leave the air April 8. On that date they come to the end of their thirteenth week.

The name of their final thriller is "Buried Alive," and the airtunes, in their radio personalities, are thus to be buried alive for, although their programs are to be buried temporarily in radio's "discontinued" heap, they are still very much alive in the minds of their personalities. Doreen Amache and Bob White himself, who has invented and produced every one of the adventures, is expected and hoped the pair will soon reappear before the microphone under other auspices.

"The State Friends," new club of radio friends of the news, meet again Monday, April 3, at 6:30 p.m. at the Tower Room, 201 N. Wabash, and interested parties are invited to attend. Officers are appointed: President, B. E. Schermer, 2301 N. Springfield, Irving IG; secretary, Helen Hughes El- IVE. Monthly meeting, 2:30 p.m. Wednesday.

"The Code of the Orient," American weekly travelogue to be aired over KYW Thursday, March 30, at 8:45 p.m. stars Ruth Castle as a geisha girl. Supporting her are Age

Jack Brook and Nora Short, with unusual arrangements for voice and piano, offer musical numbers on WBBM's new Hollywood Stardom Diet programs every Wednesday at 1:15 p.m. and Sunday at 3:30 p.m.

Clayton McIlhiney, general manager of the new and popular WLS musical quartet, the Georgia Wildcats, realizes the fallacy of depending on filmed cabinets for the storing of his musical numbers. So he has adopted the method of keeping them in his derby. Mr. McIlhiney knows the lyrics and scores of more than 100 compositions.

With Ted Weens, who has brought audiences to the Chicago theater for the week beginning Friday, March 31, is his wife Flora. A special guest may settle here for the summer.

Harry Susskind has just resumed from his first vacation which he spent doing New York and meeting old friends.

Abbe Oser, inaugurated a week ago by his "Friday Night" feature, has had to be discontinued because it tied up the combined switchboards of the station and the Crillon Hotel. Taking its place, the March of Nations offers talent in every tongue and music from every country in the world.

Continuing with the "Panic of '69," WIBO's America's Cartoons dramatized on 7 p.m. Wednesdays with a special program each afternoon for home owners and gardeners will be presented by WGN and the Garden Club of Illinois during the week of the annual Garden Show at Navy Pier, March 31 to April 8.

"Redemption in a Mechanical Age," the topic of the colders to be delivered Sunday, April 3, at 2 p.m. on the Chicago Sunday Evening Post program, will again be broadcast by Dr. Alfred W. Sause, First Congregational Church, Chicago.

Pleasant Street is one of WBO's Saturday night shows. It is one of the many, well-bred dramatic productions of simple home-brew, under the ministrations of the small town's "unemployed" Bernard Ducey plays Grandpa Mppy in the weekly show.

Dr. Preston Bradley, the popular head of the Blackstone Church of Chicago finds it necessary to prepare his entire discourses for KYW in advance, as the time of delivery is at 9 p.m. "Somewhat I just can't extemporize in front of the microphone," Dr. Bradley explains.
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<td>10:15 A.M.</td>
<td>&quot;Leopold Stokowski&quot; in 1st Nighter</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15 P.M.</td>
<td>&quot;KVV-Sports&quot; and &quot;KVV-News&quot;</td>
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I have it from Fritz Kreisler himself that he is not interested in broadcasting at the present time. There is no truth in the often repeated statements that he has been trying out the medium. He says that he would not enjoy playing without an audience, though he has no artistic objections to the radio. "The big three" still hold out! Paderewski and Rachmaninoff both feel that radio appearances for them would not be good business. But the time may not be far off when they will change their minds. Recital audiences all over the country are growing smaller, and radio fees boom larger days.

What a great gift Mr. Kreisler has. He is the supreme interpreter of the violin repertoire. There is Mr. Kreisler, and then, all the other violinists. Some may have a more phenomenal technique, though it often seems to me that we notice it only because they emphasize it more than he does. Technique, however necessary it may be, can never replace the creative conception of Fritz Kreisler."

Symphonies—

THE symphony on Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's first April broadcast (April 1, 7, 15; 11 p.m. over NBC-

KYY) is by Franz Joseph Haydn. The Philharmonic Symphony continues with the Berlin Symphony, offering the Fourth and Third ("Emperor") this Sunday (1, 7; 15; 11 p.m. over CBS-WGN). For no further comment is necessary. The Carlis Institute Symphony offers an all-Beethoven program Tuesday afternoon (3:15 p.m. over CBS-WGN) entitled "Egmont." Over-" tune, excerpts from "Prometheus," the first movement of the Triple Concerto, the Four from the String Quartet, Opus 59, No. 3.

For the first time since Doctor Walter Damrosch started his Music Appreciation Hour, it will be played from a point outside of New York. This Friday (10 p.m. over NBC-KVW), the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra gives the substitute for the NBC Symphony, ordinarily heard on his program. Doctor Damrosch in 1932, at the Cincinnati this week as guest conductor of the orchestra there.

Leopold Stokowski's season draws to a close, also. He will have four broadcasts in April. The first (April 1, 7, 15; 11 p.m. over CBS-WGN) consists of Acts II and III from "Parsifal." The second (April 7, 11, 15; 11 p.m. over CBS-WGN) includes Brahms' Fourth and three orchestral transcriptions of Bach.

She KNOWS What She WANTS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Tom Howard"

"Tom Howard"

She KNOWS What She WANTS

(Continued from Page 7)

She KNOWS What She WANTS

"Tom Howard"

 stares is superstitious about the black dress.

A second dress was an evening gown of white angel skin satin, a Patou model with a simple but crev- ely draped bolero and an amusing elbow length cape, fur trimmed high necked and fastened, all the way down the back, with crystal buttons.

"I'm especially fond of black and white," Miss Bartell said, "there's always at least one black and one white evening dress in my wardrobe."

I've just brought two blue dresses," she was holding up a delicate gown of blue lace in a fathery pattern (Fig. 2). "You see, my eyes take on the color of the dress I'm wearing, especially when it's a gray, blue or green dress. I like my eyes best when they're blue, that's why I chose these dresses." She slipped the lace cape about her shoulders. Like the cape of her white satin gown, it fastened in back, dropping unimpeded in a straight line from the close, high neck to the waistline. This gown had a jeweled ornament in planum color, and with this, she went to her rule. Miss Bartell wears plain colored slippers.

The second blue gown was the type known as a Sunday night dress (See photograph). Royal blue chiffion with the arms and back tightly

broidered and the soft off necked-

line relieved by two great rithe-

ers, a cape and a doubt.-

"I'm fanatical about fit," Miss Bartell remarked. "I hate a wrinkle anywhere and I like to have my sleeves so tight at the wrist that it can just barely fasten them."

Next Miss Bartell donned a little crimson red wool sport dress cut on the simple isolation of attention to detail characteristic of all her clothes. This dress had a tiny cape that fastened with a gaily trimmed tie scarf at the throat. A modest Miss Bartell pre-

fers pajamas. She showed a pair of white pajamas with full rousers in ashes and a dull red blouse cut with huge sleeves and a double flared side closing. This blouse was slit at the sides and was girdled by a sash of rose and red.

"I can't bear any kind of jewel-" Miss Bartell replied, emphati-

cally, when questioned on this sub-

ject, "except earrings. I do like ear-

rings, I wear pearl earrings in the day time and rhinestone and silver long earrings for dress. Usually there a note of silver on my even-

ning slippers to go with the ears."

On the subject of makeup she was equally decided. "I only use a touch of rouge and lip stick in the daytime and I make up my eyes only when I'm under a spot light. I don't like theatrical looking make up and I hate bright red nails. I always use the paint pink polish." Miss Bartell wears her hair bobbed and curled into a tight roll on the nape of her neck in the day time. But for evening dress, she brushes it out into a soft fluff of curls.

She is, she admits, very fond of perfume, but this girl who brought up in the heady perfume of cape jasmine, prefers clear, fresh odors. She does not, she says, in her soft Southern voice, eat for very sweet deeds.

I've wanted an electric refrigerator for a long time, but Jim and I just kept putting off buying it. Afterwards we knew we'd gone one season or worse.

One day I happened to see an ad describing the Crosley Refrigerator with the Shelved. I showed it to Jim. He thought it was the finest feature we had even seen in any refrigerator.

It didn't take much longer before that I do the deluxe so that we could see the Refrigerator in display. I was thrilled as could be imagined. I said, 'That's what I must have.'

Well, we have our Crosley now and you'll be surprised how much easier our life is. I can do my door and that white eggs, oranges, lemons, butter, cream and other ordi-

narily hard-to-handle articles right on the top shelf. Not a bit of searching. Everything is right where I can find it. One of the best things it serves as though it is an extra pantry inside the re-

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### Saturday, April 8

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<td>WGN—Happy Go Round</td>
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**WGN**—Happy
**WSBC**—Bobby

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**WGN**—Happy
**WSBC**—Bobby
**Jerry Wald’s Low-down on the High-ups**

VICTOR LOMBARDO, the saxophone-manipulating brother in that famous family of music makers, was the guest of honor at the recent banquet to heap midaillon’s corn, and the first to make Pop Lombardo a grand-daughter. The happy occasion took place at Vic’s Forest Hills home, the offing, while romping in the music room, was attended to by a bright scarf resting on a table. He yanked it, and three of the best songs of his recent recital were produced on it, flattered to the floor and shuttered into a thousand pieces. Vic and Mrs. Lombardo ran into the room at the sound of the crash and found the toddler clinging to glee. It seems to us that the youngster is starting early to be a music critic.

Jaeit Miller, whose recent divorce from Ted Fiorito, the top-notch orchestra pianist and song scribbler, made the front pages, is still going strong. Ted Pearson, the NBC announcer who does the honors on that Paul Whiteman program, looks like a June Jones just to the justice.

Fran Frey, who for years has been George Olsen’s quiz vocalist, is known as the "Lover’s signature" man, last week. With the result that they have parted company. "Hutchy" Gardner is taking over from Fran’s solo, and Frey, a top-notch sax player to boot (no pun intended) will shortly announce a new band connection. The break with Olsen resulted out of a dispute over billing, and it is rather expected, dohgh.

**YOU’LL like this oneRob Andrews, who scribbles a great many things about among them the very popular ‘Sing Along’ program, was surprised on his birthday, a fortnight ago by the ‘Sing Along Club, an organization of youthful listeners. They gave Rob a present—a saxophone!**

Here’s a line or two about the better half of one of radio’s better known boys, "Bing" and Mrs. CROSBY. She’s hurrying to California so her child will be born there. Naturally they thought of Sherlock Holmes first. Who had the voice? Who looked like him? A radio program must have publicity. A radio entertainer may be photographic.

Edith Meiser and Joe Bell both knew hundreds of persons in the Sherlock Holmes series, and they say that they have seen Richard Gordon in this role. Joe Bell, production manager of the show, even worked with the lady in the Theater Guild. They are friends.

The agency submitted "The Speckled Band" to a prospective sponsor and it told the series, "That’s the one I like best," she said with a toss of her head and a prattle of her mouth. "It’s not lucky." I’m afraid the two leading characters in the Sherlock Holmes series are the inimitable Sherlock and Doctor Watson. Edith Meiser helped to select the two outstanding actors who portray these celebrated roles. Joe Bell, the production manager of the show, once worked with her in the Theater Guild. They are friends.

**"Neighbors"**

SATURDAY CONTINUED

10:15 P.M.
WCFL—Burt Bennett, talk
WGN—William Myron and John H.
WLS—Famous Music
WFL—Barn Dance
WMAQ—Reed View Orchestra
KMG—Walt Disney Orchestra
KYY—Hank Williams Orchestra
KWH—Frodo Cafe Orchestra
WCBF—Ted Feeling’s Orchestra
WCH—John’s Ensemble
WJZ—Allen Balcony Orchestra
WMAQ—Sight Singing Corps

11:45 P.M.
WCH—Emilia Ross Pusey
KYY—Ace Bignone’s Orchestra
KWH—Dude Cafe Orchestra
WCG—Future Stars Orchestra
WMAQ—Famous Dance Orchestras
WIBO—Earl Poster Orchestra
WBC—Delighted Academicians
KYY—Walt Disney Orchestra
KWH—Barn Dance Orchestra
WMAQ—Krokofoot Orchestra
WCH—Emilia Ross Pusey
WIBO—Earl Poster Orchestra

12:00 MIDNIGHT
KYY—Hank Williams Orchestra
KWH—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Around The Town; Disco Orchestra
KYY—Morley’s Cafe Orchestra
KWH—Frank Limore’s Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
WIBO—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Jolly Russel Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Jolly Russel Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra

12:45 A.M.
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra

1:00 A.M.
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra

1:30 A.M.
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra

WIBO—Rosaire Bette
KYY—Alice Bignone’s Orchestra
KWH—Dude Cafe Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
WIBO—Earl Poster Orchestra
WBC—Delighted Academicians
WIBO—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCH—Emilia Ross Pusey
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra
KYY—Earl Poster Orchestra
WCG—Earl Poster Orchestra

**How SHERLOCK HOLMES Came to RADIO**

(Continued from page 1)

problem for the intelligent housewife.

That she revealed, lasted for about a year. Then this brilliant young lady commenced to see possibilities in radio, and all is history. The thought was born of a "Lover’s signature" man, one of the most living person to millions.

So Edith Meiser wrote two scripts and submitted them to the National Broadcasting Company. Someone liked them, liked them exceedingly. But news of the script was kept. An undisclosed Edith Meiser walked ever to an agency.

The agency submitted "The Speckled Band" to a prospective sponsor and it told the series, "That’s the one I like best," she said with a toss of her head and a prattle of her mouth. "It’s not lucky." I’m afraid the two leading characters in the Sherlock Holmes series are the inimitable Sherlock and Doctor Watson. Edith Meiser helped to select the two outstanding actors who portray these celebrated roles. Joe Bell, the production manager of the show, once worked with her in the Theater Guild. They are friends.

Now that "Sherlock Holmes" is on the air, there is a new enthusiasm for the original stories. The agency submitted a script to a prospective sponsor and it told the series, "That’s the one I like best," she said. "It’s not lucky.” I’m afraid the two leading characters in the Sherlock Holmes series are the inimitable Sherlock and Doctor Watson. Edith Meiser helped to select the two outstanding actors who portray these celebrated roles. Joe Bell, the production manager of the show, once worked with her in the Theater Guild. They are friends.

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SOMETHING wrong with your sugar this week, lovely? I'm sorry. I could have come, I suppose. But I was afraid you would tell me that you had to go to the store. It's too bad, really. I always thought of you as my best friend.

Now, I don't know what to do. I really don't. Everything is so confusing these days. I can't even remember where I put my keys. It's just too much for me, you know.

I'm going to try to find a new job next week. I have to do something. I can't just sit here and wait forever. I have plans and dreams and hopes, you know. I want to live my life, too.

I'll call you tomorrow, okay? I need to think about this. It's too hard to talk about right now.

Bye, my dearest. I love you.
Dear Sir:
All this stuff in your "Voice of the Listener" page makes me dizzy. Whether a man’s Rhythmic Concerts and alike? If you do, you have some-thing to learn, Mr. Listener.
In fact, there is a vast difference Rudy may sound like a nighttime over one set and a bum over an-other on the same song. Why do you not bind your mags in some way? They sure need it. Glad to see Ben Bernie win - this is a real outfit.
Plummer must have been listen-ing over one set tube when he says that Eddie Cantor is not so hot. Prunes for you most of the time, Mr. Plummer.

I. B. Wright

Some Stuff, Huh? Northport, N.Y.
Dear Sir:
Being an addict of Radio and its stars, music, and all the rest, Stomp, bad and Budd, etc. I hereby move that Rudy Guise abscind from printing such absurdities as communica- tion sent in by Mrs. B.
This letter conveying the opinion that Ben Bernie was a "looser" was for cutpur-sed—her letter is discrimina-tive of an abstractionist. As I am passionateistic and for the aggravation- ment of entertainment on the radio, I am in favor of the strug- gulation of art and the persons vociferating such sentiments Indigent, M. S.

Read the Above!!! Sioux Falls, S.D.
Dear Sir:
Here I am again. The Guise is surely going to the dogs! Prunes in your program? I know you say you're in the class—that’s the lengthiest one from James J. Hartogin, etc., said less than nothing—you haven't by chance changed the department to a kinder-garten, have you?
A "Radio Enthusiast" and Abe Sigerman are right . . . the last few issues are terrible, no less and why be so prejudiced to Fastenerr? Of course I know your comments don’t arrive in time for the next edition. May you enjoy the prunes.
Vera Inset Porter

Hope You Liked It Neoga, Illinois
Dear Voice of the Listener.
I can’t say all I’d like about the Radio Guide and the radio pro- grams. I am a radio fan and find the Guide interesting. I am also sell it, I know lots of other people think so too.
I love music best of all, comedy second best. Just a few plums for the better programs and the worst shows in the classes: The Contented Hour, Threads of Happiness, Paul White- man Emporium, Reading the program, Leonard Hayon’s Orch-es-tra, the Pontiac program, Burns and Allen and Lombardo, Fred Waring and others.
I am frankly surprised that among all the letters from music lovers, none have been in praise of one, I think, should have a curb on the plum market. Carl Davies, "The Big Row" or his Deep River Orchestra.
I have tried to describe how this music is different. It’s as indiscrim-inable as the beauty of the Grand Canyon. All I can say is to tune in at 8:30, WENR, turn out the lights, settle back in an easy chair and let the "Theatre of the Mind"Deep River Orchestra soak into your whole being. When the half hour is over, you’ll better feel it.
If you’ve ever heard a voice as beautiful, distinctive and caring as the voice of this company, please let me know.
More power to Rudy Guise, which has lots and lots of . . . .

Mae Swiften

Five Cent Laugh Zanesville, Ohio
Dear V. O. L.: Answering C. Greenleaf of March 5-11. I see he is one of these guys who wants to talk about Rudy Vallee. Well, let him talk about Rudy Vallee but I have one more important thing to talk about. He seems to think that Captain Henry shows the Boot with his laugh. This country needs what most is a good five cent laugh to throw in C. Greenleaf’s face. He gave Rudy a lot of praises, too, I see. I have this to say, if he doesn’t like the features of Rudy Guise why does he keep on writing about his features of it? Best regards to Rudy Guise and features.
Sincerely yours, and down with C. Greenleaf.

William Jacobs

GUY LOMBardo — Swell Guy

(Continued from Page 1)
I have tried to steal the identity of his arrangements and the way his orchestra plays them. Now if they only would try being as modest and sensible, no chance, though. Not with that mob of crowing Nar-cissuses.
And what does a modest young orchestra leader who works hard do for a hobby? You’d think that it would be something romantic like soloing on a song, in vases, wouldn’t you? That’s what most of the popular orchestra leaders tell you. Guy is a DX fan, he likes fiddling a lot and he has a very fine distance broadcasts. Gives him a kick to wonder how many persons how far away are listening. Gives him a kick to wonder who they are and where they are. He got a brace of letters from Africa, once. He put them in a map of Africa. One of these days an enlightened Eskimo is going to tune in and catch his broadcast.

By Whitney Bolton

How to BECOME a LISTENER

(Continued from Page 4)
will be won by a man named Tseng, liv-ing at the General Delivery Window at the Big Five, Miss, Post Office but I am sending a lost line anyway.
we are in the back room of St. Paul. Where voice was exceedingly small in this loud room. He needs some voice to make him talk louder. And you too, Mr. McMillen. We are in the back room. Mrs. McMillen

How to Encourage a Top-Flap Game

I’m enclosing top-flap from a box of Rhythm Aid. I could not use it, I’m not the free football boy you are giving away. I clean my teeth and may be interested to know I am using the

All Right, Say It

Beloit, Kansas
Voice of the Listener.
Why can’t we say things about our favorites and have them put it on the page? We were used to seeing the things that thrill us most are: that marvelous trombone playing in Bernie Cahill’s band, the classy violin playing in Wayne King’s Orchestra, Rubino’s violin playing, Wayne King’s saxophone playing, Walter Winchell, Bob El-som, Joe Sanders, Jack Fulton and Andrea Marsh. I think West-phal’s new tune, "How Can I Go On Without You", is famous. And I guess we’d all like to see that the things we like are put in the book.

Attention KYW

Istant, Ill.
Dear Voice of the Listener.
We are readers of the Radio Guide and are in the opening. In the opening we arrange our program as together, the likes and dislikes of our family of three—husband, wife and niece. The one program we are mutual in marking is your comic sketch—Vic and Sadie. We do get a kick out of each "spicy" program, and should we add, we would get a kick if they would broadcast over any other station but KYW. We see and read so many criticisms of different stars, but no criticism of the broadcasting stations. Everyone has trouble getting good pro- grams over KYW, otherwise we might think our radio was to blame. We have a new Philco and our neighbors have an Artwood-Kent both good radio—yet KYW never is good. I have made inquiries and find several friends in Chicago have the same trouble. What can we do about it? We might erect a broadcasting station for Vic and Sadie and "Rush" Why not?
Free E. Hagy, Mrs. F. E. Hagy, and Doris Bliss

1943-44 H"
COMEDY

SUNDAY, APRIL 2—Eddie Cantor, still amusing Rubi-off, and still being fed again by Jimmy Walthington, comes to you on NBC-WMAQ network at 7 p.m. Fred Allen, the deadpan comedian with the monotone voice, and assisted in his comedy revue by Portrait Hofis, Roy Atwell and Louis Kutzman's orchestra, may be heard over CBS-WGN network at 8 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 3—Groschi and Chico Marx again prove that the ridiculous is more sublime than the sublime. They will be presented by NBC-CWSM network at 7 p.m. Phil Cook, back on the air after a long vacation, is assisted in this new program by the Ingram Stavers. (And they are not youngsters.) On the air at 8:45 p.m. on NBC-WLS network.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4—Ed Wynne, the Fire Chief, the Perfect Fool or what you wish, with the aid of Graham McNamee, the former sports announcer, is presented to you at 8:30 p.m. over the NBC-WMAQ network.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5—Jannie Burke, comedienne stage star, accompanied by George Olsen and his orchestra, is brought to you over the NBC-WLS network at 7 p.m. Burns and Allen will again prove that Gracie's aggravating stupidity is just as much in evidence as always. Tune in the NBC-WGN network at 8:30 p.m. for this comedy team and Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

George Givot, the "Greek Ambassador of Good Will," will be heard over the NBC-WLS network.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6—Col. Stoopgrace and flood will further their theories of "Stoopocracy" and how "ducky" it is which Leon Belasco and William O'Neal will tell the aid of Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra hold up the musical end of the program. On CBS-WGN at 8:30 p.m. Jack Pearl, who will only be the "Baron" a short time longer, will procrastinate, starting at 9 p.m. over the NBC-WCMN network.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7—Tom Howard's voice will be as raucous as ever; therefore his comedy will be as funny as ever. There's also Jeanne Lang and an orchestra. On the air waves at 8 p.m. over the NBC-WMAQ network. Phil Baker, assisted by his accordion and stinger, brings to you a combination of comedy and music. Presented by NBC-WMAQ network at 8:30 p.m.

Jack Benny, the comedian who put the zany in music, aided by James Melton and Frank Black's orchestra, is presented by the NBC-WCMN network at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8—Ray Knight, the Cuckoo, will attempt to show that that title does him justice. On the NBC-WKY network at 9:30 p.m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, APRIL 2—"Roses and Drum" will be presented by the CBS-WGN network at 4 p.m. Gov. Bates Post, veteran Broadway star, will take the role of General Ulises S. Grant in this episode.

Great Tragedy in History presented by the NBC-WLS network at 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 3—Radio Guild presents the drama "The Witching Hour." This feature may be heard over the NBC-WCMQ network at 8 p.m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, APRIL 2—Radio City Concert direct from Radio City, with Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Erno Rapee and many soloists. On the NBC-WGN network at 11:15 a.m.

New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini will present the famous third ("Eroica") and Fourth Symphonies of the German master, Beethoven, at 2 p.m. on the CBS-WGN network.

American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, tenor; Elizabeth Leonese, soprano; Ormand and Arden, piano duet, and orchestra. This program is a presentation of the NBC-WCMN network at 9:30 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 3—Continued Program with Gene Arnold, narrator, and orchestra. Selections: "Farewell to Arms" The Gondoliers from "Day in Venice," "When the Morning Rolls Around," "Fanatik" (Ballet Music), "Sleep, Little Baby of Mine" (My Picture Puzzle of You) and selections from "Scandals." On the NBC-WCMN network at 9 p.m.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4—Wayne King and his orchestra, famous for their rendition of waltzes, will nevertheless bring to the air a program of various types of music at 7:30 p.m. over the NBC-WMAQ network.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5—Woodbury Program with Donald Novis and Landis Demby's Orchestra. Listen in at 8:30 p.m. on the NBC-WCMN network.

Waring's Pennsylvanians in a program of popular music with special arrangements. Presented by the CBS-WGN network at 9 p.m.

VOCALISTS

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

MORTON DOWNEY—CBS-WGN network, Sunday at 6:15 p.m. and CBS. Thursday at 9:15 p.m.

DONALD NOVIS—NBC-WCMN network, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. and Sunday at 10:15 p.m.

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

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

J. EDMUND SMITH—CBS-WGN network, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

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

STREET SINGER—CBS-WGN network, Monday at 9:30 p.m. and over CBS network Saturday at 6:45 p.m.

JANE FROMAN—CBS-WGN network, Tuesday and Friday at 8 p.m.

JAMES MELTON—NBC-WCMN network at 6:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 p.m.

NEWS

EDWIN C. HILL—at 9:00 p.m. on CBS-WJS network Monday and Tuesday, and over CBS-WBNM Wednesday at the same time.

ROSE CARTER—at 6:45 p.m. on CBS-WGN network. Tuesday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Tuesday and Friday.

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

FRANCIS WILLIAM WILE—"The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," on CBS-WBN network at 6 p.m. Saturday.

CHARLES WINNINGER—NBC-WCMQ network at 8:30 p.m. Monday.

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