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Radio, The First Line of Defense
By FREDERICK LANDIS

Radio did a great job during the recent Chicago fire, a fire which for a while threatened to equal, if not exceed, the conflagration which destroyed that city, back in the seventies.

For hours the flames raged over more than a square mile, borne northward by a wind, able to carry in its arms enough burning fuel to wipe the city off the map.

It had the fury of a demon; it wrapped block after block in the embrace of swift destruction; it leaped across street after street, claiming new conquests for devastation, the brave firemen seeming but pygmies before its awful wrath.

Masterpiece Painted by Science

And all this time, a gallant band of radio volunteers remained on the roof of the telephone exchange building, in the very heart of the flaming region. There those volunteers stayed to do their duty, to direct the fight against the ever growing furnace, and to TELL THE LISTENING WORLD HOW THE BATTLE WAS GOING.

They painted a never-to-be-forgotten picture, those volunteers at the microphone, pausing now and then to place damp cloths upon their faces when the scorching wind blew over them or some great fire-tinted billows of smoke came to suffocate them.

But never once did the work of broadcasting stop!

Near at hand, the flames shot two hundred feet into the air above buildings, soon melted into ruins, but amid the horror of it, radio stood its ground and did its work.

It was a description which filled the far flung audience with dread and all over this land flashed the fear that Chicago might perish, and then suddenly the broadcasters turned from descriptive narrative to relay the fire marshal's command, A COMMAND SPOKEN WITH ALL THE AUTHORITY OF A GENERAL ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Now it was a call for assistance, shot through the blinding chaos. next it was a call to the fighters to direct their efforts against a newly discovered peril, and then it was some other direction to the gallant men out there somewhere giving all they had to save their city.

In brief intervals between such calls to duty, the broadcasters returned to the lighter task of keeping the outside world informed as to the stage of the struggle, only to have such recitals abruptly ended in order that a warning might be sent to thousands, standing in a dangerous area, or that the Red Cross might be told where to take its injured.

With the discipline of seasoned veterans, those at the microphone worked on and on.

A New Field Marshal

This post of the American Legion was ordered to assemble at one place, and that regiment of soldiers was commanded to stand by for future orders. Boy Scouts were told where to go and what to do—and the little fellows did it. Then the word was flashed that so many nurses had volunteered for service, and rescue parties were told where to take their charges.

Through the instrumentality of radio, it was possible amid the confusion and the danger to maintain a well ordered procedure.

Hospitals announced that they were ready for service; firemen off duty were summoned from all parts of the city; homes were thrown open for the accommodation of families, driven from their own houses—and all this was done without a moment's delay.

On the Flank of Catastrophe

Without radio, there would have been helplessness and endless confusion. No intelligent program of relief would have marched step by step alongside the catastrophe.

And through fire and smoke, radio flashed forth its messages as perfectly as it sends forth the silver notes of opera on peaceful, star-lit nights.

The grim advance of the red destroyer, inch by inch, was described and those in the pathway of what seemed certain destruction were told what to do. Next the people of Chicago were commanded to stop their use of water, in order that the pressure might not be lowered below the point of efficiency.

Then, in the little time before he would again be summoned to duty, the broadcaster would announce: "The walls of the stock yards bank are now falling—buildings in the pathway of the flames are being dynamited."

NEXT A LITTLE CHILD was brought to the microphone to give his name and to tell his story of escape, after which he WAS RESTORED TO HIS FOLKS.

In his turn, came the head of the public health service to broadcast a call for plumbers to inspect pipes and drains in the ravaged area and to warn those living in the neighborhood to boil their water to guard against an epidemic.

These and many more messages were broadcast in the effort to gather up the many threads of the emergency and knit them into public duty and public welfare.

For Every Great Crisis

The great service performed on that occasion brought home to millions of listeners far and near, a realization of the fact that in every crisis which may face our civilization, radio will stand in OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE.

Indeed, as one machine's thrilling voice on that day and night when Chicago's fate hung in the balance, it seemed as if some dread invader had marched with ruthless legions upon the city unaware, and that this great instrumentality of communication was striving to save it.

There was enough of horror in the holocaust to bring home to those who listened a realization of the fact that if this land were at war, radio would be its sentinel—NOT A SENTINEL MARCHING UP AND DOWN, BUT FLYING ACROSS THE WIDE SKY—another and a greater Paul Revere.

Until this great disaster revealed radio in this thrilling role, we had thought of it as an entertainer, a minstrel, a comedian, a singer, but when we saw it take its tinsel off, put on its armor and march forth to fight, we hailed it as a hero.

Comrades in Heroism

On that tragic day in the life of Chicago, radio won all the medals given to soldiers for gallantry in action, and those fearless volunteers who stayed up there on the top of the telephone exchange building in the midst of it all and sent forth messages which guided the battle to ultimate victory, are worthy comrades of those operators on sinking ships who have continued to send out SOS signals until the waters have overwhelmed them.

For what it did in the Chicago fire, the country salutes Radio as a warrior—A WARRIOR WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.
Phil Baker's Two Loves

Another of the Gripping Series: "THE GREAT LOVES OF RADIO STARS"

By Lew C. Barrison

Phil Baker, as he looked at the time he met the first of his two loves.

For every star shining on the air, there's a story!
Too often it has been written merely as a success story. Your favorite star was huddled in his supper in a cheap cafe. This blue singer made her debut in the Girls' Gee Club of the North Junction high school. That dramatic artist lost her first baby fuschias to Mamma and Papa's act in small-town vaudeville. And not looking very well...

Yes, do. And you will find their real stories not such as can be told in terms of salary figures and fan mail. You will find instead a human story, a story of struggle, of joy and sorrow, and love...

Take Phil Baker, the genial comedian who plays his secondarly, patiently reasons with the incomparable Bottie and so patiently endures the jibes of the phon-doodling Beetle, every Friday night on the Armour hour. Radio offers few stories more dramatic than that of Phil Baker. He rose from fifty cents a performance to $1,500 a week as headliner in vaudeville and musical comedy. He married a flivver beauty, was divorced from her. He remarried. These are its facts, but are facts the whole story? What do they reveal of the dreams and hopes of a young man, found answered in the shining eyes of Vivian Vernon?

They were rather special dreams: detached someone, from the Phil Baker who in 1921, a handsomely, demurely young man in his middle twenties, already had become one of Broadway's most popular entertainers, headliner in Flo Ziegfeld's famous Midnight Frolics on the New Amsterdam roof. There nightly he gave his nightly, sophisticated audiences the music of his white-dyed accoutrement, fed them their laughter-provoking witticisms, shared with them his dynamic and likeable personality. But there were things a popular entertainer does not share with his audience. Tomorrow he was leaving the Midnight Frolics to accompany Flo Ziegfeld to Palm Beach. He was looking forward to the change with anticipation and no regret. Appreciative applause is much the same one place as another.

And then somebody was saying: "May I present Miss Vernon?"

As quickly and in as conventional a way as it happened, Phil saw a young girl—Vivian Vernon was scarcely seventeen at the time—a flawlessly beautiful face under a radiant crown of hair, two soft eyes alight with eagerness, filled with expectations, with questions. In their very seeking, Phil found his answer. An adorable girl! His own admiring eyes told him. But his heart told him more...

"You are Vivian Vernon?" It was an explanation rather than a question. He knew well enough who she was. Broadway already was whispering the charm of its newest Baby Beauty. Eager eyes already had picked her out in the front row of the chorus of "Salty," then launching in the New Amsterdam theater the spectacular success which was to follow it throughout the country, and attach to its name, even today, a sentimental glamour. Eager tongues had already described her as "different," a mere younger who, though standing at the threshold of fame, had not been touched by the promise, a girl unconcerned of her own power, grateful for the watchful chaperone of her mother. But the moment of consummation, when Phil knew more than that. He knew that his very special years were going to be fulfilled.

He made his trip to Palm Beach as planned. But all, the adoring glances of women, the consciousness of professional success, were no longer dramatic enough. Up in New York a far more important quest awaited him. He found an audience that was eager anticipation in her eyes. They were married, and settled for Europe on their honeymoon.

They paid him one dollar a week to a dream of dreams come true, a distant goal attained. The skymaker accent to fame and fortune of the so-called East Side "sane." Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Ben Bernie, Phil Baker, had not yet become tradition. It was still the theater of infatiation. And no one was it more malignant than to Phil Baker himself. No more outsider could remember as he did his very stuff and substance.

He could remember, for instance, the thrill of his first public appearance. It was in the old Broadway Serenade theater it was. He had run away from home, just why he could not tell, except that the nature of his hoity toity dreams, the special ones combined with the feeling, seemed to him such an impressive gesture. He had shipped on one of the old Joy Line steamers from New York and landed hungry and broke in Boston. Boston, and the world uninterred before his wishful, fifteen-year-old eyes!

But the trouble was, no unknown places could not stay his hunger. He prowled the streets looking for work. Surely there were dishes he could wash, those he could sweep. Almost unconsciously his legging took him to the theater. It was amateur night. They tolerated him. He went on. With his great determinism, drowning the beating of his heart, he faced his first audience, played the piano, sang songs in Italian dialect. The audience liked him. He was paid fifty dollars, and sent to Fall River to repeat his performance. He felt as if he had a world folded on the happy change that was to shape his career.

But he was to learn that careers are not so easily carved in stone as are the faces of the stars. Seventy-five cents of it went for food, fifteen more for a bed. In the morning, the rosy glow of his first success still was upon him, he wandered the streets. One thin dime remained in his pocket. The fall that attends such pride approached, clad in a policeman's uniform.

"Where you going, son?" asked the policeman.

"I'm just out for a walk."

The policeman knew all about such matters. He clasped a hand on Phil's shoulder and marched him off to the wood yard reserved for those days for runaway boys. For four days Phil relentlessly played good, few days later, to work out his transportation back to New York.

Strangely enough, New York looked good to him when he got there. And of a sense of failure was diminished by the joy on his mother's face when he walked in her arms.

But Phil, like all others who follow its elusive light, stuck to his star. If the direct approach to the theater was not open to him, he would try the indirect. He became secretary to Carl Laemmle. He feasted his eyes on Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and other lights of the old IMP film company. Mary, his was the task of making out every week Mary Pickford's 75c salary check.

His evening he spent at the neighborhood movie house listening to the organist play to the front and enviously watching the dark-haired girl with the piano. One hot night she was ill. The picture was broken, the organist quiets his piano in Phil's front seat, challenged with an idea. His natural shyness fought with the conviction that here was the opportunity of a lifetime. Looking loudly, quietly he rose from his seat and took his place on the stool. He knew three tunes. He played them over and over, in varying tempos and loudness. "It's a Raffa and Fogg for the love scenes—improvished hula-hallaho for the dances,—a round song for the portrait pictures." The manager approached, frowning. Phil's fingers grew cold and stiff on the keys.

"Gumph!" said the manager. "So you think you can play my piano?"

Once more disaster threatened.

"But the manager continued: "Well, my boy, just keep on playing!"

Phil kept on playing. He played himself into a permanent job. At last, it seemed, he was on the right road.

His ambition now had taken on direction. Vaudeville. What can a mere pianist do in vaudeville? Phil found what he could do. Eventually he was teaming with Eddie Jams, playing accompaniments for Eddie's fiddle. Still he looked ahead. There were any number of pianists with ability and ambition equal to his. Phil abandoned the piano and took up the accordion. He saw the famous team of Bernie and Klass in action. His ambition became focused. On the basis of a former acquaintance, he obtained an audition with the great Ben Bernie.

That was not an audition to inspire a shy youth with confidence. It took place in a small hotel room early one morning before Ben was up. Phil took his stand at the foot of the bed, strapping on his accordion and began. "Not bad," said the great Ben. "Fait, in fact. Come back two years from now and show me what you can do."

Praise, but not daunting to Phil. Phil knew what he wanted was recognition. He was waiting to wait and work for it. In two years almost to the week, he again played for Ben Bernie. He was using by now one of the first of the new (Continued on Page 3)
Parade of the Stars

Radioactive Americans are invited to sit in the reviewing stand this Summer as the largest parade of talent in the history of succeeding programs marches down the airwaves each Sunday evening, beginning June 5. The Columbia Broadcasting System is marshal. The formation of the parade has an interesting history, revealed in CBS here for the first time:

In radio parlance, summer and slumps are synonymous. Stations blaming that the major portion of the great lion audience is on the lake-shore and the seashore and in the mountains, away from localspeakers, withdraw their costly talent from the airwaves and send them to the lake-shore, the seashore and the mountains. Radio, therefore, becomes largely a matter of sustaining programs and such commercial features as have been tried and found wanting.

Now comes the Columbia Broadcasting System with the proposition that the radio audience takes its loudspeakers to the lake-shore, the seashore and the mountains, and that it listens just as avidly in the summer-time as it does during the cold, winter months when the call of the outdoors is a mere whisper.

Columbia announces that it will keep faith with the summer audience after the more timid sponsors have packed their lunches and vanished—and the audience have gone back into their factories and sold their heads down.

To the institution that the audience is less interested in the summer-lands with the highest salary: regular sustaining programs in the history of radio. Columbia has sent out the hurried call to its bulletin to airwaves and closed all air for probably the most important hour on its time, Sunday night, 8 p.m. to 9 p.m., E.D.T.

Beginning June 5, therefore, the radio audience will hear the formation of the Lake Shore and the Mountain Arches to come. Mr. X, the average listener, if he could hear on one program, all of your favorite artists singing the songs for which each is famous; if on the same program you could hear your favorite conductors presenting your favorite numbers in arrangements for each of it famous; and if you added George Jessel as master of ceremonies, along with a vivid dramatic sketch including outstanding stars of stage and screen, wouldn't that make an ideal summer show for the airwaves?

Our Mr. X said "yes," and the furrowed brows smoothed. Columbia, therefore, began pouring the cream of its talent into the new show, the Voice of Columbia, and here is what will be offered each Sunday night on that important hour:

George Jessel and telephone. (Every Sunday is Mother's Day to Jessel).

Gertrude Nielsen, exotic singer of hot tunes.

Sylvia Fyros, the personality of song.

Mary Eastman, lyric soprano.

N. Lucas, the crooning troubadour.

The Beale Street Boys, new quintet from the South.

E. Waller, pianistic song and singer (at the organ).

Evan Evans, baritone.

A symphony of 45 pieces under the batons of such maestros as Freddie Rich, Mark Warron, Howard Barlow, Johnny Green, John Augustine.

The program, composed of Columbia's finest, will challenge the public to buy. The broadcast will bring to about 3,175 meters. G.B. will be on the air from 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. C.D.T. The NBC WEAF network will pick up the broadcast from 2:40 to 5 P.M. C.D.T. The National Orchestra of Finland will be conducted by George Schreven, noted Finnish musician who conducted the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra from 1927 to 1929.

This broadcast will come from London—which city the orchestra is now visiting.

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To June, the Columbia Broadcasting System again will bring to the listeners the ByrdAntarctic Expedition. These weekly features will be sent over the short-wave station KFZ3, which usually is heard either on 24.30 or 31.75 meters. Test broadcasts can be heard from 6 p.m. to about 10 p.m. C.D.T. The actual regular ones will be taken place at 9 P.M. C.D.T.

Both networks will pick up (Continued on Page 37)

Stars of the stage outstanding dramatic sketch (details to be revealed a little later, as the show progresses).

At master of ceremonies, Jessel has the task of presenting a musical tapestry woven from the many strands of outstanding talent. When George isn't calling his mother on the phone, he has promised to introduce a new comedy song, as his contribution to the gala premiere.

Here are the ingredients of the first Voice of Columbia:


The musical side of the program is destined to be a total kaleidoscope of personalities. In the course of an hour the audience will hear the gay and sophisticated arrangements of Johnny Green, the singing rhythms and flashing colors of Freddie Rich's settings, the rich, alluring orchestrations of Mark Warron, the brilliant musician ship and symphonic style of Howard Barlow, and the polished style of Johnny Augustine.

As this will be presented without benefit of commercial sponsors—strictly sustaining. No commercial plug will interrupt the smoothness of the entertainment. No announcer will plead with you in dulce tones to buy.

All the Voice of Columbia will ask of you is an interest and a willing ear for each Sunday. And CBS is certain that the quality of its new show is in itself "the command to listen."

And will the sponsors of the cooler months kick their ears. They will they will—and how! There is a lurking doubt in their collective mind about the claims that portable and automobile radio receiving sets have made year-around listeners out of our vacationists. But they are shrewd about interesting the people who it would cost to substantiate or disprove their qualities.

This is Columbia's challenge to their judgment.

Short Wave Carnival

These rare days in June are bringing to short-wave listeners the most unusual event of enjoyment. Much of this is being rebroadcast also by long wave over the networks. Included are a stratosphere feature—the Finnish National Orchestra—Byrd's antarctic broadcast—the English Derby—religious ceremonies at England's ancient Canterbury Cathedral—music by the English Royal Marine Band.

Short waves will play an especially important part in the stratosphere at which is scheduled for this month. As the balloonists float over the Middle West, short wave radio in the capitals will carry their voices from the rim of the earth's aerial envelope to the coastto-coast networks. George McClarath, NBC operations engineer, is now in Rapid City, S. D., engaged in surveying the site for the ascent of the National Geographic Society—Army Air Corps expedition. Racing across the countryside at the balloon drifts, NBC's New York and Chicago mobile transmitters will give America's loudspeakers the "bound's-eye" view of this drama of the deep heavens. These swift-moving "studies" will be located at strategic points designated by McClarath. As the balloon moves in a general southerly direction, they will follow along the ground limiting its wind. Columbia's means of a determined effort to be on the spot when finally it lands.

In this unique job of trailing a balloon with automobiles, many different calls will be worked. The exact call-letters—either of the transmitter in which direction it is moving, the studios-on-waves—are not yet known. However, the mobile transmitters are usually assigned to some WJO—calls.

A striking illustration of the growing importance of short-wave to the average listener, is furnished by the special broadcast offered on Monday, June 5, by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Only part of this, a concert by the Finnish National Orchestra, will be picked up by the American networks. The remainder can be had so easily by those listeners possessing short-wave equipment.

This broadcast will come from London—which city the orchestra is now visiting. The program, composed principally of works by Finland's Finnish composer, will issue direct from Queen's Hall, through the facilities of the British Broadcasting Corporation over their station GBS on 31,75 meters. G.B. will be on the air from 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. C.D.T. The NBC WEAF network will pick up the broadcast from 2:40 to 5 P.M. C.D.T. The National Orchestra of Finland will be conducted by George Schreven, noted Finnish musician who conducted the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra from 1927 to 1929.

June, the Columbia Broadcasting System again will bring to the listeners the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. These weekly features will be sent out over the short-wave station KFZ3, which usually is heard either on 24.30 or 31.75 meters. Test broadcasts can be heard from 6 p.m. to about 10 p.m. C.D.T. The actual regular ones will be taken place at 9 p.m. C.D.T.

Both networks will pick up (Continued on Page 37)
Along the Airialto
By Martin Lewis

WHEN the high-powered battery of legal talent prepares its defense of Eddie Cantor in the suit brought against him by the magazine "Life," resort will be made to classics three thousand years old. The magazine seeks $25,000 damages for the defamation of Cantor's character. The gag story in "Life" from which Cantor was charged with having lifted the material for a complete broadcast, was not original with the magazine, so the defense claims. The "Look at Him" line before they ever entered the door. It is obvious that the magazine cannot maintain that "Look at Him" is its own work, or it would not have included the material.

"He himself had not Cantor, prove the defense claims. Justly charged with theft, a precedent regarding the plagiarism of others is set in this case. The defense claims that the magazine has used the material of a thousand years old, in the same way that the magazine used the material of a thousand years old. The defense claims that the magazine has used the material of a thousand years old, in the same way that the magazine used the material of a thousand years old.

"There is a comic team on the radio named Block and Sally, which has gained widespread popularity because of the use of a line 'Look at him!' During the research into the realm of classic literature, it develops that 'Look at him' originally was used as a bit of comic interlude in the play 'The Knights,' written by Aristophanes more than 3,000 years ago. On page 13 of the accepted translation, appears the following dialogue:

"No, not it but a good unmixed wine in honor of the good genius. Perchance we may stumble on a happy thought.

"Niclas, in the play, replies to Demosthenes, who uttered the words above: 'Look at him! Unmixed wine! Your mind is on drink intent. Can a man strike out a brilliant thought when drunk?'

Greeks to the Rescue

Cantor's counsel will contend that more than half the humorous lines in the article which "Life" refers to in its suit, can be traced back to the classics, and will submit plays and essays by Greek philosophers and humorists dead and gone these thousands of years to prove that if anybody did any stealing, it was "Life," not Cantor.

Incidentally, David Freedman, who writes Cantor's script as well as that of Block and Sally, who popularized the wise crack of Aristophanes, declares that Block and Sally used the "Look at him!" line before they ever read a line written by the famous Greek, and that he himself did not know that Aristophanes had written it as a comic line "Look at him!" until long after school.

Reviewing Radio
By Martin J. Porter

SOME months ago, after a confab with John Royal, publisher of Saturday Evening Post, I ventured the prediction that radio drama would rise out of its doldrums and become a vital factor in broadcasting—for no reason. Mr. Royal had told me that there was only one way to accomplish a satisfactory materialization of the drama, which for ten years had been allowed to drift more or less in a haphazard manner. That way, said Royal, was to do away with the majority of studio-reared casts, and to call in stage and screen actors. This was the plan that Royal was prepared to adopt. The result of it was that the radio drama has become a living thing, and is going from strength to strength and success in a haphazard manner.

However, it is now time to say that the drama has grown up, and if you doubt this, begin counting the stage and screen names holding forth in plays, plays, and plays. And, most of them. Many of whom have not seen plays that are already seen in the public memory. Now less than forty-two famous actors and actresses have come to the networks since April 1, including Elsa Fergu- sen, Helen Menken, Leslie Howard, Walter Huston and others of equal prestige and theatrical rank. It may not be realized at once, but this flood of able talent to the microphone marks one of the most vital and commendable stages of progress in radio history.

The Chase and Sanborn Hour is regarding its plans for the autumn with the utmost care. The agency has taken a fifteen-minute network, which is slated to take him on for a sponsor, Pecco, in January; and according to contract Cantor still has eight weeks to go in the autumn, with the Rubinstein sessions. Whether he will be required to do this now becomes problematical. If he wishes to, there is nothing stopping him; but if he does not wish to, there is reason to believe that the people will not insist. Their plan at the moment, apparently, is to put Joe Penner on the coffee show, and to keep him there, possibly with a mild twist in his routine. The agency figures Penner without a peer as a box-office draw.

At this hour, I think that perhaps a quick critique of the routine of Jimmy Durante, as published by Aaron Stein, a New York radio critic, who does not care particularly for Durante's style, rates repetition as a highlight of the week. Says Mr. Stein, in his latest summation:

"I have listened three times to Mr. Durante, and am rapidly becoming convinced that even his nose is not as big as advertised."

IT WASN'T long ago that I was overcome by sentiment sufficiently to wish for a return of a number of old-timers to the microphone. In a list which you may have read, I included Brad Brown and Al Jolson, two of radio's earliest comediens and comedians. Brown, if your memory is good, you will recall as the lad who created the Mr. Wit Hour, and who played the Master of Ceremonies in the first of the Robert Burns series. The program listings will show you that the lads have, indeed, come back, and are now on the Tasteful Ball, where East and West pull one of the most successful flops in their career.

What actual motivation lies behind the organization of twenty hand-leaders, last week, into a protective group, I do not know, but I hear that it was for better radio music, and also in great relief to the musical situation. The score of composers organized to dis- cuss their future, and, in the hands of Abe Lyman, who was elected president, I understand that their first ambition is to bring about the enlargement of most dance bands of the
Training Max Baer with Radio

By Ancil Hoffman
(Max Baer's Manager)

Recent photographs of Max Baer, showing Baer's tender to his work. He is raising his right to engage in the world of boxing.

Since Max Baer started his three-week coast-to-coast broadcasts, I have been receiving plenty of irate letters and telegrams from ardent California light fans—supporters of the West Coast heavyweight.

“What’s the idea of having Baer take a regular commercial program while he’s in training?” they ask. “What kind of a manager are you, anyway! Don’t you know that he’s going to fight the world’s heavyweight champion for the title? Radio will take his mind off the big job.”

To tell the truth, that’s just the way I felt when Baer first came to me and told me he had been thinking about appearing on the radio. “Go ahead, Max,” I said. “A radio interview won’t do any harm. Tell me what night you are on so I can tune in.”

“I’ve heard worse,” Baer said. “It’s a regular commercial show, three-weeks over a coast-to-coast NBC network. And they offer important money for it too.”

“What has the money got to do with it?” I asked. “You’re a fighter, not a radio star, and a fighter has no business in radio while he’s in training, especially if he has a championship fight. And, by the way, what’s the matter with the money involved in the Carmenna contract? Isn’t that important?”

No fighter had ever made a regular radio program a part of his training schedule before. As I saw it then, Baer was giving up plenty to do his training camp getting ready to meet his opponent. When I argued against a regular radio program for my handsome California fighter, I was thinking of what it might do to him. Radio is a big job in itself. I thought the responsibility of a regular program would take his mind off fighting.

Now I have changed my mind about radio training. Actually, it has taken Baer’s mind away from the ring—but I’m glad of it. Radio has removed the one great hazard that every boxer faces before a crucial fight—the mental slump. Training a challenger on radio for a heavyweight title match is a new experiment in the history of the ring and, so far as Baer is concerned, it has been highly successful. I’ll tell you why it has been so successful in the case of Max Baer.

Physical training—experts—and Mike Cantwell. Baer’s trainer, is one—insist that out of every 24 hours a fighter should have nine hours of good sleep and seven hours of leisure. The rest of the time he can do roadwork; he can box with his several sparring partners, period his bag and generally condition himself. But seven of his waking hours must be devoted to pursuits as far removed from thoughts of flying leather as possible. Baer’s radio programs are giving him such a major pursuit.

As I said before, at first I didn’t like the idea of Baer devoting a couple of hours a day, three days a week, to the west. But Baer has a very regular radio program. And after he had been on the air a week I began to notice that keeping up his spirits all the time and never lapsing into those dangerous and usually foolish moods that tear a fighter’s mental condition apart in the days before an important match. I didn’t take me long to realize that I was wrong about radio. I received my opinion and I say now that radio is a pretty good trainer, after all. Naturally, I know the routine of Baer’s life in the training camp on the estate of P. Hal Siegel, the bridge expert, at Asbury Park, N. J. So let me tell you about the fighter’s day since radio entered the camp.

When the signal is received from the broadcast, Baer gets out of bed just as the jacks in the army camps come on the huge speaker. “I can’t get ‘em up! I can’t get ‘em up!” Baer pops into some flannel trousers and a couple of sweat shirts and goes prancing out onto the gravel driveway of the estate.

Says several friends and the eagle-eyed Mike Cantwill at his heels, the fighter is suffering from the strain of the ring. “It’s a tough sport, dog-trotting, running and skipping.”

At the half-hour mark, the camp canteen ball—cafe turns back, and by 8:15 o’clock Baer is sprawled on the grass training table, getting his first rub-down of the day under the hands of Cantwell, that until 8:45, well.

He takes things easy when the show-down blows the signal that breakfast is ready. Max is a steady meal at the Baer camp.

Max is full of gags and wise-cracks, and thoughts are aimed at his beloved trainer. His meal takes an hour and has eaten, he rests in a canvas-backed porch chair for 45 minutes.

Then when 10 o’clock rings on the morning bell, Baer has been in bed for a week the members of the cast of his radio program may be admitted to the veranda of the camp, near the信号 by the hotel at any rate. Baer gets a copy of the night’s script that is busy on it for an hour and a half.

Don’t get the idea that Baer doesn’t know all the tricks of good acting on the radio.

If you were to examine his script after he gets through you’d find fine over-scoring marks in important places in the dialogue, just as you’d see them on the continuity in the hands of G. Underhill Macy, a veteran radio actor who plays the part of Baer’s manager.

Baer reads the script over several times to himself. Then he starts working on it. When he finishes it at noon, he has a good part of it memorized, and a very good idea of where the accents are supposed to fall when he delivers it at night on the air.

At noon, the fighter eats a light lunch, then rests until 1:45 o’clock. At 2 o’clock sharp the big workout of the day begins. He steps into the barn and “fights” the canvas bags for half an hour. After that he is ready for the ring.

Baer boxes several opponents in the course of a day. A light, fast lad will pace him.

Then a big, hard-hitting fellow comes into the ring. He frequently feels the weight of a Baer whoop, in fact, some of the big boys have been exclaiming that they think that they can think of much safer jobs.

After disposing of the big lad, Baer goes a few rounds with an even bigger, though slower, partner. Frequently, this partner is his “little brother” who weighs 250 pounds and who is almost the size of Carnera.

By the time Max is through with the sparring partners it is 4:30 p.m., the end of Baer’s fighting day.

This is the danger hour at fighters’ training camps. Dempsey used to talk.

Gene Tunney would read faithfully or drive his car here and there aimlessly. Baer, however, takes a nice rest, and at five he is ready for his supper.

At 6 o’clock he is whisked in a car to the hotel in Asbury Park where the temporary radio station is located. As the mark is in his head, the heavyweight challenger joins the rest of the cast, the drilling and grining, he talks with the other radio players, and his pal, Capt. Gene Groobach, producer of the show, to make the parts.

Baer takes to direction unusually well, almost usually as the warm-up, the famous megaphone found out during the filming of “The Prialighter and the Lady.” He has amazed Groobach and Barry Ryan, Luther Wood and Myron Young of the agency, with his histrionic ability.

With other members of the cast, Baer rehearses very seriously.

Gene are all thoughts of the training camp and grining. He is a serious actor, playing the part of Al Harper, the hero in the radio comedy play “Take Me.”

In fact, Baer makes fewer mistakes than some of the old-timers.

The broadcast is heard by come at 7:43.

The show is almost ready. Baer is almost ready. At a tap on the wall in front of the little man, Graham McNamee raises his hand. Graham is ready to speak when the red light lights up on his microphone. He raises his shoulders and moistens his lips.

McNamee says, “Good evening, ladies and gentlemen...

The broadcast is on the air over the NBC coast to coast network. Just a few minutes more and Baer will say..."
Under the Bugaboo

Stars of Radio, Screen and Stage Domi-
nated by Strange Personal Superstitions

Jack Benny (left) NBC-WEAF Tuesdays and Thursdays — “a slip of the tongue”

Graham McFrame (right) NBC-WEAF Tuesdays — “a skip of the tongue”

A
tists, actors, aviators and play-
a pretty much are con-
ced the palm when it comes to con-
sitions. The theater has a legion of them that must be
respected. Radio, being an offspring of the stage, has
inherited most of these traditional bugaboos, and in
addition carries the burden of the personal superstitions
of its own individual stars.

Superstitions very nearly have broken up a hun-
dred shows, and they have become so bothersome that
one dramatic director, Charley Martin, has decided to
establish a school for radio actors to cure the situation.
Candidates must have no experience or association with
the stage, screen, motion pictures or concert. He wants
none who has had a chance to observe the traditions,
and no matter how inopportune the moment may be,
he will not continue with anything he is doing until he
has returned the touch. This little superstition has
brought NBC production men no end of grey hairs.
The “Baron” will stop in the middle of a program and

The Aug. 17 edition of the New York Times News-
paper published an article by John McCormack on
the importance of good music and the need for the
radio industry to support it. McCormack, a well-
known opera singer, had just performed a recital
in Philadelphia and was interviewed by the newspaper.
He expressed his concern that radio programs
should focus more on musical performances and
less on commercial advertising. He also stated that
radio should be seen as a medium for the dissemination
of fine music and that its role should be to
educate the public about the beauty and richness
of classical music. McCormack’s article was well-
received by the music community and helped to
raise awareness of the importance of classical
music on radio.

Ed Wynn (right) NBC-WEAF Wednesdays and Thursdays — “just a touch of hokum”

Connie Boswell CBS-WABC Tuesdays and Thursdays — “a bridle full of hair”

If anyone ever undertakes the writing of a history of music in radio, the Biblical quotation, “The old order changeth and yecketh to the new,” might well be used as its title. For the transition of radio from the days of its childhood, when it was influenced strongly by vaudeville and the theater, to its present age, where it is a separate and distinct medium of entertainment, has been accompanied by many changes in the style of playing and in the type of music played.

There are several reasons advanced for the evolution of radio music: as written, as played and as sung. Perhaps this may seem far-fetched at first, but I am a firm believer that the economic, political and social conditions that surround the solutions to these problems have had a great influence on music. The trend of things today seems to call for the playing of music that is soothing, melodic type. The choice of this kind of the easiest to listen to the fact that Americans are successfully weathering the years of depression and hardship, and are settling down to a normal, peaceful and happier existence.

Another reason for the change in the medium of musical expression is the rise and fall of orchestra leaders and their individual styles, with everybody con-

Off the Brass Standard

By Andre Kostelanetz

The public's taste for music has turned from loud,
brassy jazz to soothing, mellifluous songs, presented
in interesting and unusual arrangements. Further-
more, I predict that it will progress to a greater under-
standing and a keener desire for more beautiful
and interesting things.

I

ly enough, he ran into that outfit at least a half dozen
times within the next few days. McCormack went on
the air.

Over at NBC a special guard always is thrown around Jack Pearl — “The Baron” — before he goes on the air, and while he is traveling up and down the ele-

vators preparatory to a broadcast. This is to prevent
anybody from touching him. Regardless of consequences
and no matter how inopportune the moment may be,
he will not continue with anything he is doing until he
has returned the touch. This little superstition has
brought NBC production men no end of grey hairs.
The “Baron” will stop in the middle of a program and

It is said that he proposed to his wife with his hat on,
and it wasn’t in a street car, either.

This superstition is worn by

John Charles Thomas, famous star of the Metropolitan
Opera, who would never be found without the silver
quarter-dollar that he tossed in making his decision be-
tween becoming a singer or an engineer. He uses the coin
even in a quandary as to the advisability of any
important decision.

Color schemes also have a decided effect upon some
stars. Amos ‘n’ Andy always wears something with
blue in it. Green, orange and tan are taboo as far
as the little singing lady is concerned, and members
of her supporting cast have to be watched very closely
that they wear none of the offending colors.

Freddie Rich never will conduct Yost’s “Goodbye”
or “The Rosary.” They are too closely identified with
unfortunate incidents in his life. Once, when “Good-
bye” was scheduled for one of his sustaining broadcasts,
he turned his baton over to his first violinist and left
the studio until the selection had been played.

The “Meisteringer” has a similar effect on Howard
Barlow, who nearly lost his life in the Arizona Hotel,
immediately after conducting this Wagnerian masterpiece.

A close examination of Ferde Grofé’s face leads one
to believe that he had spent most of his time day-
ing, perhaps at Heidelberg. Ferde is one conductor
who doesn’t object to a barber.

(Continued on Page 33)
Secrets of the Face Reveal YOUR CHARACTER

By “The Doctor”

Character, as revealed in the face, is authoritatively discussed every week in Radio Guide by that eminent exponent of character analysis known as “The Doctor.”

This face is that of Miss Van’s. Bliss Van’s face, generally considered the most beautiful of all faces, is a true masterpiece of nature. In it are revealed the qualities, the emotions, the thoughts, the dreams, the secrets of the woman who bears it. During the summer, this face was to be a topic of conversation everywhere. The smoke rings, the moonlight, the moon, the music, the rhythm, the passion, the beauty, all combined to make this face a symbol of all that is lovely and desirable in life.

There is a certain something in the smile of Miss Van’s face that is peculiarly attractive. It is a smile that is never forced, never faked. It is a smile that comes naturally to her, and it is a smile that is never forgotten. It is a smile that is a true reflection of the joy that Miss Van feels in life. Bliss Van’s wide eyes are full of laughter, and her voice is always bright and cheerful.

Miss Van is known for her beautiful voice. She has a voice that is pure and true, and it is a voice that is always a joy to hear. Her voice is a voice that is able to express the deepest emotions, and it is a voice that is able to reach the most distant listeners.

The voice of Miss Van’s is a voice that is always a joy to hear. She has a voice that is pure and true, and it is a voice that is always a joy to hear. Her voice is a voice that is able to express the deepest emotions, and it is a voice that is able to reach the most distant listeners.

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The OPEN DOOR to BEAUTY

By V. E. Meadows

V. E. Meadows, Director of the Beauty Guild of the Air, in this series of articles offers the experience of his years of experience in beautifying stars of radio, the screen, and the stage.

Don’t expect too much in too short a time. The abuses of years cannot be overcome by one application of any corrective measure applied to the face.

The stimulation of the skin does not always mean that it will be immediately healthy and glossy. Quite the contrary, harsh methods will usually force the surface a mass of pimples and blackheads in place of the former smoothness. This waste matter has been layered underneath the face of the skin, and if a good healthy complexion is the eventual aim, as it must be with all women, one must keep off the cream.

Wash the face with a good soap and lukewarm water. If you will clean your face about one-half hour before you retire, you will find that the cream has been absorbed by the pores of the skin, so that it will not come off on your hands. In the morning, soap and lukewarm water are necessary to wash your face.

If you desire to apply ice or cold water to the face, the morning is the time to do so, after you have washed. However, if ice is used, take precautions to cover the ice with a cloth so that the skin does not chill and the surface blood vessels will not break, leaving purplish lines in the face. These cannot be removed with soap and water.

In drying the face, do not attempt to stimulate the blood flow by the use of a rough towel. You are very apt to abrade the skin and break the sensitive blood vessels which are very near the surface. The skin should not be subject to harsh treatment of any type. Soiled temperament is by no means bad, and the application of ice to the unprotected skin is not advisable.

Next week we will discuss only skin and how to apply a protective makeup.

The Dish I Like Best

By Olga, Countess Albani

Turkey is such a thoroughly American dish—Thanksgiving Day, Christmas week—that you may be surprised to learn that I picked up this turkey recipe in France. Turkey, prepared the French way, is as good, if not better, than the English version.

Perhaps Americans who enjoy this fowl roasted in the conventional American fashion, will be interested in learning of a new manner in which it may be prepared. It is for that reason I venture to offer the recipe:

First, the French method of cooking turkey calls for a "fond." This bed is made by placing in a large pan, strips of fat bacon, beef stew, onions, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper, nutmeg and spices. When you have carefully layered your large pan with these interesting ingredients, place the turkey into the pan. Then blanket it with the骨架, and use the fond. You will find that the meat is tender and the turkey gains in flavor. Next, cover the pan tightly. This is of prime importance.

The first of this season’s finished dish will depend upon the care and thoroughness with which it is made. To do this well, perhaps it would be just as well to stop and consider the difference between this method of cooking, and the American method—and to realize the results for this difference.

In the American method the skin of the bird is not covered, though it may be basted. A certain flavor is imparted to the bird by the aromatics customary in the French method. If the bird is not well basted the aromatic vapors are permitted to escape and are not returned to permeate the meat.

Cook for three or four hours. Then remove the entire mass from the pan. Strain the liquid from the showing through the fine sieve, and serve. Pouring this gravy over the turkey. When cold, the gravy becomes a thick jelly and is delicious, too.
<p><strong>Radio Road to Health</strong></p><p>By Dr. S. W. Wynne</p><p>Dr. Shirley W. Wynne's weekly health article in Radio Guide is based on the authority of years of experience as Health Commissioner of New York, and as advisor to millions of radio listeners.</p><p>Too many of us today, drinking water is such a cheap commodity and so easily obtainable that we are totally unmindful of its blessings. If we live in well regulated communities, all we need to do when thirsty is to turn on the tap and drink off our fill. Sometimes we even have to turn our tap off again, thereby showing our heedlessness to one of the greatest benefits of the natural world.</p><p>Now we have, perhaps, to be thankful that we have not had to turn off our water supply. For there is a sufficient amount of water in the world. The chemical processes involved in purification and assimilation demand that there shall be a sufficient supply of water. For this reason, if you are ever thirsty, force yourself to adopt a daily water-drinking program and follow it faithfully.</p><p>We can't advise and add the warning that the water must be pure. Some water from an unknown source carries the danger of disease. Fortunately, the water in our own city is of good quality as it is watched and carefully regulated. But, in places remote from systematic supervision, the greatest care should be taken regarding drinking water and its source.</p><p>Every week Doctor Wynne will answer questions pertaining to health, as well as the health of the radio audience. These questions will be answered here; they will not be answered by direct mail.</p><p>For every week Doctor Wynne will answer questions pertaining to health, as well as the health of the radio audience. These questions will be answered here; they will not be answered by direct mail.</p><p><strong>BULLS AND BONERS</strong></p><p>One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Be sure to include your name, hour, date and station over which heard.</p><p>Master of Ceremonies:—"I'd rather hear Louise sing that Christmas carol, anytime!"—Sarge Myers, York Pa. May 15; WJZ; 10:35 a.m.</p><p>Helen Trent:—"I know every woman or girl who hears my voice will want to keep it in the bathroom or on her dressing table,"—Lorene Shinnall, Danville Ill. May 3; WGN; 11:18 a.m.</p><p>Announcer:—"We now join the crackling of the National Broadcasting Company"—Charles H. Elkins, Liberty, N. C. May 11; WPTF; 6:35 a.m.</p><p>Evans Plummer:—"Ratman, who is your favorite movie actor? Ramona:—"Well I like Jack Fulton in his shorts."—Rae M. Romano Chicago Ill. May 12; WJS; 11:30 a.m.</p><p>Jack Holden:—"I'm afraid this morning's haft pot was a little stronger."—Dorothy Lewis, Chicago Ill. May 15; WLS; 12:45 p.m.</p><p>Lowell Thomas:—"I wonder Henry Ford is happy. He is turning out 5,000 dollars a day."—J. C. Schiebe, Jacksonville, Fla. May 16; WJAX; 5:49 p.m.</p><p>Announcer:—"I can give Standish anywhere today in ten and twenty cent packages."—D. R. White, Boston, N. C. May 15; WBT; 5:18 p.m.</p><p>Radio Reporter:—"David Ross has brown eyes growing grey at the temples."—Kay Stephens, St. Louis Mo. May 16; KMOV; 3:30 p.m.</p><p>Tony Wors:—"She had wrinkles as far back as I can remember."—Miss Donna Wright, Olean N. Y. April 2; WABC, New York City.</p><p>Dr. Bausend:—"These radio men are to be congratulated on the way they are doing their job."—Anna E. Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio. May 19; WABC; 9:40 p.m.
</p>
Shy and imaginative children are here discussed in intimate detail by the noted authority on child behaviorism.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

THE careless, shy child is a double problem for parent or teacher. We have him in great numbers in radio dramatics. He represents a difficult but common problem.

His mind does not absorb impressions easily, and carelessness in children is unusually a sign of a brain burst in other thoughts. The shy child builds up defense mechanisms, which are usually seen as a shyness, as it is called-”emotional” or “cussedness” that is impervious to reason. If he is to be drawn from his shell, a lot of studying and sympathetic understanding are necessary.

The imaginative child, whose flights of imagination carry him on the wings of fancy to the far corners of the universe, is not particularly sensitive to his immediate surroundings. The neatness of his clothes and his personal appearance mean nothing to him. Even noticing him his room can be in utter disorder, but the disorder is usually in harmony with him. Mentally he is scaling the heights of Mt. Everest or plunging through some elusive spot in the great wilds of the animal world. The elephant is threatening every step of his progress.

How could a child, engrossed with hand-to-hand encounters with wild beasts, have time for the play-actions in his playroom or the black smudge on his face? Don’t make any mistake about the reality of these flights of daydream. They are real to the kiddies.

No amount of talking to about such mundane and commonplace things as a disorderly room will make the slightest impression on the child with whom his mind is so engrossed. The child will appear to be absorbing every word you utter, and to be in perfect accord with you, but your words haven’t registered.

The next day, or even sooner, he will repeat the things with which you have found fault, and to save his life he can’t tell you why. I’ll tell you why, but the child will only remain silent without becoming technical. That portion of the mind which controls his actions as “cried” (we sound the “c”-”jewel” (nary a “ja”-”is worn here) and won’t be up to the same level of the situation the child himself has been guilty of. “ship” is a little like a “ship” which is a little like a “ship” when he means a nice round “or” bears mention.” I don’t believe he can make it. At least the others in the cast will interrupt with “Oh-he—hold it.” And the correction is made.

Shy and imaginative children are here discussed in intimate detail by the noted authority on child behaviorism.

Correct caution for the shy child, according to Nila Mack, is to make a game of his day-dreaming. This younger seems that he profits immensely by the play region.

SLACKENING ground is set out by the pastor of a Lutheran church.

Dear Editor: Accept my thanks for this opportunity to voice some grievances publicly. I turn to another paragraph when the annoyance subsides. "Listen to an important announcement at the close of this program.

Why not now? Moreover, it purrs me when the annoyance subsides some commodity, it sells out very carefully, then adds "Let me reprimand you" and goes over it again. Westmoreland, N. C.

REV. E. A. SMYK

Address your grievances to the Editor, Your Grouch Box, Radio Guide, 1143 Harrison St., San Francisco, Calif.

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**For Sponsors**

**Jersey City, N. J.**

I notice from time to time in the radio advertisers' writings in many of the New York dailies, criticism concerning the word "commercialization" in certain programs.

I know this criticism rather unjust on their part, because, after all, who is it that sends for the newscasts of these programs and invites the advertisers to be today? Certainly not at the radio receiver. We all know that a sponsor expends many thousands of dollars in placing programs on the air, he must certainly be at least entitled to inject some little slight when he is told to take it that "commercialization" in certain programs is doing something.

So I think this criticism rather unjust on their part, because, after all, who is it that sends for the newscasts of these programs and invites the advertisers to be today? Certainly not at the radio receiver. We all know that a sponsor expends many thousands of dollars in placing programs on the air, he must certainly be at least entitled to inject some little slight when he is told to take it that "commercialization" in certain programs is doing something.

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**One For Sponsors**

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**Cents-ible Comment**

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**The Voice of the Listener**

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**The Case Of Cantor**

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**Public News-annonce**

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**An Old Radio Custom**

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**Great Mother's Day Songs**

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**LUCILLE BERTR**

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**AM I READY?**

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**A Brief Tribute**

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**Radio's Golden Mile**

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**Radio's Golden Mile**

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**Just Re Prince**

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**Short Lived Music**

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**Organic Matter**

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**Lovely Singing Lady**

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**Radio's Guide**

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**RADIO GUIDE**

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**Ben Bernie**

---

**Dedicated to the Memory of Ben Bernie**

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**The Voice of the Listener**

---
Manhattan’s Madman

Another Thrilling Detective Story in the Series, “CALLING ALL CARS”—Actual Crimes Portraying Radio as the Defender of Law.

By Stuart Palmer

When the shrill buzz of his ring echoed through that top floor rear apartment, Detectives Dominick Cass and Bill Mara were crouching on the stairs halfway down to the fourth floor, disguised as plumbers. They had received a tip that in this building they might get a lead as to the whereabouts of one Helen Walsh, wanted for questioning in regard to the city’s newest murder case. The name “Helen” on the card in the foyer had given the two fly-cops a clue worth following. . . .

Mara had stuck the card in his pocket, as possible future evidence. It was the worst mistake he could have made. If the card had been on the bell where it belonged, “Red” would never have run—-and Francis Crowley would not have rushed out on the fifth floor lading with a gun in each hand.

He would not have rushed forth, that hunted boy of not quite twenty years, with his weasened face and slight, almost girlish figure, to look into the faces of the two detectives who crouched halfway down the top flight of stairs. He had come to see who rang the bell downstairs, but he looked full at the detectives, and the afternoon sun pouring through the doorway from behind him made an unearthly halo of his wild head of hair. There was just that glimpse—and then he slammed the door behind him. The tense and startled detectives had spent half the afternoon laying a trap for a woman supposed to be in the building somewhere, a woman reputed to be friendly with Crowley. They had been laying a by-trap and now found that they had set it

in a rat-hole—they had gone hunting for sparrows and stumbled upon a tiger in its lair.

And now Francis Crowley, the most wanted man in the history of the New York police, had been forced to show himself.

Crowley, cop-killer and lady-killer, strange anomaly of human nature who was a terrestial and frequent speakeasy, who preferred gun-smoke to cigarette smoke—"Two-Gun Frank" Crowley—was holed up in this rat-hole.

He was here, in one of the slums of the city, slumming in a Long Island mansion among being too friendly with a city detective named John Lho, plain-clothesman assigned to guard the family jewels during a reception. The young woman, friendless and alone in a strange country, died in giving birth to an unwanted fatherless child. That child was Francis Crowley, unclaimed by his father and finally given a home in a well-meaning woman who also loaned him her name. For he had none of his own.

Francis Crowley grew up in bitterness of hatred of the cops. When he was fourteen, in February of 1925, he happened to witness a misunderstanding between John Crowley, his foster-brother, and the cop on the beat—one Patrolman Morris Harlow. Harlow died instantly, and Crowley fell mortally wounded. That day Francis Crowley swore he’d spend the rest of his life getting even.

He spent most of the following six years in becoming involved in trouble. No less than sixteen times he was on the police blotter for crimes such as pilferage passing phoney money, automobile stripping, petty thefts, and so forth. The cops of the uptown neighborhood called him “the Run,” and declared that if there was any dignity going on, Crowley was at the bottom of it. Yet somehow the boy always got off, receiving discharges and suspended sentences even when caught red-handed with stolen goods. He looked so boyish, people said.

It was not until February of 1930 that Francis Crowley stepped over the line which marks the killer from the thief. Crowley bragged to some hoodlum friends that he could get away with崭ishing an American Legion dance in the Bronx and picking up the Legionnaires’ girls. At the dance he was tossed ignominiously out of the door by two husky veterans—who were surprised to receive a volley of hot lead flung at them as he picked himself from the sidewalk. Both were hurt, but neither badly.

All the same, Detective George Schaefer was assigned to round up the elusive bad-man. Schaefer trailed him to the nineteenth floor of a Manhattan apartment building, where the print-sized quarry suddenly stepped from behind a picture in the stairwell, put three bullets in Schaefer’s chest, and calmly walked away. The detective did not die—and the boy who never had been able to read learning or writing in his six years in the first grade, continued by some uncanny knack to make himself scarce whenever police sought him, but still to move with apparent freedom among the gay spots of the uptown section. By this time he had given up all pretense of working at his supposed trade of steamfitter’s helper.

It was in an uptown speakeasy that Crowley met “Rudy” Duringer, a truck driver from Ohio who had been fresh from his job and who had stolen his boss’s limousine in revenge. Duringer had spent most of his life within night of the gray walls of Sing Sing, but they had taught him no lesson. He was a big, stupid man weighing almost 200 pounds and having hard work with every ounce of his body and soul.

In his stolen car Duringer was quite a big shot among the boys of the city. When police plunged into a speakeasy where he was, he vanished quite naturally into the companionship of Francis Crowley, who insisted upon being called “Two-Gun Frank,” and who impressed the dim-witted Duringer as a dashing and admirable figure. Crowley, on the other hand, admired Duringer for his bulk alone—the one quality which he felt himself lacking.

The two lads set out on a round of the ten-cent- a-dance places—places where young Helen Walsh, the Bronx, and even Broadway today. It was at the Primrose Dance Palace in the Bronx that Rudy Duringer met plump, pretty Virginia Brannen, a little girl from Maine who was trying to make her way as a hostess.

Crowley, also a music lover, struck up a chat with the new girl and soon found that her tastes were the same as his. He introduced himself as a man from a nearby speakeasy. Virginia, as it happened, was a music lover. It was not long before they were meeting nightly in Duringer’s apartment, and as they sat by the piano they had a mutual interest in studying the strange and uncanny phenomena of the night world.

One night, as they sat at the piano, they heard a knock at the door. Crowley opened it, and before he could ask who it was, a much smaller figure than his own entered the room. It was Helen Walsh, and she was at the moment having a gay vacation since she was on parole from a reformatory.

On the evening of the 27th of April, 1931, Duringer, Crowley, Billie Dunn and (Continued on Page 35)
**MUSIC IN THE AIR**

By Carleton Smith

WOFO symphony orchestra playing twice daily at the 1934 Century of Progress Exposition is giving us the chance to show our appreciation and interest when we go to the Fair. If the response is what they expect it to be, both organizations intend to sponsor symphony concerts during the next season.

The Detroit Symphony starts a twelve-week season June 16th, which may be expected to be brilliant. The Chicago Symphony begins July 1 and plays for a ten-week period. Both symphonies will play four hours daily and all concerts are free to the public.

Opinions differ as to whether the standard symphonies or orchestral medleys, whether Wagner or Victor Herbert, Brahms or Lehar, should claim precedence. The programs, therefore, are largely tentative. Presenting concerts to a cross-section of America at a large expansion for an extended period offers the opportunity to study public taste and to judge more accurately what is wanted than can be done in almost any other way. The audience that will come to these concerts is not identical with that which goes to attend the Stadium Concerts in New York of the Dell Concerts in Philadelphia. It comes to visit a concert and drops in on the concerts as on any other exhibit.

Judging from arrangements now made, the music is to be "featured" rather than the conductors or soloists. Victor Kolar, assistant conductor in Detroit, is to direct the Detroit Symphony, and Ernest Lehman is to conduct the Chicago Symphony in the absence of Fredrick Stock.

With all due credit to them for their musicianship and self-sacrificing service, second conductors never have overwhelming popular appeal. Perhaps great conductors will be arranged for future performances.

Sustaining Broadcasts

(The Time Givd Is CDT)

This experimental laboratory is to be extended to the radio audience, or at least to that part of it which writes letters. Columbia announces a tentative broadcast schedule for the Detroit Symphony, beginning June 16th as follows: Saturdays, 8:30 to 9:30 p.m.; Sundays, 2 to 3 p.m.; Tuesdays, 3 to 4 p.m.; and Thursdays, 3 to 4 p.m. Mr. Victor Kolar has expressed his desire to know your tastes and especially, after the broadcasts begin, to know of your reactions to the programs. His address is Ford Exhibit, A Century of Progress, Chicago.

NRC is already broadcasting the Palmer Clark Jazz Symphony from the Swift Pavilion (4 to 7 p.m.) every day except Sunday. They have set aside the period, 4:30 to 7:30 p.m. daily except Sunday, on the blue network, when the Chicago Symphony starts in July. It would be courteous as well as wise if the conductors and soloists would start programs so as to fit whole compositions into the broadcast time. Otherwise, we will be breaking in on the middle of a symphony or faded out just before its climax. Nothing is more annoying.

Fall Season

Plans for the fall season include a good share of music you like. Activity in advertising agencies and network offices leads to the conclusion that the next is certain to be the busiest season. Almost every minute of available time on both networks has either been sold or is under options.

More sponsors than ever before are considering serious music as a hobby, with which to attract a definite clientele. Talent is being discovered and developed for these programs. There are deserving vocalists in many cities who, because they sing for less, will be heard on sponsored programs, instead of "nameless."

The radio, unless my guess is wrong, will develop more and more of its own artists rather than seek them in the concert hall or the opera stage. For some time to come, the "nameless" appliance will be necessary to establish a reputation among the musically-minded. Not every one can or will trust the radio alone in passing judgments. But in time that may disappear.

"Carmen"

THE Palmolive Theater made no mistake in presenting "Carmen." The cutting and arrangement of the familiar airs were judicious. The voices of Janet Melton and Gladys Smitrout were well chosen for the role of Don Jose in Carmen. And Bizet's opera, despite its original failure, is a masterpiece, every respect deserving its great popularity.

Other tuneful and familiar operas would be worth the effort expended on putting them on, if the proper voices are secured. "Faust," "Martha," "Roméo and Juliet," "Aladdin," "Pagliacci," "Traviata," "Rigoletto" even "Aida" and "Il Trovatore" (Continued on Page 111)

**The COVER Girl**

ROSEMARY LANE, the girl on the cover, is the possessess of the delightful, lovely voice heard with Fred Waring on the Ford program. She broadcast over CBS network stations on Sundays and Thursdays at 6:30 p.m. CDT, not long after blue eyes in an apple tree in the family orchard, Rosemary insisted upon taking her exercises on horizontal bars, flying rings and—of all things—a trapeze! Before long the back yard looked like an aerial gymnast's dream of heaven.

With her younger sister following Rosemary, the Lane family decided to get a hit in a juvenile sports world that carried off most of the honors. Their new feat was developing and other athletic endeavors in the Camp Fire Girls' annual meets at Boone, Iowa. Fred Waring discovered a new talent in a music publishing house in New York while she was running over some popular numbers and indelibly induce her to join his orchestra as a solo guest star on the Old Gold Flair. She has been guest star with him ever since.

**THE RULES:**

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

**WHAT TO DO?** Name the Radio Stars represented by the caricatures appearing each week in Radio Guide. Two pictures will appear in each consecutive issue. There are thirty pictures in all representing thirty radio stars. All names and the correct one in this contest will be shown whose names appear in the pages of Radio Guide.

**WHERE TO SEND?** Hold all pictures until you have the complete series. Then send them to "NAME-the-STARS Contest," Radio Guide, 483 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

**GET NEXT PICTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S RADIO GUIDE!**
Blubbering Through

By Ted "Blubber" Bergman

"Blubber" Bergman, photographed at the moment he suffered a vexing frustration, the loss of some of his clothes. He appears uncencerned.

was oversold? I wanted to play music.

But my father wanted me to play baseball.

How I ever got my brothers to make them stay in and practice, while I was forbidden to stop playing baseball I asked for a violin. My father bought back, I think, the kind of violin they were acquiring accents. This was just as well, because pro-

I didn't want a violin, and in the family, I wanted a Babe Ruth. Well, I must quite get over this set-back to my childish dreams, but I did try to inter-

fect myself in acquiring accents. This was just as well, because pro-

ble turned on soap, and as quickly as I could, I began selling the stuff it is put into. So I resumed my studies of languages with another tutor, a German butch-

er, who accent was so thick, that I could hardly cut it

with his own clever. And, of course, the inevitable happened; no sooner had I absorbed his "acts" and "acents" than I found I had a cousin in Milwaukee and moved there.

You're passed. I come to radio. Meanwhile, I had learned to live in pain that colleges aren't interested in the languages I had been learning; for me at least, all the professorial doors had "No Help Wanted" signs on them. I thought that in a radio studio, perhaps I'd be able to get some dramatic parts; you know, roles that would let me pout forth the genuine of my frustra-

ted soul. Also I thought that perhaps they'd let me sing around the studio and listen to the ball fiddle. Almost at once they discovered my voice, and eventually I was imitated to imitate him perfectly. And then he moved away—another frustration.

A Swede took his place. He tried so hard to speak English, that to help him, I used my Accent accent on him. He told me I couldn't speak Russian! Well, there was only one thing to do. To have someone to talk to, while the other kids were playing baseball, I learned to speak like my Swedish friend. And, thank God, he never did once again my fate caught up with me. For no sooner had I mastered his dialect and learned how to converse with him intelligently, than my family moved away. I've always suspected that my father wanted to move me farther away from the baseball field, so that he could watch me doing my daily practice of singing.

But by now I had the idea of languages. Wouldn't it be fun to try and learn a lot of different languages and maybe become a professor? Then nobody would expect me to play baseball, and I'd have lots of time to practice up.

Quickly, I set about laying the foundations for my career as a professor—which in turn would lay the foundations for my career as a ball fiddle. Can I help it if those sounds like the House-that-Jack-built? First thing I did was to study at the feet of the local Com-

sequently, that gentle Chinese who could talk and wash with such ease, and was a genius of the stage. I learned to speak like my Swedish friend, and I could master his part, Rubenoff—without him. I could talk, naturally, with radio's first Englishman. I learned to speak like my Swedish friend, and I could master his part, Rubenoff—without him. I could talk, naturally, I'm afraid, with radio's first Englishman. I learned to speak like my Swedish friend, and I could master his part, Rubenoff—without him. I could talk, naturally, I'm afraid, with radio's first Englishman.
Radio Guide

Babe Ruth Prize Winner

Oll boy, oh boy, oh boy—hot dog! That was about all Arthur Hen- nedy, seven years old, of 113 Nelson street, Jersey City, N. J., (picture above) could say when a Ramos Gumme representative asked him how it felt to win the grand prize in the Babe Ruth-Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat weekly baseball contest. For little Arthur wrote the best last line for the letterkit submitted by thousands of boys and girls last week, and won a week’s trip to Chicago with a parent as Babe Ruth’s guest. There are 100 prizes offered each week, with the grand prize being a week’s trip to either New York or Chicago. Babe Ruth in person as host. A fine baseball fielders’ gloves and 500 baseballs are offered each week. Babe Ruth broadcasts Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:45 p.m. over the NBC blue network.

Melodically Baby

When I was a Boy from the Mountains

Young

Build a Little House (Trium. Hob)

KYW—Glada Trotter

WGN—North Shore Church Services

WBTM—Tomorrow’s Keys

WGO—Vesper Time; Fred Becker, organist

WBB—Jack Coogan’s All-Colored Hour

WGN—Orchestrarian Program

ANNOUNCING

Beach Walk Opening

Saturday Evening, June 9, 1934

Elaborate lighted-balloon decorations

HARRY SOSNIK and his ORCHESTRA

Edgewater Beach Hotel

5300 Block Sheridan Road  
Chicago

Dancing on the Beach Walk nightly (except Sundays)

Concert Sunday Nights

SUNDAY NIGHT

9:30 EST. 10:30 P.M.  CDT

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Borden's sensational program

* IT'S HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE

Pre-views of the best current pictures

* Famous Stars in Person

* Studio Gossip by Cal York

* Music by Mark Warm

* For stations—see Radio Guide Listings

COLUMBIA NETWORK

SUNDAY JUNE 9

HELEN HAYES

SPECIAL RECOMMENDATION

IN HALL OF FAME

P.S. 5 P.M. CDT

CHICAGO RADIO DIET.  D.  P.  P.  D.  C.  D.

FREE TO BE UNDER FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE
Radio Guide

Monday, June 4

EARLY MORNING PROGRAMS FOR THE WEEK

<table>
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<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Host</th>
<th>Time of Day</th>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Gospel Thursday</td>
<td>WBCD</td>
<td>6:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WLS</td>
<td>Family Circle Program</td>
<td>WLS</td>
<td>6:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Weather and Market Reports</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Early Bird Show</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:30 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:56</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Family Bible League: &quot;Uncle John&quot;</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>7:00 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Monday Morning and Grain</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>7:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Minute Parade, Drum Major</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>7:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Dance, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>8:00 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Good Morning, musical program</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Dance, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Early Morning Waltzes</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:30 CDT</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Worship</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Dramatic Program, Friday only</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Gloom Chasers</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
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<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Drummers, Monday and Friday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Round Up; Westside; Joe Kelly</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Health Exercises</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Dramatic Program from Conservatory College, Monday only</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Cheerio; WEAF WMAG WLM WFL Early Bird</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Good Morning, musical program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday</td>
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<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
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<td>Morning Variety Show, Monday, Wednesday, Friday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Music; Monday and Friday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Round Up; Westside; Joe Kelly</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Greetings; WEAF WLM Saturday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>The Naturals: WABC WIND KMOX</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Round Towns; WABC KMOX</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Breakfast Club; WJW WLM, Monday, Wednesday and Friday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>morning Variety Show from Conservatory College, Monday, Wednesday, Friday</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Morning Round Up; Westside; Joe Kelly</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>8:45 CDT</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Host</th>
<th>Time of Day</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Metropolitan Parade; WABC WISH WLM</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:00 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Harvest of Song; Songelboen, bass quartet; Irenne Glen; Earl Lawrence, pianist; WJZ WMAG</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Exercises, Health and Happiness</td>
<td>WGES</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Keep Fit Club</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:00 CDT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Three-Quarter Time; Popular Waltzes</td>
<td>WGES</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Festival; Modern songs</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:15 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Dr. Borden's Management of the Air</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>The Break</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:30 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Trio; WABC WISH Saturday</td>
<td>WGES</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>The Breakfasters: WABC WISH Saturday</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Round Up; Westside; Joe Kelly</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Variety Show from Conservatory College, Monday, Wednesday, Friday</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:45 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>Morning Round Up; Westside; Joe Kelly</td>
<td>WGES</td>
<td>6:45 CDT</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<th>Program</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>Noon CD from WABC WIND KMOX</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>12:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>Noon from WABC WIND KMOX</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>12:00 CDT</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>Noon from WABC WIND KMOX</td>
<td>WEAF</td>
<td>12:00 CDT</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Monday, June 4
**Radio Guide**

Tuesday, June 5

**MORNING**

See Monday for Listings Before 9 a.m.

9:00 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—Bill and Ginger, popular songs; WABC

9:15 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **NBC**—Edward Macauley, the guest singer: WJZ

9:30 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—Lawrence Welk Show: W3TV

10:00 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—The Chordettes: WABC

10:15 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **NBC**—Dinner, music; WJZ

11:00 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Swing Time: WGN

11:45 a.m.—2:30 a.m. **ABC**—Bessie Smith: WAND

12:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—Mary Livingstone and the Monkees: WABC

1:00 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WBMA**—The Great Gatsby; WJZ

1:15 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—Golden Days of Radio: WABC

**AFTERNOON**

12:00 Noon—2:30 a.m. **NBC**—Music of the World: WJZ

12:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **ABC**—The Gallop; WABC

12:45 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **CBS**—Rudolph Valentino: WABC

1:00 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WBMA**—The New York World: WJZ

1:15 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Around the World: WGN

1:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Chordettes: WGN

1:45 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **BAS**—The New York Times: WJZ

2:00 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Spanish Hour: WGN

2:15 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Chordettes: WGN

2:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The New York World: WJZ

2:45 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Around the World: WGN

**SUNDAY SPECIALS**

1:00 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Missionary March: WGN

1:15 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Spanish Hour: WGN

1:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Chordettes: WGN

1:45 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The New York World: WJZ

2:00 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Around the World: WGN

2:15 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The Chordettes: WGN

2:30 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—The New York World: WJZ

2:45 p.m.—2:30 a.m. **WGN**—Around the World: WGN

**NEWS**

9:00 p.m.—9:30 p.m. **WGN**—William Jennings Bryan: WGN

9:15 p.m.—9:30 p.m. **WGN**—Paul Revere: WGN

9:30 p.m.—9:30 p.m. **WGN**—The Path of Progress: WGN

12:00 a.m.—12:00 a.m. **WGN**—Million Dollar Mystery: WGN

**SPORTS**

2:00 p.m.—2:00 p.m. **WGN**—Chicago White Sox: WGN

2:15 p.m.—2:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Cubs: WGN

2:30 p.m.—2:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Bears: WGN

3:00 p.m.—3:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Bulls: WGN

3:15 p.m.—3:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Blackhawks: WGN

3:30 p.m.—3:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Bulls: WGN

3:45 p.m.—3:00 p.m. **WGN**—The Chicago Bears: WGN

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

**ASTHMA**

**FEVER**

**Asthma**

Hay Bronchitis

Fever

Suffering Overcome—Quickly, Safely!

Asthma—causing new California home treatment—quickly, safely!

Bronchitis—hay fever and sinus congestion—quickly, safely.

HAY BRONCHITIS

FEVER

Suffering Overcome—Quickly, Safely!

Asthma—causing new California home treatment—quickly, safely!

Bronchitis—hay fever and sinus congestion—quickly, safely.

For a Limited Time Only...

Mail Coupon Today

FREELY, EASILY

to bring to

cure...

MAIL COUPON

TODAY

HAY BRONCHITIS

FEVER

Suffering Overcome—Quickly, Safely!

Asthma—causing new California home treatment—quickly, safely!

Bronchitis—hay fever and sinus congestion—quickly, safely.

HAY BRONCHITIS

FEVER

Suffering Overcome—Quickly, Safely!

Asthma—causing new California home treatment—quickly, safely!

Bronchitis—hay fever and sinus congestion—quickly, safely.

For a Limited Time Only...

Mail Coupon Today
Wednesday, June 6

**MORNING**

See Monday for Listings Before 9 a.m.

- NBC-Congress and Hall, songs and comedy: WEAQ

10:45 CDT—WMAQ

- Chicago Symphony Orchestra: WMAQ

11:00 CDT—WMAQ

- Gene Arnold and the Commandos: Crazy Creations Water Co.: WEAQ WMAQ WQAD

11:45 CDT—WMAQ

- The Voice of Experience: WSB, KMOX, WQAD

12:00 CDT—WLS-WBBM

- The World of Romance: WLS-WBBM

12:15 CDT—WLS

- Three Neighbor Boys and Andy

12:30 CDT—WLS

- Nick and Sandy, comedy sketch: WLS

12:45 CDT—WLS

- Barry Baker, tenor, instrumental trio: WTI

1:00 CDT—WLS

- New Creation: WLS

1:15 CDT—WLS

- Good Health and Training: WRAQ—Program Preview

1:30 CDT—WLS

- Made in the Midwest: WLS-WBBM

1:45 CDT—WLS

- Nick Raymer's Orchestra: WSB

2:00 CDT—WLS

- Raymond's Orchestra: WSB

2:15 CDT—WLS

- O'Mara's Orchestra

**AFTERNOON**

- Noon Noon CDT—CDT a.m., 11:00

- Wehrs and Beals: Ruth Lemon, narrator; Hurley Myers, baritone: WLS-WBBM

- Maurice Law's Concert Ensemble: WEAQ

- PRESENTATIONS:
  - WMAQ WGN

- WMAQ WGN

- WMAQ WGN

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GOTRIE NOT A DISEASE

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that gotrie is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A.A. Rock, Dept. 696, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent gotrie specialist for over 50 years has perfected a diet, which he has found successful. He is opposed to needless operations. Dr. Rock has published a copyrighted book at his own expense which tells about gotrie and this treatment. He has given this book free to anyone interested. Today he talked.
HIGH SPOT SELECTIONS FOR THURSDAY

(Times Listed in Central Daylight Time)

12:00 noon—U. S. Open Golf Championship; CBS-WINS network.
1:45 p.m.—S. Open Golf Championship; CBS-WINS network.
5:00 p.m.—Reddy Valdee’s Variety Hour; burst stars and orchestra; WABC-WINS network.
7:30 p.m.—Vallee’s, the Amazed Creations; CBS-KMOS network.
8:00 p.m.—Market Street; CBS—WINS network.
9:00 p.m.—Raymond Scott’s Orchestra; WEAF WMAG.
9:30 p.m.—Charlie Barnet; WABC-WINS network.

THURSDAY CONTINUED

3:30 CDT—p.m.—CST—2:30
CBS—Jerry Coffee, conductor; WABC-WINS network.
KYN—Two Doctors with Acres of the Air; WEAF-WINS network.
WED—Moody Blues; Edward Wurtzhub, conductor.
WJO—Newhouse Children.
WGBB—Music Fatally Program
4:15 CDT—p.m.—CST—2:25
4:15 CDT—p.m.—CST—2:25

WABC—Phil Harvey Orchestra; WABC-WINS network.
WABC—School Teacher Talks.
WBBN—Felix Pecora; Procter and Gamble Co.; sketch (NBC).
WJZ—Salome.

6:05 CDT—p.m.—CST—2:45
CBS—U. S. Open Golf Championship; WBBN-KMOS.
NLC—Little Odyssy Annie; Wander; WJZ-WINS.
KYN—Betty, Jim and Jim.
WJZ—Junior Theater; WJZ-WINS.
WBBN—Grandpa Burton, Big Bass (NBC).
WJZ—Jeff and Jerry; song.

6:30 CDT—p.m.—CST—2:30
 CBS—The Congress of Negro Leadership; Edward Wurtzhub, conductor; WJZ-WINS.
KYN—Grace Wilson, conductor.
WJZ—Police Army Veterans Program.
WED—Orchestrical Program.
WJZ—Jack Benny.

9:00 CDT—p.m.—CST—4:45
CBS—Artists; Albert Skilling; Philadelphia; WABC-WINS.
KYN—Eddie Vorno’s Orchestra; WABC-WINS.
WJO—Sally Sun.

9:30 CDT—p.m.—CST—5:45
WABC—Germans with Sets of the Air; WABC-WINS network.
WABC—With Warner, on.—Dorn.

11:00 CDT—p.m.—CST—7:45
CBS—The Arnateur Federation ChM.
KYN—Robert Goldsmith, conductor.
WJZ—Harry Caul, composer; Uncle Joe McSween, conductor.

11:30 CDT—p.m.—CST—9:45
 CBS—Annette Hanshaw; WABC-WINS network.
KYN—Edward Striblings, conductor.

11:45 CDT—p.m.—CST—11:15
 CBS—Dr. Herbert Tarter; WABC-WINS network.
KYN—Fred Warner’s Orchestra; WABC-WINS network.
WJO—Concert and Choral; WJZ-WINS.

Radio Guide

You’ll have BARRELS OF FUN when you learn to play this easy as ABC way

Suppose suddenly you found you could play easily on your favorite musical instrument! Think of the fun you would have—how much in demand you would be! Do you know that now you can do this in a surprisingly short time? In a short time you can actually begin to play any popular instrument without lessons and learn a note from memory. It’s possible to do this now because the Secret of the U. S. School of Music system is simplicity. Here’s how you can learn to play an instrument easily as ABC way.

You’ll have BARRELS OF FUN when you learn to play this easy as ABC way. Learn to play an instrument easily as ABC way. You’ll have BARRELS OF FUN when you learn to play this easy as ABC way.

FREE PROOF
If you’re curious and want to know how you can learn to play this easy as ABC way. Learn to play an instrument easily as ABC way. You’ll have BARRELS OF FUN when you learn to play this easy as ABC way.

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Radio Guide

High Spot Selections for Friday

(T ime Given is Central Daylight Time)

2:00 p.m.—Missy Moulten with Larry Ross and Mary Low: NBC-WMAQ network.
5:00 p.m.—Namicks, songs, and commercials: CBS radio.
7:00 p.m.—Ethel Shurts; Walter O'kryk: CBS-Detroit network.
7:50 p.m.—Concert: Countess Albani and Rasori Borrows' orchestra: NBC-KWTV network.
8:00 p.m.—Jape City: Earl Barone, pianist: NBC-WINS network.
8:30 p.m.—Pilgrim's Progress: NBC-WINS network.
9:00 p.m.—First lighter drama: NBC-WINS network.
9:30 p.m.—Fifteen Oursler, in "Staging That Should Be Told": NBC-WINS network.
10:00 p.m.—Schick: CBS-WINS network.
11:30 p.m.—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone: NBC-WINS network.

WIND—New Disney Orchestral Program

8:15 p.m.—Concert: CBS-WINS network.
8:30 p.m.—Pilgrim's Progress: NBC-WINS network.
8:45 p.m.—Fifteen Oursler, in "Staging That Should Be Told": WIND network.
9:00 p.m.—Schick: CBS-WINS network.
9:30 p.m.—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone: NBC-WINS network.
NEW PROGRAMS, CHANGES

(Central Daylight Time Shown)

Sunday, June 3

"Oregon on Parade" and "Variety Workshop," two features which have created so much enthusiasm for their respective localities of Portland, Oregon, and Buffalo, New York, have become CBC-WGN Sunday features. "Variety Workshop," which originates in the studio of Station WKBW, Buffalo, can be heard at 7:30 p.m. and "Oregon on Parade" will come from the KOIN studio in Portland, from 7:30 to 8 p.m. Dr. Israel Goldstein, President of the Jewish National Fund, will deliver an address to the Palestine Relief Fund over a CBS-WABC network today, from 4 to 4:15 p.m.

Tuesday, June 5

Effective tonight the Palmer House Promenade changes its time and program to 10:30 p.m. The new time is 11:30 p.m. on an NBC-WABC network. The network continues as master of ceremonies, assisted by Harold Stokes and guests.

Wednesday, June 6

A condensed version of "The Drunkard," famous temperance play first produced by P. T. Barnum in 1843, will be heard over a CBS network tonight from 10 to 11:10 p.m. by the cast which is now presenting a successful revival of the play in New York.

Thursday, June 7

The 8th annual play for the United States Open Golf Championship will be heard over the following NBC stations: WABC, WOR, WGBS, WOR, WNYW, WCBS, WCAU, WOR and WOR.

Friday, June 8

Ogdens Mills, former Secretary of the Treasury, will be the guest speaker in the weekly series of intercollegiate radio programs. Mrs. Mills will be heard this evening by 6,819 clockers over an NBC-WGN network.
Buddy, Zeb and Otto are Latest WJJD Acquisition

W

JJD, in the past few weeks, has presented some new voices on the air and you see what they look like. Buddy, Zeb and Otto, known to you as "Three Boys with Their Fiddle, Guitar and Trumpet," are perhaps the most versatile act on radio today. Their brand of arrangements, from novelty to semi-classic, is limitless. Crowning a novel, they are class personified. When doing strictly instrumental selections they harmonize so perfectly one believes he is listening to an augmented orchestra. But their ability to harmonize on the air does not end there.

The picture above shows Zeb and Buddy anxiously cultivating and preserving the tone six-inch hair that adorns the pan of Ob- to, Me. Tu. If you look closely at the photograph, however, you will note the contemplative men of Buddy who, it seems would like to wield the shears on the defenseless hair. (Note to Otto: beware that guy Buddy.) Buddy, Zeb and Otto are heard frequently throughout the day on WJJD programs. You will like them.

Eddie Loftis, one of Chicago's pioneer radio performers, is an addition to the WJJD staff. We need say little about Eddie who is well-known to all of you.

A NEW SINGER
The good old summer-time is productive of a new radio personality. But Gretchen Lee overcame the inhibitions of WJJD program men by her ability and received her debut immediately, instead of being saved till fall. Gretchen was discovered, so to speak, by Fred Bech, station organist, when she visited the new Reel studios in the Walton Building. Gretchen came not as a singer but as an accomplished pianist. Her brother, however, had been trying to convert her into a singer since she was five years old.

When informed there was no vacancy for a pianist, Gretchen admitted she had sung some in her home town of DeKalb, Ill. She was speedily auditioned and signed by Bech to appear with him on his Tuesday and Friday programs at 8 p.m. Miss Lee will not be eighteen until June 20. Her voice has a peculiar throatiness that will hold you and with experience she bids fair to climb the heights of radio.

DRAMATIZED HORSE RACES
Buell Patterson is the sports announcer who is handling the new feature of WJJD. He dramatizes the races taking place at the major tracks of the country. For further information consult Radio Guide.

ON AIR NIGHTLY TO 9:30

WJJD

20,000 WATTS
1310 KILOCYCLES
285 METERS

PLUMS AND PRUNES

By Evans Plummer

W

HILE radio editors the country over are burning up because they have just concluded the first week of "Annie of Andy," after years and years on the air, and will take an eight-week leave from the Peppers програм and that "Bring 'Em Back Alive"Frank Buck will fill in, you may be interested in HOW the story broke. At least it is some satisfaction to us, among those who have been working on it, to think of the fact that, if it seems that Movie Columnist Jesse Krueger, of a Chicago evening newspaper, was keeping his nightly vigil at the Col- lege Inn, a vigil that is so permanent that his tone-setting or releasing the inevitable fact that Jesse is the manager of the joint, the story there where he sat in walked explorer Buck.

"I guess I'm sticking around Chicago this summer," he greeted the columnist. "I've just been signed by Periodontal Co. to work on the Amos 'n Andy time."

"So?" said Krueger, and realizing that you can't put something on the air where nothing else is, he was wondering what was about the blackface team and the mystery of it all when in walked Charlie Andy."

"Well, tbex Andy, we've finally succeeded in getting over their request for a vacation. We asked for eight weeks, and got it!"

And so the story broke....as we go to press, the beautiful portals of the National Broadcasting Company remain as silent as the Sphinx....They still won't talk for publication!

THE SAME columnist, Air. Krueger, seems to have perpetuated singing of a hymn of hate by one Harry Richman for a violinist-rhyme by the name of Eddie Cantor. Something about Cantor is being said, it is alleged, that Richman introduced a crowd of thieves and long-time frauds in a charity bazaar which cost the comedian $50,000. And, now, Harry wants that crowd of thieves and newsies to back up him in his latest Cantor. Bill, what kind of a singer would a Cantor, if, and Cantor really slandered him. Anyways, whoever ever thought a charity bazaar was to be on the up-and-up. And we'll try to get Andy and Andy from Grant and for their to our request for a vacation. We asked for eight weeks, and got it!

And so the story broke....as we go to press, the beautiful portals of the National Broadcasting Company remain as silent as the Sphinx....They still won't talk for publication!

Author Downey

MORRIS DONNENY, whose opening for a limited engagement Chicago, has been one of the most sensational of the season. The impresario, a dancer and the crowd that witnessed in the Windy City, has turned author. His impressions of the Windy City, printed in a magazine, are now given to the world. The paper, the work of a finished report- er, and the literary form was excellent, according to Harry Steele, the demon Radio Guide writer, who comments:

"I am pleased to show that being a newspaper and magazine writer on the New Haven and Hartford left its early im- pressions on Miss. Authors should al- ways begin at the bottom and work up to the top.

But seriously, Morris doing all right in Chicago, and his only worries are Bar- bary and the two little two at home who are still with whom pug." The automo- tion of the Downey-Worsham program—with a sponsorship is delayed for the moment, however, as the advertiser is having money trouble.

Plums and--

Plums are awarded to WLS for the period. Alka-Seltzer stunt, which led to NBC last Saturday night when the Century of Progress opening was covered there for the first time a sponsors. Grace Wilson, vocalist in an airplane to piano acompaniment (by John Brown) from the air. The symphony was perfect, and plums also to the plane operator, who, when he noticed the WLS transmitter accidentally go off the air for a minute, switched his receiver to another station so that the stunt, so far as the network was concerned, would not be ruined.

And Zeb's basket of the juicy fruit to old friend, Shotgun Sam (and the charming new girl) who launched his return to the air last Monday night with "Lazy Moon." And now that Sam's back on the air once a week, all we want is more of him—which we'll get. July and August when the Prager beer schedule expands to twice a week.

More plums, and this time to Richard Huber and his "championship" Stude- nard programs starring Joey Nast. You know, of course, that the day changes to Tuesday on June 22.

And now a few wrinkled prunes...to the stations of Chicago and networks for throwing no one over another; and the coverage of the Union Stockyards holo- grames, and those who are now running the best form of test music—will be launched.

Inside Pickups

WLS IS MAKING rain-producing ex- periments, and you may be hearing a radio broadcast of their progress before long. Again, WLS is up to its name—the most important station between the Al- bany and the fiddle to the fiddle.

Carnival Contests show's survey reveals the Bahamas' lumber falling to the Arkansas, who have 40,000 votes and the Al- bama. Amelia Gull-Caro will sing it for the program on June 18.

The PAYOFF: Remember, Donnay's and No- vus' battle of the tenor! Well, last week in New York, Schlitz auditioned a show with four (count 'em) tenors in it! We like radio editor Task Taylor's clever comment—Schlitz has renewed for thirteen weeks' auditions!...Then there's the other brew, Blue Ribbons, for whom Ben Bernie will celebrate the beginning of his fourth year next Tuesday, June 5, with the Hollywood stars on hand for the beer and skittles. By the way, the Old Navy's film, "Knows the Works," will be released June 20....Steve Harley stars in her own program idea beginning July 12, and from NBC, a contract over NBC for Fasc. Congratulations are in order for the preferred battle of who has the bigger wings. "McHale" has been named Marlene Arlett and her brother who is doing nicely...Wendell Hall, veteran star of the air who was married ten years ago with the pioneer WMAI network carrying the cere- mony, will observe his thirteenth anniversary over NBC this Sunday, June 3, at 6:45.

CDT, Dottie Martin, ex-NBC Chicago hostess who made good in the films, has been under the wings of Jack Benny and Mary Livingston who've taken Dottie to California to work on their radio and picture work. Montagno Lane did such a beautiful re- nounce, and from the NBC studios on the other day that he had the whole force of vice-presidents singing to him, love, and Taylor Holman, who is not such a bad actor himself, is showing his wares to a Warner's client, while his daughter is going in fan radio singing.

Found. One Trio

TRIOs to the right of us, trio to the left of us and trio in front and center. We asked for ten and we got 'em. But among the most promising, which will likewise grow, will knock your ears off, are the three lasses from Oregon, Ill., who won't tell their names—but will till you and Admiral Miller Porter hear them.

That's as good as won.
Great reputations are common in radio; but now the comic team of Gene and Glenn is trying to make a mark. Their popular impersonation, comes of age in the process.

How? Wirelessly, of course. It seems that broadcasters all agree that radio has attracted audiences. One is made up of all size listeners. The other consists of the set-owners who tune in after twilight. Thus in radio it is undoubtedly true that one half of the listening world never knows what the other half hears.

That is why Gene and Glenn, who have received as many thousands of fan letters from the downtown audience, have been entirely unknown to the listeners of the night.

Their attempt to corner this second group of radio listeners began in March, when they signed a commercial program now being heard every night except Saturday and Sunday over NBC-WLAF network.

Will the home humor that has made their first reputation please this new group of listeners? Can they build for them a second? The boys are full of hope and modest confidence.

"We think we have an excellent chance," they say. "Though realizing fully that these two clock separated worlds of radio offers vary as greatly in taste as they do in time, Gene and Glenn believe that their act has a wide enough appeal to put them over again. "We have tried to give simple comedy situations and simple characters," they state.

"We believe the radio listener likes homey things and that things are easy to understand. We do not believe that the public is as clever, merely by virtue of being complicated or elaborate. Our characters are as believable as possible and their laughs, even as you and I. If we can make our situations real and funny and interesting we don't need to worry about the listeners."

Perhaps to those same night-time fans, a brief introduction of these boys they have recently met might be in order.

Well back in the dark ages of wireless transmission there were two radio teams that delighted the listeners. Jack and Gene, the other Jack and Gene. Then fate, and the different ambitions of the four men, began to shape their futures. Singularly enough, both teams moved to Cincinnati at about the same time.

Jack of the Jack and Gene team, had the bad luck to contract a throat infection which eliminated him. So his buddy, Gene, teamed up with Ford and Glenn.

Time passed, and enough money to fulfill a lifelong ambition; he went west, to the sun-kissed slopes of a Fruit Belt farm.

And so to come into being the team of Gene and Glenn, by a process of combination and elimination. They've stuck together. Their real names are Gene Francis Carroll and Glenn Rowell, both natives of Illinois.

They went to Cleveland shortly after their Cincinnati experiences and there, over WTVL, they experienced their first foretaste of the wealth of popularity that was to come. It was then that they decided to develop the characters "Jake" and "Leno." These acts are both played by Gene. Glenn acts as straight man, plays the piano, sings duets, whatever else is necessary.

Herefore they have played only to running audiences, first at WTVL and later at various NBC networks as The Early Birds.

A character of unusual name is "Leno," who is "Jake's" girl friend. She comes into being only in this (when): One night at WTVL Glenn was holding "Jake's" about his girl, "Leno." "It's a long story by his broad Dutch dialect. "Oh, you mean, girl, Lena," said "Jake," picking the name out of the thin air. And then, amusing a falsetto voice, he promised to usher "Leno" into the studio where she was quickly introduced. No question about the radio audience liking her. The boys hope that the night owl likes her, too, and that the variation in taste will not, after all, be as great as that in time.

They expect, too, that their fan mail will merely provide an interesting test.

Radio Happenings at the Capital

Washington, D.C. - After a reign of seven turbulent years as the monarch over an art and industry that has developed with almost reckless abandon, the Federal Radio Commission soon will be consigned to the scrapheap of defunct government agencies. Its functions will be turned over to a new, bigger and more important agency the Federal Communications Commission - which will have regulatory control of telephones, telegraphs and cables along with radio.

The Radio Commission will wind up its tenure in anything but a blaze of glory, of provincialism, of the new communications body completes the legislative quartet at the current session of Congress, the other three being the most criticized of all Federal agencies, and it is no secret that many legislators are looking forward with some satisfaction to the day when they are removed from office.

In justice to the departing Commission, it should be stated that it is not entirely to blame for all of the mistakes it allegedly has made. Radio almost from the beginning has been a political football and the demands made upon individual commissions for political favors by members of Congress and other influential in governmental affairs have been great. That has been because radio wave lengths are limited, with the demand far surpassing the supply.

But in its waning days, the Radio Commission has displayed a surprising degree of restraint - or perhaps it is merely nervousness. Two of its most recent actions, both directed at important newspaper articles that criticize the Commission editorially, have provoked considerable discussion.

That a government agency can be so "radical" as to protest criticism in so formal a manner is regarded as little short of amazing. One of its actions was the adopting of a formal resolution calling upon the publisher of the New York Herald Tribune to produce evidence to support its editorial contention that radio is controlled by the administration.

Its second action involving a newspaper was that of informing Station WNED, Chicago, owned by the Chicago Tribune, which has criticized the Commission editorially for allegedly "playing politics" that a complaint had been made against the use of "profanity" in one of its broadcasts. The Commission has thrown stations off the air in the past upon proof that obscene, profane and indecent language has been used.

In the Chicago case it developed that the speaker during the program in which it was charged profanity had been broadcast, was Rep. James M. Beck, Pennsylvania Republican. True, he criticized the "New Deal" in his address, with particular emphasis on the NIRA, and his prepared address failed to reveal use of any language that reasonably would be construed as profanity.

The Commission, in its letter to the station, said the complaint was made by an individual in Chicago and that it was following the usual procedure in asking for evidence. But the resolution points out that the action was taken at a "retaliatory measure" because of the stingy criticisms of the Commission in recent articles written for the Tribune by its Washington correspondent, Arthur Sears Hering.

It was the resolution involving the New York Herald Tribune, however, that caused the greatest stir. The resolution pointed out that that newspaper, on May 12, published an editorial in which it stated:

"The radio, controlled by the administrative through its licensing power, was made the shakedown of the New Deal and largely directed to government propaganda."

Since the radio has specifically prohibited any endorsement by the Commission, the resolution's conclusion that the Commission's resolutions called upon Ogden Mills, Red publisher, to furnish the Commission any facts or material, including the names of parties furnishing the same, which would support, or tend to support, the statements made in the editorial column of said newspaper.

Raps Radio Fidelity

REPEATING the charge of a recent magazine article, which decries the "langue of music" because of the inferior quality of its reproduction, Stuart Baldwin, University radio engineer, burks the added charge that Little progress has been made in this technique during the last five years. His charge, and a technical discussion of what can be done about it, appears in the Proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers for May.

Radio transmission and reception today, he says in effect, is far from the high fidelity that is technically possible. The feeling that it is "good enough" is
Radio Guide

MUSIC IN THE AIR

Giuseppe Bentonelli

The Streets of Pans Ball in Chicago's Century of Progress was the scene for the American debut of a new operatic tenor, Giuseppe Bentonelli. The young man, an American-Joe Bent on, by name—possesses one of the rare lyrical tenor voices of the day. It has a turn in all its own, of smooth, dark glory, and he sings with taste. His sympathy glows through an ease and abandon that are contagious.

Mr. Bentonelli broadcast an impromptu aria on the radio recently, but he will be heard again next season from the Chicago Civic Opera. At the moment he might be best described as the answer to an opera impresario's dream.

Broadcast Notes

(Times Shown in Central Daylight) Yascha Daudoff, American basso just returned from many years in Russia, sings "All Things Appear" by Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky's "Where Dancing Was Loudest"; "Sweet Song of Long Ago"; and Sachi's "The Three Riders." (Thurs. May 31, NBC, at 2 p.m.)

José Llivirico broadcasts an all-Chopin program (May 31, NBC, at 9:30 p.m.) and all-Liszt program (NBC, June 7, at 9:30 p.m.)

An "Ave Maria," arranged to the intermezzo from Mascagni's opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," the ever-popular "L'Amour Toujour L'Amour" by Friedel and "Siboney" by Leccyons is Jessica Dragonette's solo on the City Service Concert (NBC, Friday, June 1, at 7 p.m.)

The famous Mexican Typica Orchestra takes you to Old Mexico every Sunday morning (NBC, at 9:30).

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### Happenings at the Capital

(Continued from Page 31) described as a "work of the present economic depression." Mr. Ballantine calls it "a demoralizing period that has the energy of the伲 of a critical judgment of performance either by engineers and manufacturers or by the public.

Not only have technical improvements been overlooked, he adds, but the public taste has been further dulled by exposure to the quite inferior performance of the smaller types of sets—midgets and subminis—whom its reduced pocketbook has obliged it to buy.

"Radio receivers," he adds, "still sound about the same today as they did five years ago and a lot of the more recent types are a great deal worse. The majority of these improvements have contributed to operating convenience and reduction of cost but have done nothing toward an aesthetic value of the receiver as a musical instrument.

"High quality technical standards, tonal fidelity, are urged by the writer. Developments of high quality receivers to many non-technical persons involving the last two years, he says, have failed to register a decided improvement. This indicates, he believes, that "all attempts to improve the apparatus and circuits must be considered unproven if the right of equipment is placed on the market."
RUMORS CONTINUE to fly as to the location of Hal Kemp during the summer. Hal was first destined to open the Lincoln Tavern, road-house just outside of Chicago and across from the Dells. However, the owner decided he couldn't face the competition of Eddie Duchin at the Dells and will not open the Tavern this year. Next Kemp was to take over the Rainbow Gardens, but Arnheim has asked him to reopen Rainbow Gardens. However, Carl Hoffmeyer has been signed to reopen Rainbow Gardens. Dick Gary and a new band, the Early Sun, returns to the Edgewater Beach. Now it is said that Kemp may be back in the Blackhawk, where he made good for over a year lately. His fans seem determined to have him spend the Mon., May 29, and his broadcasts will be NBC once again.

Carol Lofur has moved into the St. Francis hotel, San Francisco. He opened there for a short engagement Thursday. Lofur, who orbits to broadcast Columbia networks formerly supervised by Arnheim. This will be Lofur’s second trip to the West Coast and critics are excited about the former partner of Phil Harris to go over big.

CHARLIE AGNEW is back in the Southern Chicago, West Coast, and will remain during the Fair. Agnew Weeks is drawing them to the Aragon ballroom almost as well as Wayne King did, which is something for a maestro; Agnew’s show, making his first bow to Chicago audiences.

Carl Garver walks out of the Trianon for the summer shortly but will remain on his Monday night commercial, no matter where his wanderings may take him. Garver will play at Catalina and will be back in Chicago in September.

Joey Nash, celebrated warbler with Dick Billings’ Studebaker Champions, has signed his third commercial in three years, and starts vocalizing for a California prune-grower (Plummer, please remember his contract in thirty-six weeks beginning in September.

DON BIGELOW is one of the few, the only one called to mind off hand, among the maestros whose featured instrument is the piccolo. Bigelow, who has a goodly washboard in his band, played with the old-time theater vaudeville band and is the son of Harald Stern is now heard from the re-decorated Montclair roof in New York, where his big band shows the way. Dubeck motored all the way to Chicago with his entire orchestra. For their engagement at the Dells – Vinyet Loret has signed Fred Lowry, whisker, with his band and I owry will be heard on all of Loret’s broadcasts from now on. He will be remembered by listeners of station WFAA, Dallas, Texas, where he was featured.

AL KAVELIN has assumed the Columbia’s wires from the Biltmore Hotel, New York. Kavelin is managed by a board of twelve directors. Pic Trim, who is familiarly known to NBC with the City Hall program, which he originated, has opened at the Loew’s Kingsway in New York, with an NBC wire. Roger Walsh keeps the band to the network after a year with the several Chicago night clubs on Riverside Drive. As vocalists, he will have Evelyn Poe, Joan Blaine, Verne Calido, and the three Marshall trio.

PAUL WHITEMAN’s opening date at the Hotel Biltmore, New York will be Thursday. He will again have an NBC wire. This time, Whiteman is playing in the new “Moonlit Terrace,” a room constructed particularly for Whiteman by the hotel’s management, at a reported cost of $90,000... Don Bestor will be filmed this week as he directs for NBC. Pennsylvania will not allow him to make the trip to the west coast. Don will make the trip to the west coast with the forbear of four weeks from his present NBC commercial with Jack Benny.

CHATTER FROM Cincinnati reveals that the big talk among the radio experts is that tonight’s popular show, the “Blessed Sacrifice,” will be broadcast over WBBN. The feature is climaxing the week and its conclusion has been postponed. The high-flying popular show for the past week has been “The Romance of the Radio Cuckoos, Ray and June Harris.”

TUESDAY, June 5, 10:00 p.m., WGBF (600 k). NBC network, 4:15 p.m., National Open Golf, NBC network, 9:15 p.m., WGBF, NBC, 10:00 p.m., WGBF, NBC network.

FRED HUSING, Columbia’s ace sports commentator, faces a busy schedule tonight in his airing of the National Open Golf Tournament. He will broadcast from the Country Club at Ardsley, Pa., June 7 and 9. With 150 of the country’s best golfers teeing off on the opening day and about 60 of these continuing play through Saturday, Husing will have one of the biggest and most interest radio golf broadcasts ever. From a point overlooking the course, the announcer will park in wait for latest scores, will come a pair of broadcasts on Thursday at 12 noon and 4:45 p.m., CDT; two on Friday at 12 noon and 3:30 p.m., and the final on Saturday from the 18th hole and trio of hook-ups at 12 noon, 2 and 5:15 p.m.

These CBS-WABC sports attractions are certainly a hit with the American public.

ONCE AGAIN, on June 9, the country’s leading three-year-old thoroughbreds will line up at the post, this time with the $30,000 added purse of the Belmont Stakes dangling as the reward to the winner. It will be a field of about 15, and a half-mile and one-half-furlong for horses of three years and up, and will provide thrilling racing. In the mile and a half-mile, one-fifth and one-quarter mile, NBC and CBS will pick up the British Broad- casting Company’s account of the Epsom Derby on Wednesday. Essentially three- and four-year-olds are allowed to enter the field, and it is easy to picture a little hundred thousand shrilling fans and hundreds of odd layers, who are kept busy at all times. And again on the same day, the hill and a half grand circuit of every European weight will be brought to a universal audience by R. C. Lyke, English turf specialist, who was heard Dick Durbin’s account of the Grand National Steeplechase from France.

Having its inception in 1780 the Derby ranks as one of the oldest turf events on earth, and the running of its is rhythmically regarded as a holiday throughout the British Empire. The same holds true in the United States, and while the race is not as well known on this side as it is in England, the race is still an American institution, even though American jockeys will have to kick off the covers the one day that they must be turned their entertainment in at 7:45 a.m. CDT over either the CBS-WABC or the NBC-WABC networks.

SPORTSCASTS OF THE WEEK

DERBY DAY in “merry” England arouses even more hullabaloo among followers of the kingly sport than our own Bluegrass classic, and NBC and CBS will pick up the British Broad- casting Company’s account of the Epsom Derby on Wednesday. Essentially three- and four-year-olds are allowed to enter the field, and it is easy to picture a little hundred thousand shrilling fans and hundreds of odd layers, who are kept busy at all times. And again on the same day, the hill and a half grand circuit of every European weight will be brought to a universal audience by R. C. Lyke, English turf specialist, who was heard Dick Durbin’s account of the Grand National Steeplechase from France.

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UNDER THE BUGABOO

(Continued from Page 2)

“rocking” him. He believes that a cut while shaving always brings him a check that day. He uses a straight razor with the reckless abandon of a man who has no regard for his life. He is anything but a typical sport... He won down that at the opening of his show by asking the question, "What are you doing?" He, of course, answers, "I am doing just for a moment, too.

We wonder what amateur tennis will take its fling at the mile. The pro sport has taken its 44 1/2 fast jumping mile, and the broadcast of a few of the Davis Cup matches with talk by the experts, will no doubt be popular. T. B. A., and the few of the England and Wales, will be heard on their broadcasts from London.

The opening of the world, the so-called “Miss America” contest, is a good sign for me. It often means a new contract. It is a good sign for me.

A slip in rehearsal always means a good show.

If Red Robinson comes in with a hair cut, I’m scared to death of the show. But if the hair cut is the herring is my lucky number.

Cassius Rich—a phone call before eight in the morning always means money. Buddy Rogers—a team of white horses on the 10th is a good omen of the first water.

Tama—An itching left palm indicates money.

Peggy Healy—Dropping a value is bad luck.

Ray Perkins—if I fall down on the way to the train it means a rumpled temper.

If all my ladders are avoided by most of the people, I’m happy.

If I ever have to go up to New York, I’ll be scared of the life out of Paul Whiteman. Once he was the last man to enter an elevator. Immediately after the gate was closed behind him, it dropped six stories. At NBC you will always find Paul getting out of an empty elevator.

Three on a match, watching the studios, and walking under ladders are things that never are counted among performers, and are likely to break up a group at any time.

Here are the superstitious avarious of some of the stars:

Gus Van—A black cat anywhere and anytime.

Pat Harris—Out of bed on the left side.

Ben Bernie—Winchell.

Arthur Lake—Wrong side of bed.

Ray Heatherton—Being knocked down by a horse.

Herb Jeffries—Three on a match.

B. A. Rolfe—Whistling in the dressing room.

Robert Simmonds—Sitting on a table.

Phil Baker—A crawling bee is always bad luck.

Fred Allen—A fall on the ice is bad luck and is sure to bring a bad break.

Ike Stone—Cross-eyed.

John Bowers—When everyone sleeps, I think.

Joe Penner—I really don’t want anyone to buy that duck, just for good luck.

Connie Boswell—A braided lock of hair must be curled around my left ear—or I
Every police car over an area of three hundred square miles. Pick up Francis Crowley and Rudolph Durin-
ger. Out in the desolate stretches of North Merrick, a rural section of Nassau County, Long Island, yet still within the limits of Manhattan, Patroon Frederick Hirsch heard the alarm, as did Albert Vodice, a rookie cop whom he was breaking in. The two left the station on a hunt for a car supposedly carrying stolen auto tires. Late on that evening of May 5, as they beat their weary way back along a dark and dismal stretch of road known as Black Shirt Lane, Hirsch noticed a Ford touring car, without parking lights, pulled up at one side of the road. "You wait here," said Hirsch. "I'll have a look at that car."

He flashed his light up on the surprised woman's face. Vodice, also surprised, was in the car, and then returned to his partner. "Just a little quiet bucking," he explained. "I told 'em to get a move on."

The two cops had taken a few steps along the road when suddenly Hirsch stopped short. "Sayl! That muddied-up kid in the car fits the description of Crowley, the guy who's wanted for that Brannen shooting in the Bronx. There couldn't be two with mugs like that."

He turned suddenly and went back to the car, placing his foot on the running board. "Just a minute, buddy," said Hirsch, jovially. "Let me see your license."

"Certainly, officer," said Franci Crowley. He pronounced it "soothesly," Then, instead of reaching for his inner jacket pocket, his hand flew to his armpit, dropping seven slugs into the looming blue-clad figure. Then, while the rookie cop looked on amazed and horrorstricken from a distance, Crowley jerked the service .38 from his — victim's holster and emptied that, also, into its owner's body—a last fatal gesture of design to the uniform he hated!

The car raced away down Black Shirt Lane, and all too tardily Patroon Vodice drove his own gun and fired several wild shots. But it was too late for him to save his friend, honor cop and father of two small children. Crowley, the "rust killer," had disappeared into the night, bearing with him a girl.

Again the radio came into play, for it sent out a response to a radio broadcast that a radio car succeeded in picking up a telling Billie Dunn, the sweetheart he had picked up in the ten-cent-dance hall, that she might as well move out of her apartment because he wanted to move in—with a man.

For a day or so Billie, who was of an easy-going nature and had been living with Crowley, his new flame Helen Walsh, and Duriner, had camped out in her apartment on 307 West 90th Street. But she didn't like Duriner, he was too fat and stupid. She didn't want to be his girl, and Crowley would never have her.

So finally Billie Dunn moved out, leaving the strangers behind in the dark. Then Brannen joined in the story. His apartment at 307 West 90th Street was a "stoolie" for a Bronx detective. He was doing the money to send his little brother through reform school to a charitable enterprise. Naturally, the dropout had been seen there. Which was the reason that Dominick Caso and Bill Mars crashed down on the apartment and gunned the house on that afternoon of May 7th.

Billie Dunn, a tip shot off to Billie's dancing hostess at the Club, had an address. She had a great deal to say to her fellow "hostesses" and Virginia Brannen had received her from her former sweetheart. "He brought home a girl for a Bronx detective," she said. "I give the girl to a wool shirt."

The word got around. One of the girls at the hall was a "stoolie," for a Bronx detective. She was doing the money to send her little brother through reform school to a charitable enterprise. Naturally, the dropout had been seen there. Which was the reason that Dominick Caso and Bill Mars crashed down on the apartment and gunned the house on that afternoon of May 7th.

Yet somehow, weakening at the knees, Billie Dunn tried to steer them away from the outlaw who had possession of the note intended to put an end to the avalanche her loose tongue had started. Placing herself between the two and the idea, hiding herself in the shadows of downstairs Chinatown where she was found a week later. These were the tragic events leading up to the great manhunt which New York City ever saw—a sordid, crude history of petty theft, illicit lovemaking, bragging, liquor, stolen cars and "good time" so-called "hostesses."

No wonder Detective Caso dashed madly down the stairs when he glimpsed the face of the mad handbill. He rubbed the photograph in the hallway. The man tried to explain that he had come here because he wanted "to calculate the same number which had reached the

**Liberal Rewards for True Mystery Stories**

of crime mysteries in which radio served the law. Writers, Police Officers, Detectives and any one else in possession of such information are especially invited to send these rewards to the Editor. Radio must be a prominent element in the detection and apprehension of the criminals. Photographs, names of principals and dates and places must be included.

Address all letters to Editor, Radio Guide, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.
CALLING ALL CARS—MANHATTAN'S WADMAN

(Continued from Page 37)

Radio Guide

Thrilling Call to Arms

That is the code signal which, when heard over a short-wave set, means that the police are on duty. It is of such importance that all other calls and all other signals are stopped at once.

Once in a blue-moon comes a “32” alarm “Calling all cars,” when a Lindbergh baby is kidnapped or a weathercock runs amok in an Indiana jail—but when it comes, the men who daily risk life and limb in New York City have to do what is asked.

Even before the crisp voice of the announcer down in the attic dome at Center Street had died away, there arose all over the city a shuddering, wailing scream like the cry of countless weird birds of prey gathering for the kill.

All over Manhattan and the Bronx, rising in one shrill and terrible unison above the diminished cacophony of the city, the sirens of the speeding radio cars chimed in the battle cry of death. The hunt was on.

Roaring down Riverside Drive against the still and moonless sky, the two 32-footters turned to the right towards South Street, and from trucks and cars and streetcars that converged like several hundred eagles upon a single uncoyered nest of rats.

The last time when thousands of these ferocious birds cooperated, it was to get out of the hands of the Lindbergh baby. Dwyer steered his two birds away from the apartment in West 90th Street, where there were more than 800 policemen joined in a cast-iron wire circle, all intent on getting away from the one thing in the world they want to avoid—being locked in the hands of their own boss.

“Go to hell!” yelled Francis Crowley hoarsely, and never got ammunition for enough for a week. Come and get it, and meet us.

Another, deeper voice joined with his shouted peal of defiance, and the detective knew what the other part of the accompaniment of the dazed Crowley, was with him. He also heard the quick jingling of a key down the stairway as a rat hole was dug in the bottom of the stairs in nothing flat, and flung himself to the telephone. He gasped the magic words Spring-3-15 and thirty seconds later the radio of every police car on Manhattan Island and the Bronx thrilled with the radio of "32" alarm

"Calling all cars!"

OFF THE BRASS STANDARD

probably is the best and most successful, and what we might term "The School of Today." He uses no vocal, presenting the music in the most effective manner possible. The fact that he has won numerous popularity contests recently is tribute not only to the work, but to his voice, that the public has been educated unconsciously to listen to it appreciatively.

What Rudy Vallee did with his singing act, Farkas did with his simple but effective "My name is Waring" achieved with his Glee Club. His thoughtful arrangements of melodic music, coupled with his ability to show the radio listeners another medium of expressing musical beauty, is a remarkable feat.

Melodies will be more beautiful, arrangement more rich, musical comedy more original, and playing less brilliant and more restful.
Short Wave Carnival

(Continued from Page 4) the broadcast of the English Derby from Epsom Downs on Wednesday, June 6. Perhaps the most famous horse-race in the world, the Derby is a long tradition with the English. Hundreds of thousands of British classes and appearances, from the costumed "pearly kings" with their button-bedecked sitting, to nobility and royalty—throng to this picturesque event.

American and Canadian long-wave listeners can get a British racing expert in a narrative description of the Derby over the CBS-WABC network. This broadcast will pick up directly from England. Columbia will use the RCA Communications System. But short-wave fans have a much wider choice, insofar as hours of broadcast are concerned. They can tune in and then Helen Walsh was at the station's GSE (25.25 meters) at any time from 6:15 to 9:15 a.m. CDT.

A ship's bell is clanged as the usual religious ceremony in historic Canterbury Cathedral on Saturday, June 6. The British navy will present the bell of the battle cruiser H.M.S. Canterbury, to the cathedral. The proceeding will be short-sailed to this country by the BBC for NCB, re-broadcast from 8:40 to 9:30 a.m. CDT.

The actual note of the bell will be thrown across the ocean upon which it has sailed. The Rt. Hon. Sir Bolston M. Ewyen-Manonel, G.B. E., First Lord of the Admiralty, will make the presentation of the bell on behalf of the British Navy, and the Rev. W. H. Johnson of Canterbury, will accept it for the glory of the old church.

This program will open with music by the Royal Marine Band, after which the presentation will be made and Admiral Percy Rudy, retired, will strike "sally." Religious services will follow, then the British national anthem and a blessing from Dean Johnson will conclude the service.

This program will originate from the BBC station GSE on 25.25 meters. Short-wave fans will have the opportunity to get it directly, until 12:45 p.m. CDT.

A condensation of the principal short-wave relay stations of the world appears on this page.

WORLD SHORT WAVE TIME TABLE

(CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME)

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<tr>
<th>City</th>
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<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
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<td>Cleveland</td>
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<td>Dallas</td>
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<td>Denver</td>
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<td>Detroit</td>
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<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
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REVIEWING RADIO

(Continued from Page 5) air, but before this can be done, employers must provide the funds. The meeting recalled the distressing fact that for every dollar spent in New York, a nation-wide appeal, a thousand individual musicians are out of jobs.

The audience CAN be fooled—as proved by Fred Waring last week, who revealed a strange bit of psychology. If you are listening to a dramatic sketch and a "prop" phone rings, it won't startle you at all. Even if your own phone rings at the right moment, the chances are you won't answer it, but believe it is in the room.

Last Friday, Rosemary Lane and Tom Bihl were singing a song and Fred Waring buzzed a telephone bell as part of the effects. The idea—unsuccessful—was to ring up subscribers who were expected to do just what the audience in New York did—swear at Fred Waring for his lack of taste.
Mr. Arthur Fairlaw, veteran of radio, who is personally acquainted with nearly every artist under the sun, under the sky, has written this RADIO GUIDE. Questions of general interest will be answered personally whenever accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Address inquiries to Mr. Fairlaw, care of Radio Guide, 433 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, III.

M. A. H. Wharton, N. J.—Johnny Marvin is married, but there is no information available for publication about his wife. According to present schedules, he will continue broadcasting this summer.

J. Opat, Orilla, Ont.—The brass section of Victor Young's orchestra on the Chevrolet program consists of: Frank Darante and Sterlin Bose, trumpets, and Charlie Butterfield, trombone.

Kathlyn A., Elgin, III.—William Shelley, the old refreshing, friendly voice of the Strictly Winkley Days program, is still heard frequently in NBC dramatic presentations.

Ann K., Aurora, Ill.—Irene Taylor is not broadcasting at present. She is on a voyage to Europe and will be heard from a World's Fair cafe during the summer.

B. J., Champaign, Ill.—None of the Mills Brothers have been replaced; they are still the original group.

Mrs. H. W. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Kate Smith is on tour at present and is not broadcasting. She may be addressed at the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. H. P., Croton on Hudson, N. Y.—The "Hellio Marie" program was dropped some time ago from NBC schedules and there is no hint of its restoration at present.

Miss L. L., New York, N. Y.—Pat Kennedy is absent from radio for the time being, but his most recent sponsors have released him to write a series of his own. Miss Kennedy's birthday is June 12, at which time he will be thirty years old.

Miss A. L. G., Glendale, Calif.—We are very sorry to hear that Miss Delmer has left the "Gay Hotel" and that you, the addresses of fans clubs because to do this efficiently would require a special agent. The Voice of Experience is married.

Mrs. V. L. S., Hailesport, Pa.—An accordion trio is a novel section of Abe Lyman's orchestra, therefore named as "Acordiana." André Baruch was born in Paris, France on August 20, 1906.

Mr. A. A., Rahway, N. J.—We have no record of Paul DeArms as a newspaper reporter before he became a radio announcer. Norman Brokenshore is not broadcasting at present, but expect to be back on the air soon.

Mrs. A. E., Baltimore, Md.—The part of Mother Moran of "Today's Children" fame is taken by Ira Phillips and the part of Lucy Moran is played by Lily Gillman.

I. K., Ripley, W. Va.—All network programs stop when the President is on the air. Doubtless many independent stations continue their broadcasts, and it may have the same case as that this year's tourist case.

K. S., Urbana, Ill.—Wayne King is of German descent. He has been married only once. A photograph of him can be obtained by sending twenty-five cents to the Music Corporation of America, 32 W. Randolph St., Chicago, III.

Miss M. M., Chicago, Ill.—Kate Smith has not been heard since May 2nd. She was twenty-five years old.

A. B. Wiler, Detroit, Mich.—Guy Lombardo was born in London, Ontario, Canada about 32 years ago. His wife's name is Lily Belle. They have no children.

Mrs. F., Ketschman, St. Louis, Mo.—None of the characters of "Today's Children" will be heard in the "Strictly Winkley Family." The first program originates in Chicago and the latter in San Francisco.

Ed F. Cahill, Dixon, III.—The members of the "Strictly Winkley Family," are Bill Kears, Johnny Russell, Paul Corder and Henry Lloyd.

Mrs. V. H. B., Covington, Ky.—When you come to the Fair this year, you can perhaps obtain one of the precious tickets to the Sinclair Minstrels program and at the same time obtain a program by Ruth Wende.

Mrs. F. L. S., Meridian, Miss.—You will find Ozzie Nelson's orchestra as one of the attractions on the Sunday night Bake and Broadcast, which also features Joe Penner.

A. W., New York, N. Y.—You can obtain tickets for a broadcast of the program which you particularly interested in by writing to its sponsor in care of the network studio in that city from which the program originates.

Miss J. R., Timken, Kan.—Kosofeck, the famous "Lady Lou," will be in the Showboat hour. Larry Ross now speaks for himself on the program. The part of Judge in the "Honeymoon" is taken by Margie Evans. Irene Wicker and Wallace Beery are in the "Strictly Winkley Family." Wally Keefe is not on the air at present.

Miss A. Z., Aurora, Ill.—Mrs. Phillips Lord has always played the part of Lizzie Finkle in such "Strictly Winkley" as "Sunday Night Seth Parkers." Phillips Lord has two daughters, Jean and Patricia. There are many women on children in his projected cruise.

Mr. E. D. T., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—You may obtain tickets for the Joe Penner program by writing to the Broadcasts of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.
LAST CHANCE TO VOTE FOR FAVORITE STARS

Already, at the time of making the latest tabulation, 174,194 votes have been cast. Another 100,000 votes could "upset the score" and turn the tide of the election. Even this late date may reveal a surprising turn of events—and ballots.

Don't fail your favorites in this "zero" hour of the Star of Stars election. If this copy of Radio Guide is in your hands on May 31, don't hesitate to cast a vote for the individual, program, orchestra, and team which gives you the greatest degree of entertainment over the air.

A vote for a leader may help him to retain a golden position on the heights, which is threatened by the approach of new comers. Your ballot can help him hold that top-notch from his footling on the crest of popularity hill. So, don't forget to clip the ballot, cast your vote and get in the mails before midnight, June 1. Then, after all voting ceases. A ballot has been provided on this page, convenient in size for posting on a one-real postcard.

Standing by for the Star of Stars! Here are all who have received sufficient votes to be listed among the leaders.

STANDING AMONG THE STARS:

Joe Penner
Rudy Vallee
Lanny Ross
Vanita
Frank Kane
Ben Bernie
Jimmy Durante
Roy Holloway
Vera Vess
Joe Meek
J. J. Johnson
Marvin Raines
Irving Aaronson
Irving Berlin
Wynn Handel
Harry Stewart
Joe Penner
Eddie Cantor

STANDING AMONG THE ORCHESTRAS:

Marsee's Big Band
Orson Welles
Ralph Winkler
Bud Collyer
Jack Teagarden
Joe Venuti
Bob Crosby

STANDING AMONG THE REGIONS:

WLS Barn Dance
WFAM Barn Dance

RADIO GUIDE: 39

Bulls, Bears, and Carpenfers: May 26

STANDING AMONG THE PROGRAMS:

The Radio City Music Hall Revue
Time Flies

Favoriate Star's Official Ballot

1. My favorite radio performer is:
2. My favorite orchestra is:
3. My favorite program is:
4. My favorite radio team is:

There are __ in my family; I own my own home; __ rent a house; __ rent an apartment

I own a car; __ I do not own a car; __ my radio is __ years old and is a __

I am checked the type of radio program that I like best, Pictorial Musical; Classical Musical

Do you like the type of radio program that I like best, "Stars on Parade:", Dragnet Sketch, Lecture, Religious, etc.

My name is ___.

Your vote will not be invalidated by failure to answer all the questions in this ballot. You need not repeat any answers to these questions.

Mail your ballot to Star Election Tellers, due Radio Guide, 412 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard

L. C. S. T.

Favorite Star's Official Ballot

1. My favorite radio performer is:
2. My favorite orchestra is:
3. My favorite program is:
4. My favorite radio team is:

There are __ in my family; I own my own home; __ rent a house; __ rent an apartment

I own a car; __ I do not own a car; __ my radio is __ years old and is a __

I am checked the type of radio program that I like best, Pictorial Musical; Classical Musical

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Your vote will not be invalidated by failure to answer all the questions in this ballot. You need not repeat any answers to these questions.

Mail your ballot to Star Election Tellers, due Radio Guide, 412 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard

L. C. S. T.
THREE years ago a barefoot boy, all ears and legs, peddled newspapers and wanted to grow strong and husky to succeed his father as the Sheriff of Kern County, California. Today Lawrence Tibbett—no longer barefoot or gangling—is the highest paid singer on or off the air. He alone is entirely successful in the four fields: opera, concerts, radio, and the movies. And today his dream is to bring music to all Americans and sing it so that they can understand it. He wants people to hear music and enjoy it, so that they will not think of it as a "thing apart," or as something to be goggled about.

Years ago, when the doctor sent him to the country because of weak lungs, it never entered his head that some day girls would be threatening to faint at his recitals if he didn't answer their letters. Nor did he have any such ideas when he was just a plain "gob," scrubbing the decks of a navy ship. Almost since his seventh year—and the murder of his father, the Sheriff, by cattle thieves—Larry Tibbett had shifted for himself. He got the idea of becoming an actor from watching cowboys put on their own entertainment. He began helping in amateur theatricals. When the war came, he joined the Navy and found him at Vladivostok, Russia.

He returned to do what odd jobs he could find—clerked in a newspaper advertising department, folded Sunday papers, and acted as a singer occasionally for the fun of it. Borrowed money (for which he insured his life as collateral) and the advice of Rupert Hughes, brought young, Larry to New York, leaving his wife and two-year-old twins in California.

Hiring a half, he put on a recital hoping a concert manager would hear him. All he gained was the second "I" on Tibbett added through the mistake of a typesetter. All the concert managers in New York made a mistake, too. They missed hearing him.

His second attempt to crash the Metropolitan opera landed him a six-week contract—and his debut took place off-stage, in a duet as one of the monks in "Frisi Godofin." Several seasons later the illness of the second baritone, whom he was understudying, brought him the chance to sing Ford to Antoni Scotti's "Falstaff.

Larry Tibbett sang desperately. He made a furious effort to force the audience to feel his presence on the stage. They did! They stopped the opera to recall him again and again to the stage. January 2, 1925, thus became Tibbett's red-letter day.

But he didn't realize what had happened until an avalanche of reporters, photographers and newsmen surrounded his room next morning, beating frantically at his door.

He was front-page news, and has been ever since. He is the only male singer except Caruso accorded the honor of opening a Metropolitan season; the creator of all the leading baritone parts in operas produced during the past ten years; the choice of officials to start off (along with Arturo Toscanini) the 1933 Century of Progress; first singer to win the American Academy's diction award, world-famous as the greatest American lyric artist.

Through all his success, he has remained humble before his art. Nor has he lost touch with his fellow men. He feels that his voice is meant to bring joy to others; believes every opera should be sung in English, made understandable and not ridiculous as many of them are. He wants smaller theaters, so that audiences can see what happens on the stage; thinks opera producers could learn from movies. Tibbett will spend the summer in Hollywood singing in "The Return of the Gauchos," his next film.

Ted Tibbett beats time with his left foot while singing. He loves to discuss the philosophy of art and enjoys informal debates on any subject. Often he tells of his three-month-old baby, Michael, who looks like his daddy and has a good pair of lungs himself.

RADIO GUIDE NEXT WEEK:
"SNATCHING the SNATCHERS"
Another of the Thrilling Police Mystery Series, "Calling All Cars"; also
GRAHAM McNAMEE'S OWN STORY
And Many Other Striking Features

TED HUSING'S JINX

ILL Ted Husing's persistent rowing jinx beat him this season—for the fourth time?

Ted has tried to tell the listeners all about the annual Poughkeepsie Regatta—the historic collegiate crew carnival staged on the Hudson. And thrice Ted has failed. It seems that a jinx sits on his coxswains and steers poor Ted into disaster.

But Ted is game—and once again he'll try it this year, when the race probably will be held on Saturday, June 16. About six to eight crews are expected to row the course, including many big colleges in the East.

Ted tried to broadcast the regatta in 29, '30 and '31. There was no broadcast in '32 because of a conflict in time with the national political conventions. But in each of the other years that little jinx coxswain thwarted him. Let Ted tell it:

"Everything seemed all set for our first attempt in '29," he says. "Columbia leased Commodore Cunningham's yacht, Maid Marion, but anticipated ease gave way before a rough river. And right at the start of the race, the Maid Marion crashed in a most unladylike manner into a stake boat. In '30, Columbia selected a cruiser much less cumbersome than a yacht. And when the big main event came—some wiring broke in our short-wave transmitter! We used another cruiser in '31. It was a miserable day. A pelting rain and electrical storms made broadcasting dangerous. Then we learned that the storm and an electric train had distorted our signals."

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
As He Appears Under the MIKroscope

By Carleton Smith

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