WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1934

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT

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RUDY VALLEE

As Crooner—Master of the Saxophone—Straight Singer—Entrepreneur of Variety Hours, Then of Hollywood Programs—Rudy Vallee Has Led the Van. Radio Has Followed His Moves

Eventually the megaphone was discarded, but the malady lingered—on—or rather hurried onward until it affected nearly every balled singer in the tenor and baritone ranges. The boys who warble in the com amore register stood hands on hips, arms akimbo, and stamped the earth fitfully as they determined to die in their tracks fighting the imputation.

The more virile careers on the next lower vocal elevation likewise determined to do something about either the allegation or the allegator; but with all the protest they bravely arm out on the so-called crooner tide, which taken at the ebb, led on to fortune.

In keeping with his policy of progression, Vallee soon sensed the antagonism that was springing up in the male breast against the cooing style which he had precipitated. After all, he reasoned, feminine domination in the home can go just so far—then it breeds rebellion.

So, leaving his followers to court the uprising, he abandoned

By Harry Steele

A Vallee goes—so goes radio! A comprehensive statement—but a survey of the years in which radio has enjoyed its greatest expansion reveals that this popular Yankee has been the bell-ringer of the wireless flock, and has led his followers into green pastures the existence of which they had no previous suspicion.

To every intimate Vallee discloses the secret that his ambition in life is to be an executive in the entertainment field. Unconsciously he has been his leader since music and drama took to the air in appreciable volume. He is a perfect example of the man who has arrived at his destination, but who is too preoccupied to get off the train.

He literally is packed with initiative, tingling with a flair for showmanship. When it comes to being first in this, first in that and first in the hearts of the radio audience, he is the George Washington of the air.

The bicyclists today join with cafe bands. Many a John Whoosits, whose fame would have been vast in his own eyes had they known about him at the next cross-roads, is being heard today from coast to coast simply because the wave of radio is insatiable and devastating, and because there must be a constant supply of fodder.

Whoosits, et al, can credit their fame in part to Hubert Prior (Rudy) Vallee, who, from the Heigh Clab, back in 1919, convinced Eastern radio bigwigs that one-half of the world might be interested in knowing where the other half was dancing.

That was Score No. 1 for Rudy Vallee on a tally sheet that soon was to be crowded with pioneering achievements.

From whatever nebulous domain in which his soul and wanderings, Adolphine Sax, inventor of the saxophone, can well ordain laurels for the brow of Vallee for perpetuating, single-handed, that roving Belgian's name. The instrument was a Parish among the braves and an upstart amid the reeds, but Vallee purged it of its taint of illegitimacy and made it the golden horn of plenty.

True enough, Rudy Wiedorf lifted the saxophone out of obscurity in the back rows of a few symphony orchestras, to its tuning way across public vision for a brief spell. The Six Brown Brothers and the Kaufman Brothers, former vaudeville artists, likewise added something to the vogue of the hybrid instrument.

But it was Vallee who dragged it out from amid the burntwood plagues and the framed mottos, to endow it with dignity and permanency, and to put dear old Yale into a position half of pride and half of mortification.

It was for sheer admiration of Wiedorf that Hubert Prior borrowed upon him at the christening font, and adopted "Rudy." Rudy, the elder, was the first outstanding influence in the saxlife of Vallee. Devotion, stark and sincere, moved the calm New Engander to imitate his idol; but once launched in saxophony, he made his instructor seem about as essential as a purser on a rowboat.

In less than a year after the Vallee sun had begun its ascent, the wall of the saxophone was abroad 'n land. Apartment houses that once had been havens of serenity, became literally sounding shells for the ear-splitting tootling of a myriad tyros. Saxophobia became the national menace.

It survived the pestilence stage, to become a fixture in the musical scene. Mothers who had a few years before would rather have seen their sons acrobats than musicians, began to dream of the day when somny boy would be leading a band of his own with his name in big letters and his check in big figures.

Farmers who had harbored shot-guns covertly against the day that their daughters might bring a musician into the parlor, were caught putting an arm about the shoulders of a band-member and boasting, "Meet the future son-in-law. He's first saxophonist in the orchestra down at the Bijou."

What Rudy did for the saxophone became the second feather in his cap—a piece of millinery that was destined soon to look like a war-bonnet.

His third plume followed an inauguration which, if it launched a vogue, likewise gave birth to a malapathy which only later accomplishments have helped to eradicate.

That was the wedding of the megaphone and the microphone, a union which gave rise to one of the most words in current lexicography, "Crooner." The Websters definition, "singer in a low monotone," has been discarded entirely in the application of the term—all less the consciousness of many hearers be accepted—that it is low singing no matter how you look at it. This style developed into an imititation.

When Alice Faye sang on Rudy's programs and with him in vaudeville, they used to rehearse most diligently
the Pace-Maker

the mode impassionatus and devoted himself to a
luster type of song and singing, the style which the
normal male can digest without reveting to the with-
ering, if purile, observation, "Oh Fudge." Not words
with any lethal effect, but they can convey a world of
scorn and direct imputation. Rudy abhors any infer-
ce that he might be anything other than the real
he says he is.

The crooners temporarily were left in the lurch;
but radio executives, quick to sense the trend in public
taste, steered them right. Most of these have returned
to orthodox methods, in the wake of the Vallee gaffon.
Another first to Rudy's credit is the fifteen-minute
sponsored program. Early advertis-
ers, unfamiliar with the dangerous
waters of radio promotion, were
given to sticking a toe in to test the
warmth and the direction of the
current. Mere announcements be-
tween musical numbers were the
order of the day. A five-minute shot
was in the nature of a plunge.

Untold Are the Numbers of Radio
Artists, Many of Them Outstanding
Stars of the Day, Who Owe
Their Start to Rudy. And He Might
Well Have Shone in the Reflected
Glory of Established Celebrities

Rudy's piano and his books (next to his mo-
tion-picture camera) are his chief
delights

But the shrewd Island Pond, Vermont, boy was
convinced early that these brief forays were a waste of
time. He argued that it took at least fifteen minutes to
capture public attention. It was with repugnance that a
New York jeweler accepted Rudy's suggestion when he
sponsored him for the unheard of time of a full quarter-
hour as the Herbert Diamond Entertainer. For a year
Vallee, with a small string ensemble, his trusty micro-
phone and his sax, enraptured the Gotham females. After
all they are the potential diamond wearers, and Jeweler
Herbert will attest that he was glad he listened to the
singer's proposal. From it sprouted innumerable fifteen-
minute periods and their successors, the half and full-
hour programs.

When it became apparent that the Vallee mania had
some of the characteristics of permament, the motion-
picture magnates, eager to trade on the public's taste, sug-
gested that the young maestro try the films. Ever willing
to widen his scope, Vallee accepted the suggestion. Here
was rich fodder for the scoffers.

I'll be his Waterloo," was their unanimous opinion. To
be seen was one thing—to be heard, another, they
argued. No out-and-out radio artist ever before had
made more than a fleeting appearance in a motion pic-
ture, and to plan a story featuring a crooner, they opined,
was suicidal for the film industry—and the road to
oblivion for the artist.

The venture was facetiously titled The Vagabond
Lover, an error which doubtless minimized the box-office
potentials of the picture. But there was enough re-
sponse to convince Hollywood moguls that Vallee, and
perhaps other air personalities, had drawing power. It
was not long before Hollywood recalled him for addi-
tional pictures; and as these words are being prepared
for publication, advance notice has been received that
Rudy Vallee has just attached his signature to a contract
calling for three more pictures. It was a literal case of
"Lover, Come Back To Me."

Today, radio artists are as at home on the screen
as in the broadcasting studios, and they have proved to
be manna to the picture producers during several of the
starvation periods suffered by the film industry.

Once again Vallee had pioneered, for attend: Today
many radio executives are financially interested in the
motion picture business, to the end that they may profit
from both phases of their artists' talents.

Rudy's teacher was Rudy Wiedoff, leading exponent of the saxophone
—shown at the time the Master
was guest star of the Pupil

As Vallee's keen showmanship became more and
more apparent his doubters decreased in direct ratio, so
that when he decided to turn his weekly Fleischmann
Yeast Hour into a national variety show, both radio it-
self and the public awaited the innovation with the feel-
ing that it would be a success.

The still youthful artist had reached a point where he
could put his hearers into the mood to welcome his
offerings. And if you think the Variety Hour has been
a boon to audiences, stop and reflect for a moment on
what it has meant to a number of drifting artists.

It must be said in Rudy's behalf that his management
of the Variety Hour has been the most unselfish
gesture in all of entertainment's history. He easily
might have presented his shows with performers who were
at the peak, and thus shine in reflected glory.

This he sedulously refrained from doing. He went
out of his way to offer the golden opportunity to artists
of whose talents he approved, but who, due to the de-
cedent state of the theater, were having a difficult time
finding engagements.

How many of these grateful stars he has sent forth
to lucrative contracts, is a matter of radio history. The
time these days and nights is swaddled with singles
and teams who, but for the medium of Vallee's generosity,
might still be shuffling feet at 47th Street and Broadway
in New York, and recalling from a hungry haze how
they knocked 'em into the aisles in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Currently the variety program is the vogue in radio,
but to fail to pay homage to Rudy Vallee for his origin
would be the ultimate in unfairness. From the Western
coast, where he now is engaged in making pictures, Rudy
has launched the Hollywood Hour. The point on it is
still so fresh that even the brassiest of his imitators will
not park on it. But leave them alone and they'll come
home, dragging behind them tales of how they thought up
the Hollywood Hour idea which is "wowing 'em."

To the genius, Marconi, goes credit for wireless. To
Dr. De Forest listeners are indebted for the tube
which made sound transmission possible. But it is to
Rudy Vallee that we must bend the knee for making
the earlier achievements pay dividends in enlarged enter-
tainment—and good, hard cash.

Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees
can be heard each Thursday at 8 p.m. EST
or 7 p.m. CST on an NBC-WEAF network, un-
der the sponsorship of Fleischmann's Yeast.
What—No Art?

By Jane Cowl

One of the Leading Actresses of the American Stage Turns to Radio—and Minces No Words When She Opinionates Critics of the Air and Screen

Perhaps a few of these self-appointed vocal and pretend critics of the radio drama will read these lines, and they will end their clamor. May I take this moment to digress and declare that radio now proudly and deservedly wears the mantle of the stage? The drama of the ether is on a higher plane than commonly believed. It is making rapid strides toward perfection.

When I met the youthful but very capable directors of the Lux Radio Theater, you may well imagine my relief to receive a warning that they expected me to rehearse for two weeks previous to the broadcast. Warning me, when I usually have devoted at least three weeks to learn stage roles!

Was I promised? Indeed, I was not. Despite the fact that I had played 1,004 stage performances of Smilin’ through, I was pleased that the radio people requested me to give two weekly rehearsals. Here was a new medium—new to me—for the expression of dramatic art, a different medium, and I recognized the necessity of my learning the differences well and carefully. During the rehearsals for my microphone debut I had had many reasons to be thankful. I found that the radio directors, production men and engineers were austere in their demand for utter perfection. I liked that. Their earnestness delighted me. I began to wonder if this meticulousness was the exception. I determined to learn. My investigation revealed that it was closer to the rule. Like the stage, which still has its poorly rehearsed and directed plays, radio also has dramas that do not receive the attention and care given to those of the Lux Radio Theater. But on the whole radio direction and rehearsal are considerably better than the stage of today. The Lux series is indeed indicative of the present-day sincerity of radio producers in setting out to accomplish a really fine radio dramatic job. Its previous radio presentations. What Every Woman Knows and The Barker surely justify the painstaking preparations which have gone into them.

With such fine plays and so many people of experience already engaged, I consider it a privilege to be associated with this new effort which demands, above all things, thoroughness of preparation!

So there is my answer to the critics of radio drama. I am for it. In fact, I am a radio enthusiast. I don’t even mind saying that I am a regular listener.

Frankly, there is much in radio that interests me. I like many of the programs. The symphonies, of course, I tune in, but I also enjoy the comedians. Jack Benny and Joe Penner amuse me no end. I even like the skitstock when it is done properly. The thoroughness of Mr. Penner and of Ed Wynn lifts them far above the level of the burlesque stage to the nation-wide popularity they so well deserve.

The characteristics of Amos and Andy are as fine as anything that ever has been done on the stage. I like radio and I like acting for the radio. Its critics who would place the stage above it, know not whereof they speak.

And now, how about Hollywood?

Certainly I do not agree that the moving picture, illustrious grandchild of the stage, fails to show many of the traits and characteristics of its ancestral art. I glimpse unmistakable signs of solid hope. Through all its gaudy glamour, tinsel and inestimable manners, there can be observed certain vital, artistic forces which are lighting for expression and gaining headway.

For the theater itself, I am not one to weep over the reputed decadence of the stage. There are good plays and there are bad plays. There are good productions and there are bad ones. There are good radio dramas and there is drivel.

Broadway has seen the distinguished efforts of the Theater Guild amply recognized. And, as long as we have playwrights with energy to turn out good plays, and while there are the Garlands, the Luxes and Fontaines, the Hayes, the Hustons, the Wymanes and the Arlises, there is still hope for the stage—and little fear of catastrophe.

Miss Cowl may be heard in Smilin’ Through during the Lux Radio Theater at 1:30 p.m. CST on Sunday, November 4, over an NBC-WIZ. Two more programs are sponsored by Lever Brothers.

Says Jane Cowl: "I am a radio enthusiast. I don't mind saying that I am a regular listener"
Great Lovers of Radio

By Howard Wilcox

When a Woman Has Been Pursued, Cauted, Loved, Coaxed and Cajoled by the Greatest of Radio’s Lovers, She Should Know What Sort of Lotharios They Make. Here Rosaline Greene Speaks Her Full Mind

When Gable puckers up his lips—a million gals get goose-pimples. When Barrymore, Baxter or Coleman clinch with a cute, their love-making loosen ladies’ lips in all languages, including the Scandinavian.

Yes sir—that’s love in them Hollywood hills! And if the movies have produced few great actors, they’ve certainly mothered a brood of mighty lovers. And now—what about radio? Are the broadcast billings of Dennis King as romantic as the celluloid conings of Leslie Howard?

In other words, have our radio lovers as much IT as have our be-sirens of the silver screen?

"Yes!" says Rosaline Greene. For to Rosaline, radio’s Girl of a Thousand and One Roles, I went with this potent problem, asking:

"What’s the lowdown on radio Romeos, Miss Greene? Are they any darned good?"

She sighed. "Are they!" she answered.

Rosaline is the one girl in radio who should know, for she has been loved (microphonically speaking, of course) by the air’s most glamorous Lotharios. She has sampled the ardent embraces of Alfred Shirley, Pedro de Cordoba and Henry Hull in the celebrated radio series, Famous Loves. She has been the romantic foil of handsome Lionel Atwell. She has thrilled to the kisses of the most romantic lover of them all—Lo Tellegen—in a torrid series called the Luck of Joan Christopher As Jilet she has sworn eternal love and fidelity to Rollo Peters’ Romeo.

She has portrayed a host of wicked and saintly women, ranging from Marie de Medici to Evangelina—opposite temperamental Dennis King. As the fiery Rosita she has been swept off her feet by the surprisingly ardent love-making of Al Jolson, portraying Pancho Villa. When Lanny Ross whispers sweet love vows into the ears of Mary Lou of the Showboat program, it is Rosaline who receives the messages, not Maril Wilson, for Rosaline does the speaking role of Mary Lou.

Then it can be seen readily that the mystery of the fatal fascination of the rapturous, beguiling and gallant lovers of the air is an open book to her.

Not only do the radio lovers come up to the artistic and romantic standards of the screen heroes," said the positive Rosaline, "but the radio artists have it all over the screen actors in at least one important aspect. Every woman has her own conception of the physical appearance of her screen and radio hero. The screen of course mirrors the appearance of the actor, and the fan has to accept or discard him as such. In radio, however, the listener can picture the hero as having blue eyes and curly blond hair, whereas in reality he might have brown eyes and jet black hair.

"In other words, the radio hero cannot be typed. I know that many of the radio idols receive fan mail, describing their physical appearances as visualized from their voices. For instance, Al Jolson, a small man physically, received hundreds of letters from listeners describing him as a large, smooth and burly individual, when he had played Villa."

Rosaline attempted her first romantic role in 1929 at Station WQO in Schenectady. Amusing results followed. Edward Smith, noted station director and actor, cast her as a shy young girl in a radio adaptation of the war play, Billeted. Smith took the part of the fascinating soldier.

"Al Jolson is warm-hearted, and sincere."

"George Jessel is an ardent swain."

Rosaline Greene, the much-loved lupy, should know from experience what kind of lovers radio Romeos make.

"After the twentieth rehearsal Ed was ready to drop me from the roof of the building without benefit of a parachute," said Rosaline. "Radio technique of that day was elemental. Today, with the ribbon microphones, and the concealing of microphones all over the studio, it is possible to pace about a limited area of the studio, and to act out the lines with gesture. In those days, however, it was strictly a matter of standing rigidly before the microphone and depending solely upon voice inflection for the proper effect. The old carbon microphones were in vogue then, and one had to lug the mike and speak right into it if the tones were to register properly and fully."

"At any rate, there I stood like a stick of wood on the night of the broadcast, attempting to speak the full, dramatic and poignant lines of a broken hearted girl building a fond farewell to her hero in Khaki. Love was merely a noun to me then. I had died, cried and laughed before the mike, but I had never loved."

"Ed forgot all about microphone technique in his disgust at my lusterless and stilted delivery. I was frightened, but so infectious was his ardor that I immediately caught the true spirit of the love-starved girl the script called for, and we concluded the program in a crescendo of real emoting. I think this was the first time a play was ever acted out before a microphone."

That was Rosaline’s first experience with a radio lover, and apparently the experience stood her in good stead, for two years later she was receiving her baptism of fire on the big time—the Eveready Hour over the NBC-WFA network. Handsome and romantic Lionel Atwell was the star. Each show in this series was a full hour spectacle. Rosaline played Josephine, Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and various other characters. The one portrayal that remains... (Continued on Page 29)
Standing By—

With Ray Perkins

FROM A RADIO OBSERVER'S NOTEBOOK. Last year the big trend was high-powered comedy. This year it's symphony orchestras. Wotta jump! The public is getting huge doses of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Three years ago certain large advertisers who are feeding the niche classics in but many have fallen in your face if you had suggested it.

WALTER DAMROSH at NBC and HOWARD BARLOW at CBS were about the only classical voices crying in a wilderness of jazz. They have merged with the other networks and are now broadcasting their radio classic series, which is the only visible sign of the classical music of which The Gibson Family is forevermore.

The air on Saturdays is full of football. Hallowe'en got its usual annual plays, with ghost artists. The entire air industry gathered up to advertise the big business. By the same token the microphones will be full of Turkey for Thanksgiving, including stuffing... Height of something-or-other: Someone doubling for JOHN ROES on a radio program. A whole year has passed without Roxy opening new themes. The man must be slipping.

JOE PENNER'S duck remains unsold.

ED WYNN has revamped his program completely. He says, "Don't harass me, Graham."

MYSTIC KYN is picking up bag and baggage, watt and kilocycle, to move from Chicago and starts occupying a hunk of air in Philadelphia. WLIW, WIP, WFI are all aflutter... Two new semi-national networks are deployed on the loudspeaker front, but no major battles reported so far... The whole radio business is dizzier than ever, but more darn fun!

RADIO PERFORMER'S MULTIPLICATION TABLE:

| 10 phone calls make 1 conversation, 8 conversations make 1 date, 10 auditions make 1 hope, 6 hopes make 1 possibility, 7 possibilities make 1 hot prospect, 6 hot prospects make 1 contract. |

TRUE STORY: Some years ago a young baritone appeared in a concert in a small New Jersey town. In the audience was a high-school min who had been taking vocal lessons. With heart flustering, she listened enraptured to the handsome young singer, whose work so deeply inspired and impressed her that she left the concert half more determined than ever to carve a singing career of her own.

Indeed, so smitten was she with the first baritone that she went to the store and deliberately stole his picture from his advertising page of the program. The concert the picture remained a prized possession for years.

When the baritone continued a somewhat desultory and none too successful career of his own, in time he went on the air for NBC and accumulated a goodly public following, but by one of those strange whims of fate he remained spouseless and hence so poorly remunerated that, discouraged, he abandoned singing and went into business. He joined the staff of Zindy's in an advertising trade publication, where he is now preparing the presentation of a series of articles on radio, a work which necessitates his interviewing certain staid of importance.

Several weeks ago the ex-singer obtained an interview with a glamorous leading lady of the air, a star of first magnitude. Their business completed, they chatted. He remarked that he had once been a professional singer. She scrutinized him closely. "Heaven's!" she said. "I thought your face was familiar. I just can't put my finger on it."

The man is LEONARD LEWIS, formerly Bean Balladographer of NBC. The lady is JESSICA DRAGONETTE.

DR. WALTER DAMROSH is honored by the University of St. Louis, his Alma Mater, with the Doctor of Human Letters. That's the kind of letters fans write me.

Ray Perkins is on NBC's red network (WEAF) with his songs, piano and small talk, on Mondays at 6 p.m. CST, except Mondays, November 8, when Sen. Robert Wagner will be heard at that time.

Along the Airialto

PHIL BAKER'S daughter, Margot, is starting early to train a musical ear. Margot's celebrated father is on an NBC-WJZ network every Friday at 8:30 p.m. CST.

By Martin Lewis

the actor who doubles for FREDERICK MARCH of the films in 45 Minutes in Hollywood, is the same gent who got the voice of BRUNO HAUPTMANN in THE March of Time.

Celebrity note—MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE, on a visit to New York, went to the CBS Radio Playhouse to see a broadcast of ROSA PONSELLE'S Chesterfield program, which is one of her favorites. November 19 will be ROXY'S 12th anniversary on the air—which is going back to the real days of beginnings of radio. In fact, the network is treating it as the way of celebrating that milestone. WHISPERING JACK SMITH has been awarded an expression of his present CBS series. With the start of The Gumps, coming to life as a CBS series script, young Hyman Brown will have to write and direct to radio shows a week. Marie, the Little French Princess, is another of his brain children. Brown flew to Chicago recently to discuss plans for the coming series with Sidney Smith, creator of The Gumps, which has been a favorite comic strip for some years... WALTER GREEVES kids brother acts as one of the comic stooges on the Camel shows, and also helps his big brother now and then with the comedy material... CBS will build up JERRY COOPER as a modern wandering hero in a new one-hour music and script series each Thursday.

In a recent Camel program, TED HUNTER forecast the defeat of Colgate by Ohio State footballers. The next morning Ted got wire from a Colgate fraternity house, written in rhyme and offering to bet him a cent ($100 in years) on that statement. Ted accepted, in rhyme, and versified wires sped back and forth between Colgate and CBS. The sportsbarker was right on that prediction, to the distress of his fraternity house fans... Is PHIL BAKER returning to Chicago? The sponsor says yes, but Phil wants to stay in New York to father his new Broadway show... THE REVELERS are all set to go to town with their third top ten top ten hideout... EDDIE SIMMONS, everyone is wondering who's going to fill JOE COOK'S shoes, says that's a problem he can't fill. I'm going to miss the crazy comic's mad hair.It will be sad to leave the air after his broadcast of the twelfth to concentrate on rehearsals for his new show... JANE FROMAN, who has her second sponsored show, is headed for a third... MORTON DOWNEY is flitting with several sponsors and it's just a matter of time.

In case you haven't caught the names of those swell soloists on the Saturday night ROMBERG show, they are HELEN MARSHALL and BYRON WARNER, a couple of youngsters who are getting their chance... DAVID MENDOZA, who is remembered as Old Dave of the old ROXY GANG at the Capitol in New York, is returning to the networks as a musical director... AL PEARCE'S San Francisco show has made its impression in the East and may go commercial, which is good news... It certainly took a long time for an Eastern sponsor to recognize the popularity of One Man's Family. Those Sunday afternoon dramas for a soapmaker have made quite an impression. Journey's End, by R. C. Sheriff is scheduled for the winter on this series... EDDIE PEACO, the banjo wizard is forming a band of his own... EDDIE CANTOR will visit London before starting work on his new sponsored show for the CBS. The peep-eyed comic is being secretive about his plans for the new show, but one hopes he will do away with the visible and unnatural effect associated with those listening.

LOWELL THOMAS is editor of a new daily metropolitan magazine called SAGA... JACKIE HELLE, is making a tour of Western vaudeville houses and will return to the airwaves. HARRY GAY, who recently made his bow on the long-practiced and harshly criticized Johnnie Oneota, is now a member of the mutual staff, which has a sound mind and no mind now and you probably didn't either, that in WAYNE KING had a private (Continued On Page 26)
Are You Listenin'?  
By Tony Wons

Read poetry now and then. If you live in the country, you want to know what the city is, read Walt Whitman. You do not have to go to any city then, for you will see and understand. And if you live in the city and you cannot spend much time out in the open spaces, get a book of Wadsworth. He will take you out under the trees and the stars, close to nature, just as close as you could get by actually going there.

That is what poets can do for you. And you know you can do it. It is not made for who writes poetry. No. It is he who reads and understands and feels. You don't need to write a line, and yet you can be a poet.

It will take you out of the four walls of whatever misery you may be imprisoned in. Read poetry and you will not feel like stewing over stupid figures of profit and loss. You will not hate bankers or stock brokers. You might even pity them. You will get away from the world for a little time. That is a good thing.

A Newark letter carrier writes and says: "You made a statement that shooting eighteen holes of golf was harder than a letter carrier's job. I am sure you are not very well acquainted with the job . . . that is, getting up at 5 a.m. every day and walking up and down stairs with forty or fifty pounds on one shoulder (leaving out disagreeable weather)."

Or perhaps you are more familiar with the other, harder, job of a foursome starting at, say, 8 a.m. with somebody else carrying your very, very heavy bag over nice soft grass with a walking stick and taking a nice healthy walk at the gate and a comfortable, and then to the clubhouse, etc. I was disappointed in you."

Well, well, did I say it was harder playing golf than carrying mail? If I did I ought to be put off the air. I have never carried mail, nor have I played golf but once, and I didn't like it. But I have some

Americal's Sweetheart Mary's most recent photograph. Miss Pickford may be heard every Wednesday at 7 p.m. CST over an NBC-WEAF network of kind of an imagination and I wouldn't have my job no incy. But picking up chewing gum with a stick that has a nail in the end of it is no harder than golf, and yet if you were to ask all the golf players to do that they would consider it terribly hard work. Now I hope all the paper pickers do not pick on me.

And Nellie wants to know what Nero was playing when Rome was burning. I don't know. Maybe "Let's Pray the Lights and Go to Sleep." If not then maybe he was playing with fire.

Now I'll ask you one. "What did Sir Walter Scott do?" The put down his cloak on the muddy road for the beautiful queen to walk over? . . . Give up? . . . He said "Step on it, kid!"

I would not want to get you in wrong with anybody. But you probably know someone who has a big head. Maybe you knew him in school days when he was a fine fellow. Then he made a little money or got a little popularity. Maybe the papers printed something about him and so he goes around sticking out his chest like a temporary chairman and putting on the dog. Well, you might want to tell him this little fable. Listen.

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant afterwards: "Boo, oh, boy, we sure did shake that thing!"

A pessimist tells us we will all be dead in a hundred years. That is a dreadful thought, isn't it? But at least it seems to promise that we will live forever. But if you think about that carefully you will conclude that it is very encouraging. For if the short space of time as a hundred years, which is only like the wink of an eye in the history of life, and the human that walks this earth today will be gone, with the exception of perhaps a handful. And with them will go the rare and unique. When you think of that, all the little problems that seem so awfully important to you now will vanish like a breath on the wind.

Continued on Page 31

Reviewing Radio

Stories that haven't been released:
WJZ—RICHARD GORDON, who was to have taken again the role of Sherlock Holmes, in the resumed series November 11, has walked out on the show, refusing to take a second cut in salary, leaving the harless Doctor Watson holding the bag.

WABC—GEORGE GIVOT gave his final performance here last Tuesday because, having joined up with the Broadaway show, "Calling All Stars," he suddenly discovered that the producers would not permit the members of the cast to broadcast. Since most of the cast consists of radio artists, it's doubtful if the order will be carried out. It applies, however, only to sustaining artists. Givot voluntarily gave up the air instead as Columbia had failed to sell him to a sponsor in 16 weeks.

RADIO CITY—"The Gibson Family" may not survive as a kilocycle attraction. Sponsors dissatisfied with the scripts have been trying to make up their minds whether to insist on better scripts by Courtney Ryley Cooper, to replace him, or to exercise the cancellation clause in the broadcasting contract. The cancellation seems most likely.

TIN PAN ALLEY—ARTHUR CREMIN, director of the New York Music Magazine, amazes his friends and challenges nationwide credulity with the statement that radio programs can make all women beautiful. He points to a number of experiences with radio music by Dr. WOLFE ADLER, Columbia University psychologist, and a fifth avenue beautician. They found, says Cremin, that if a woman in the privacy of her home tuned in a dance band, then closed her eyes and relaxed, the effect would be to beautify her instantly. Soothing loosens the facial muscles, and that opens the pores. Lines disappear—and if the listener will rub her face with a towel after this, then the effect of the music treatment, she actually appears years younger.

WABC—The BUDDY ROGERS show with JEANIE LANE will give place to something else, and ROGERS is sailing for England November 21.

NBC HEADQUARTERS—The sale of One Man's Family to Kentucky Winners, for sponsorship in the first network set-up to be sold direct, as such, in many months.

NEW YORK—GENE ROWELL, of Gene and Glenn, was lost for several hours last Sunday, during a motor trip with his partner. They went for a ride in the Pocono upstate New York, and Glenn passed near Westchester, to patronize a hamburger stand. When he got back to the car the windshield had vanished. When he did not reappear half an hour, Glenn asked for and received official help, and a search was started. Gene eventually was found in the closet of the car near by. He had swantered in to look at the organ, had got the organist, and had remained to test out the keyboard. He became so interested he forgot all about his trip until the cops and Glenn arrived to rescue him. Now Glenn is on the market for a portable organ to carry in his car.

NBC—The National Biscuit Company has engaged time at WJZ, and will shortly present a three-hour dance period, Saturday night, using three different dance aggregations weekly. A case of one NBC giving the other NBC the air and getting paid for it. And it might be a suggestion that one can't mix biscuits with symphonic music.

NEW YORK—GERTRUDE NIESEN will be among those present when the curtain rises on the forthcoming production "Calling All Stars." In spite of the previously mentioned ruling on air stars and broadcasting Gertrude, enjoying her first theatrical role, will continue on here. Big Season. As the revue will follow theatrical legend and open out of town, it will be necessary for WABC's DEE VAUGHAN to pipe her weekly air numbers from wherever stand the show is making on broadcast nights.

NBC—The studios have wrought another example of romance. The marriage of WABC'S GREEA and EDGAR SITTING, studio cellist. They will be domiciled in the Pocono Mountains when the home which they are building is completed. The honeymoon at their sit-in room, doubleless their theme song will be "Just a Love Nest."
Famous Composers

By Mark Herringham

At that time Bach was Cantor of the school, and considered not especially efficient.

Three years later the new King of Poland made him court composer, at Bach's request.

This sideline on the opinion entertained of Bach by his contemporaries illustrates the unfortunate fact that his colossal genius was not sufficiently appreciated during his lifetime. When he died in 1750 he was buried without even a stone to mark the grave.

His own sons even considered him old-fashioned. Ten years after his death his wife died in the poorhouse and was buried in Potters Field—and this despite the fact that Bach created great quantities of the world's sublime music. His compositions—for the organ, of chamber music, and his cantatas—are becoming increasingly appreciated as years draw further away from the master's life.

Today, "Musicians disagree in matters concerning music," says Rudolph Boffingo in Bach, the Master, "but regarding the supreme greatness of Bach they are unanimous. Pedants and idealists, antiquarians and realists, futurists and quite ordinary musicians, find common ground there. The enjoyment of the music, and a certain limited understanding of it, have extended beyond the sphere of cultured musicians to the widest circles of the amateur world."

As if the many hundreds of Bach compositions were not a sufficient gift to humanity, this astounding genius also wrote on musical themes.

His book, Art of the Fugue, was in itself a great achievement. In it he recorded every type of fugue then known, in mastery analysis and discourse.

Yet it was long after his death—when some of his works had been irretrievably lost, and his very name was threatened with oblivion—that discriminating admirers of Bach's music succeeded in making his true importance known to the world.

Apples—Swastikas—Parabolas

By Chester Matthews

I some day you should hear Annette Hanshaw sing, "Apples, swastikas, parabolas," etc., to one of the currently popular melodies, think nothing of it. She will be reading off the weird, homemade music scores which she keeps in front of her while she sings. She cannot read a note of music. The winged black dots by which musicians follow score baffles her completely, so she has evolved a set of characters all her own. They are a throw-back to the days when she studied drawing and design. When she has heard a song enough times to memorize it she sets it down, in lieu of the orthodox notes, in these funny little figures which to her represent B, A, E, and the remainder of the notes with which most persons are familiar.

Maybe you couldn't tell which is B and which is A, but she makes do out of all of them. She never has studied music. Perhaps if she had, as assiduously as she did art, she might have turned out to be just one of those run-of-the-mill parlor singers.

As it is, she has the full flavor of her originality without any of the repressions and the bias imposed by singing masters. Song is thoroughly natural for her. She first was detected carking notes between naps on her bottle while still only eighteen months old. From a musical family she carried the heritage of talent right into her teens, but still she rejected instruction and pledged herself to art in another form.

For the year that she pursued learning in New York's National Academy of Design she let singing slide except as a means of expression for her personal diversion. But a good voice, like a bad vice, will out—and almost before she knew it Miss Hanshaw was becoming the vogue as entertainer at parties given by the smart sets of Westchester County and Long Island.

When she began to realize first that she was no master at the drawing-board, she had the satisfaction of an assured success in the drawing-room. Back in 1928, while she was still only eighteen years old, the chief executive of one of the big recording companies heard her sing at one of these affairs. He bullied her into an audition for his company, and straightaway the graphic arts lost a workman.

In the six years which have followed that reluctant audition, more than four million of her records have been sold—never in the end sight. The discs were selling like the legendary flapjacks long before Annette ever had seen a radio studio. Her year-and-a-half on the Show Boat Tour gave them fresh impetus, and it is a certainty that her popularity under the Camel Cigarette sponsorship will help to maintain the demand.

It is not difficult to fathom her success. She is a pronounced stylist with a voice admirably suited to microphone requirements. Like one or two other distinguished artists of the air, her voice spells her identity. You could break into one of her programs and after hearing three bars of a number, know beyond a doubt that it was Miss Annette Hanshaw. And that is the stamp on radio today.

Many a phonograph fan has bought Miss Hanshaw's records unwittingly, not suspecting that she was the one of appearing to have more artists than they really have, the recording companies have tired her variously. She has sung into wax as "Gay Ellis," "Patsy Young" (Continued on Page 19)
Myrt and Marge
By Arthur Kent

Out of the Hectic Life of Trouping Across the Continent While Donna Damerel Lived in a Trunk, Myrtle and Her Husband George Took a Fortune—Then Faced Utter Ruin. Their Story Spares No Details

Radio's Myrt and Marge series is based upon the stage life of Myrtie Vail (husb. is the mother of Marge—Donna Damerel Kratzinger—both on the air and in real life). Born in Joliet, Illinois, Myrtle went on the stage at fifteen, in Chicago. She married George Damerel, a fascinating tenor. Donna was born. They kept the marriage secret for a time, to avoid discouraging the thousands of stage-struck females who were falling in love with Damerel—on account of his romantic performances as Prince Donalio of The Merry Widow. Little Myrt and her tiny daughter joined Damerel when the show played New Orleans. Here is presented the third installment.

Most unwelcome, to one person, was the arrival in New Orleans of child-mother Myrt and her baby. That person was the attractive actress who took the Widow's role. She liked to think of Damerlel as her prinely lover in the play, rather than as a husband and the father of another woman's baby. But Myrt laughed last. Myrt bought a folding go-cart. In this the proud mama delighted to wheel her daughter Donna—while the Widow wailed, "How silly! My Pr-r-r-ince, the Widow's life."

But the stage domes domesticity—and soon Myrtie and Donna were separated again from Damerel, because the show began to play one-night stands and Myrtie was afraid that clamoring around the country would hurt her baby's seaward. She then came together for Christmas at Milwaukee, however, when George was on his way to the Pacific Coast with the show. And so keen was the joy of reunion to Myrtie—myrtie—at the last minute—hopped on the train with Donna in her arms and went too! San Francisco society took Damerel and his tiny wife to its collective bosom. And the little red-headed tomboy of a chorus girl, who had come from a respectable but unpretentious family, learned the arts of graceful living as quickly as she had mastered the life of the stage. Her simplicity of manner and lack of affection made people like her. Life became a round of social successes—fine homes, formal clothes, horse-back riding, afternoon teas, many-course meals, champagne.

"Though," says Myrtie, "I liked beer better. So did George and so—I suspected—did many of the others.

When the show began to travel, Myrtie and Donna stayed at Ocean Park, near Los Angeles. Baby Donna was ill, but thriveed on clam broth Myrtie made by stewing clams which she pulled out of big hanks of Pacific Ocean seaweed. Also much to Myrtie's horror, the baby formed the habit of putting big, harmless sand crabs in her mouth and chewing them up! And one day the toddler slipped out, naked, from a bathroom and wandered down the beach crying, with a finger in her mouth, till terrified little Mother Myrtie found her—in front of the Casino with a crowd around.

Soon, however, mother and daughter rejoined Papa George and from that time until she was seven little Donna lived the life of a trouper's child. Myrtie was put into the Merry Widow show as a dancer.

"As I got bigger, I remember," says Donna, or "Marge," "how Myrtie and Damerel would put me to bed in the hotel before they went to the theater. As soon as they had gone, I would pick up the telephone and order food—usually chicken and vegetables and milk. When the bellboy brought it up, he and I would eat and drink together."

Then there was the time Donna followed her parents backstage into the hotel. Because she had been denied an apple—and, falling on one knee in her little nightgown, she spread out her arms and belloowed theatrically, "Mother! Potatoes are give me an apple!"

It was at about that time Donna made her first stage appearance. Her parents' act—they were in vaudeville now—was playing a theater next door to the hotel. Little Marge got out of bed, climbed down a fire escape to the theater roof, ran down the backstage and ran out onto the stage with her dress on backwards. She brought down the house!

At seven she was sent to a convent to get her education. There she shocked the nuns run by complimenting them as being the loveliest nuns she had ever seen. She decided that soon as she grew big enough, Donna stayed in school till she reached fifteen.

Meanwhile, her parents were making and losing a fortune. After traveling three years with The Merry Widow, Myrtie—thanks to a fluke—got a chance at the part of the widow. She knew all the lines and songs by heart, though she never had been asked to study them—and she made such a hit that the manager of the theater thought she was the star, and the regular star she understudied! That was a turning point in Myrtie's life—for she showed then that she was more than a competent singer and dancer; more than the wife of a celebrity. She proved her ability to hold down an important role. After that, Myrtie frequently took the part of the Widow. Following the four-year run of the show, George and Myrtie went with another, The Heartbreaker, with George in the lead. And afterward they went back into vaudeville. Myrtie, during this period, gained fame as the first white girl ever to do a hula-hula.

On August 19, 1917, little George—Myrtie's second child—was born. Myrtie had kept right on working up till the end of June—and when George Junior was fourteen days old, she was back in rehearsal again for a new show! The nurse would bring the new baby to the theater every three hours—and rest-periods in rehearsal were made to coincide with little George's feeding-time.

The day before this show—a vaudeville act called The Little Liar—opened. Myrtie's father died. Myrtie left in the middle of a rehearsal, but arrived at his bedside too late. They buried him next day, hastening the interval between because Myrtle had to return for the opening of the show! For the phrase "the show must go on" is more than a mere gag. Stage folk are probably the only slaves who love their slavery—and among them birth, marriage, and death are conditioned by the demands of their work.

When the great influenza epidemic killed so many persons—and frightened so many more away from theaters—George and Myrtie (Continued on Page 21)
The Amos ‘n’ Andy Alibi

“Calling Al! Cars” . . . “Calling All Cars”

By Marshall Graves

Radio Too Often Is the Defender of Law—and It Can Be the Protector of the Innocent as Well. Jerd Parker, of Denver, Found It So in One of the Strangest of Crime Cases on Record

ight lay upon Denver. In the alley behind the attractive street, where the Irwins lived an ancient car was being driven very slowly—as if the driver was afraid of making a noise. Chocks showed the time to be shortly after nine on July 17, 1930, and from the row of homes, music and voices came from good radio sets.

The old car stopped behind the Irwin garage.

Within the house Harold Irwin, 22-year-old college student, was pulling the shirt from his little body while his 17-year-old brother Wilbert kidded him:

“Early to bed, brother, dear,” said Wilbert. “You have to drive 50 long miles tomorrow morning to fetch your sweetie.”

“Silence, youth!” commanded the elder brother with a grin. “I have ears only for sensible men.” He added toward a small radio set on a table beside the bureau. Tuned down low, it played a heavy masculine voice to effect:

“No, Amos, don’t you worry about that seventy-five dollars you done gave Henry Van Potah to rent. Wilbert told me he has done put the compound and semi-annual on it already.”

Whereupon the high-pitched voice of Amos replied:

“Ob—ob, He has, baut! Ain’t dat sumpin’!”

“And furthermore,” continued the irrepressible 17-year-old Wilbert, “my dear brother’s car even at this moment is standing out in the yard, washed and polished so that he may . . .

W ith a mock scowl Harold turned off the radio. He reached for a pillow and Wilbert prepared to duck. The youngster’s teasing was based on fact.

Harold wanted to be up early the next morning to start for Greeley, Colorado—50 miles away—to bring back his fiancée, Esther Powers, to his parents’ home. Esther was a student at Colorado Teachers’ College, and Harold, very much in love, had seen to it that his car was freshly washed and polished. He even had parked it in the yard, to insure a quick departure.

“Why don’t you take your 22?” Wilbert persisted, chuckling. “Your rifle is in a corner, in the kitchen. You might see some b’ars!”

At this, Harold turned off the radio. “Not even Amos ’n’ Andy can compete with your childish prattle!” he said.

“Now let . . .”

A strange squeak sounded in the yard. Quickly dropping their banter, the two lads looked at each other quizzically.

“Where have I heard that before?” said Harold. Then he snapped his fingers. “Like a stiff not being torned,” he added in question. “Someone’s after my spare tire!” He grabbed his trousers, pulled them on, slipped his bare feet into shoes and ran down the hall towards the back of the house.

“What’s happened?” demanded their father, as the two kids passed through the door of their parent’s room—Wilbert trying to dress and run at the same time.

“They’re stripping my car!” shouted Harold.

“Wait!” their father cried, with the wisdom and caution of added years. “Phone the police! Don’t go out there, but sit behind the wheel—a stranger, from the little car which stood so trim and ready for its morning drive.

Almost immediately a shot sounded.

Like the report of a starter’s gun at the beginning of a race, that shot sent the Irwins scurrying down the hall toward the back door, the father in the lead. Before the elder Irwin reached the door came more shots.

“Hey, you!” said a policeman, pistol in hand. The man neither spoke nor moved. Flashlights focused upon his still figure, which was seen now to be slumped over the wheel.

“He’s dead!” somebody exclaimed.

The man’s eyes were glanced. Dark blond hair hung down over his forehead, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles dangled from his ears. His left side dripped blood, and from the pocket of his coat on the right-hand side protruded the barrel of a revolver. It was a six-shooting .32—and all six of its bullets had been fired.

“After the shooting,” explained an excited neighbor, “I just dimly saw the figure of a man running down toward the back of the yard. Could it have been this fellow?”

D ad men don’t run,” said a cop, “and it looks like this guy was shot through the heart.” Of course he amended, “he might have been shot after you saw the running figure. The neighbor was positive that there had been no more shots afterward.”

He showed that the ancient car was loaded with tires and accessories.

“This is the guy that killed young Irwin, all right,” a detective said, “but who in thunder killed him?” He turned to the distracted father.

“Did your boy have a gun he was asked gently.

Mr. Irwin replied. “We have never had a gun in the house—except a little .22 rifle that stands in a corner of the kitchen.”

“Let’s see it.” They walked into the house. The gun was leaning in the corner. The detective scrutinized it, turned and walked back to the yard.

“This is an open and shut case,” the detective said, thinking out loud. “Young Irwin ran into the yard unarmed. He found two or more car- strippers at work on his car. One of them shot him. Then this crook got shot, probably by one of his own pals. But why? Was it an accident, or did they put the guy on the scene? And who was the guy your neighbor saw running after the shots were fired?”

That, in a nutshell, was the problem the police had to solve. To its solution was assigned two assistant detective captains—William J. Armstrong and Harry B. Lane. And though they did not at first realize it, all the elements—all the clues—necessary to solve this baffling case actually were present right on the premises from the very first moment of the first arrival.

Obviously, good police work demanded that the two detectives first proceed to learn all they could about the corpse with the silver-rimmed spectacles. Who was this dead man? Who were his associates? Papers in one greasy pocket yielded his name—Charles Liebelt—and home address.

Upon rushing to the address, Armstrong and Lane learned that Liebelt had a wife and two children. He was 30 years old and worked for a supply house. He had only one friend in town—a fellow-employee named Jerd Parker.

Next, the detectives went to the home of Liebelt’s employer, C. J. McClure, who were every indication of being shocked by the news. “A first-rate workman,” he characterized the dead man, “but rather sullen and quarrelsome. He kept to himself. His only friend was Jerd Parker.”

This was the second time the name of Jerd Parker
had been mentioned, and now the detectives hastened to this man's house.

Parker answered their questions readily, but his face was inscrutable. He lived with his wife and 13-year-old daughter, and they, as well as he, insisted that he had not been out of the house since eight o'clock that night. This, of course, established an alibi—and police always are suspicious of alibis. If Parker hadn't left his house by eight o'clock, he could not have been with Liebelt when Liebelt and young Irwin were shot, for these killings had occurred shortly after nine o'clock. Nor was there any chance that Parker could have slipped out of the house for just a few minutes, committed the crime, and returned without his wife and daughter realizing his absence. For the Parkers' modest home was far from the district in which the Irwins lived. But the police had only the words of Parker, his wife and daughter as a guarantee that they had really been at home after eight o'clock. The Parker family was taken to Headquarters, if the police could break down that alibi.

Hour after hour the cross-questioning went on.

"Did you know that Liebelt was a car-stripper?" Parker was asked.

"Sort of—I mean—that is, I kinda suspected it.

"You mean you knew it?"

"No—no! But I used often to see accessories in that old Ford of his—"

"Yes—what else?"

"Well, he used to go out at night a lot."

"Anything else?"

"He seemed to have a lot of money to spend.

"And yet, with all this going on right under your nose, you say you only thought he was a car-stripper? Come on, tell the truth!"

"I am telling the truth. Liebelt used to say that he made extra money buying old cars and stripping them, and selling the parts."

For a time it seemed either that Parker was an exceptionally shrewd, quick-witted man, able to manufacture sound answers to police questions right on the spur of the moment, or that he was totally innocent and truthful. But there appeared to be something fictive in his manner. After much questioning he began to give up information which convinced his questioners that they were on the right track.

When did you last see Liebelt?" a detective asked—and immediately Parker became uncomfortable.

"He—ah—well, he was waiting for me tonight when I came home at eight o'clock."

This admission created a minor sensation. Definitely, the police cross-questioning had established the fact that the two men had been together, immediately the encouraged questioners pressed on to bring further admissions as to what had happened following Liebelt's visit.

"What did Liebelt want?" pressed Detective Armstrong.

"He—he came to return a shotgun he borrowed from me a long time ago. I wanted to give it to my aunt. Her husband's going hunting."
Portland: Did you hear her sing Love in Bloom?  
Fred Allen: Yeah. If my breath came in short pants like that I'd call it Love in Bloomers!  
—Town Hall Tonight

Flashes of Fun

Jeanie Lang's Face Shows Many Characteristics Her Radio Audience Might Never Notice

This lady has rhythm, enthusiasm, persistence, energy and a volatile temperament in general.

A definite curl shows on the edge of Jeanie Lang's upper lip in the restricted region where the flesh meets the membrane. As has been shown in previous analyses, this indicates a sense of display. Miss Lang wants to be noticed. She enjoys applause, and knows how to gain such approbation by making herself attractive.

It can be imagined easily that Jeanie longs for a visible audience when broadcasting from a regular studio, and is far happier, in spite of a slight nervousness, when she's before persons whose reactions she can sense immediately.

If Jeanie Lang had not discovered her striking stage personality and her ability to put over a song, she could have become an efficient assistant to an executive. The definite parenthesis of her mouth indicates mental alertness and physical subtlety of movement.

In the temple region is found the musical sense. The rounded lower face announces rhythm and mobility. This face is harmonious.

With all of her sense of display and love of approbation, Jeanie Lang is not conscious, and she values the use of those whom she admires personally.

The mind which controls the market of this face is not entirely free from a harmless variety of light superstition, and possesses a great faith in the interrelation of the body, the mind and the soul.

There is yoth and "giddiness" in the character which Jeanie Lang portrays before the microphone, so that the listener might suppose a total lack of serious calculation in this performer's make-up. In reality she has large quantities of common sense and keenness rather than profundity. Her serious aspirations are well fortified with a high sense of economic values. Neither does this mean that she is penurious or miserly.

Jeanie Lang is considerate of her associates. She is far too vivacious to depend upon others for happiness, yet ever willing to show kindness and give help. The faculty for economy is located at the side of the nose. Personal and social sincerity are found in the full upper lip.

Bulls and Boners

What Questions and Answers Would Be Exchanged at a Beauty Forum Meeting? Here They Are:

We have had a big meeting of the Beauty Forum here in New York. Thousands of women attended the session. There follow a few of the important questions and the answers given in her face.

Q. Why is brushing the hair better than combing the hair?
A. Combing the hair has no effect to arrange it, determine the part, etc. Brushing the hair cleans all the dirt from the hair, exercises it, and starts the flow of oil, giving the hair a natural and rich lustre. Brushing also increases the tensile strength by taking away the dryness, and if you use a proper brush, with the bristles set in a wavelike formation, it is actually possible to brush a beautiful wave into the hair.

Q. Will brushing the hair effect or spoil a finger wave?
A. Yes, it will affect a finger wave set with glue and baked into the hair, because the gluey substance puts the hair in such an unfortunate position that no wave can hope to stay in it. However, brushing will not affect a finger wave given with a nongluey solution.

Q. What is the fate of the hair after the beauty forum?
A. It is the fate of all beautiful women to be perished and destroyed.

Q. Why does brushing give a wave to the hair?
A. Brushing gives a wave to the hair by lifting the scales and breaks the first layer of skin. There is only one way to eliminate dandruff—shampoo. Brushing merely keeps the hair free of dirt and healthy.

Q. When do waves form on the face in the wintertime?
A. Because of the exposure. These scales really are not particles of skin falling off.

Q. Is hair cut from the pomade into the hair after the beauty forum?
A. No, if you have an oily condition of the scalp, brushing will draw out the oils and make it worse.

Q. Is it all right to brush and dandruff off the scalp?
A. Many foolish women still believe that it is possible to brush away dandruff. Allow me to state definitely that it is impossible to brush the hair for eight and nine hours at a sitting, and the more you brush the more dandruff you'll have. Brushing dandruff causes it to be relieved into the scales—and breaks the first layer of skin. There is only one way to eliminate dandruff—shampoo. Brushing merely keeps the hair free of dirt and healthy.

Q. Why do scales form on the face in the wintertime?
A. Because of the exposure. These scales really are not particles of skin falling off.

Q. Is it an exudation from the pore. It can be overcome by following the cleansing formula I have recommended often, and by applying the makeup as a protection against the elements.

V. E. Meadows, Director of the Beauty Forum (formerly called the Beauty Guild) may be heard over the American Broadcasting System Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at a new time, 10 o'clock CST, on Stations WMCA, WGBB, WPFO and WIP.

Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

Your Crouch Box

The best friend of many a family is the radio set that sits in the living-room. But even the best of friends have little spats—and Your Crouch Box gives you a chance to talk back to your loud-speaker! Have you a radio grouch? Does something the air annoy you? Then this is the column for you!

An ear for orators:
Dear Editor: While you are helping us improve the air waves I wish you would take an ear and beat some of these narrow-minded politicians into eternal silence! They throw so much dirt the air is full of dust! Keep the air waves clean and you will win the hearts of all loyal radio fans.
Bellevue Neb.  
HARRY J. FRAZIER

And a classic from a clergyman:
Dear Editor: Among the many grouchies and peevies that radio listeners have, such as too much advertising, burn English, shouting of radio announcers, too much jazz morning, noon and night, I think this one deserves serious consideration: The sudden break-up of an announcer to give a plug—which most of the time would wait till the end of the program!

But no, they have to break in right in the middle of a beautiful bar of music.

There is a story told of a musician who was in bed while somebody was playing a selection on the piano, and this player stopped right in the middle of the bar. It was too much for the musician. He couldn't sleep till he got up and finished that bar of music.

We listeners can't finish the bar when the announcer breaks in—but I certainly tune in on another station!

Lockport, N. Y.

J. B. W.

Send your pet peevies and radio grousies to Your Crouch Box, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 721 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.
Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

Ten Years Ago

Chicago stations grow opera-conscious and announce plans to disseminate popular operatic arias over their wave lengths. WCFL, Station WWJ, Detroit, thrives bombarded into pliable waters of radio management by deciding not only to pay its musicians but its vocalists. A Loyalty Order of Moose takes to the air (Oct. 27) with Station WJJD.

OMAHA MUSICIANS, incited by an irate bass violinist to strike for full pay for radio performances, end their walkout, which has lasted for six months. Decision is to microphone their musical wares in return for the advertising received.

FIERY SENATOR BOB LA FOLLETTE charges a monopoly has been foretold to prevent his air time when Station WIO, Des Moines, Iowa, refuses to permit him to broadcast his speech.

STATION WLW, Chicago home of the Barn Dance, is reported received in Hawaii where grass skirts and no doubt lariats and ranch rhymes.

CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS begin eyeing radio situation and indicate that their forthcoming session will bring legislation designed to drop a few pegs from the barrel about the mordant of this fattening infant industry.
**Star Indicates High Spot Selections**

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<th>Program</th>
<th>Station</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Starlight Orchestra</td>
<td>KBME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Dixieland International</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Serenade Strings</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 P.M.</td>
<td>The Voice of Experience</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 P.M.</td>
<td>The Voice of America</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 P.M.</td>
<td>The Voice of America</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>The Voice of America</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>The Voice of America</td>
<td>KBIE</td>
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</table>

**Notice**

These programs as here presented were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and radio guides could make them at the time of going to press. However, sometimes these programs sometimes necessitate eleven-thirty hour changes in programs, stations, etc. Look for the Bell for religious services and programs.

**Programs for Sunday, November 4**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Station</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4:15 P.M.</td>
<td>The Wonder of God</td>
<td>WWU</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>The Wonder of God</td>
<td>WWU</td>
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<td>4:45 P.M.</td>
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Coming Events

Sunday, Nov. 4

Time Shown Is Central Standard
Ford Bond, NBC baritone-composer-an
nouncer, and the LANDT TRIO and
WHITE, will return for another
guest appearance with MARY SMALL,
during Little Miss Bal-O's Surprise Party
at 12:30 p.m. over an NBC-WEAF
network.

Smill! Through, starring JANICE COULW,
celebrated American actress, will be the
Radio Theatre presentation at 1:30 p.m.
on an NBC-WJZ network.

DOC ROCKWELL, famed not only as a
comedian but as an author and pub-
lisher, will make another of his surprise
microphone appearances as the Hall of
Fame guest artist at 9 p.m. over an NBC-
WEAF network.

Monday, Nov. 5

THE GUMPS, famous cartoon family,
will come to life in a new radio series to
be heard daily except Saturdays and Sun-
days from 11:15 to 11:30 a.m. over the
CBS-WABC network.

VIC AND SADE's human sketch of
small-town life, which has entertained lis-
teners for more than two years, will go
on the air both NBC-WJZ and NBC-
WEAF networks beginning today. This
new series will be heard daily during
and Sundays thereafter at 12:30 p.m. over
WJZ, and 1:45 p.m. over WEAF.

The Red Cross Roll Call will be the
subject of Judge JOHN BARTON PAYNE,
Chairman of the American Red Cross,
when he addresses American listeners in
an International broadcast from Tokio,
Japan, at 5:15 p.m. over an NBC-WJZ
network.

EVERETT MARSHALL, operatic and
radio baritone, will be the guest star on
Atwater Kent Radio Hour over the CBS-
WABC network at 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, Nov. 6

A program observing the Jewish Social
Service Anniversary will be presented over
the CBS-WABC network from 3:30 to 4
p.m.

MEREDITH WILLSON, conductor and
general musical director of the National
Broadcasting Company's San Francisco
Orchestra, inaugurates a new program over
an NBC-WEAF network at 4 p.m.

COUNTLESS OLGA ALBANI, soprano,
will be the guest star with ISHAM JONES
Orchestra over the CBS-WABC
network at 8:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Nov. 7

Glasgow, Scotland, and Its Environs will
be the subject discussed and dramatized
in the Geography series of American
School of the Air over the CBS-WABC
network at 1:30 p.m.

Thursday, Nov. 8

During the Academy of Medicine pro-
gram over the CBS-WABC network at
10:15 a.m., Doctor ROBERT H. KEN-
NEDY, of Beekman Street Hospital, will
discuss Cancer of the Skin.

A broadcast from the Country Church
of Hollywood will be heard over the
CBS-WABC network at 10:30 a.m.

Roadways of Romance, starring JERRY
COOPER, young baritone, in a new mu-
cical and dramatic program, will be the
fifth of the new one-hour productions launched
by the CBS network from 2 to 3 p.m.
ROGER KINSEY, another well-known bar-
tone, FREDDIE RICH's orchestra, and
JOHNSON ARRANGEMENTS will also take part in
the new show.

Public Ownership--Its Possibilities and
Limitations, will be discussed in the Eco-
nomics in a Changing Socialist Order series
at 9:30 p.m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Friday, Nov. 9

Prime Minister RAMSAY MACDON-
ALD's address at the Lord Mayor's Ban-
qu in London will be relayed to Ameri-
can listeners in an International broadcast
from London at 3 p.m. over the NBC-
WEAF and CBS-WABC networks.

The new Friday afternoon schedule over
the CBS-WABC network will present The
Four Showmen, from Philadelphia, at 2;
GRAB BAG, from Chicago, at 2:30
Broadcast from London at 3; and This
and That Revue, from Philadelphia, at
3:45 p.m.

WILLIAM POWELL and MYRNA
LOY will be the stars in Hollywood Hotel
revue over the CBS-WABC network at
8:30 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 10

Carnegie Hall Circus will be described
over the CBS-WABC network at 10:30
a.m.

The second edition of the Brass Button
Revue, a presentation by the NBC pages
and guides, consisting of music, individual
acts and tap dancing, etc., will be a highlight
when this revue is broadcast at 5 p.m. over
WJZ and associated stations.

Scientific Research in the Field of Crim-
inal Justice will be discussed by WILLIAM
DRAPIER LEWIS, Director of American
Law, during The Lawyer and the
Public program over the CBS-WABC
network at 6:45 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 4

Continued from preceding page

SUNDAY NIGHT

With Mary Livingstone - Frank Parker
Don Bestor's Orchestra

Station WOAI
6:00 P.M. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME
SPONSORED BY JELL-O

11:00 P.M.

* NBC-Silken Strings: Countess
Ogie Alcorn, soprano; Charles Pre-
ved's Orchestra; A. H. ROSS

NBC-Neely: Will Osborne's Orch.

KTSY-Referee Wills'

WSM

CBS-Paul Whiteman's Orch.

KPM

KWK

KMKX

KMMX

KWS

WEN

WABC

KFWX

KKNX

KPH

KSL

Programs to

Be Heard

WEN-Gary Ohlson's Orch.

WABC-Dance Orchestra

WYES-Hits in Review

WENV-Dance Orchestra

WENB-Dr. Alford's Orchestra

WENW-Oh, Susannah

WENP-Dick Tracy's Orchestra

WEN-Alex Wenneker's Orchestra

WENR-Orchestra; COBO

WRTL-Midnight Reflections

11:30 P.M.

WEN-George Ohlson's Orch.

WABC-Dance Orchestra

WENW-Hits in Review

WENV-Dance Orchestra

11:45 P.M.

KFWB-Francis Dailer's Orch.

KMMX-Koma WGBW KMKX KTUL

KKJ

KFJ-The Philippines

KOAn-Broadmoor Country Club

WEN-Fred Voss' Orchestra

WES-Red Nichols' Orchestra

WTV-Beethoven's Orchestra

2:00 A.M.

KFWB-Dream Boys Orchestra

KMMX-Woman's Day is Done

KOAn-Don Osborne's Orchestra

KOAs-Old Heidelberg Ensemble

KOAb-Bridge to Dreamsland: KOA

KFW-Listening to Music: KOA

KOAb-Orchestra: WENR

KOAn-Seymour Simon's Orchestra

KOAb-Noble Star's Orchestra: WENR

KOAb-Phil Levine's Orchestra

KOAb-John Storrs Orchestra

KOAb-WWLS Orchestra

KOAn-WWLS Orchestra

KOAn-WWLS Orchestra

KOAb-Don Levine's Orchestra

KOAb-KOAb

KOAb-KOAb
NICHOLS plays for the Princeton undergraduates, November 23. J. M. J. E. LUNCHEON'S at Yale on the same date. ISHAM JONES stays off at all the University of Virginia and the University of North Carolina on his present tour.

J. J. J. is accompanied by his own band, and there is a great showing of interest.

MONDAY 7 Central Time
NBC-excluding KDKA - KDKA
WSB - WSB
WOR - WOR
WFL - WFL
KDKA - Coast to Coast Network

Gold Teeth, Jewelry, Windows, etc. 100% full gold value paid on the spot. Highest prices always paid. Our buyers andihand inspectors are always on hand.

333 Cadiz St.
Chicago, Illinois

11:15 P.M.

Pendarvis' Orchestra:

I. M. J. J. is the latest addition to the West Coast network, and the group is being heard in all parts of the country.

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333 Cadiz St.
Chicago, Illinois

11:15 P.M.

Pendarvis' Orchestra:
Programs for Tuesday, November 6

5:30 P.M.
KXMO—Home fave.
WLW—Top of the Morning

6:15 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
KRCM—Morning Minutes
WAVD—Over the coffee cups
WAVD—Morning Cup
WSTM—A Family Prayer Period

6:15 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
WLW—Morning Devotions

6:30 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
WAVD—Over the coffee cups
WLW—Morning Devotions

7:00 A.M.
NBC—Richard Lambert, organist
WLW—
NCR—Mornings: REN WTHS KTHS KY0O WKW WSM WBMP KSME

7:15 A.M.
KRCM—Musical Time
KRCM—Morning Devotions
WKTSHS KTHS KY0O WKW WSM WBMP KSME

7:30 A.M.
KRCM—Choral Broadcasts of WSM WBMP KSME
KRCM—KTHS KY0O WKW WSM

7:45 A.M.
KRCM—Musical Time
WKTSHS KTHS KY0O WKW WSM

6:00 A.M.
KRCM—Breakfast Devotions: KTHS WSM WBMP KY0O KOSA

6:30 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
KRCM—Breakfast Devotions: KTHS WSM WBMP KY0O KOSA

8:30 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
KRCM—Breakfast Devotions: KTHS WSM WBMP KY0O KOSA

10:15 A.M.
KRCM—Morning Devotions
KRCM—Breakfast Devotions: KTHS WSM WBMP KY0O KOSA

Afternoon
12:10 Noon
KRCM—Luncheon at KOSA
KRCM—Lunch Time
KRCM—Church on the Air!
KRCM—Lunch Time
KRCM—Luncheon at KOSA

2:20 P.M.
KRCM—Victor's Hour
KRCM—Lunch Time
KRCM—Church on the Air!
KRCM—Lunch Time
KRCM—Luncheon at KOSA

Night
6:00 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

6:30 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

6:30 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

6:45 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

8:00 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

8:30 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

8:45 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

9:30 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM

10:15 P.M.
KRCM—Musical Moments, Edgar A. Guest and Co.: WBNB WKW WSM
and "Det Dare"—but don't be fooled. All the time it was did dare Annette Hanshaw barbining in her rich, throaty contralto.

One of the oddest experiences that Miss Hanshaw ever has enjoyed has been sel- ling her own records over the air. Annette used to demonstrate numbers for prospective buyers. She made songs so beautiful that business flourished. The tiny place was steeped in melody.

From behind its counters she migrated to Florida, where she made her bow in radio. It was while she lived in the South that she established another mark of her. She totally turned down an offer to be starred in Zieigfeld's 'Follies.' Once Annette was launched in radio, it became only a question of time until she would seize upon her as sales talent. Before she had left Florida she had been on several sponsored programs, and was making her return to New York for an auditioned for Show Boat. That alliance is a matter of history. For eighteen months she was the fea- tured feminine artist on the weekly show. She is reputed to be receiving $10,000 a week, and an Einstein's brains aren't neces- sary to figure hurriedly from that program was more than $15,000. In addition there were rich pro- mises to add to her store of wealth.

But the greatest reward of all was her experience. She learned that if you are not much to one's sponsor, then anyone who wants you to sever the connection for a new one is willing to in- crease the ante. When her present sponsor came along with a proposed charge of scenery, she applied her new-found know- ledge, and succeeded better than she had dreamed.

Loves Clothes

She is reputed to have bargained until she obtained a contract for $800 a week.
HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favor of Other Men

Unless two points of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food digests in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movement gets hard and constipated. Yellow tongue, yellow skin, jaundice, dull eyes, and bad breath is a sign of food poisoning. You have lost your personal charm. Everybody is turned away from you. Food poisoning is a very serious thing happened. Within four days Myrt wrote a case study, and for George and her—her—her—first "two act." It was successful—priced Myrt's ability as a writer. She was a foresighted author of the Myrt and Marge scripts. It also brought in an immediate help. The 30-year-old firmly announced that she was quitting school to take care of her parents. Myrt, remembering that she was forty, fifteen, started to go on the stage, shrugged her shoulders in resignation and said, "If you can't!" She wrote a part into the act for her daughter—and Dona, dancing the Charles-Young number. Mother and daughter were trouble to-gether.

But George suddenly decided to go into the real estate business, so they broke up the act. Dona got a job dancing in the Chicago-Myrt turned housewife. During 1915 George made a lot of money—then she sold the business, and the tension was heart-breaking. The fortunes of the three Dancers hit bottom. Dona danced for 61 days, and lost her personal charm. She lived through—that is, everybody but Myrt.

In next week's issue of Radio Guide you will read how the fortunes of the two girls were brought to a black despair by her husband. The longing triumph—how Myrtie came to the Myrt and Marge series—how she sold the business to the Wrigley Company—how none of Myrtie's trouping experiences all true, all revealing in its intimacy.

"Myrt and Marge" may be heard every evening except Saturday and Sunday, over a CBS-WABC network.
Programs for Thursday, November 8

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

### Afternoon

#### 12:30 Noon

- **CBS-Just Plain Bill, WKJX KSL KOA MWM KOXW
- **CBS-Heartbeats of Romance, WFRN

#### 1:30 P.M.

- **CBS-Frank Daley’s Orchestra, KOMA KOXW

### Evening

#### 5:00 P.M.

- **CBS-Lost and Found, WFRN

#### 5:30 P.M.

- **CBS-Weather, WFRN

#### 6:00 P.M.

- **CBS-Hearts Across the Ocean, WFRN
- **CBS—Mother’s Heartbeats of Romance, WFRN

#### 6:30 P.M.

- **CBS-Heartbeats of Romance, WFRN

#### 8:00 P.M.

- **CBS-End of the Road, WFRN

#### 9:00 P.M.

- **CBS-Weather, WFRN

#### 9:30 P.M.

- **CBS-End of the Road, WFRN
Contests on the Air

Time Shown Is Central Standard

SUNDAY
12:30 p.m., NBC-WFAF network, "Little Miss Bab-O Surprise Party." Prizes: 1st, 2d, $25 in cash; 3rd, $5 in cash.

1:45 p.m., NBC-WJZ network, "Meet the Producers." Prizes: 1st, $25 in cash; 2nd, $15 in cash; 3rd, $10 in cash.

4:45 p.m., NBC-WJZ network, "Meet the Producers." Prizes: 1st, $25 in cash; 2nd, $15 in cash; 3rd, $10 in cash.

WEDNESDAY
9:30 p.m., NBC-WJZ network, "Karma's Moviemain in Hollywood." Prizes: Five color pictures weekly, plus complete dog kits. Winner selected at random from the first 1000 envelopes turned in for "I'm Gonna Sing!" program. Close winner selection on Friday following program. Sponsor, Pratts' Pictorial.

FRIDAY
7:30 p.m., CBC-WJZ network, "The Story Court of Human Relations." Re-broadcast 10:30 p.m. Weekly contest.

Thursday, Nov. 8
12:30 p.m., NBC-WFAF network, "Little Miss Bab-O Surprise Party." Prizes: 1st, $25 in cash; 2nd, $15 in cash; 3rd, $10 in cash.

1:45 p.m., NBC-WJZ network, "Meet the Producers." Prizes: 1st, $25 in cash; 2nd, $15 in cash; 3rd, $10 in cash.

4:45 p.m., NBC-WJZ network, "Meet the Producers." Prizes: 1st, $25 in cash; 2nd, $15 in cash; 3rd, $10 in cash.
Man Can Now
Use Strange Inner Powers

Ancient fragments from lost and
suppressed gospels teach that man
has power within himself to bring
success and happiness.

He tells of his belief that all the laws
of the universe can be controlled because
the lore which was discredited upon
Universal Mind for their existence;
every mind is part of this universal mind.
If you train to master and to use this
universal energy it can almost
bring you many of the things you
yourself believe and teaches that
this power is not lost to a
time, but is latent in everyone
is teaching thousands of inquiries throughout the

The author offers for a limited time to
send this amazing booklet to readers of Radio Free
to use it and for.
which, mastered, may enable
you within the next few months to unlock
the reservoir of vast riches within YOU and
ex
your home. For more details
with copy, please write
The author is
Yogi Alpha, noted American
Philosopher and Metaphysician.

(by Evans Plummer)

Plums and Plunes

By Evans Plummer

Announcement that the nationally
popular comic strip, THE GULP
GUMS, is to come to life in a new radio
script series beginning on CBS starting Monday,
November 5, at 11:15 a.m. CST, radio listeners
are in for the treat of the history of
the newspapers syndicate owning
this comic strip.

Way back when CORRELL AND GOSDEN, now international idols as AMOS 'N ANDY, were merely a good
harmony team, the managers of The
Chicago Tribune had their first inspiration to dramatize Gumps over their radio station, WGN. It would be a splendid tie-up
they thought if there could be some
attempt to pump the radio, thus promoting the interest of non-readers in the printed strip and further increasing the readership with the antics of Andy, Min. Uncle Billy, Chester et al.

So, after an enthusiastic conference, Correll and Godden were called in and
asked if they thought they could write a radio script. Their answer was:
"Yes, we can, but can we get someone to produce it on the air?"

Could there be anyone more the
celebrated duo considered, the more they could

Programs to be Heard:

- "Great World," WRGM
- "Charley Kent's Advertisements," WPLW
- "William Program," WPLW
- "Sports Review," WPLW
- "Congo Club of the Air," WPLW
- "Medical Aid," WPLW
- "Front Page Dramas," WPLW
- "Vera's Adventures in War," WPLW
- "Amos 'N Andy," WPLW
- "KDKB KRLD KMBX KLKB WRY KWK"

Plums and -

NO NOTHING but plums and car-loads of them are on their way to Holly-
wood for that performance recently rendered by THE MARX BROTHERS
and company on the RUDY VALEEV Variety Hour.
It is known that Negro and his rapid-
fire whimsicalities. His fun is such an
improvement over gags which merely
have us whipped into a convulsion of laughter.

The air and Mr. Valentine to make it, or better
still, there is a sponsor in the audience
who is looking for a sure-fire radio bet.

Man Can Now
Use Strange Inner Powers

Ancient fragments from lost and
suppressed gospels teach that man
has power within himself to bring
success and happiness.

The story of a new and amazing
aspect of man's power is being
discovered from the known and
unknown sages of old.

The author offers for a limited time to
send this amazing booklet to readers of Radio Free
to learn of this secret and
their own potentialities.

The author is
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Could there be anyone more the
celebrated duo considered, the more they could

Programs to be Heard:

- "Great World," WRGM
- "Charley Kent's Advertisements," WPLW
- "William Program," WPLW
- "Sports Review," WPLW
- "Congo Club of the Air," WPLW
- "Medical Aid," WPLW
- "Front Page Dramas," WPLW
- "Vera's Adventures in War," WPLW
- "Amos 'N Andy," WPLW
- "KDKB KRLD KMBX KLKB WRY KWK"

Plums and -

NO NOTHING but plums and car-loads of them are on their way to Holly-
wood for that performance recently rendered by THE MARX BROTHERS
and company on the RUDY VALEEV Variety Hour.
It is known that Negro and his rapid-
fire whimsicalities. His fun is such an
improvement over gags which merely
have us whipped into a convulsion of laughter.

The air and Mr. Valentine to make it, or better
still, there is a sponsor in the audience
who is looking for a sure-fire radio bet.

Man Can Now
Use Strange Inner Powers

Ancient fragments from lost and
suppressed gospels teach that man
has power within himself to bring
success and happiness.

The story of a new and amazing
aspect of man's power is being
discovered from the known and
unknown sages of old.

The author offers for a limited time to
send this amazing booklet to readers of Radio Free
to learn of this secret and
their own potentialities.

The author is
Yogi Alpha, noted American
Philosopher and Metaphysician.
FOOTBALL BROADCASTS

SATURDAY, NOV. 3
Time Shown is Central Standard

CBS Network—Princeton vs. Harvard—12:30 p.m.

CBS Network—Michigan vs. Minnesota—2:45 p.m.

WGN (1000 kc)–WBBM (1250 kc)–12:45 p.m.

WLS (850 kc)–WBBM (1250 kc)–1:15 p.m.

WIP (1050 kc)–WBBM (1250 kc)–1:15 p.m.

WBBM (1250 kc)—Game to be annunced, 1:15 p.m.

WFMT (920 kc)—Game to be annunced, 1:15 p.m.

WGN (720 kc)—Illinois vs. Northwestern—1:45 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOV. 6

WeAF (650 kc)—Green Bay Packers vs. Boston—1:15 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10

CBS Network—Harvard vs. Army—1:45 p.m.

Illinois vs. Northwestern (second game will be described immediately upon conclusion of first).

ABS Network—Game to be annunced, 1 p.m.

KFI (560 kc)—U. S. C. vs. California—4 p.m.

KSTP (1500 kc)—Minnesota vs. Indiana—1:15 p.m.

KYW (1530 kc)—Illinois vs. Northwestern—1:45 p.m.

WMAC (1290 kc)—Game to be annunced, 2:40 p.m.

WBBN (1290 kc)—Notre Dame vs. Navy—1:45 p.m.

WGN (720 kc)—Illinois vs. Northwestern—1:45 p.m.

WHA (940 kc)—Wisconsin vs. Michigan—1:45 p.m.

WOC (1300 kc)—Purdue vs. Iowa—1:45 p.m.

WJR (750 kc)—Navy vs. Notre Dame, 12:45 p.m.

WLW (700 kc)—Ohio State vs. Chicago, 1:15 p.m.

WITL (1300 kc)—Game to be annunced, 12:45 p.m.

WCTI (1300 kc)—Tested vs. the home team's ball games in the Superior Bowl, 12:45 p.m.

WBBM (1250 kc)—Tulane vs. Colorado, 2 p.m.

WBBN (1290 kc)—Ohio State vs. Chicago, 1 p.m.

WMJZ (600 kc)—Wisconsin vs. Michigan, 1:45 p.m.

THE WESTERNERS

The Merry Musical Outfit of Cowhands That Rides in EVERY Saturday Night And Joins THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Over 40 Radio Artists, including the Cumberland Ridge Runners, Lijnda Parker, Maple City Four, Spay Ribs, Lulu Belle, Hoosier Hot Shots, Uncle Ezra, Dean Brothers, Louise Massey and the Westerners. A rollicking program of old time singing, dancing and homespun fun. Brought to you direct from WLS Chicago every Saturday night over 24 STATIONS KOA or KFI

COAST to COAST

Saturday, Nov. 10

Continued from Preceding Page

Programs to be Heard

9:45 P.M. CBS—Saturday Revue: KMBC WIBW WSBW-Wake Up Call

10:00 P.M. CBS—Open Forum: KMBC

10:30 P.M. CBS—Arts and Music: KMBC

11:00 P.M. CBS—Mr. District: KMBC

Sports

COACH LOU LITTLE who gained his greatest fame in coaching Columbia's Lakers to a victory over Stanford in the 1933 Rose Bowl game, has been taking frequent bow at the mike as guest speaker on various football programs. His latest appearaces were with EDJIE DOOMLY and THORNTON FISHER GERALD MANN, the SBC football coach, has a fine reputation as an athlete. Besides, he is a State Democratic Committeeman and attorney. RUSS WEISBECK is a popular western sportsperson who enters WTMJ (600 kc) listener with the accounts of the home team's ball games in the Superior Bowl, his good turn for football fans who followed Green Bay Packers with his airings of the games played at home or in Chicago. ALAN HALE, new Chicago CBSarksmen, served as assistant basketball coach at Washington U. He also filled in as a sports announcer over two Seattle stations.
**DON'T BE SKINNY**

New easy way adds 5 to 15 lbs. quick!

**Music in the Air**

By Carleton Smith

Time Shown is Central Standard

Edward GRIEG's music is played Friday, November 9 (NBC at 1 p.m.) on the new Music Hour the MUSICAL ART QUARTET and FRANK SHERIDAN, pianist. The quartet in C minor, opus 27, and the sonata in C minor, opus 45, are to be heard.

One of the few Scandinavian composers to win a place among the world's musical masters, Grieg became devoted to a style that echoed the Norwegian folk music. His writings are full of individual and wondrous effects. Ten measures say: "This is Grieg." The richness of his harmonic beauties is a definite idealization of the popular style, and of course, beyond it. The melodies are lyrical and full of sweetness that is not commonplace, and a tenderness and warmth of sentiment that seem perennially charming.

**Sir Edward Elgar**

SIR EDWARD ELGAR remained until his death the dean of English composers. In the Englishmen they felt they had a genius. Outside of the islands his "Pomp and Circumstance" was best known.

Estimates of his works are numerous, and, of course, his ultimate place in musical history is yet to be determined. The English like his music. They contend it is not properly understood nor sympathetically performed.

A PERSISTENT GROWTH in appreciation of symphonic music throughout the world, according to LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, has aroused an audience reaction to the Philadelphia Orchestra broadcasts. (Fridays at 1:30 p.m. CST) Letters from listeners in all walks of life indicate that there is a large group of fans made up of people who have never heard the program of symphonic music.

Among indications I may have observed," says Mr. Stekowsky, "is that in our various series of broadcasts by the Philadelphia Orchestra, over the Columbia network, there have been received by our radio audience. "It would be difficult to answer this question simply. We have received a considerable quantity of letters as a result of the Philadelphia Orchestra's regular series of concerts and broadcasts. I have always read these letters personally for I am curious about the preferences expressed for various composers or types of music heard to reflect the influence of climate, social factors, or of particular environment. I cannot say, however, that I really find any evidence whatsoever to support such a theory. What the letters really show is that the listeners all over the country, regardless of locality, reflect individual preferences and more than one. This is as it should be, for while music does often reflect national spirit, economic conditions, or local influences, it remains above all an intensely personal emotional and spiritual expression and experience.

**Program Details**

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1**

9:30 a.m. Russia Ensemble of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. 10 a.m. Two works by Grieg. 10:30 a.m. World's Musical Heritage.

**MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2**

9:30 a.m. Sinfonia of St. Louis. 10 a.m. Symphony No. 2 in C minor by Bruckner. 11 a.m. Public Domain.

**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3**

9:30 a.m. The Young People's Concerts. 10 a.m. Prokofieff's 3rd Symphony.

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4**

9:30 a.m. Schumann. 10 a.m. Sinfonia of St. Louis. 11 a.m. Public Domain.

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5**

9:30 a.m. The Young People's Concerts. 10 a.m. Prokofieff's 3rd Symphony.

**FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6**

9:30 a.m. The Young People's Concerts. 10 a.m. Prokofieff's 3rd Symphony.

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7**

9:30 a.m. Sinfonia of St. Louis.

**Along the Aerial**

Rudy Vallee has signed with Warner Bros. for three more pictures. He will be in a June release. And Ben Bernie is now on his way to the top with his current "Music" for Paramount entitled "One Night Stand."... He pianist on the Saturday night "Swing" hour is none other than George "Pops" Romberg himself. The Sisters of the Skillet are going to reap a new kind of radio called "Molly."... And the "Pan Alley Echoes" which are offering to a potential sponsor, those who are familiar with it, "Baby Rose Marie" leaves for Hollywood next week to make pictures.
On Short Waves

One of America's most popular programs, starring Jack Benny, will be made available worldwide this week by the new series of short wavelengths. The short-wave pickup, intended for re-broadcast by Station KGU, in Honolulu, will be on Dominion at 8:30 a.m., CST, Monday to Thursday.

The short-wave pickup features include broadcast from New York City for Pacific Coast stations. The service is to be available for pick-up at 6 p.m. Hawaiian time. At this hour, it is broadcast from New York City for Pacific Coast stations. Tampa and Los Angeles hours.

The program, as recorded on the Vatican station, will be distributed for broadcast by RCA Communications, to relay it to KGU pickup.

soviet radio again cooperates with America when music of the Vatican is transmitted from the Vatican to America, again. Producers are to be broadcast by the American Broadcasting Company, to relay it to KGU pickup.


great lovers of radio

(Continued from Page 3)

The program, as recorded on the Vatican station, will be distributed for broadcast by RCA Communications, to relay it to KGU pickup.

SOVIET RADIO AGAIN COOPERATES WITH AMERICA WHEN MUSIC OF THE VATICAN IS TRANSMITTED FROM THE VATICAN TO AMERICA, AGAIN. PRODUCERS ARE TO BE BROADCAST BY THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY, TO RELAY IT TO KGU PICKUP.

fresh in Rosaline's mind is the show in which she was minimized to Atwell's Napoleon. Rosaline staged a quick mental flash-back, which she was exaggerated. I discovered Rosaline to be the personification of all that is dynamic and sophisticated, in manhood. I felt insignificant under the spell of her enchanting personality. Lionel played the little Corinica most forcefully.

"Talking about Rosaline, naturally brings to mind Eddie Cantor," continued Rosaline. "Eddie is the kind of woman whose voice can make every American pal. We played several romantic skits, but every time I worked myself up to the proper romantic pitch, the picture of Eddie, Ida, and his five lovely daughters would bob up in my mind and spoil the mood."

Rosaline discovered LaFell Leitgen to be the personification of every woman's dream lover. "I doubt very much if there will ever be a Rosaline," she said, "but I am meek enough, to the proper romantic pitch, the picture of Eddie, Ida, and his five lovely daughters would bob up in my mind and spoil the mood."

Studio News and Notes

(Continued from Page 23)

would display a lack of national audience for any of their efforts, fearing loss of prestige. So not Smilin' Ed McCarthy. His WSM show has been scheduled for the Sunday afternoon at 4:30 CST. He is also featured on the WSM network an hour later for another concert.

KEF, Wichita Falls, brings to the air a new series of children's programs sponsored by Keeley Company. The series will deal with life in the Arthur's court, and the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table. The series has been free of charge for an early evening show, 7 p.m. and the sponsors promise none of the hair-raising gore that is so attractive part of children's programs.

Jack McGrew, formerly chief an-
Mike Elyrose

This week’s MIKE Elyrose will appear in RADIO GUIDE, Issue Week Ending November 17. It will be Jane Froman, member Tuesday through Thursday, and in a new series. Watch for it next week.

The Club Defense
Dear VOL:

Lowville, N. Y.

May I suggest to Carl L. Krans, Hazelton, Pa., who insists that the radio clubs are not social organizations, that there are a large number of others who consider the radio clubs social organizations? The radio clubs have been in existence a short time, but already they have become social organizations and have made themselves invaluable in painting emotional portraits by the voice alone; and Janie is the fortunate possessor of a sweet naturalness that is a welcome relief. Air-loving is a difficult and highly technical art still in its experimental stage.

Phyllis Thompson

Ole Man Ribber

Dear VOL:

York, Pa.

The writings of any man reflect his character and culture. In a recent issue Mr. Porter stated that "If symphonies and orchestras represent culture," he prefers to be a roughneck. It is difficult to be assured that Mr. Porter puts himself correctly, as symphonies and illuminating lectures ARE representative of culture.

Some weeks ago the statement was also made that Fred Waring was as good a musician as Walter Damrosch. Is a personality with a small degree of intelligence expected to believe that? Fred is a fine chap, an orchestra leader and showman, one intermezzo, but Fred is no conductor, don’t be so absurd as to try to tell your readers that he is as good as Mr. Damrosch. His equal in musical knowledge and ability. The writer is a lover of good dance music and listens to the leading orchestras frequently and finds them far from blanker.

Walter J. Dennison

Jack Sprat, et al

Dear VOL:

Sagola, Ogd.

You’re me up, too? Every Tuesday and Sunday there’s a spot in our house. I want Bing Crosby, my husband Grade, Ben Bernie, Ben Bernie, Ben Bernie. Only natural for a woman, but can’t some- thing be done about it?

Another thing I would like to speak of my listeners about is little Jackie Hiller. He has a marvelous high tenor voice. He has a type of radio personality. I can’t see why some sponsors don’t wake up and find him.

Mrs. Edmond Rowden

Play, Guy!

Dear VOL:

South Bend, Ind.

I’ve just made a wonderful discovery. I’ve found the “Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven” and it is not what is usually meant by that.

It happens to be the Royal Hawaiian Dance Band that brightens the airwaves every Sunday afternoon. If anyone thinks he knows of a sweeter, lovelier, more beautiful music than this band of- fers, he’ll have to come. Recently when they played “My Little Grass Shack” I think it was the greatest hit of melody I have ever heard. If this band doesn’t become one of the best sensation twenty million listeners must be crazy.

Marily Wright

The Fame of Clubs

Dear VOL:

Savannah, Ga.

This letter is directed to Carl L. Krans who says he has “no faith in fan clubs because they are in the second rate.” True, some stars are more talented than others. Today’s greatest and most talented is Rudy Vallee, and probably more clubs have been formed in his honor than for any other star. Through his radio work he has become a household word, and will remain there and became a famous star.

So clubs were formed that his fans might become better acquainted with him. Talent, thus, is the foundation for the many fan clubs.

Nina Coner

The Ace of Clubs

Dear VOL:

Atlantic City, N. J.

With regards to the Eddie Cantor program on the air October 20th, that broadcast is last seen on the air, it was a rather unusual one. The cast was alone and not a single one of the usual “stunt” was used.

The result was that the audience was moved and not a single one of the usual “stunt” was used. The result was that the audience was moved and the program was a success in every way.

J. H. Connery

Keep Up with Stiles

Dear VOL:

Minneapolis, Minn.

I say to a word to “second” E. V. Stile’s letters to VOL editor, and let me say to you that E. V. Stiles hit the nail on the head, to my way of thinking. I, too, believe that the “second” Stiles is the great reference for tenors and instrumentalists in this day of the program arrangers, not the great major- ity of the radio buying public.

I believe most people think it easier to tune out a program than to write and say a word of appreciation or come to his radio programs (or write to his sponsors) expressing their dislikes.

Another Reader

St. Louis Blues

Dear VOL:

St. Louis, Mo.

I like nothing better than a good radio program. I would not consider anything a greater pleasure than to hear Rudy Vallee, or Guy Lombardo’s sobbing octaves. Their bands (if I may call them bands) are indescribable. I don’t like anyone of them.

If you really want to see a radio program that I enjoy, you can find it on the air.

Florence Windholz

Nurse to You

Dear VOL:

Hamiton, Ohio

You are urging in "A Reader” from Hartford, Conn., that nurses realize how selfish her letter sounded. I like to think of them as “Nurses” instead of as “R.N.” I work at night (as a nurse) sleeping in the morning and only have the afternoon to enjoy my radio and have only Wednesday afternoon to enjoy it.

I expect there are a lot of listeners that can only enjoy their radio at certain hours as I do, so why be selfish about any one program?

As for Burns and Allen being the “silliest team on the air,” where do Johnnie and May be a person to put a program so full of nonsense as Gracie does, ever so well.

A Nurse

What, Price, Hawaii?

Dear VOL:

Manhattan, Wyo.

In reply to a letter written by Bob Price in October 13th RADIO GUIDE wanting to hear about nurses, we can give him a few ideas of such programs which we hear every evening after sundown. Evidently Bob doesn’t tune in every evening. If we do, we do not hear anything on the air, but the toner-tin er tell us what they think.

There are a number of Hawaiian programs listed in every RADIO GUIDE that can help anyone that loves Hawaiian Music the way we do. Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians—direct from Honolulu, Hawaii, and straight KQW—are on the air every Saturday in the path. Did you ever hear them? And what about “Imperial Steel Pier Hawaiians” heard three times a week? And of course, we have a list of many Hawaiians; we’d be glad to let them to you—so let’s hear from you personally.

Genoveva and Ensign Ryder

You’re Telling Us

Dear VOL:

Columbia, S. C.

This is intended for those radio performers who insist on singing that queer “Pardon My Southern Accent” which a Northern or Westerner could have written. It is a waste of time and energy to dispute the firmly entrenched belief of the Northerner that “you-all” is singular. Again, a Southerner would never say “stupid.” It is a Southern idiom and would be more apt to say “stupid.” He would also say “stupid” to the Southerners.”

May I ask in what language or dialect Mr. Rudy Vallee sings this popular song? It may be Chinese, German, Northern, Southern, English, or what other thing.

However, we get a big thrill from the attempts to imitate our Southern “drawl,” for in addition to our dialect we have a sense of humor in the South.

A South Carolinian
The Amos 'n' Andy Alibi

(Continued from Page 11)

putting the finger on the guilty. Armstrong and Lanie were required to the house of tragedy. Wearily but stubbornly they started to check their clues. Somewhere, concealed on their trail, was some small fact which—when they found it—would change the whole picture.

Where had the police been shut off the track? All their deductions had been completely useless. The kid was not in Parker. So, from the lane behind the Irwin house, to the room in which the two brothers had been preparing for bed, Armstrong and Lanie and two other detectives fin-ished a perfunctory search of the one small elusive clue that had been overlooked. And then it came with a sudden clarity, a characteristic of this strange night's happenings.

The telephone rang. Armstrong answered it. It was the coroner's office calling.

"Hello, this is Deputy Coroner Bostwick. Say, we've just completed the autopsies on that car-tripper you sent us. Yes, I understand Armstrong! Did you find he'd been killed by the same gun young Irwin was shot with—the gun we found in Liebelt's pocket?"

"No," said the deputy. "It was a smaller gun than the one found through the heart by a 22 rifle bullet. It went under his arm."

Back to Car to Die

"Holmes macheer!" Armstrong ejaculated. "Now I know—but wait a minute, Doc! Could Liebelt possibly have run a few yards after getting that slug in the head?"

"It would be unusual," the Deputy Coroner said. "But by no means impossible. There have been instances in medical history of men living even after being wounded with an empty bullet. Recent heart-surgery has shown us that this supposedly impossible is by no means the rare and delicate thing most doctors used to believe. For instance—"

"Yeah, Doc, thanks a lot," interrupted Armstrong. "Scuse me, I gotta do something in a hurry!" And with that he fairly slammed the telephone receiver down upon the hook.

"Hey! I called one of the startled detectives. "What's up, Armstrong? Somebody else get bumped?"

But Detective Armstrong was racing down the hall—his face was red—his eyes were shining. Arrived there, he went straight to the little 22 rifle in the Irwin room. Snatched it up and snuffled at it anxiously.

The gun fairly reeked of recently-fired powder. By now detectives and the two men of the Irwin family had followed the headlong Armstrong. The detective turned suddenly—held out the gun.

"Who fired this gun?" he demanded.

Mr. Irwin—whose face had aged ten years since his son had been killed—looked at his remaining boy, and the youngster started back at him in perplexity. Neither answered.

"Who picked up the gun in the yard," Armstrong pursued, "and which one placed it here in the corner of the kitchen?"

Both the Irwins shook bewildered heads.

"I didn't," said the father.

"Neither did I!" said Mrs. Irwin. Armstrong queried.

Slain by Victim

She was in bed, on the point of nervous prostration, but her doctor had obeyed the promptings of housewifely habit, and had put the gun back where it belonged.

Swish! The 22 rifle took the double slaying. Young Irwin, rushing to the yard, had missed it to snap up the load 22 rifle on his way. In the clear night he had missed it to grab, and a moment before Liebelt had fired the true killer, one bullet pierced the chief's heart—yet Liebelt had sufficient vitality to run to his car and climb in, before his heart stopped beating.

Virtually a corpse, he had ridden back to the yard—and died behind the wheel of the car, before the neighbour of the Irwins.

As for Parker, he suffered worse than the emotional and mental upset of some hours of close questioning under stress of anxiety, before his innocence was established safely by radio news.

Ever since then his favorite program has been—well, naturally—Amos 'n' Andy.

In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE

Third Degree by Radio

Unique in the annals of radio crime-busters is the kitchen inaction that occurred in full in next week's Radio Guide—of the crime as well as the solution. The first clue was given away by the voice of the invisible police broadcaster so con-veniently that he might have been arrested for perjury. This thrillingly dramatic proof of radio's power to catch criminals is often quoted by the police in this entire, fascinating "Calling All Cars" series. See next week's issue.

Are You Listenciln'

(Continued from Page 7)

Just now so many are worried. They are conjuring up all kinds of dreadful calamities in their minds. Some are in hysterics and some are in gloom. But who of us will be one bit worse off a hundred years from now?

What difference will it all make to you? You say it will to your children if your money is lost? You say it will to your country if your money is lost? Nothing will it be for their advantage. Besides, who knows what will be used for money one hundred years from now? Maybe there won't be any money at all. People live for today, and if they can't use it, they won't. People don't need money to live. You don't eat it or sleep on it... unless you have it in your sight. The human mind is not likely to spoil the comfort of your bed—and indeed, it might be very disturbing to your sleep. You don't wear money. You don't live in it. No, you eat pork

and vegetables, you sleep in bed, you wear clothes of wool and silk, you live in a wooden or a brick house. Money has nothing to do with it, except that money does buy time and space. This is a bit of metal would be more convenient in promoting exchange...

That's all there is to it. So you don't know whether your grandchildren will have any need for the bits of paper and metal you are hoarding. Money time and space has been known to be a curse to a boy or a girl. Lack of it also. But nobody wants to be a kidnapper. All kidnappers are killed. So why cry over it if you have it and love it, or if you haven't to love it, and you don't use it? More of Tony Wons' homey philo-

sophy may be heard by tuning in his program The Boston Road, Sunday afternoons at 3:30 p.m. or 4:00 p.m. or 5:00 p.m. ON BALD PATCHES AND IN MANY CASES OF BEGIN-

NING BALDNESS new hair has started growing within 72 hours—as through a miracle.

STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick... glistening... and wonderfully iridescent.

BANDBRAPP AND FALLING HAIR checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair. Formerly...

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Electric Comb really has worked wonders. European doctors explain this phenomenon—that the electricity through the curved double rows of teeth is able to reach all weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up, bringing them back to life and stimulating them. Try one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. No shocks—to speak of. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp in front of the comb, you will see it light up. The battery lasts six months—spare battery costs only 25¢. Thus at a cost of only 35¢ a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars at a hair specialist.

Read These Testimonials—Hundreds of Others

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward of $2,000 is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

...My hair, which was formerly thin, has grown thick and beautifully, and I am now grown a pocket of hair, among them that I have seen one of his commercials. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair. (Inc.)

...I had formerly rough, thin hair, which I was able to comb, but after a few days only, I was free from the trouble. I have passed over a hair treatment I got, and I was told it was a product of your comb, and I have been using it for the last six years. I have never worn comb before..." (Inc.)

This is to certify that the above testimonials are true. (Inc.)

Do you want your hair more beautiful...?... then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. I use it for seven days if you like and if you are not satis-
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