Frances Langford
(Please Turn to Page 17)

Exploding
THE
MAJOR BOWES MYTH
ELSEWHERE in this issue you will find a coupon.

It contains a Creed, and a request. The Creed is the ten-plex belief we have in the sort of broadcasting which will provide the greatest pleasure for the greatest number of people; the request is that you join the most significant group of listeners ever formed, the Radio Guide Listeners’ Guild.

Frankly, the situation is this: As listeners, we want and have a right to expect programs to entertain us. As broadcasters, program builders want to create successful shows—which is the same thing as saying they want to reach as large an audience as possible. Yet, time and time again we listeners are disappointed and the sponsors fumble and misjudge and err.

Just last week a new program came banging and booming into my home, and three different persons made efforts to turn it off. I happened to know that the sponsor of that jangling sky show had paid $15,000 for the privilege of placing it on the air. His star was receiving almost $5,000. His orchestra director was doing an expensive $2,400 job.

WITH the result that all over America men, women and children were rushing to their radios—to dial him out.

Under the present scheme of things, everybody loses. Under the present scheme there is no way a sponsor can immediately learn what is wrong. Nor is there any means whereby we who listen can cause this brutal melange of noises to be replaced by more ingratiating material.

The Radio Guide Listeners’ Guild can and will change much of that abuse. For the Listeners’ Guild will give to broadcasting a thousand far-flying ears, listening centers, or whatever we may decide to call them, which will listen and judge and criticize and speak.

For instance, suppose a new hour show comes tumbling out of the ether. We are awaiting it, warned by the Guild Director, Mr. Wesley Franklin. We listen, saying to ourselves . . . "Is the music right? . . . Does the script please? . . . Are the jokes too old? . . . Is there too much advertising?"

Then, when it is over, we place our judgment on the report blank supplied by the Listeners’ Guild and mail it to the Listeners’ Guild Director, Wesley Franklin, in care of RADIO GUIDE. Within forty-eight hours that information is tabulated, and passed on to the backer of the program.

But will the sponsor pay attention to it? You bet your life he will, because he is just as interested in producing a show that clicks as we listeners are in getting good entertainment. When we hand him a big cross-section of average listeners who do not like his program, you just watch him change it!

The coupon elsewhere in this issue is an application to become an active member of our Listeners’ Guild. If your qualifications are those which make you an expert average listener and your application is accepted, you will be notified by mail at once. All who are accepted will be provided with a certificate of membership suitable for framing.

Your enrolment in the Guild and your active participation in its critical listening program will introduce you to a new kind of usefulness.

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THE Wiscare thought we couldn’t do it. But we have. You hold the evidence in your hands. Despite the doubts and the “show mes” that were uttered when we laid out our plans for the biggest and best radio publication anybody ever saw, we’re in possession of so many letters of praise, compliment, and plain out-and-out good wishes that we know, in the words of a past editorial, “We’re on our way.”

BEING on our way is fun, especially when we can publish stories like the one that leads off next week’s bargain offering. It is the story of Connie Boswell’s recent marriage.

You know, Connie’s critics said: “She’s handi- capped. She can’t walk. How can she enjoy a normal life?” Well—read for yourselves and you will know how wrong the wise ones were. We’ll let you in on this much of the story now, though. When she married last December, she made one of the best catches in radio. And both Connie Boswell and her husband are deliciously, deliciously happy. What a story!

AND when it comes to flouting convention, doing the thing that’s least expected, consider Bing Crosby. That easy-going, natural, lovable lad is the last person in the world you’d think would rise on his hind legs and lead a rebellion.

But that’s what he did, just the same. He overruled his brothers who manage him, his wife who advises him, and his own instincts when they tried to lead him into the smooth path of easy money. He rebelled against them all. What came of his rebellion, and how he held out against the world—are all in a choice bit of scoope that has been titled Bing Crosby Rebel.
WE ALL love dogs, but few of us understand them. Probably no one in the world loves and understands them better than Albert Payson Terhune. And so his dog stories, packed with thrills, humor and pathos, are building an ever growing audience for his NBC program on Saturdays and Sundays.

Let Mr. Terhune tell you, here, some of his favorite stories. Then you'll understand what he means when he says: "A man may own a dog and still not be its master."

We were sitting high above the streets in Radio City. Mr. Terhune, a big man with powerful shoulders and weather-beaten face, pulled at a pipe to emphasize his words. It was strange to see his outdoor, rugged expression turn to softness as he talked about the subject nearest his heart. And once he draws on his dog memories, he talks on and on and on.

"In Germany," he started, fingering a thrust-out chin, "there was a professor who had a dog named Swartz. It was a black poodle with a good brain. The professor lived directly across the street from a tobacco store where he had a charge account. He had trained Swartz to be his messenger. Each morning he would say: 'Swartz—tobacco!' And Swartz would go across the street, stand up to the counter and the clerk would put a pouch of tobacco into his mouth. Then Swartz would hustle back to the professor's home, stand up and wait for the professor to remove the pouch. That went on morning after morning for three years.

"Then the professor moved about 150 miles away, taking Swartz with him. By coincidence there was a tobacco store across the street from the new residence. A charge account was opened and one morning the professor said: 'Swartz—tobacco!' The dog looked up with wide, appealing eyes, crouched on the floor and whined. 'Swartz—tobacco!' the professor again ordered. Still the dog whined and squirmed on the floor. Then for the first time in his life the professor struck the dog as he ordered: 'Swartz—tobacco!'

The dog left. In five minutes he had not returned. An hour passed and still no Swartz. The professor went to the tobacco store, where he was told Swartz hadn't been seen. "Three weeks later Swartz returned. He limped in, panting and bleeding, dropped the tobacco at the professor's feet and died."

It is, we will agree, a sad story. Why did it happen? Simply because the professor was not the master of the dog he owned. Swartz couldn't reason. He knew only that the word "tobacco" was associated with a certain place. He had no way of knowing his owner meant another place. That is a thing the owner should have known. He should have been aware that his dog could not do his reasoning for him—but only carry out a thing which he had been trained to do.

THEN there is the story of a collie named Andeen in upstate New York. A boy and a girl were walking along the beach on a moonlight night, talking of love and marriage, when a thug stepped up.

"Stick 'em up!" he ordered. "I'm packing a gun." The young couple was terrified. "Now, Miss, shuck off that bunch of jewelry. All of it. Don't hold out. Lay it on the pier there."

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Young Romeo was filled with a spirit of protection. "Do nothing of the kind, Meta. I'll handle this," he said as he landed a blow to the thug's chin. The bandit drew back his club and was ready to strike when Andeen, the faithful collie came from the darkness and leaped to the neck of the man who would do harm to his master.

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"A collie, you know," relates Mr. Terhune, "can be one of the most terrifying fighters. A bulldog will grab and hold on. A collie will keep snatching, sometimes changing his grip each second, each time tearing flesh with his eye-tooth. A wolf is about the only other animal that does that."

How did a man like Terhune come to be so interested in dogs? Most likely it is that splendid quality of canine courage, illustrated in the above anecdote, which first warmed his heart to them. For Terhune was not always a dog champion. He was a writer, a fighter and adventurer.

Once, years ago, he found himself being served writing and fighting in...
Skippy and Doodle Bug, toy fox terriers, three months old, are among the smallest house pets found anywhere.

the same dish. It happened this way: Mr. Terhune's boss on the New York Evening World had an idea for a brilliant sports story. He wanted someone to describe in detail the experience of being knocked out by Jim Corbett or Jim Jeffries or Bob Fitzsimmons. Terhune was given the assignment.

Almost six feet four and about 230 pounds, this brawny writer was equal to the task. More than that, Terhune was at that time the world's amateur heavyweight champion and had faced Corbett and Jeffries and Fitzsimmons in the ring before.

But Mr. Editor Boss wanted a knockout, and wanted Reporter Terhune to be the one knocked out. Would you believe it, Terhune had to beg his fighting friends to give him the desired blow that would send him sprawling to the floor, bring stars to his eyes and a story to his editor! But he went through with it.

As an adventurer, Terhune swam the Jordan during the flood of 1894, just because he had a desire to get across at that precise moment.

Twice he was inside the forbidden Moslem Shrines, the first time as an alleged scientist and the second time as a disguised native. Why? Simply for the thrill of being some place he wasn't supposed to be.

Eventually this sort of life either kills you or bores you. Terhune began to feel the thirst for home and a steady job around 1894. He settled down and began writing—no knockout experiences, but serious books and magazine articles. In 1919 he published a book titled, Lad: A Dog. From that day on his first love has been dogs.

"Dogs," he explains, "are the adventurers of the animal kingdom."

BUT what are some of these other favorite stories of his? He told them to me:

"The most unusual story, I'd say, is the one about a Fort Scott, Kansas, dog. I noticed a four-line story in the old New York Herald, buried down in the columns of news, that started me thinking.

"As a matter of fact, how did that dog find his way from Albuquerque to Fort Scott? Why did it take eight months to cover the 950 miles?"

The dog must have been laid up. He must have had to fight snakes, wild animals of the mountains, eat just what he happened to find along the roadside. There were streams along the way with no bridges. Bud must have swum them.

Mr. Terhune has affidavits from persons in Fort Scott and Albuquerque to prove the accuracy of this story. But the answers to the questions above will remain forever Bud's secret. There is only one possible clue to account for the length of the trip and the dog's cut condition.

AFTER the ordeal Bud was often in the vicinity of the zoo. And each time he saw or heard wolves, he growled in fear. Could it be, then, that wolves had attacked him?

One of the most amusing of dog stories concerns Mr. Terhune's own silver gray collie, Sunnybank Gray Dawn. When Dawn was just a puppy five months old, someone sent Mr. Terhune a dog whip. Now Mr. Terhune never whips dogs. His method of handling them is always one of kindness. So the whip was promptly put upon a table as a thing of ornament.

must be a lie and I set about to check it. I found that a man named Coe in Fort Scott had a collie which he called Bud. Mr. Coe, his wife and two children moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, 950 miles away. Of course they took Bud along. He was crated and shipped in a baggage car. Now remember, the dog was in a crate, in a windowless car, and saw nothing of the outside world from the time he left the station in Fort Scott until he was uncrated in Albuquerque.

"The family had been living in the new home but a few days when Bud, who had been looking and acting down-hearted, disappeared. That was in November, 1925. Nearly eight months went by without word of the dog. He had been practically forgotten.

"Then in July, 1926—a full eight months afterwards—Miss Height, sister of Mrs. Coe, felt a hot, wet something against her foot as she sat at her desk in the Fort Scott Gas Company. There lay Bud, bruised, cut, bleeding.

"What could have happened in that eight months? In the first place, how did that dog find his way from Albuquerque to Fort Scott? Why did it take eight months to cover the 950 miles?"

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Dawn saw that whip and wanted it. Almost like a human being, he wanted to play with a forbidden toy. Dawn played all day long with that whip, even slept with it between his paws.

Then one day when Mr. and Mrs. Terhune finished dinner and returned to the living-room, they found that Dawn had dragged a two-pound box of candy from a table and had eaten it all, including the paper and string. This was just one of a score of mischievous tricks of Dawn. Something had to be done.

Therefore, for the very first time, and the only time in his life, Mr. Terhune whipped Dawn—and with the whip which Dawn so fondly loved.

**Did you ever see a little child pout?** Dawn did just that. He pouted and finally decided to do something about it. He took the whip in his mouth, went out into the garden, dug a hole and carefully buried it. He pouted and finally decided to do something about it.

There is one story that Mr. Terhune told on his first broadcast of his new series which I want to repeat in case you didn’t hear that program. It is the story that best illustrates the mind of a dog.

There was a big collie on a beach not many miles from Radio City. He was there because his master worked as a beach attendant. One day a little girl fell from the pier into the lashing waves, and would have drowned had not the collie jumped in and pulled the little tot to safety. Immediately the visitors at the beach showered the dog with praise. They bought him food and a new leash and petted him.

**There was a second accident and rescue similar to the first; again the collie was showered with gifts.** Then for months there were no rescues. The collie seemed to be down-hearted. He seemed to miss the glamour that came from being the hero.

Naturally, no one gave the matter a thought. Perhaps beach attendants were proud of their safety record.

Then, for some unexplainable reason, little girls and boys began falling off piers in rapid succession, and each time the collie was the rescuer.

"This looks funny to me," said one attendant. "These children aren't just having a season of falling into the water." The dog's owner investigated. "What do you suppose he found?" He found that the collie was going up to little children playing on the pier, pushing them off and then jumping in to rescue them.

**That can mean only one thing. That dog learned to know what a rescue meant.** To him it meant extra food, praise and gifts. It meant he was the center of attention. No rescues and no attention. Somehow, the dog must have reasoned this out. He deliberately pushed these children into the water so he could rescue them.

Another dog that was a hero didn't stoop to making his own opportunities. He was the pet and guard dog of a grocer in a Midwestern city. One night, just at closing time, two bandits held up the store and shot the owner. The dog was felled by a blow from the butt of a revolver.

The bandits left the animal for dead but he recovered. His master died and there was no clew to the murderers. Later two men were captured whom police were certain were the slayers.

At the police show-up, along with several other felons and suspects of various crimes, the two were put on a lighted stage. The airedale was brought in and paraded in front of the score of malefactors. Without a second's hesitation he bared his fangs and leaped for the two suspects. The court accepted this action as sufficient evidence to warrant life sentences.

So if ever you doubt the intensity of men's devotion to dogs, just reflect on these unusual experiences. They make it all so comprehensible.

**Albert Payson Terhune is presented by the makers of Spratts' Dog Food every Saturday over an NBC-WJZ network at 5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST; 3:30 MDT; 2:30 PST).**
Many critics have raised their voices against Major Bowes and his conduct of the Amateur Hour. So widespread has this criticism become that Radio Guide in its position as the authoritative voice of radio, could not ignore them.

In all fairness to the vast army of listeners, as well as in fairness to Major Bowes, Radio Guide has undertaken to investigate those criticisms; for if they're founded on fact, then the listener-army should be told.

But if the charges are unfounded then the Major should be left free of criticism, both editorial and otherwise.

The results of Radio Guide's investigation are presented herewith:

**MAJOR BOWES stands supreme in the radio world for an achievement never before attained.** He has produced a weekly hour on the air that has swept the country in popular favor; an hour that by this standard supercedes by long odds anything that has gone before. In the process he has made a great personal fortune. Besides, and perhaps more significant, he has supplied a "spot in the sun" to many unknown and struggling artists otherwise buried in obscurity. Further, he has made employment possible to thousands of persons in many industries allied with Show Business.

All this, generally stated, cannot be questioned. Much of it will be discussed in detail in its proper place here. Yet questions have arisen.

**EXPLODING the Major Bowes MYTH**

When Questions and Implications Seem to Make of the Major a Mythical Character Not Above Criticism, It's Time the Facts Were Brought to Light

Left, the Major as he looks in his dress uniform and, below, one of the many imitators of animal noises introduced on the most popular of the Amateur Hours.
The questions were answered. The Major's followers have confounded his answers. They were compiled and sent in a telegram.

GUIDE

Many a youngster has seen the pose of the Major above—and curled up with humiliation. Below is the famous Streeplesjack Kay, who plays a harmonica through a tube, holding the instrument behind him.

As the Major his age—and if he knows you well enough not to take offense at the question he will tell you he is fifty-two years old. He was born in San Francisco.

For the first few years of his active life he dabbled in real estate in and around his natal city. Within a few years his industry and his shrewd ability to strike a bargain had piled up a small fortune.

Old associates in the Golden Gate city who still remember him, recall with a note of sadness that the great earthquake and fire of 1906 wiped him out completely. However, the qualities that took him early in life from the ranks of youngsters just getting by, and raised him above the level of his fellows for his earning capacity, came into play once more.

Almost before the ashes of the great catastrophe were cool, he had begun to make his mark. But success in his second big push seemed to elude him; he did no better than the general run of San Franciscans struggling to rebuild shattered lives and fortunes.

The star of his destiny was fated to ascend to brilliant things then undreamed. And his meteoric rise was tied up with the vows he took when he married Margaret Illington.

You may recall that she was a distinguished star of the stage in the purple days that followed the Fauve Decade. Further, she was the ex-wife of the late theatrical producer, Daniel Frohman. Late? Daniel Frohman went to his untimely and watery grave in the Titanic disaster that rocked four continents.

But our concern with the star who became Mrs. Bowes is her effect upon the Major himself.

Margaret Illington Bowes was not alone the person close to the Major whose influence brought him to undreamed pinnacles. For years he has numbered among his intimates Messmore Kendall. Know him? If not then you must have heard of his works. It is he who owns the building wherein is housed the famous Capitol Theater in New York, largest of the "temples of motion pictures." At the time it was built in 1918. When Kendall leased the theater to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Corporation, it was with the distinct understanding that Major Bowes should be the theater's Managing Director. He was given the post, and remains in it even yet.

THERE followed the glamorous days of Roxy's success at the Capitol, along with the broadcasts that did more in their day to bring the entertainment of radio into your home over a decade ago, than did any single factor. It was inevitable that the Major himself take a hand in the broadcasts. So was born the Capitol Family under the Major's guiding hand, and it still may be heard Sunday mornings. Here again his wife gave her valuable aid, for she listened to every one of his early appearances on the air—advising, coaching, refining all his efforts.

Along with his affiliation with MGM through managing the theater, the Major became an adviser on the movie producers' staff. And when the Loew theater interests opened their radio station WHN—indeed identified a few years back with N. T. Granlund and his broadcasts, to refresh memories of pleasant things—the Major became the station's director.

Briefly, then, is the Major's career outlined up to a period not far back. Perhaps it would be as well to flash forward, and lay before you a few facts of the present before the thread of his career is continued.

The Major was saddened by widowhood a year ago last Spring. It is a bitter realization that the full fruits (Continued on Page 42)
Winifred Cecil, After Achieving Fame and Success, Finds Her Life Represents One Big Question-Mark

By Helen Hover

This is the story of a modern girl. Oh, a very modern girl. You know the type—she had Ambitions and she wanted Fame and Success and a Career. And now that she has Fame and Success and a Career, she’s found out—like so many other very, very modern girls today—that you can’t have those things and snare a Husband, too. So this very modern girl who has what she set out to get, realizes that she hasn’t obtained what she wanted after all. If you follow me. And now she’s bewildered and unhappy and all mixed up and doesn’t know what in the world to do.

Now that may sound like bunk at its bunkiest. It did to me until I learned her story. But if you’re a Career Girl yourself, you can sympathize with her—perhaps even help her by telling her how you coped with this problem. And if you’re a little Nobody who envied these female Somebodies, maybe you won’t feel so sorry for yourself from now on.

This very, very modern girl is Winifred Cecil. In the best Horatio Alger manner she made the leap from obscurity to stardom on the Show Boat program. And now she wonders if it was worth it.

Of course, getting Muriel Wilson’s old spot on Show Boat was nothing to pooh-pooh at. It was one of the juiciest plums in radio, for it’s no secret that the Show Boat program has built up its artists to such grandiose proportions they can step right into the movies and onto the stage at an eyebrow-lifting figure. When the sponsors decided to do away with the Lanny Ross—Mary Pickford role, this was one of the qualities that made the Show Boat program. A flop—and be damned if she’s had one, Winifred’s career has been the star of a big network show—girls whose names are household words. And here was our shabby heroine—just a chorus girl—trying to compete with them for one of the biggest jobs in radio.

It must have been the memory of her past failure in radio, rather than her past successes in Europe, that returned to her as she faced the mike. For as she sang, her voice gained a new maturity, and her strained hopes tinged her tones with an exciting mellowness. She learned that evening, she found a telegram pinned to her door. You guessed it. Show Boat had selected her as its new leading lady!

So now Winifred has made good. And with her radio prestige has come success on the concert stage, too. Her scrap-book is just one shade thinner than the New York telephone directory, and her bank book can scare the big bad wolf away for all time. And so our modern girl has her Career, her Fame, her Glory. And everything is hunky-dory.

For into the picture we must now introduce the Boy Friend. Ted and Winifred had been keeping company for a long time, and the signs pointed to an early 1936 wedding. But that’s off. For keeps, maybe.

“Choose between your career and me,” says the B. F. in the best meller-dramatic manner.

Now wait—don’t think he’s an old-fashioned fogey with 1890 ideas. Let’s look at his side of it.

As a fine, upstanding young chap—which was one of the qualities that made Winifred fall for him—he’s had to see his pride and self-respect ground to dust.

Many times when he’s had a date to take Winifred to a movie, he’s been forced instead to be her escort at an important party. In the interests of her career Winifred has been to see at the right places, meet the right people. Now smile at this one, talk to that one, laugh at that old bald-headed baboon’s

And now she’s bewildered and unhappily—she has what she set out to get, really. Husband, too. So this very modern girl found out—like so many other very, very modern girls—Fame and Success and a Career, she’s and a Career. And now that she has won’t feel so sorry for herself from these female Somebodies, maybe you if you’re a little Nobody who envied how you coped with this problem. And yourself, you can sympathize with her her story.

It almost seemed as though she its bunkiest. It did to me until I learned what in the world to do.

You guessed it. Show Boat had selected her as its new leading lady!
jokes. Never can tell when this or that person can further your career. And always squirming in a corner is the Boy Friend, feeling like a darned fool and wishing he could get the devil out of there.

Any girl knows that when you kill a man's independence and reduce him to the status of a puppy dog, you kill his love, too. There have been many quarrels between Winifred and Ted over this situation. Once, she told me, he walked out on her in a huff. She's afraid that some day he'll forget to come back.

I remember once at the end of a Show Boat broadcast, watching Winifred run over to Ted and whisper something into his ear. He turned a brick red, jammed his hat onto his head and stormed out. Winifred bit her lips, then forced a smile and walked out on the arm of another man—a much older man. I learned later that he was the president of a certain company that was planning a new radio show, and he wanted to discuss it with her over a dinner table. Blame her? You can't. Because that's the game any girl who's out for a career must play. But I wonder what explaining she had to do to make up with the stood-up Boy Friend the next day...

After all, a person not directly in the entertainment field doesn't quite understand the obligations that persist, and it has been many an artist's misfortune to have to try explaining them to a wondering somebody. Jealousy feeds itself on the thinnest of diets. So it's not at all impossible to fathom Ted's reaction to this enlarged program to which his sweetheart was subjected while, doubtless, he thought she wasn't making much of an effort to escape it. I can actually picture him weaving motives into her most innocent occupations—and because she is more than just an ordinarily intelligent girl, Winifred has been aware of this, too.

So you see she really has more than the usual boy-and-girl complexities to wrestle with. She has a case which

From an obscure spot in the chorus Winifred rocketed to coveted stardom with Lanny Ross

Winifred may smile, but her heart is broken over what is happening to her romance

town to town between broadcasts. To her it is the next step to opera success. To him, though, it's a long-distance, catch-as-catch-can courtship that is decidedly annoying. How long he'll take it is something you'll have to guess for yourself.

What makes it even harder for Winifred is the fact that she isn't a glamorous person at all—certainly not the type you'd associate with footlights and orchids. Stocky, with mouse-colored hair and eyes and a hearty slap-on-the-back personality, she looks like the sort of home-body who was cut out to wash dishes and have babies. Which is probably why this earnest young man who wants to settle down like any other Mr. Average Husband was first attracted to her. But he is learning every day that this mad chase for a career is smothering the traits that he loved best about her.

And there you have it. So you see the problem of our new Show Boat soprano isn't a make-believe one after all, but a very real question mark. Very soon Winifred will have to make her decision. She's in a spot. And I can't help but think that whichever path she'll choose, in future years she may have occasion to look back at the one she might have taken, and utter those bitter words of frustration: It might have been...

The Maxwell House Coffee people present Winifred Cecil in Lanny Ross' Show Boat every Thursday evening over an NBC-WEAF network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).
**How to Write a POP SONG**

By Rico Marchelli

FRED KRAMER of the Irving Berlin office, Carl Mohenger, my chief arranger, and I have just completed one of the hardest jobs I’ve ever undertaken. We have just picked the winner of the amateur song contest conducted on the program of which I am the musical director and which stars Fibber McGee and Molly.

We have waded, all three of us together, through more than ten thousand songs. We have discovered hundreds of worthwhile numbers, and we have suffered for all the promising and ambitious song writers who will be disappointed because only one person can win the coveted prize. And finally, we have selected the winner. He is Charles A. Reber of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, whose composition, *The Old Kitchen Clock*, was selected by the judges as the best.

No songs can be sent back unless they were accompanied by stamped envelopes or stamps to cover return postage. The composition, *The Old Kitchen Clock*, in our opinion possesses most of the qualities necessary to make a popular song hit. I am now making a special orchestral arrangement of it, which I plan to play on our Fibber McGee and Molly program on Monday, February 10.

What are the elements which go into making a successful popular song? Here is a list of my “musts”.

**First:** Simplicity of melody. This is most important. If your melody is intricate or involved, it will be difficult to retain. Second: Playing simplicity. A popular song will more quickly become a hit if it is easy to play. Generally people won’t bother with music which is difficult to play.

**Third:** Catchiness of the melody. I have had to coin a word here, because there is no other which immediately catches the attention of all who hear it. It is what we mean when we say a song has a catchy tune.

These three are the intangible elements which, according to all my experience as both a composer and conductor, a popular song must have to possess any commercial value.

If you have a song in your mind, and you believe your melody has the above qualities, then your next job is to write it down so that it will sound the same to others as it does to you. It will be easy for you to do this only if you are familiar with the technique of popular song writing. For instance, you must know enough about music to write your melody on paper correctly. You needn’t be a finished musician at all. Irving Berlin could play a very little piano when he first started to compose.

**Next,** songs, like stories or paintings, have a standard form. You know of course that a popular song generally has a verse and chorus. Study the average popular song and you will find that the verse is very much shorter than the chorus, sometimes as short as eight bars. The chorus, or refrain of the song, is usually thirty-two bars. This is the accepted standard form.

And then, be sure you have a definite contrast in melody between your verse and your chorus. Remember that the verse of a popular song is little more than an introduction to the real melody, which is the chorus or refrain.

The next time you write a song, analyze it according to what I have just told you. Find what it lacks either in form or fundamental appeal. Then rewrite it. Don’t be discouraged if you have to rewrite several times. The original melody is the important thing.

When your song is as finished as you know how to make it then it is ready to be shown. Now more than ever you will have to keep your faith in what you have created. As most of you already know, getting a song played and published is even more difficult than writing it.

Of the many reasons for this, the following two are most important. In the first place, thousands of people are constantly writing songs, as our concerts prove. And the majority of song writers send their manuscripts to publishing houses or orchestra leaders, which is the logical thing to do. But the publishers and leaders haven’t time to look at all the songs they receive. Because I know how much it means to every one of you, I wish I could tell you exactly how to get your song published. Unfortunately, there is no special action which will accomplish that. The only answer I can give the thousands of you who asked me what to do is to tell you that personal contact will do the most. If you know personally someone who is connected with the music world, try to get your song a hearing through friendship. If you have no such friendly connection at present, try to make one. Having an orchestra play your song, or a singer sing it, is the best way to get the attention of a song publisher.

Don’t be discouraged if you do not have immediate access to the big names in the music world.

OR you might continue to enter contests. We received so many lovely songs that the Irving Berlin office has asked permission to re-read a number of them. It is quite possible that they will decide to publish several.

One last word. If you honestly feel you have the ability to create and write popular songs which will have commercial value, then let nothing stop you from continuing to write. Learn as much about music as you can. Study popular hit songs until you can recognize what it is that makes a hit, and apply those things to your own music. Do not try at first to be too different in your music—the privilege of pioneering in any art is reserved for those who first prove their ability equal to the current best. After you have attained recognition, then you can break all the rules.

ABOVE all, do not permit disappointments or difficulties to restrain your writing. That one bit of advice will bear constant repetition. Remember that Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter—in fact, practically every one of our present day top-notch song writers—were once in the same position you are; just amateurs trying to get a hearing.

Rico Marchelli is a dynamic conductor with all the fire necessary to inspire his men to give their best.

**The Chief Judge in the Latest of the Amateur Song Contests Tells How He Picks 'Em—and How You May Write 'Em**

Rico Marchelli conducts the orchestra heard every Monday evening on the Fibber McGee and Molly program presented by S. C. Johnson & Sons over an NBC-WJZ network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).
Am used to keep her fit and at the top of her game, robs her of personal freedom, romance, life.

She rebels, and meets a young man named Dan Corby; she is greatly attracted to him. However, his rigid regime—treated like a common bum—made her decide to leave there and go to Florida to get her a second audition.

Manzoni was mopping his forehead and playing golf. He looked at me at first like a thundercloud. I insisted that I had with me a record of your voice. I insisted that he hear it at once. I took him upstairs and played it on the club-house Victrola. And John P. Tracy listened! When it was finished I began to talk—how I talked!

"We drove out to his home on the Indian River and I played it again for his family. I determined I would not leave there until the contract was signed. At four o'clock that morning, on the table in his library, he signed the contract. Now we all meet here in a few minutes—"
Plums & Prunes

BY EVANS PLUMMER

PROBABLY the funniest and maybe the most pathetic note of the radio week is the tip-off that AL GOERING, who has tackled the ivories in BEN BERNIE'S orchestra for these past fifteen years, has resigned from the Old Maestro's organization in order to take up the profession of book-making.

AI is, in fact, already set up in the horse wagering business in Chicago as a partner of the gentleman who has paid heavy income taxes the past several years from his percentages of the bets bandleader Bernie laid with him.

Goering has deduced, it seems, that the long end of the green is on the business side of the payoff window. And AI should know from his ex-base Ben's experiences, if not his own.

The sad note, however, is that the pianist has few moneyed friends—without which a bookee can do no business. Along Randolph Street in the Windy City, the story goes that AI's tickets on the bangtails have been sold for the most part to badly bent.

If not broken, music publishers' representatives who know the amateur bookee as a former piano player who could make any song sound like a hit tune. The rumors also are that most of this business is on the cuff—a frayed one.

Maybe that's why the smart ones around the studios and on the bands are giving long odds that Goering and Bernie will be together again. I hope so—or I'll have to be helping AI along in his sinful business.

Which reminds me that George Olsen, with whom I was chatting the other eve while he and Ethel Shute were sipping their breakfast (?), assured me that he—for one—plays the ponies no more (or so Ethel thinks).

At any rate, Ethel gave me a sweet look and Bernie laid with him. Our tele-a-tete went into the subject of Ethel's nativity. "I was born," she said, "in New York but I've worked so long in Chicago that I feel that it's my real home. I first came here when I was five-and-a-half years old and was cast in a melodrama which opened just after the big Chicago fire."

"Was that," George queried sweetly, "the fire of 1871 or the stockyards blaze of 1934?"

Off a Live Mike

B. A. ROLFE—remember him?—is guest-appearing on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade February 8 and the grapevine whispers that B. A. really is being hired for what amounts to a public audition. If you like him well enough this once he may be signed for a regular turn... And while there's still some wobbling about the new ED Wynn—LENNIE HAYTON—KING'S MEN program, indications are that any week you'll be tuning it in Thursday at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST) over CBS stations... There'll be a mess of famous guest stars—maybe even FRED ASTAIRE—on the new weekly OLESEN-SHUTTA toot-toot-brassily, Miss; 14; Tulane U., New Orleans, La.; 15; Baton Rouge, La.; 17, Memphis, Tenn.; 18, Bowling Green, Ky.; 19, Louisville, Ky.; 20, Kokomo, Ind.
Inside Stuff

BY MARTIN LEWIS

A THOUGH no official announcement has been made, you can take it from Yours Truly it is practically definite that BARBARA—Snoonie—BLAIR will be off FRED WARING'S CBS shows after another few weeks.

Friendly Enemies

'S A FUNNY thing. Snoonie is drawing a big chunk of dough from the jewelry sponsor, and the lad who makes her heart beat faster is an executive of a competitive motor concern.

Dove Carriers

AND the lad who interests ROSEMARY LANE most is none other than BOBBY ALLAN of the HAL KEMP troupe, which makes me wonder if Rosemary and Bobby are trying to catch up the feud between Waring and Kemp, which has lasted too long already.

Boost

CAN'T seem to break away from the WARING gang because I must tell you that the swell tenor voice of STUART CHURCHILL will no longer be heard on the Waring programs. Stuart left to be featured on the CBS Musical Reveries program heard four times weekly.

Two About Eleanor

ELEANOR POWELL will definitely be out of the Red Horse Tavern show for many, many weeks. There are two stories making the rounds, and I'll let you in on both of them.

One is that Eleanor simply over-worked herself and was heading for a nervous breakdown.

The other is that professional jealousy on the part of other actresses toward Eleanor in her Broadway production caused the breakdown.

Shift

PHIL SPITALNY and his female musicians are slated for a new program which is due to hit the airlines Sunday, February 28. The show will take the spot now occupied by RAY PERKINS and his amazementers, who will then shift to the Mutual network.

New Rhythm Show

THE RHYTHM BOYS, formerly of the Whitman tribe, will launch a new a.m. show over CBS starting February 18, and will be heard during their series on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Held Off

THE DEBUT of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra as a weekly feature has been postponed from February 6 to Thursday, February 27.

More of Ruth

SOME months ago you read many and varied reports about RUTH ETTING announcing that she was going to retire from radio and take a trip around the world. Knowing Ruth as I do, I knew she couldn't be serious. This week it will go out to all radio executives announcing that Miss Ettin is available for radio.

John Mills

MANY radio listeners are sad because of the death of JOHN MILLS, Junior, bass of the Mills Brothers quartet. The group will go on as usual with John Mills, Senior, replacing his son. John, Senior, had been the fourth member of the group during the entire series which was recently completed for a watch maker.

John, Junior, first became ill in Paris last July when he had to wait two hours in the rain for an airplane. Upon the quartet's arrival in New York in September, the cold had turned to pleurisy and John was placed in a hospital. Pneumonia developed, but in December his condition was so much improved that he went to his mother's Ohio home. A setback came and the death was sudden.

Channon Collinge

CHANNON COLLINGE, famous American-English composer and conductor who was heard many times over NBC and CBS, has also taken the trip to the Great Beyond. He died in a New York hospital after an emergency operation.

Our Queen

ALL ABOUT Radio Queen JESSICA DRAGONETTE. On Tuesday, January 28 Jessica journeyed to the White House to give a special concert for President and Mrs. Roosevelt and several hundred guests. Last week the lovely songstress received a renewal of her radio contract which assures radio listeners the pleasure of hearing this grand voice on the same program for fifty-two more weeks. In the meantime Jessica heads for a five-week Florida vacation, and LUCILLE MANNERS will pinch-hit for her.

After the Storm

Can anyone tell me what happened to that popular song? I think the name of it is The Music Goes Round and Around. It was swell while it lasted, but it lasted too long to suit me.

Down to Paris

Odette Myrtle and Milton Watson will exit from NBC's Evening in Paris show most any day. In their place will step none other than Morton Downey. The Pickens Sisters and Mark Warnow remain.

The Time Will Be—

A NEW show will hit the airlines during the second week of March featuring EDDIE DOWLING, RAY DOOLEY and the swing music of BENNY GOODMAN. It's for the same watchmakers who last season sponsored the MILLS BROTHERS and ART KASSEL.

Name Your Favorites

Attention, readers. This column is conducting its Second Annual Ten Best Popular Songs of the Year Contest. Please let me know immediately which songs in your opinion were the ten most popular during 1935. Richard Himber again has consented to play the tunes you select during one of his forthcoming Friday night CBS Studio 80 baker broadcasts. Please don't delay—send me your selections today.
Voice of the listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions, and exchange views about radio and radio activity, what with the excess of 100,000 words, to VOL, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

He's the Jest Star
Sirs: I listen to Major Bosco Amateur Hour every Sunday and would like to know the reason why he is always the last to be on his program. The program has been a hit ever since it produces good songs regularly. always gets the program. Have you any of us noticed that? I feel that the amateurs have had so audacious beforehand, why isn't he discovered beforehand that he is not suited for that? New York, New Jersey Mr. G. G.

We've wondered sometimes, too.—Ed.

Seth, Where Is Thy Sing?
Sirs: If programs are put on the air for the people—why when so many people, especially the older ones, want so badly a Sunday evening—would you restful program?—do you set them around and around the dial—sometimes exciting his splendid entertainment entirely? I think his programs on Sunday evening is "the end of a perfect day." With all who are interested in keeping his program a regular one every Sunday evening and at a stated time—would write to VOL. Am I among the majority? If I don't publish a program I turn it out, but give one every other chance.

Diva, Illinois F. A. S.

CRED OF THE RADIO GUIDE LISTENERS’ GUILD

Wesley Franklin, Director

We believe that the air should be kept clean.
We believe that the advertising of hard liquor should not be broadcast.
We believe that local stations should not run network advertisements for local spot advertisements thereby mutilating network broadcasts.
We believe that the horror element should be eliminated from all programs designed for children.
We believe that advertising should be restricted to the basis of four minutes for each hour program.
We believe that broadcasting should be free from medical quackery, nostrums and cure-alls.

We believe that broadcasting should be free from fortune-telling, crystal-gazing and other pseudo-sciences.
We believe that broadcasters should refrain from the discussion of subjects that are offensive to people of refinement and good taste.
We believe that nothing should be broadcast which will offend any race, color or religious group.

We believe that the cause of broadcasting as well as the public would be served better by the further separation of kilowatt allocations so as to prevent one station from overlapping another on the listener's dial.
$60,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

ENTER SELECTION SWEEPSTAKES
TO LEGALIZE LOTTERIES!

3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING YOU $20,000.00
IT'S EASY—NOTHING TO WRITE!

Think what you could do with so much cash! Buy a home . . . travel wherever you wish . . . have an assured income for the rest of your life . . . start in business for yourself . . . enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win $20,000.00 in this Sweepstakes Contest . . . someone will win $10,000.00 . . . someone will get $5,000.00 . . . and there'll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody—and it might as well be you!

WHO'S BEHIND THIS? This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society known as the national organization, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President—a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries, to popularize the American public with the aims of the movement, and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women—names you respect and honor—in an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes." If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement.

WHAT LOTTERIES HAVE DONE! France adopted a lottery to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain for charitable institutions; Germany for religious purposes, etc. American colonies permitted lotteries to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges, roads, etc. The Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries. Early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard were built with the proceeds of lotteries.

HOW YOU ENTER! It costs only a dollar to become a member—and your dollar contribution entitles you to enter this entirely legal "sweepstakes" contest. It is ABSOLUTELY LEGAL! Don't confuse this Selection Sweepstakes with any other kind of contest. It is sponsored by a national non-profit-making organization—an honest court-and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's . . . you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. But you can't win if you don't enter.

DON'T DELAY! Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow—you may forget.

Within 10 days you will be sent your own membership certificate and acknowledgment of your entry.

Look! 285 Big Cash Prizes

1ST PRIZE  -  $20,000
2ND PRIZE  -  $10,000
3RD PRIZE  -  $5,000
4TH PRIZE  -  $2,500
5TH PRIZE  -  $1,000
10 PRIZES  - $500 each
20 PRIZES  - $250 each
250 PRIZES - $50 each

In Case of Ties Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded • Copyright 1936, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.

Contest closes May 30th, 1936
Prizes awarded before June 15th

Mail coupon and entry blank today!

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, Pres. National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

You may enter as many times as you wish. No postcard entry will be accepted. Fill out the entry blank with your name and address. If you prefer, you may mail your entry as plain paper, if you enclose one dollar (check, cash or money order) as your membership fee. Also enclosed is my entry in the Selection Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Mrs. Marie King, Chicago, Ill. There are 68 other big cash prizes. Below are listed the various ways in which the proceeds from legalized lotteries might be distributed. Send them carefully. Then number them in order of merit; you'll win $20,000 if you're right. Don't delay. Enter today. You may mail your entry to: Mrs. Oliver Harriman, President, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
THE boys of the WPA ditch-digging job had a swell time kidding Layman. A mob of men has to have a butt for jokes, jibes and jeers, and lanky Layman was made to order.

He was tall and skinny. He was stupid and touchy. He had one eye. And on top of that, though he was middle-aged, Charles Newton Layman had been made water-boy. Which gave the fellows who swung the picks and shovels on that Los Angeles storm-drain project somebody over whom they could feel superior. They were husky—men. He was their servant.

They could feel superior.

Layman had been made water-boy. Which gave the aged, Charles Newton Layman had on top of that, though he was middle-aged and touchy. He had one eye. And lanky Layman was made to order.

The dull-witted lad did less kidding tipped over water-pail and merci-lees. His one eye was bright with sand in his ooze of angry men, coming closer and closer. The voice of scores were making proof of his soul.

NOW the fringe of the job a few men managed to scramble into bushes or behind piles of material. Layman noticed one man crawling through a fence. He snapped a shot after him, and the fugitive dropped. Suddenly the one-eyed lunatic stopped and raised his head. A sound was beginning to bother him—a persistent, eerie wail that finally penetrated his blood-shot brain. The siren of a radio car.

Suddenly the hunter became the hunted. The sniper broke into a run. He ran down a lane and hid behind a barn, just as Patrolmen Allen and Cummings came up.

"He went down that lane!" cried Foreman McCarthy.

Meanwhile, the radio patrolmen had caught a glimpse of Layman, just as they were passing a barn. They leaped from the machine, shotguns in hand.

But there was neither fight nor murder left in the heart of Charles Newton Layman. He was crouching and shivering.

"Don't kill me!" he pleaded. "I'm all through! I'm finished!"

Cummings pointed the two cops towards the worker coming running up and surrounded them.

"What's that row?" Allen suddenly asked. For down the lane an ominous roar was growing. The voices of scores of angry men, coming closer and closer.

"Better get this guy out of here!" Cummings said. The mob beat them to the car. As the handcuffed Layman cowered between the policemen, the fleetest of the workers came running up and surrounded them.

"Don't let them lynch me!" Layman pleaded. His one eye was bright with fear, and his face was almost blue.

"For God's sake don't let 'em get me!"

Suddenly the hunter became the hunted.

"Don't let 'em lynch me!" Layman quavered, and his voice could hardly be heard above the din outside. "Don't let 'em get me!" He kept saying this over and over.

"Better get a couple of tear-gas bombs ready," Cummings shouted. Allen nodded grimly. "When I open the door to toss 'em out," Cummings went on, "you hold your billy ready to sap the guys that'll try to climb in."

And just at that moment, high, shrill and clear came the wail of another radio car.

The second car nosed its way through the throng. And then a third and a fourth patrol car came shrieking up. Policemen leaped from their cars. Unknown the workers drew away.

Lyman's wicked marksmanship had claimed seven victims. Four men had died where they dropped: Lloyd E. Holden, 42 years old; Peter M. Coklit, 46; Harry Ball, 36 and Lloyd Davis, 23.

The sudden silence was broken by the voice of a radio car.

"That stampeded them. From all over the field the workers drew away."

By Arthur Kent

Calling All Cars

ONE WATER-BOY WHO PAID TORMENT WITH WAR
At Your Station

THE COVER PORTRAIT

FRANCES LANGFORD, you will recall, is the singer who went through the other a soprano and emerged, tenor-less, a full-fledged contralto. But with or without tonsils she still will be a fit subject for the portrait you see on the cover of this week's RADIO GUIDE.

The best description of Frances is that she is practically the only national college widow in existence. Most attractive girls are lucky if they can dominate their own campus, but Miss Langford's popularity is the kind that is not restricted geographically. She was adopted officially by midshipmen at the Naval Academy, and while she still was an NBC star in New York she received word of similar honors at universities all over the United States. Somehow, still, there is a chance, for at 23 Frances is unmarried. So if you're heading West in search of romance and adventure, try to locate a mutual friend who can manage an introduction to this alluring singer.

The makers of Campbell's Soup present Frances Langford on Hollywood Hotel every Friday over the CBS-WABC network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MDT; 6 PDT).
**Sunday, Feb. 9**

**John W. Stockwell**

HAMILTON COLEMAN

Church of the Air, over the CBS-WABC network at 10 a.m. EST (9 CST) will have as its speaker John W. Stockwell, Church of the New Jerusalem—Swedishborgian—Philadelphia, Pa., and the speaker at the afternoon service at 1 p.m. EST (12 noon CST) will be Hamilton Coleman, Christian Science Practitioner of Chicago, Ill.

**Pierre De Lanux**

During the Trans-Atlantic News, the CBS-WABC network at 12:45 p.m. EST (11:45 CST) Pierre de Lanux, Foreign Editor of the Courrier des Etats Unis, will speak from Paris, France.

**Philharmonic Symphony**

The Philharmonic Symphony Concert of the CBS-WABC network at 3 p.m. EST (2 CST) will be under the direction of Hans Lange.

**Audney McClennan**

Rodney McClennan, musical comedy star, will replace Ernest Charles on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program broadcast at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

**Grete Stueckgold**

Guest star with the Ford Sunday Evening Hour over the CBS-WABC network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST) will be Grete Stueckgold, noted soprano.

**Monday, Feb. 10**

**Clark Dennis**

Tenor Clark Dennis will make his debut in a series of Monday and Tuesday programs to be heard over an NBC-WEAF network at 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST).

**Old Puppet Maker**

A new children's series to be known as The Old Puppet Maker succeeds Grandpa Burton (Bill Baar) and will be heard each Monday and Wednesday over an NBC-WEAF network at 4:45 p.m. EST (3:45 CST).

**Tale of Today**

A new weekly drama series sponsored by the makers of Princess Pat cosmetics and known as A Tale of Today makes its debut over an NBC-WJZ network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST). The new program replaces the Princess Pat Players.

**Tuesday, Feb. 11**

**The Criminal Mind**

Doctor John E. Lind, of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, and Watson Davis, director, will be speakers on the Science Service broadcast, CBS-WABC network at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST). The topic will be The Criminal Mind.

**Georges Barriere**

Library of Congress

The concluding program from the Library of Congress will feature music by a woodwind octet directed by Georges Barriere. The broadcast will be heard over an NBC-WJZ network at 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST).

**Mary Pickford**

The premiere of Parties at Pickfair starring Mary Pickford and broadcast from her famous Hollywood home over the CBS-WABC network will be heard at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). Presented by National Ice Advertising, Inc., Natural Ice.

**Science Savants**

The dedication of the New York Museum of Science will be aired at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network. The speakers will be Mayor La Guardia; John B. Kennedy; Robert A. Millikan; Sir Wm. Bragg; Professor Einstein; Signor Marconi, and Amelia Earhart.

**Colonel Thad H. Brown**

The Greenville Treaty Memorial will be the subject of a broadcast at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

**Herbert Hoover**

Former President Herbert Hoover, speaking at the Multnomah Hotel, Portland, Oregon, will be heard in a special broadcast at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). They will be accompanied by the Wullen brothers, piano duo.

**Martha Mears**

The popular songstress Martha Mears replaces City Voices and will be heard at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST) over an NBC-WEAF hookup.

**Friday, Feb. 14**

**Winter Olympics**

Today's CBS-WABC broadcast of the Winter Olympic Games from Garmisch, Germany, will come at 10:15 a.m. EST (9:15 CST).

**Bishop James Freeman**

The Right Reverend James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington, pays tribute to two distinguished Americans whose birthdays fall in February, Abraham Lincoln and Susan B. Anthony, as guest speaker on the Federation of Women's Clubs. His talk will be broadcast over an NBC-WJZ network at 2:45 p.m. EST (1:45 CST).

**New Red Horse Tavern M.C.**

Walter Woolf King, stage and screen star, will be the master of ceremonies on the Flying Red Horse Tavern program over the CBS-WABC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST).

**Saturday, Feb. 15**

**Beaver Club**

From Philadelphia will be broadcast a series of songs by the Beaver College Glee Club, over the CBS-WABC network at 12 noon EST (11 a.m. CST).

**Anti-Lynching Bill Debate**

The CBS-WABC network will broadcast a debate from Washington on the Anti-Lynching Bill at 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST).

**George S. Viereck**

A new series of weekly Saturday programs, to be known as The World of Science, makes its debut over an NBC-WEAF network at 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). The programs will be conducted by George S. Viereck, noted author and editor, who will have as guest stars Nobel prize winners and other distinguished scientists. The program will stress the war against enemies of man in a dramatization form.
Mrs. Gertrude Berg, by bringing back her famous characters, the Goldbergs, keeps listeners in touch with wholesome, simple things.

Dorothy Lamour, blue-eyed and black-haired, is fittingly called the Dreamer of Songs. At left, Nelson Eddy, famous baritone and focal point of many a feminine heartthrob, loses none of his come-hither even in a high-neck sweater.
Robert L. (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley has been hard hit in his romances, and twice by the same person, with the result he's now a little woman-shy.

HY do these four handsome and successful radio stars—Robert L. Ripley, Nino Martini, AbeLyman and John S. Young—remain unmarried? Certainly not for lack of feminine cooperation. Each of them admits having been approached by pretty and clever girls with honorable intentions. Yet while their friends and brothers fall daily by the wayside, they remain year after year in rock-ribbed singleness.

Radio stars who stay wireless were, I felt, the quintessence of hard-boiled bachelorhood. To know what has repelled these four from matrimony...to know what might tempt such a quartet to love, protect and cherish...would be priceless information to any woman.

Believe it or not, Robert Ripley, best-selling writer, cartoonist, teller of strange tales over screen and radio, is a very shy man, less afraid of any external adventure than of his own emotions. A woman disappointed him twice, and no other has been able to make him forget his disillusionment.

It happened several years ago. In one of his searches for the incredible he landed at a little African coast town.

As he descended the gang-plank a native, neatly dressed in European clothes, approached him with a letter. The consul had heard that a white man who spoke English was arriving. He wanted Ripley to stay at his home. It was months since an English-speaking person had touched there.

The consul and his wife, themselves, came to the door to greet him. And here Ripley received one of the shocks of his life! For the lady of the house was none other than a girl with whom he had once been in love in far-away Brooklyn, New York...A girl who had quarreled bitterly with him, and disappeared from his life.

With a concealed gesture she bade him be silent. In that African drawing-room they sat talking of the latest news, exchanging banal greetings like strangers.

AS he dressed for dinner in his fresh-cut white suit he realized that his hostess seemed to him a hundred times more attractive than she had been in the Brooklyn days. She was little and dark with straight black hair, smooth as lacquer. Maturity had brought her poise and dignity.

Remembering how she had looked that afternoon, the old quarrels seemed incredible. Had this superb woman developed from that little clinging vine? He liked feminine women, but her demands had nearly driven him mad. He had felt, finally, that such a woman would be a vocation rather than a wife.

So that night she met him in a nest of palms some distance from the house. The stillness of night had settled down, and the white moonlight played coolly across her smooth hair.

She told him she always had loved and regretted him. That she realized how unreasonable she had been. That the monotonous life of the tropics with an unloved husband was destroying her. She said she had become as independent as a man. She wanted to go with him to a mutual life.

He responded with deep emotion. He felt this was a really great moment such as few men know. He promised himself she should not regret her decision. They arranged to meet at the...
WHY DON'T THEY MARRY?
LET THEM TELL YOU

nearest large town and go away to-
gether by plane.
When the appointed day came there
arrived, not the consul's wife but an-
other of her notes. Of course, she
wrote, she had no intention of going
off with him. He had taken advan-
tage of her loneliness or she would not
have been such a fool to promise.
"I want a woman who accepts the
fact that a man is and should be dom-
inant," Ripley says, "and yet has an in-
ner peace and makes few demands."

Like Robert Ripley, Nino Martini re-
peatedly asserts his willingness to fall
in love. But his feeling, his charac-
ter, the whole tone of his marriage re-
sistance are different from Ripley's.
This lyric tenor who looks like Val-
entino, presents a not-unusual type of
reason will be forgotten."

A grand passion.
leave him unshaken. He is looking for
whom he meets and who smile at him,
everyday girls,
sung operatic roles
impregnable bachelorhood. Martini has
written, she had no intention of going
together by plane.

WHEN he left Italy he felt he would
come back to her, but he did not
tell her so. When he did return, two
years later, he had almost forgotten
her. She had not been the grand ro-
mance. This little story has been re-
pested a great many times.

His latest near-love was a soci-
ety girl visiting Hollywood, a tall
blonde with a soft, wavy bob. "At
last," he thought when he first saw her.

He got to know her; she was a gor-
geous girl, full of fun yet intelligent.

And she certainly did not repulse his
advances. When he left Hollywood he
believed he would return to deepen
their growing interest.
Now, in New York, he doubts it.

Abe Lyman, above,
knows the diffi-
culty of a band-
leader ever having
a settled domestic
life, hence his
single blessedness.

And Nino Martini,
left, although liv-
ing a life full of
romance, still is
looking for the
Miss he would like
to make the Mrs.

A star-maker. The girls he has liked in
Hollywood, a tall
blonde with a soft, wavy bob. "At
last," he thought when he first saw her.

The hand that wields the baton
wood, claims he is
successful on Broadway and in Holly-
wood, claims he is
a family man at
heart. The hand that wields the baton
which brings such persuasive jazz to a
national network will go to a simple,
hone-loving, ultra-feminine girl.

ACCORDING to Lyman's own evi-
dence, it has been his romantic un-
doing that he is so clever a showman.
A star-maker. The girls he has liked in
his own world—the world of the stage
—have become famous through his ef-
forts again and again. And the very
genius that has set their names twink-
ling in electric lights has removed
them from his love-life.

Mr. Lyman says there was one show
woman who made
Abe Lyman want to
parade up the middle aisle

She is not, after all, the grand passion.
The truth about the Nino Martinis
is that their temperaments differ from
their desires. The lyric tenor with the
soft black eyes stirs more easily than
he is stirred. The very common sense
and level-headedness with which he
observes life and events, removes him
from such a fate as Tristan's or Paolo's.
Probably the only girl who has a
chance with such a man is one who
seems unattainable to him.

(Continued on Page 43)
Don't Look

Left is Patricia Gilmore, the dreamy-eyed brunet beauty who sings with Enrico Madriguera’s orchestra, frequently heard over NBC but now on a tour.

Right: Willard Waterman is the First Nighter and Grand Hotel hero who is often heard but rarely seen. With a mustache wouldn’t he look almost like Gable?

Above: Milton Cross (left), Magic Key announcer, looks on as Howard Clancy, voice of Walt Time, American Album of Familiar Music and Firestone program exercises.

Right: Here’s the latest, girls, of your radio idol, Leslie Howard, taken while he rests on a set between scenes at the film capital.
Now, But—

Right: This is the way Bernardine Flynn, who plays Sade—Mrs. Victor Rodney Gook—in NBC's Vic and Sade, really looks. At home she is happily wed to a doctor.

Left: There's a divil in thim eyes of Jerry Cooper, popular baritone of Columbia's Tea at the Ritz. Wouldn't you know he'd wear tweeds and have that twinkle?

Left: Songbirds Loretta Clemens (left), Connie Gates (front) and Mary McCoy frolic at a practise ski slide installed in a store.

Above: Phil Regan, once with Lombardo and now in Hollywood, demonstrates what the well-dressed tenor should wear—at least "In Caliente," his recent picture.
When little Durelle Alexander turns on her smile you're left to guess—is she dumb or super-smart?

SMART Broadway boys have looked into the guileless, pretty face of Durelle Alexander with murder in their hearts. In impotent rage bookers and managers have heard her and her mother—equally guileless and equally pretty—say: "Well, we'll have to think about it. We'll have to write Father about it."

If only, the same bookers and managers thought, they could be truly mad at any pair as sweet, as charming, as gentle as Durelle and her mother! It would make it all so much better. "Are they just plain dumb or what?" they ask themselves.

One booker, more astute than the rest, said: "Well, I think it's smart to be dumb."

And so it was—in the Alexander case.

For this is a story about how two girls—you can't call Durelle's mother anything but a girl—baffled, bewildered and infuriated Broadway without, as Durelle so blandly put it, "making a single enemy." She explained further: "I wouldn't want to make any enemies, you know."

The story really begins in Greenville, Texas, where Durelle was born. But when she was just a kid (that's what she says; she's still just a kid, will be eighteen her next birthday) her mother's health was bad and they went to California. The father trekked along, too, and went into business. Durelle was so cute, so pretty and so precocious that before you could say Durelle Alexander she was playing kid parts in motion pictures, taking tap-dancing lessons, singing and going out with a vaudeville unit of children, in which she was the youngest, aged eight.

Her mother adored the idea of Durelle being in show business, where no member of the family ever had been before. Durelle's father's family didn't approve any too well. That was when the family had money. Later, when the father had some trouble with his eyes and business was none too good, it was fine having Durelle working at something she loved so much.

The California episode ended with a return to Texas where, at the age of twelve, Durelle was dancing and singing in a night club. But both her father and mother knew the club's manager and Durelle was whisked off to bed immediately after her last performance.

DURING the Winter she went to school. In the Summertime she played engagements with orchestras at near-by cities. She was asked to sing on a local station during a sustaining hour and there, at that very early stage in her career, she displayed her...
"WE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY ENEMIES" . . .
"LET'S WRITE AND ASK FATHER"

first dumb smartness that was to set
the key of her career.
"I didn't," she told me earnestly,
her lovely eyes big and childish, "I
didn't want to cheapen myself on a
sustaining. I may have been wrong.
But Mother and I talked it over and
decided against it."

IT WAS one Summer in Shreveport,
Louisiana, where she was singing
with a band that she had her next
radio offer. It was a small station,
true, but it was a commercial program
and well presented. She took that.
The band went on to Chicago. Du-
relle and her mother went along. The
band had a chance to go to New York,
and Durelle and mother went, too.
They had left Dallas in early Sum-
mer. They arrived in New York in late Fall.
The band was supposed to
have an engagement—which included
Durelle—but union trouble set in and
so the two Texas gals were stranded.

More experienced, more sophisti-
cated folk than they would have been
terrified. They knew no terror.
They simply had one of those twosome con-
fertices they were to have so often,
and asked each other: "Should we go
back or send for our Winter coats?"

Sending for their Winter coats won,
and these two babes in the wood at-
tacked the toughest street in the world.
Within a week Durelле had a job,
singing with a band in a hotel. And
within two weeks she was a success.
Such a success, in fact, that when that
band's engagement was over the hotel
management asked her to stay on as an
employe of the hotel, with no band
affiliations. She stayed on for seven
months.

First of all came the manager of the
hotel. He wanted to put Durelle under
a long-term contract. He told her and
her mother how advantageous such a
move would be. Why, how could two
lone, lorn women hope to battle the
wolves of Broadway? They needed
protection—to the tune, of course, of a
sizeable percentage of Durelle's salary
during the length of the long-term con-
tract he wished her to sign.

Very prettily Durelle smiled. And
it is, by the way, one of the prettiest
smiles you've ever seen. "We'll have
to see about such a contract," she said.
"Mother and I will have to write
Father and see what he says."

They wrote Father: "The weather
in New York is lovely now—so crisp
and cold and clear. We miss you ter-
ribly. How are all my friends? Oh
yes, a man wants me to sign a contract
but I don't think I will."

THEN came one of the smartest
bookers on Broadway. He had
already shot an obscure band into
prominence and had obtained jobs for
innumerable singers—to the tune of a
very sizeable commission.

When he saw Durelle and her moth-
er he matched the big black cigar out
of his mouth and smiled an all-inclu-
sive smile. What lovely girls they
were! Durelle so young, so attractive.
And they both so alone!
He explained the advantages of his
managership. They listened attentive-
ly and politely. They did not, you see,
want to make any enemies. Yes, his
proposition sounded terribly attractive.
They would have to see. They would
have to write Father.

Durelle had an audition at another
hotel for another band. They would
have signed her immediately but she
thought it over, "wrote Father" and
decided it was best to stay on as an
employe of the hotel—which was safe
and sure—rather than in the more
precarious job with a band.

And besides, in the back of her mind
there was an ambition. In Shreve-
port she had been interviewed for the
newspaper. The reporter had asked
her to name her favorite band. "Paul
Whiteman's," she had said, without a
moment's hesitation.
So all the seeing, all the writing to
Father had been simply fostering the
hope that one day she might audition
before Paul Whiteman, and that when
she did she would be unentangled by
any other contracts.

(Continued on Page 41)
Night-Clubbing
With the Stars

The Time: Any Day Between Sundays Early in January
The Place: The Patio, Palm Beach, Florida
The Stars: Phil Baker, of the Gulf Headliners, and His Wife, the Former Peggy Cartwright—Arthur Hammerstein and His Wife, the Former Dorothy Dalton of the Silent Screen

Phil and Peggy show very plainly that they expect to have a gala night at the Patio and at right, once inside, they join in with the Arthur Hammersteins

At left, Phil and Peggy enjoy their own version of the Beetle-Bottle Buney-Hug and, right, the violin music of Maestro Riga adds that indefinable certain something to the eve

Hungry for every minute of the evening's fun, Phil and Peggy linger until the close of the floor show before returning to their world of babies, gags, scripts, rehearsals and broadcasts
On Short Waves
By Charles A. Morrison
President, International DX'er's Alliance

A Voice Changes

IRN, popular Tegucigalpa, Hidu-
ras, short-wave station operating at

210 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.
ORDER NOW! JOAN JEWELL.

The wonderful Vacuumatir Method has astounded thousands.
Imagine being forever free from ugly superfluous hair.

- No Wax. No Pumice. No Toxic Drugs.
- No depilatory creams or powders.

The shots positive quick results.
Is painless and harmless, and the

THE JOAN JEWELL VACCI MATIC HOME METHOD

out a single hitch.

and broadcast over the network with-

layed to Cleveland, originating point

succeeded

ties could be had by 9:30 a.m. Work-

days, Fridays and Saturdays.

Cartagena, Colombia.

may be addressed

ACCORDING

ty of South American stations.

signal strength would indicate an in-

from 6 to 8 p.m.

On Tuesday, January

0

SPECIAL OFFER

WAVE RADIO CLUB, a new Cuban

station, Radiodifusora Cartagena, to

operating at short wave radio. The

New South American, which should be on

the air by the time this reaches you, may

be addressed at Apartado 37, Cartagena,

Colombia.

Hereafter advance programs of the

American hour from station ZRO.

Rome (9.635), will be announced each

week from the news broadcasts from

that station on Thursdays, Fridays and

Saturdays.

New Trans-Atlantic Record

AT 9:20 a.m. Wednesday, January 22, 1931, an

American listening system received a cablegram offering a talk by the

Viceroy of India on the death of King George V, providing the facili-
ties could be had by 8:30 a.m. Work-

ing at top speed the engineering, pro-

gram, and production departments succeeded in having the program

from New Delhi, India, via London re-

cayed to Cleveland, originating point of

its previously scheduled program, and broadcast over the network

without a single hitch.

UGLY HAIR

ON FACE, ARMS OR LEGS!

Get Rid of It

This safe, sure, easy way!

So it Will Stop Growing Back

THE REPELLENT SYSTEM

method is patented and licensed, and the very best broadcast station

claims positive results.

No Electricity, No heat or cold

No distaste, no bitterness.

Imagine being forever free from unsightly hairs. My

mendesigned

SPECIAL OFFER

Held $2.50 for 1000 sets, now $1.75 for repackage

ORDER NOW! JOAN JEWELL, Inc., 300 W. 52nd St., New York, N. Y.

I'll take your training.
That's what I'd said.
He has made good

money and found

success in Radio.

I'll train you.

That's what this fellow

said. He has made good

money and found suc-

cess in Radio.

I will Train You at Home in Spare Time
For a GOOD JOB IN RADIO

"I want to help you.
If you are earning less than $35 a week I believe I can raise
your pay. However, I will let you decide that.
Let me show you what I have done for others, what I am prepared to do for
you. Get my book,

read it over, and de-
cide one way or an-
other." J. E. Smith.

These two fellows had the same chance.
They each clipped, and sent me a coupon, like the
one in this ad. They got my book on Radio's opportunities.

S. J. Ebert, 304-B Quadrangle. University of

Iowa City, Iowa. New RFJ Radio entered

into the future on January 1st, 1931. It

was initiated by one of my fellows, whom we will call John Doe. wrote that he's

interested. He was just one of the fellows who wants a better job and better pay,

but never does anything about it. One of the

fellows who wants a better job and better pay,

is famous as "the Course that pays for itself."

"I'll train you quickly and in-

depth.
I'll train you for these and

other jobs. I'll train you in

radio sending and receiving, and

also make you a service man.
That's what many of my students earn in

spare time while learning.
Many Earn $5, $10, $15 a Week in

Spare Time While Learning

These students have made $25 to $300 in

spare time while learning. Nearly every neigh-

borhood offers a spare time serviceman an op-
portunity to make good money.

"If you are earning less than $35 a week I believe I can raise
your pay. However, I will let you decide that.
Let me show you what I have done for others, what I am prepared to do for
you. Get my book,

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cide one way or an-
other." J. E. Smith.
Programs for: SUNDAY

February 9

Morning

For Mountain Time Subtract One Hour

8:00 a.m. CBS - National Maritime O.- Orchestras

8:05 a.m. WSM - First Baptist Church

8:15 a.m. WOAI (sw-15.21)

8:20 a.m. KLZ - KPRC

8:25 a.m. WBAP - WSM WOAI

8:30 a.m. KWKH

8:45 a.m. KLRA - KFH WSM

9:00 a.m. KFI

9:15 a.m. KWK - KYW

9:30 a.m. WRG

9:45 a.m. KFI

10:00 a.m. WSM KTHS WREN

10:30 a.m. WSM WOAI

11:00 a.m. KWKH

11:30 a.m. WSM W anim

12:00 noon KFI

12:30 p.m. KFI

1:00 p.m. WSM WSM WOAI

1:30 p.m. KFI

2:00 p.m. WSM WSM WOAI

2:30 p.m. WSM WOAI

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12:00 noon WSM WOAI
FORين كتاب البرامج في TESTutherford

Book Worth $5000

Found by Woman in New England

A woman in a small town in Massachusetts read an article in a leading weekly magazine about valuable old books. Among the books mentioned was "Tamerlane" of Edward Fitzgerald, which was listed at $37 page booklet printed in 1877. Next day, imagine her joy when she found the valuable edition in the attic of her great-aunt's house. She sold it for $5000.

Library of Congress cataloging-in-publication data

http://www.bibliotheca.com

Woman finds valuable book in attic

A woman in a small town in Massachusetts read an article in a leading weekly magazine about valuable old books. Among the books mentioned was "Tamerlane" of Edward Fitzgerald, which was listed at $37 page booklet printed in 1877. Next day, imagine her joy when she found the valuable edition in the attic of her great-aunt's house. She sold it for $5000.

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Programs for Thursday, February 13

KPRC—Bea Cockey, 9:00 p.m. KOFY—Footlight Favorites, 8:30 p.m. WITI—Morton Downey, 6:00 p.m.

WIBW—Musical Interlude, 9:00 p.m. KPRC—Thesaurus Concert, 9:00 p.m. WITI—Orphan Annie, 9:00 p.m. KSD—CBS—Al Roth’s Orchestra, 9:00 p.m.

CBS—News; George Hall’s Orchestra, 11:00 p.m. W9XBY—Amazing Radio, 11:00 p.m. KMBC—News; Lunch Hour, 12:00 noon.

Vera Staff, 8:30 p.m. W9XBY—Futura, 8:30 p.m. WSM—Interlude, 8:30 p.m.

KMOX—Musical Moments, 8:30 p.m. W9XBY—Ray Dady’s News, 8:30 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 8:30 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 8:30 p.m. W9XBY—Silly Walk, 8:30 p.m. WREN—Harry Kogen’s Orchestra, 8:30 p.m.

KSL—Night of the Classics, 8:30 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 8:30 p.m. WSM—Musical Moments, 8:30 p.m.

W9XBY—Ray Dady’s News, 9:15 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 9:15 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 9:15 p.m. W9XBY—Hello Walka, 9:15 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 9:15 p.m.

KWK—Grace Church, 9:15 p.m. W9XBY—Silly Walk, 9:15 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 9:15 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:15 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:15 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 10:15 p.m. W9XBY—Hello Walka, 10:15 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:15 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:00 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 11:00 p.m. W9XBY—Hello Walka, 11:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:00 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 11:45 p.m. W9XBY—Hello Walka, 11:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 12:00 midnight. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 12:00 midnight.

KWK—Musical Variety, 12:00 midnight. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 12:00 midnight. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 12:00 midnight.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 12:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 12:45 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 12:45 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 12:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 12:45 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 1:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 1:45 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 1:45 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 1:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 1:45 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:00 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 7:00 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:00 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:00 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 10:00 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:00 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 11:45 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:45 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 5:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 5:45 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 5:45 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 5:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 5:45 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 11:45 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 11:45 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 11:45 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:30 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:30 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 7:30 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:30 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:30 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:00 a.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 10:00 a.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:00 a.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:00 a.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 1:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 1:00 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 1:00 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 1:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 1:00 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 4:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 4:00 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 4:00 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 4:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 4:00 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:30 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:30 p.m.

KWK—Musical Variety, 7:30 p.m. W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 7:30 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 7:30 p.m.

W9XBY—Milo Spier’s Orchestra, 10:00 p.m. KGNC—Radio Orchestra, 10:00 p.m.
Programs for: FRIDAY  February 14

9:00 a.m.  KCN-Morning Melodies; KTBW WOAI WREI W9KW WSM (sw-15.27)
  Morning Clock  KLRA W9WAF
  KFJ-Morning Exercises
  KOMA-Buckley Batons
  KMOX-Three Kings' Folk Hour
  ROMA-Marine Lyrical
  KRHO-Weather
  KTAT-Old Time Tunes
  KWDR-Police
  KWKH-Sunshine Boys
  WKBW-Television Party
  WXYZ-Gosper Singers

9:30 a.m.  JPEG-White, organist
  KTBW WREI

10:00 a.m.  NBC-Morning Medallions; WSM WOAI
  WSM WREI KOA W0AI

10:30 a.m.  KMOX-Police Court Broadcast

11:00 a.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

12:00 noon  KCN-Hymns of Thanksgiving; KISW KPRC
  KISW-W9WAF
  KISW-KPRC WSM
  KISW-KPRC KOA WSM

12:30 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

1:00 p.m.  KISW-Afternoon Meditations; WSM W0AI

1:30 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

2:00 p.m.  CBS-Tea at Three; KTUL KOA KLRA

2:30 p.m.  KISW-Afternoon Meditations; WSM W0AI

3:00 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

3:30 p.m.  CBS-The O'Neill's, sketch; KSD KPRC KOA

4:00 p.m.  CBS-Savitt's, sketch; KSD KPRC

4:30 p.m.  CBS-People's Hour; WSM W0AI

5:00 p.m.  CBS-Tea at Five; KTUL KOA KLRA

6:00 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

6:30 p.m.  CBS-Carson's, sketch; KSD KPRC KOA

7:00 p.m.  CBS-The D'Arbol's, sketch; WSM WSM KOA WREI

7:30 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

8:00 p.m.  CBS-Carson's, sketch; KSD KPRC KOA

8:30 p.m.  CBS-Savitt's, sketch; KSD KPRC

9:00 p.m.  CBS-The D'Arbol's, sketch; WSM WSM KOA WREI

9:30 p.m.  CBS-Carson's, sketch; KSD KPRC KOA

10:00 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)

10:30 p.m.  CBS-Mister Bob and Scrappy; KTHS W0AI

11:00 p.m.  W9WW (sw-15.27)
Programs for: FRIDAY
February 14

5:15 p.m. CBS—Ann Langston & Rich: Friends; KRLL KFH KOMA
KQV KLZ WGN
KWK—Lee Garden's Orchestra
KOA KPRC KBSM WSM WQAD WSM
KSL—Mary Small, songs: WREI
KTBV—Buddy Bronson and Son
two: (11:18 E)
KTBV—Twins Trouble
KMOD—Russell Brown, songs
KTN—Adventure Branch
KVOR—News
KVXW—Glorious Ross, piano
ROMA KKLZ KVOR KMBM KORY
KQV—Sing Along
KWH—Evening Musicale

5:30 p.m. CBS—News, Blue Flame, quasar;
KRLD—Jack Armstrong, sketch:
CBS—Buck Rogers: KSL KLZ
*KCBS—Myrt & Marge: sketch:
W9XBY—Gypsy Rhapsody
*KVOR—RADIO GOSSIP
KGBX—Twilight Troubadour
CBS—Ann
WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
WHO—Echoes of Stage and the
KFI—Organ Recital
WDAF—Jack Armstrong, sketch
KMBC—To be announced
CBS—Bobby Benson and Sunny
NBC—Mary Small, songs: WREN
KLRA—Booster club
KOA—(sweepstakes)
W9XBY—After Sundown
WKY—Carnival

5:45 p.m. CBS—To be announced: KFAR
KRLD KTLU KFRA KGLB (sw-6.14)
KFI KGBX—Variety Program
KRLD—Endorse Bradford, songs
KTLU—Coffee Review
KTUL—Carnival Highlights

6:00 p.m. * NBC—Alan Ladd, host: "The
Human Side of the News!"
*NBC—HOLMIGTON'S LUCIER
MLA: "A World of Good"
W9XBY—WENR

6:30 p.m. * NBC—Jack Armstrong, sketch:
WREI—News:

6:45 p.m. * CBC—Barrie Fuller, commen-
tator: "The pendulum swings"
WREI—Fiddles:

7:00 p.m. * NBC—Wallie Brown, com-
poser: WREI, KQV
KPLC—Theatre of the Mind
KOMA—Dinner Dancing

7:15 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

7:30 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
WGN—Sports, Bob Frerichs

7:45 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

8:00 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

9:00 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

9:15 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

10:00 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

11:00 p.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

12:00 Mid. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
WGN—Sports, Bob Frerichs

1:00 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

2:00 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

3:00 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

3:15 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

3:30 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs

4:00 a.m. * NBC—Sports, Ray Schmidt
KPSM—Sports, Bob Frerichs
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—Concert of Masterpieces: KFH KMBH KTUL KLOM KXNO WWNO (11:30-11:45)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:45 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—Clinical Lessons: KFH KMBH KTUL KLOM KXNO WWNO (1:30-1:45)</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—News: J.C. Walker, W. van der Burgh, N. Brown, and W. W. Walker (5:30-5:45)</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (5:15-5:30)</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (7:45-8:00)</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (9:00-9:15)</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (10:45-11:00)</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (11:00-11:15)</td>
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**Night**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
<td>The New Yorkers: NBC—The New Yorkers, WREI (6:00-6:15)</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>NBC—News, J.C. Walker, W. van der Burgh, N. Brown, and W. W. Walker (6:45-7:00)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (7:45-8:00)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (8:45-9:00)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (9:45-10:00)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>KFB—Spanish Program, WREI (10:45-11:00)</td>
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</tbody>
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EXPLORING THE MAJOR BOWES MYTH
(Continued from Page 7)

of his career cannot now be shared by the woman who did so much to further it in her life. And those fruits are most sweet.

Attend:

The amateur hour brings the Major personally $8,500 a week from its sponsor. Units of the stage amateur shows have brought in an average of $3,500. The amateur movie shorts by contract guarantee him $1,000 a piece. The Major’s weekly salary as managing director of the Capitol is $500. Truly it has been said: “Major Bowes is the Number One Money Man of Show Business.”

He maintains two floors of offices in the Capitol Theater Building, comprising ten rooms, with a staff of twenty-five. He has a huge private office of his own, elaborately fitted with antique furniture and expensive oil paintings.

Antiques and oil paintings are almost a fetish with the Major. He collects them. The halls and the living-room of his apartment in New York are so closely hung with oils that not an inch of space is wasted. Each painting has an individual light over it. Visitors rarely fail to stand in awe as they contemplate this display.

The Major’s bedroom is huge, with windows on two sides. The windows are so massive that one has the effect of two walls of glass. Heavy drapes overhang the windows.

Two rooms are set apart for cellar use, one containing liquors ranging from 1812 Napoleon brandy on down; the other, for vintage wines. All bottles and containers are carefully stacked and dated.

Rugs throughout are Oriental. And in unexpected corners and hallways and closets a visitor continually comes upon new wonders accumulated during the Major’s years of collecting antiques; mostly these are odd chests.

The Major has an abundance of clothes of all sorts, for formal and informal wear; including uniforms of a dozen or more varieties.

Besides his apartment in New York, the Major has a home near Ossining, furnished in the same style as the town place. It is equipped with an outdoor swimming pool and other things conducive to enjoying a full life. A caretaker and his wife live on the Ossining estate all the year round, whether the Major is there or elsewhere.

The two servants, in the order of their importance in his household, are Anna, formerly personal maid to Mrs. Bowes, but housekeeper now and general manager. His chauffeur’s name is Nelson. The butler and houseman is an Italian named Nick, and Nick’s wife is cook and maid.

Twice a day the Major’s barber visits him, and once daily his masseur.

The Major loves to entertain, and many have attested that he entertains elaborately. Among his close friends are Grace George, Mary Garden, E. D. Coblenz—publisher of the New York American; Mrs. Moore Kendall—after many years companion of Mrs. Mack—his trusted right-hand assistant; for over twelve years; M. H. Aylesworth—executive director of NBC; Rex Cole, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, David Warfield.

It is to life again, this time with many refinements over its former ventures. Perhaps because of these refinements—perhaps because listeners were prepared by the quality of their general radio fare to receive it—but whatever the underlying cause, the amateur hour has time caught on. It was broadcast over WHN only. Yet it rocketed to high favor so that listeners for miles around the metropolitan area were talking about it, wanting more of it, asking for it on other stations.

That hour was known as “WHN’s Amateur Show—Perry Charles, Master Ceremonies.” On March 25, 1935, a coast-to-coast network broadcast "Major Bowes’ Amateur Hour." What happened to cause the change in its name?

"Number One Money Man of Show Business," they call him. His amateurs in road company units receive from $35 to $75 a week. Wherein lies the explanation of the great disparity in incomes here?

In subsequent installments Radio Guide will bring you the answers to these transitions and disparities. Meanwhile, you may read further revelations of the Major and his Hour, and come closer to the truth you wish to know, in the issue of Radio Guide on sale next week.

MR. FAIRFAX KNOWS ALL

M YRT AND MARGE are perfect examples of that adage "like mother, like daughter." Like her mother, Donna's (Marge) one ambition from childhood was to be an actress; like her mother, she deserted her schoolbooks at the age of 15 to fulfill that ambition and, still, following in maternal footsteps, she attained her success in her chosen profession while yet in her teens. (B. S., Franklin, Ind.)

It is not possible to say just when BABY BOSEISCHKE returned to the air. LINDA PARKER, the Sunbonnet Girl of WLS, passed away last August following her emergency operation. (Evelyn Payne, Oelwein, Ia.)
two weeks there would be no further reason why I should take over my own life. Manzoni had already agreed in advance that I should be free once the Klaw and Erlanger showing was over.

During the first few days after Manzoni's return, I watched him in apprehension for some sign that he knew I had broken my promise to him and had gone to see Dan. I could find none. Slowly my fears were gone.

Every day I planned to write a note to Dan when I was finished with my practising. But every night when that time came I was going to do something else but drop into bed.

One night, with the opening only five days off and rehearsals with full orchestra already begun, Manzoni came in looking worried.

"More waiting!" He threw his gloves on the piano with disgust. "The sponsor wishes a larger network. The opening is postponed two more weeks."

"Manzoni!" I pleaded. "You must release me from my promise. You told me it would be two weeks at the most. Now it will have been four, and heaven knows how much more!"

Manzoni shrugged, assuming an air of complete indifference.

"I had broken my promise to him and I had to face the consequences. But I had to face the consequences."

"But Abe Lyman knew their romance was over. He knew that once she had tasted fame and adulation, she could never be happy giving it up."

John S. Young admits he has been involved—recently. But it is part of his impecuniosity that he will confess the details of no love tangle later than college days.

The whole key episode opened Mr. Young during the Winter of 1927, when he was attending the University of Cambridge in England.

The lady they were raving about that Winter was a Hungarian countess not England.

When John Young met her he felt that their superlatives had been all too few to express with the very hour he could get away from studies. One evening it struck them that they had never been serious together, never seen any good pictures. She never discussed serious books, read collected magazines. He found that man to marri frivolous girl a he would be irritated.

"It doesn't take long to see the trick in Mr. Young's emotional outlook. His idea's and ambitions make him want to marry to a young studious, quiet girl. But it is the frivolous, vivacious, ravishing pretty one who attracts him. How could a girl convince so cluttered a man that divorce was possible if he married her, and yet remain glamorous to him? Mr. Young, you must make your own answer."

Durelle took a deep breath, but she wasn't one bit nervous. Her cute little smile was quite unconcerned. "Durelle Alexander. What a pretty name!"—seeing him go into the control-room to listen to the voice over that Sunday morning. Durelle took a deep breath, but she wasn't one bit nervous. Her cute little voice went over bright and true. Paul came out of the control-room beaming. "I'll call you very soon," he said. This time he did. Every next week. Without a manager, a writer, or any other contracts, little 12-year-old Durelle Alexander became a big shot now. Whitman is plugging her for all he's worth. Elaborate plans have been made to picture her, and whomever.

And Durelle hasn't an enemy on Broadway. It was smart, you see, to be dumb.
They will be elected solely by the board is going to name these leaders.

in various fields of broadcasting.

definitely as the most popular artists which you send in are to establish them delay, figuring perhaps that a sudden voting that a great many partisan fans

etched medals.

conclusion of this third annual election of the first ballots that we knew result is valuable ground lost. And it wasn't long after the publica-

No editor or publisher's executive group is going to pos-

individuals or groups are going to pos-

seven: individuals or groups are going to pos-

The decision is yours. What a thrill it will be for the lucky listeners to receive from Radio Guide, at the conclusion of this third annual elec-

tion, the permanent symbols of your favoritism—a deliciously, appropriately etched medals.

Now is the time to begin your cam-

it is so easy to put off the voting that a great many partisan fans delay, figuring perhaps that a sudden avalanche of votes later in the contest will put their favorites ahead. But if it doesn't work out that way because those who favor the artists already in the lead get eager to keep them there, and all follow the same procedure. The result is valuable ground lost.

And it wasn't long after the publica-

tion of the first ballots that we knew that this year's third annual contest was going to bring out the heaviest voting in the history of Radio Guide's Star of Stars Elections.

We have made it easy and economical for everyone to vote. The ballot is printed in a size suitable for mailing on a post card. However, if you want to clip them out by the dozens and fill them in, you can send them by parcel post. The important thing is not how—but when.

Address your ballots—single or in groups—to the Star Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. The counting is under way and you'll be surprised at the unexpected entries.

RE you one of the countless wishful wishes who are looking forward to the day when you can afford to buy a Scottie dog? If you are, why not win a prize and let Radio Guide and Gabriel Heatter, Scott and Bowne news commentator send you one of these lovely pets absolutely free? A Scottie is given away each Sunday. So just note the simple rules for entering the contest—and then try your luck and skill. And you may enter as many times as you wish.

All you need do in order to qualify for one of these fashionable and loy-

able pets is to clip from some newspaper what you consider a funny NEWS story. Remember—it must be an actual news story, not a joke or a gag. Mark the clipping with the date on which it was printed and the name of the publication in which it appeared. Attach a simple statement of 50 words or less on the subject, Why Children Should Listen to News Broadcasts. Mail your statement and the clipping to the Scottie Contest Editor, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

If you are in any doubt as to the type of funny NEWS story required to make your entry eligible, simply tune in to Gabriel Heatter's Sunday night broadcast for the makers of Scott's Emulsion and learn, first hand, just the kind of story we mean. As in any contest, your failure to meet every requirement will void your entry automatically. So heed the simple rules. This is the fifth of these Scottie contests, and to be eligible for the award your clipping and comment must be in the office of Radio Guide by 5 p.m. on Thursday, February 13. On Sunday, February 16, on Mr. Heatter's news broadcast for Scott and Bowne, the winner will be announced.

Remember, your clipping must be of a news story with a humorous angle and your comments on Why Children Should Listen to News Broadcasts must not be more than 50 words.

James Wallington took top announcer honors in last year's Radio Guide Annual Star of Stars Election

VOTE FOR YOUR STARS

WHEN Autumn rolls around

eleven: individuals or groups are going to pos-

apan a post card. However, if you want to clip them out by the dozens and fill them in, you can send them by parcel post. The important thing is not how—but when.

Address your ballots—single or in groups—to the Star Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. The counting is under way and you'll be surprised at the unexpected entries.

OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is

My favorite Musical Program is

My favorite Dramatic Program is

My favorite Children's Program is

My favorite Dance Orchestra is

My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is

My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is

My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is

My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is

My favorite Announcer is

My favorite News Commentator is

My name is

My address is

Street and Number City and State