For Flood Relief

ON LAST Thursday, March 19, broadcasting stations flashed these dire words to twenty million loudspeakers:

To the people of the United States: Flood waters, raging throughout eleven states, have driven two hundred thousand people from their homes, with every indication that this number may be materially increased within the next twenty-four hours.

In this grave emergency, the homeless are turning to our great national relief agency, the American Red Cross, for food, clothing, shelter and medical care. To enable the Red Cross to meet this immediate obligation, and to continue to carry the burden of caring for these unfortunate men, women and children until their homes are restored and they can return to normal living conditions, it is necessary that a minimum relief fund of three million dollars be raised as promptly as possible.

As President of the United States, and as President of the American Red Cross, I am therefore urging our people to contribute promptly and most generously, so that sufficient funds may be available for the relief of these thousands of your homeless fellow citizens. I am confident that in the face of this great need, your response will be as immediate and as generous as has always been the case when the Red Cross has acted as your agent in the relief of human suffering.

(Signed) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

ON FRIDAY, March 20, RADIO GUIDE Weekly offered its full cooperation to Admiral Carey T. Grayson and the American Red Cross in its drive for relief funds.

On Saturday morning, March 21, the following telegram was received:

RADIO GUIDE, Chicago:

Tonight three hundred thousand flood victims are depending on the American Red Cross for emergency assistance and permanent rehabilitation as flood-hiring distress in thirteen states with possibility of further spread stop we are faced with a gigantic task stop President Roosevelt's proclamation calling on citizens of the nation for three million dollars relief funds emphasizes necessity for this amount at the very least stop the Red Cross depends on every citizen of the United States which includes every reader of the Radio Guide Weekly for help in bringing this assistance to suffering flood victims stop any assistance readers of your publication can give us will be greatly appreciated.

CARY T. GRAYSON, Chairman, American Red Cross

To the words of President Roosevelt and Admiral Grayson, I wish to add only these two messages. The first is to all the readers of RADIO GUIDE—both radio listeners and radio stars—whose means will permit them to help. Make out your check now. Mail it to your Red Cross chapter. Famine and disease are spreading in the devastated flood areas. Your contribution is urgently needed.

The second message is to every radio performer who can talk into a mike. Radio already has rendered great public service in this emergency. Thursday night I heard Ed Wynn step out of character for the first time in his life in order to make a plea for relief funds. Friday night, March 20, I listened to Kate Smith in a special broadcast, bought and paid for by her A & P sponsors, so that she might raise funds for the Red Cross. And there have been others who have made fine, unselfish appeals.

But this is only the beginning of what must be done. Three millions of dollars must be raised. And you, radio stars, can do it better and more swiftly than any one else. So don't forget with one mention on your program, or one broadcast. Repeat it today and tomorrow and the next day. Admittedly, your advisors may say such a course is bad showmanship; or that it will not sell the products you sponsor; or that people listen to the radio for entertainment. Probably they will be correct.

But I say forget showmanship, forget products that must be sold, forget entertainment—and, for one solid week of cooperation in this hour of distress REMEMBER HUMANITY.

Sincerely,

Walter Winchell

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FOR WOMEN ONLY

If You're Eager to Join Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra, Let Him Tell How to Get There, and What Happens to You If You Do

By Mary Watkins Reeves

So you want to play the piano in a band—or the fiddle, sax, guitar, drums, cello or whatever instrument it is you play to make sweet music? You'd adore to be one of those glamorous creatures of the networks, the lady musicians who broadcast their talents from coast to coast at an enviable profit and glory. But you don't know the first thing about the radio field for feminine instrumentalists—what it's really like, how it pays, what you must have to qualify, how to go about breaking into it, or anything.

Then this is your story. And it comes from the radio authority on the subject, Mr. Phil Spitalny, whose popular all-girl orchestra is the top organization of its kind in America. When you hear them broadcast weekly on the Hour of Charm program you're hearing—what you probably didn't know before—thirty-five girls who play better than men! That was only the first thing they had to prove to their maestro before they got their jobs. It'll thrill you to know that there really is a huge future in the air for women musicians. That's Phil Spitalny's statement and he should know since he's the first big orchestra leader brave enough to risk his fame and personal fortune in an all-femme band for radio—and make a sensational success of it. Instrument manufacturers tell him that since his group first became famous two and one half years ago their sales to women have increased more than fifty per cent. Honestly, the old prejudice that broadcasting orchestras have to be stag affairs is gradually breaking down, as witness the addition lately of several feminine pianists, harpists, etc., to various names in the industry.
What Winchell Knows About Hauptmann

By Curtis Mitchell

As this is written, Bruno Richard Hauptmann is doomed to die during the week of March 30. Governor Hoffman has indicated that there will be no further reprieve. I asked Walter Winchell recently why he believed Hauptmann should die. "Because the evidence I saw and heard for forty-two days in Flemington court-room was too close to Hauptmann — no matter where else the defense lawyers led you, you had to come back to Hauptmann. That's too close to call him innocent," he answered.

But there is more to it than that, Walter knew it and I knew it. So I'm going to tell you the things he told me, some of which were brought out in the trial and some of which were not.

Hauptmann was arrested on February 19. For twenty-four hours the news was a New York police department secret. Neither newspapers nor broadcasters mentioned that the Lindbergh kidnap had been run to earth.

It was the greatest story in America...and already Walter Winchell knew it. Don't ask me how — or him, either. The one sacred law of his life above all others is that he will not reveal the source of his items. I'm sure he knew it because on the nineteenth he wired J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Division of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, that the police were holding a man for the Lindbergh kidnaping.

Next day the story broke publicly and the name of Hauptmann shrieked and screamed in headlines from coast to coast. That night Winchell went to the Greenwich Street precinct jail where Hauptmann was held. The place was besieged by reporters, by photographers, by politicians, by publicity hunters. For the moment, at least, it was the center of the world.

Colonel Norman Schwarzkopf, chief of New Jersey's state police, was there; so was J. Edgar Hoover, just up from Washington. So were most of the high officials of New York's own department.

But the officials were inside and the reporters were outside, and police guards were posted to keep them that way. Being outside, as every reporter knows, is a poor place to pick up news.

The following story never has been published, but it illustrates how Walter Winchell first came to get on the inside of the Hauptmann case. And it illustrates the way Walter Winchell works.

That night, when America was throbbing with the hope that its Public Enemy Number One had been captured, he edged his way through the closely packed mob to the doors of the jail and asked a cop if J. Edgar Hoover was inside.

He was. Walter said, "Tell him Walter Winchell would like to see him." The cop delivered the message.
Further Astounding Revelations About the Man Sentenced to Die by Electrocution the Week of March 30

Presently Hoover himself walked up to the railing that held the crowd of reporters out of the building. "Is Walter Winchell out there?" he asked.

"Here I am," Walter said. Hoover swung back the gate and said, "Come in." Any reporter in that mob would have traded his shoes for that invitation. Walter went through the gate and faced him. "Well, what do you want?" queried Hoover.

What did Walter want? He might have stalled or fibbed he said. He said some important tips. But just as he had learned to shoot straight, "I wanted to get in!"

"Is that all?"

"Yes.

Hoover grinned and said, "Okay, you're in." And hurried on about his business.

ONLY a few feet away, reporters who were his friends called to Winchell. "Come on, Walter, get back on this side of the rail where you belong." The columnists' retort was a typical Winchellism. He said: "Listen, types, once Winchell gets on this side of the rail, he has better sense than to go back to the other side of the rail.

And he didn't, for presently Hoover and two of his G-Men from Washington came out of an open, Walter-coated, ready to go Hoover spy Walter and asked, "Where are you going to eat dinner?"

"With you," Walter answered. And he did.

AND there began one of the most amazing evenings he ever spent in his life. Before it was finished he had learned so many damming things about Bruno Richard Hauptmann that his mind told him then this German carpenter was the criminal guilty of the Lindbergh kidnapping. He has not had occasion to change his mind since.

All during dinner they talked about nothing but Hauptmann. Later, in Hoover's own apartment, he heard the Division of Investigation chief call Attorney General Cummings on the phone and talk for one hour and forty minutes. Hoover's story told of the trail of ransom bills that had led to the Bronx, of the tightening net Federal men had spread, of Winchell's radio flash which had indirectly spurred Bank Teller Strong to examine his paper money in "the race." Hoover

Can you understand Winchell's position? He could have cracked every front page in the country with what he knew. He hadn't asked Hoover to let him hear that phone call to Cummings. His job, his responsibility to his editor, demanded that story. On the other hand, the G-Man chief had treated him like a trusted friend. Walter's tough moment was over in one of his characteristic snap decisions.

"Okay! It's off the record," he promised.

The other night he said: "If I were half the kind of reporter a lot of folks think I am, I would have told Mr. Hoover to go jump in the lake and spilled the whole story, but I didn't."

Once Hoover himself repaid him in a spectacular way with a spectacular scoop, but that story comes later in another installment of his revelations.

NOW let's look at the evidence Walter knew was piling up against Bruno Richard Hauptmann. At first there was only the only ransom bill found in his pocket. In the beginning he stoutly denied possessing more money. But when police searched the wall of his garage and found $13,700 more, he offered the story it had been given him to keep by a friend, one Harold Fish. "But," he protested, "it's all. Dere's no more." Soon several other rolls of money were found tightly packed into auger holes he later admitted having made.

Police brought Doctor J. F. Condon—Jafis—and he confronted Bruno, making a partial identification. Joseph Perrone, taxi-driver, who had accepted a ransom note from a strange man and delivered it to Jafis, picked Hauptmann from a police line-up and positively identified him. Colonel Lindbergh heard the German's voice and said: "That is the man I heard calling Doctor Condon from the cemetery." (Continued on Page 16)
The MAGIC

Two-Way Conversation with Three Thousand Miles Separating the Speakers Is Only One of the Miracles This Program Accomplishes Every Sunday

By Jack Jamison

EVERY Sunday at two o'clock in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time, 61 stations of the NBC-WJZ network deliver to the loudspeakers of America a fascinating program known as The Magic Key of RCA. Designed to sell no hootnannies or harps, no disinfectants or do-dados, this stellar program has as its sole purpose the selling of the miracle of radio itself.

Miraculous indeed is the split-second fitting-together of radio fragments from all over the globe necessary before such a jigsaw puzzle program can glide smoothly into the black mouth of the microphone. Pieces of the puzzle are jagged bits, two minutes, eight minutes here, seven minutes, twelve and a half minutes there, of time. From the University of Stockholm come the voices of a male chorus... from Chicago the glycerine rhythm of a jazz band... from North Africa a war correspondent's eye-witness account of Mussolini's campaign for glory... from a submarine five fathoms under the storm-tossed waves of the Atlantic the crisp orders of her commander... over the Pacific from the Tokyo Broadcasting Company, received at Point Reyes, California, and fed to the network in San Francisco, news from Nippon. And one into another, like fingers sliding into a talcum-powdered glove, all of these must dovetail perfectly!

Nerve-center, where the Magic Key is prepared for you each week, is an attractively furnished suite with heavily draped windows and comfortable modern chairs in NBC's New York offices. Here, Mondays before the program, meet five idea-experts—Bertha Brainard of NBC, Tom McArdle and Gregory Williamson of the advertising firm of Lord and Thomas, and two trigger-minded gentlemen, Mr. Mullen and Mr. Norton, from RCA. Handling what is definitely a stunt program, they have the job of thinking up the stunts—as, for instance, a broadcast bringing together the voices of naval commanders stationed in the Pacific at such far-distant points as Samoa, Guam, Manila, Honolulu and Alaska. This is paper work, once the original idea is agreed upon—the signing on the dotted line, you might say, of performers who are going to sing ethereal duets, although in terms of land and sea they are no closer to one another than Buenos Aires and Cairo.

The farther apart they are, the better the stunt! Efrem Zimbalist is in Amsterdam? Good! Get him! Mr. Zimbalist's agent in New York is approachable for terms. The offer is hurried by radiogram to the great violinist. He accepts. Also by radio must be obtained program time from the Philips Company's short-wave transmitter at Eindhoven in Holland, forty miles from the Avro studio at Hilversum, where Zimbalist will play for America. A check-item is splashed on the program sheet. Mr. Zimbalist will play from 2:34 p.m., American time, to 2:46. Twelve minutes before his time began he was still racing down a country road toward the Dutch station in a fast car... Not so smooth as silk!

IT'S breath-taking, behind-the-scenes, to follow through on a Sunday's broadcast, from idea to the last chime at the end of the hour. Theme for such a Sunday as March 15 was easy. Problem: St. Patrick's Day. Solution: a pick-up from Ireland.

From the table at which the five idea-experts sat, radiograms flashed to Ireland and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Arrangements were made in a few minutes.

But when the moment of the broadcast came there was just one Boss—the clock on the studio wall, with its second hand sliding smoothly around the dial. Reminiscent of the zero-hour of war days is its steady, ominous creep. Minus twenty seconds, minus fifteen seconds, minus five seconds, it reads. Then—Zero!

Zero in New York is 2 p.m. In England it is seven in the evening. In Los Angeles it is eleven in the morning. In New Zealand it is six of a Summer's morning. In India it is midnight. ZERO, MARCH 15.

THROUGH the universal radio services of the Radio Corporation of America, "begins the master of ceremonies, Milton J. Cross, "the Magic Key of RCA turns to present——" And the magic behind the magic key begins. Invisible mushroom-shapes of air, formed by Milton's lips, striking against the sensitive microphone and varying the smooth stream of electricity flowing through it like water in a pipe... Then, as electricity, on through wires to the control-room, where one engineer listens to the voice in a pair of head-phones, another watches it—actually sees it, turned to hills and valleys of bright green fire—on the glass screen of his oscilloscope... On to the telephone wires... On, on to the transmitting station out in the salt marshes, far from New York's interfering steel-frame skyscrapers... Through an expander which gives it back some of the overtones it has lost in its squeeze in the phone wires... 'Round and 'round, through coiled-in—
BEHIND the MAGIC KEY

distances, at a speed of 186,000 miles a second... Into the blazing hell of giant, water-cooled vacuum tubes, where electrons stream by the billion and the plates, whose touch is death, glow an evil, cherry-red... Then careening up the lead-in wires to the antenna, to be turned into invisible rays whirling on the axis of the aerial wire like colossal, invisible buzz-saws fifteen hundred feet across... Buzz-saws that slash through houses, mountains, people, the earth itself, as though all were putty—and never leave a mark! And on through space to you—

But that is only the beginning, the least part of the miracle! All it means is that the machine is now ready—ready to take what is fed into it, and transmit. To be fed, it must have voices—

HELLO, America—and particularly Irish America,’ comes the first voice from far overseas. “It is now almost dark in Ireland. I am standing on the top of Blarney Castle, a hundred feet above the ground...”

Things are beginning to happen. The speaker stands in the icy wind, on the crumbling old battlement of the castle. From his microphone a long wire falls to the ground. It runs across a field, across a field to the nearest cottage with a telephone. There his voice goes onto the long-distance telephone trunk lines to London. Through the maze of wires underneath the streets of London to the offices of the British Post Office telephone central. By wire to a sending station at Rugby, and into one of three short-wave transmitters. Which one? The very short waves that vibrate fifteen million times a second, ride the rays of the sun, and carry best in broad daylight! The ones that vibrate only six million times, and travel best in the dark of the moon? It is dusk in Ireland, and afternoon in the Eastern United States, so they choose the wave in between and shoot it out on nine-and-a-half million cycles. Over the Atlantic it comes. Not straight, but zig-zagging, bouncing, slithering. Bouncing two hundred miles up above the stratosphere, to a layer of air so thin it is no longer air at all but a radio reflector. Bouncing down again to the long combers in mid-Atlantic. Then up again. Down again. Till finally the Irish voice tears into America, at the speed of light, with a swish and a roar after its journey through far space. Snatched out of the air, the voice runs underground through telephone cables to the NBC studios in New York.

After Blarney Castle, the high, pure voices of the boys of the Vienna Choir. In New York, they sing the music of Schubert who, two-hundred-odd years ago, was himself a Vienna Choir boy. And Zero: Seventeen minutes, thirty seconds, reads the clock! We watch the announcer in New York, with stop-watch in hand. He speaks for three minutes, and ten seconds over. In comes Benny Goodman’s swing band, playing in Chicago. This, everyone’s face says, is easy. It can be spread to the network on our own American trans-continental telephone lines. The announcer breathes more easily.

NOT so the engineers! In their glass booth, while Benny Goodman plays on as if he didn’t have a care in the world, they work frantically. Frantic it seems, at least to an outsider. Really they are cool, keen, efficient.

“London? Calling London. Hello, London, are you ready? Yes—we’re right on schedule. We should cut you in at 37.”

London reports back that Mr. Ansel Mower, who is to speak from there, is in the British Broadcasting Corporation studio waiting. He, too, is watching the creeping hand of a clock synchronized with that in New York.

“Okay!”

Back to Chicago. Helen Ward, of Benny’s orchestra, is now singing Goody Goody. She ends.

CHIMES.

“WJZ, New York...” A ten-second pause, while your own announcer fills in his local station identification. The music comes up, then fades.

“Our program continues here in Radio City...”

Sheila Barrett, the imitator, does her impersonation of a small-town chorus girl before and after she gets famous. Meanwhile Frank Black, standing by with his orchestra, is as tense as a steel wire. Somewhere two minutes have been lost. Miss Barrett should end at Zero:30. It looks as if she won’t be done until Zero:32. Frank must make up those two minutes. He must either cut phrases of his music or speed up his tempo. In addition, underneath the classical piece of music on his boys’ music-racks is another piece—not Goody Goody, because Helen Ward has already used that in Chicago. Suppose the second contact with London this afternoon fails, on account of static? Suppose Miss Barrett faints, or grows ill? She is laughing and smiling, now, before her microphone, but anything can happen. Another music rack stands at Frank’s elbow. He must be ready, on a second’s notice, to fill in with extra music—maybe only a minute or two, but to be on the safe side he was enough ready to last a half hour.

Miss Barrett ends. Zero:32 minutes: 2 seconds. Frank and his orchestra take over

(Continued on Page 14)
DESPITE ALL MEN

Gloria Kincaid, star of the new Three Black Crows program, and called America's Leading Dramatic Actress, is so big-hearted and understanding that men invariably treat her as a good sport and pal, nothing more. She falls in love with Schuyler Hamilton, her program director, a young man of money and Social Register background. And back into her life comes Bob Brooks, a companion of earlier years, who could have married her if he had realized her true feeling about him. He tells her that he knows now he made a mistake in sending her out of his life, and intends to stay close by until she consents to marry him, even if this means giving up her career. She won't listen to him, whereupon he starts a whirlwind campaign to break her down.

Bob insists upon being included on a party with Gloria and Schuyler. And in a pique Schuyler telephones a doll-faced blonde member of the Black Crows cast, little Phyllis Laverne. She joins the party at a night club. Bob makes slighting remarks about her, whereupon Schuyler, at the end of his patience, jumps to his feet, reaches across the table and—

Now go on with Gloria's story:

PART IV

SCHUYLER—what could you mean? What could you be doing?

Instantly I was on my feet, my nerves at the breaking point. It seemed impossible, incredible, that Schuyler—my Schuyler—was permitting some savagery in his nature to show itself, despite his breeding.

In the half-light I could see that, instead of delivering a blow as I feared, he had taken hold of Bob's coat collar. And Bob was trying unsteadily to shake him off.

"Don't worry," Schuyler said to me, and a new note of whiplike fury I never had heard in his voice reached me. "I won't make a scene. I just want to get this—this hack away from here, where he and I can have a quiet little understanding."

His last words were measured; it seemed that I could feel the weight of the emotion behind them.

Bob was further in the grip of his liquor than I realized. With one hand now he tried again to loosen Schuyler's hold, while with the other he reached across to slap Phyllis on the back. He laughed.

"Well, you do advertise, don't you?" "Oh, Mr. Hamilton! Are you going to let me be insulted?"

"Come on, you!" And with a display of strength unexpected in one of his easy manner, Schuyler—still reaching across the table—lifted Bob to his feet. "We're going for a little walk!"

Bob stared at him for a long moment. Schuyler's unexpected display of strength had stunned him, it seemed, just as it had amazed me. He blinked then, and—

"All right, big boy," he said calmly enough. "Just take your hand off me. Lead the way."

"Excuse us," said Schuyler, barely moving his lips.

"Wait!" I exclaimed. "Please—we've had enough of this place. Can't we go?—Let's get back uptown. Can mix us a round or two and—"

My thought was to get away. What would Schuyler do now?

Every Effort of Gloria to Win
Her Man Seems to Lead Only
to Ruin, Through Adverse
Forces Beyond Her Control

I felt so happy I didn't even notice Phyllis.

I smiled at her—a smile she didn't return. But she took that as her cue to talk.

"Of course," she said, "if you and your boy friend must go, Mr. Hamilton and I won't mind."

The proprietress air of the little thing where Schuyler was concerned made me laugh. I couldn't help it.

"You needn't be up-stage with me, Miss Kincaid," she said. "Mr. Hamilton phoned me to date me up at this place, and with me a date's a date!"

Suddenly every instinct came alive. Then Schuyler had phoned her; that's what he left the table to do. My mind grooped for the reason, and it was apparent with only an instant's search—Of course! Schuyler had resented Bob, who was a connection of mine, coming along as a third party—and in his masculine pride and vanity Schuyler had taken an obvious means of showing me he didn't intend to be an outsider.

But what of Phyllis? I studied her face—while a round of applause at the end of an ensemble number of the floor show allowed me time to think before I spoke.

"Pretty Fond of him, aren't you?" I asked in my most persuasive manner. I didn't expect an answer, it was more a statement of fact as my instincts read the expression on her cameo-like features.

"That's for me to know!" she retorted. "But anyway—you're a star, and worry over your future makes no skin off your neck."

"So," I said quickly then, summoning all the scorn I could in an effort to lash her to betray herself, "you intend to play the production manager's toy, your boss, for all he's worth, and save worrying 'the skin off your own neck' about your future—a fine way to go about getting to be a star!

I had expected a sharp retort, but I wasn't prepared for what I did get. She stared at me, sort of; threw me off balance.

Wonderment was written on her face, immediately.

"Say, what is this?" she asked. "You mean to tell me you're a star and you're not like me? Listen—you can't call me Miss Kincaid. I know how a star gets there. Maybe it was Timmy with you—he's too mean to the game. But it was some other producer. It has to be! And let me tell you something else—you lay off me. I parked my Mother Hubbard along with three-cornered underwear. I know my way around."

I was stunned. It seemed beyond belief that this child had such a mistaken idea of getting ahead. And somehow I didn't take exception to the things she implied about me personally.

Suddenly I felt strangely drawn to her. Maybe the impulse was prompted by a sense of fairness to the profession, of the fitness of things as they are—maybe something chemical between us, the sort of protection an older sister feels for a younger sister of far less experience.

I didn't know. I seemed to be getting slightly confused about my instincts... Where was Schuyler? What were he and Bob doing? What was she telling him?

"Think me high hat if you like," I said, talking in an effort to surmount my jumbled feelings; but there's only one sure way to get on the top in show.

(Continued on Page 15)
Ann Shelley, Radio's Tiniest Actress, in Four Short Months Has Become a Threat to Seasoned Veterans of the Air-Lanes Many Times Her Age

By Carlton E. Morse

Author-Producer of One Man's Family

She's radio's littlest actress, is four-year-old Ann Shelley, of One Man's Family; yet she reads her lines and throws herself into her parts as capably as any veteran. "Miss Dynamite" for fiery performances, yes—but the real dynamite she packs lies in her threat to stars of long standing; for if her continued progress equals her meteoric rise toward stardom—and her plummet into the hearts of her listeners—as shown during the few months she has been on the air, then many a veteran had better look closely to laurels that will need watching.

No man knows her capabilities better than does Carlton E. Morse, author of the One Man's Family scripts and producer of the show. He had this to say about the mite of dynamite—stuff of human quality which he did not wish to fit into her story:

"She reads her lines, just as does her team-mate, Pinky. Her parents first noticed her picking out words in newspapers and magazines, and in the beginning helped her to add to her vocabulary just because it amused them. But her quickness in picking up words and remembering what she had learned finally impressed them so much that they put her into the hands of Miss Elizabeth Holloway, an expert in child training, under whom the child has developed astonishingly in the past few months.

"The script is given to her and she is allowed to figure out her lines for herself. Then Miss Holloway goes over them with her until she gets the most value out of them. Franckly she learns so easily that by the time she's ready for the air she knows her lines by heart, although no attempt is made to make her learn them. She reads from the same script, by Claudia, but I've glanced in from the producer's booth and seen her snuggled up with her arms about Claudia's neck, looking adoringly at her radio mother and saying the lines from memory...

"I haven't had anything get under my skin in years the way these kids, Ann and little Richard Svihus, have."

Now for Carlton Morse's own story of the mite's radio debut:

By Carlton E. Morse

Her name is Ann Shelley and she's just past four. Such a LITTLE girl to be standing on a stool before a microphone pretending she is Claudia's "dear baby" Junior! Such a tiny mite of humanity to be receiving directions in line and microphone technique! As a matter of fact I have to pick her up in my arms to get within normal speaking distance of this youngest actress in radio. She's a roly-poly with wide eyes and a dimpled smile and her blond, curly head barely comes above my knees.

She's fallen in love with her radio mother and father, Claudia and Captain Nicky, played by Kathleen Wilson and the young Englishman, Walter Paterson. So much so that she plays all her scenes before the mike with her chubby little arms about Claudia's neck. But it wasn't always thus! Three months ago when we found Ann tucked away in an obscure corner of the Holloway Playhouse for children here in San Francisco, she was so shy!

Recall the first day she came to us. Such a big world and such a little person! She was completely overwhelmed by everything. We stood her on a stool before the microphone and Nicky and Claudia came and stood beside her. She eyed the mike with misgiving and her prospective radio parents with apprehension.

I gave Claudia a nod to begin the scene. It began:

Claudia: (Coming to mike, laughing) OVER the head, goes the nightie... And here comes Joan... Wup! Where's the baby's arms?... THERE we are! Joan: THERE we are!

"There we are," said Claudia and all of a sudden, Joan's cue was there. She took one look at Claudia and burst into a flood of tears. It was too much to expect of one little girl all in one day. So we found a nice cozy corner for her in the studio and put Claudia to comforting her and went on with the rehearsal of the rest of the show.

For half an hour Ann watched Father Barbour and Mother Barbour and Jack and Teddy (who with all her eleven years still has to stand on a box to reach the mike and the others reading THEIR parts.) And as she watched, the little, secret urge to do HER part grew in Ann.

Timidly at first and then with growing confidence she read, with Claudia:

Claudia: (laughing) There we are, all nighted and ready for bed... Shall we hug NOW or AFTER we say our prayers?

Joan: Now...

Claudia: Mmmmm! Darling!

Joan: Claudia, where's the dear baby?

Claudia: Why here they are... Which one of the dear babies do you want to take to bed with you tonight?

Joan: The doggie!

Claudia: All right, we'll snuggle the doggie down under the covers, all ready for you when you hop in... Shall we say our prayer now?

Joan: The LITTLE one?

Claudia: (amused), Oh, you want the LITTLE prayer tonight.

Joan: I don't get so tired then.

Claudia: (laughing) All right, darling... Down on your knees... that's it... Now then... Now I lay me down to sleep.

Joan: Now I lay me down to sleep. Claudia: I pray the Lord my soul to keep... Joan: I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

(Continued on Page 14)
Ann Mahoney, attractive viola- 

dinist, who was graduated from 

Skidmore College in the 

Empire State to place on a 

Majors Bowes unit. Below, 
singing I’ll Take Ye Home 

Again, Kathleen is Frank 

Kirsch, bass from Albany, 

New York, police department 

**MAJOR 

BOWES 

AMATEURS** 

Heard on 

March 15 

--- 

**PLUMS and PRUNES** 

By Evans Plummer 

I 

EWS hot from my trusty 

N’Yawk P-Men: Major 

Bowes and his Amateur 

Hour were renewed effec- 

tive March 24 (the first 

anniversary of the show), 

so you shall have amateurs, like them or not. As a matter of fact, the Show- 

man’s League, convening last week in 

the Windy City, condemned 

him and all his ilk as harmful to the show 

business and its folk. But resolutions 

won’t stop the Major. His Broadway 

super-anoooper reports, by the way, 

that the Major has phones installed in 

his lavatory, next to his steam cabinet 

in his Turkish bath and beside his bar-

ber chair. Who said the Major wasn’t 

“phony”? Well, anyway ... tele-

phone. 


Now a scoopooe on Classical Carleton, 

our music “cricket.” This year, 

the first in history of the Met Opera, 

there’ll be a Spring season and it will 

be aired every Saturday afternoon 

starting May 16. The broadcasts 

will be alternating weekly over the NBC- 

WJZ and NBC-WRIF networks. 

And more Manhattan madness: Bob 

Ripley will sign off in July for a vaca-

tion and in his stead his sponsor 

will offer Husbands and Wives, a discussion 

sort of program which has been re-

duced to now over a local New York 

station ... Frank Fay’s own show 

also starts in July. He’ll peddle tea ... 

Chesterfield is listening to auditions. 

Idea is to lighten the Kostelanetz 

guests for the hot months. N. Martini 

and R. Ponselle will give way to pop-

ular songs and a string sextet. Tenor 

Richard Crooks leaves N’Yawk May 21 for five months in Australia and 

New Zealand, fulfilling fifty concert 

dates. His motor and the kids will 

accompany. Gloria Grafton, ill too, 

is back in Jumbo but won’t be in the broadcast. Jane Nichols, her 

substitute, pleased the kilocycle spon-

sor and will continue. The Histo-

drome is slated to fold in April—and that may change the 

broads’ audience vote, too. Watch out, 

Major! Sunday evening, April 12, by 

the way, Gene will stage a 15-minute show over KMOX in behalf of 

the campaign for his brother, Laurence E. 

Arnold, for a seat in Congress. 

And Eddie East and Ralph Dumble 

are back in their home state of 

Indiana, town of Fort Wayne, where 

at WOWO (11/15) they are making merry 

each Tuesday and Thursday evening. 

Whom else do you want to find? 

**ROMANCE CORNER: Correction—** 

my humble apology for romancing 

Florence (Ward & Muzzy with Joe 

(Like Is a Song narrator) Alene. Eve-

lyn (Farm and Homesteader) Hale 

says it was a nasty crack and untrue 

(tsk, tsk) and Florence herself wires: 

“Imagine a girl living in New York for 

two years wasting her time on some-

one,1,000 miles away!” So to a 

new romance—such as the eye-gazing 

Benny Goodman and his torch singer 

Holmes Ward are giving each other. 

What is this swing called love? 

Congratulations to Myrt and Marge 

who did their 1500th broadcast March 

23. They’ll vacation come April 24. 

**TAG LINES: Cornelius Peebles, 15, 

of the Uncle Wetch, is pinch-

hitting in the Orphan Annie series for 

his “kid” brother William, aged 14, 

who’s getting first appendix 

surgery. Belle Krum, Girl Alone writer, 

and WBCA contractee (Mrs An-

nouncer Bob Brown) threw a farewell 

party for their friend, the actress Anne 

Seymour. Miss Seymour left the Windy City.
AY by day in every way, radio is grabbing the personali-

ties of Broadway. Huh! I'm a poet and didn't

know it. Anyway, what I heard standing out to tell you was

that beginning Wednesday, April 15, Willie and Eugene Howard, famous

musical comedy stars, will inaugurate a new program of their own. It will

be known as the Polies Bergeire of the Air and will be heard over an NBC net-

work.

With the current Ziegfield Follies of the Air and the forthcoming Polies

Bergeire, I now await the announce-

ment of an arrival by the stars of the George White Microphone Scandals

and the Shuberts' Radio Revue, bring-

ing Broadway in style.

The name of Benny Fields, who re-

cently took Jimmy Melton's place on the Ziegfield show, may be new to

a lot of listeners but to the people along Broadway and the vaudeville route

Benny is well known as half of the team of Benny Fields and Blossom

Seeley, who incidentally are man and wife. After years of tough strug-

gling following the vaudeville slump, Benny moved to Chicago playing from

one night club to another. After he fin-

ished his engagement at the Chez Pa-

ree in Chicago, he decided to return to

New York. Abe Lyman offered him a

job at the Hollywood Restaurant—he took it—every employee in New York

wrote raves of his singing, which resulted in his air job. He has a

grand voice and above all he is a sin-

cere fellow, so I for one wish him luck.

THERE COMMISSIONS bestowed upon

Major Bowes are not without their reward. Believe it or not, he even gets

paid for the honors. For instance, when the Major was an assistant Motor Vehi-

cle Commissioner of Maryland for one day, he received the salary of

$11.17. While Mayor of West Palm

Beach for the day, he received $4.11,

for his one-day service as Selectman of Old Orchard Beach, Maine, he re-

ceived 55 cents. My suggestion to the

Major is that he turn these odd gra-

tuities over to some charitable institu-

tion—if that can already been done.

After next Sunday's broadcast, the

Magic Key, one of the most popular of

this season's shows, will also fade from

the air lanes.

MENTIONING Major Bowes re-

minds me of an amusing letter I re-

ceived last week from one of his ama-

teurs playing in a unit in Muskoge,

Oklahoma. Between shows one of the

amateurs, attired in cowboy boots, loud

shirt and a ten-gallon hat, walked across the street from the theater to get

a cup of coffee. One of the crew noticed the attire, approached him and

asked: "Want a job breakin' broncos?"

The ham replied in his Bowery lingo:

"Naw, I don't want a job. I never

even been on a horse. I'm dressed

this way because I'm with Major Bowes."

THE Friday night Court of Human
 Relations program, heard over

NBC, is planning to close its doors. In

its place the sponsor is going to adopt

a program titled The Good Will Court,
currently being heard in the East. This

new show starts June 2 and will be heard over the Mutual and Inter-City

networks. The Good Will Court in-

vites real judges to sit in and hear the
cases. There are no gimmicks or

surreals.

WHEN radio stars begin to talk of

vacations, Spring and Summer can't be

far away. Yes, Jack Benny and Fred

Allen already have decided to take

their annual vacations sometime in

June. As last year, their spots will be

maintained by other talent in order for

the sponsors to be able to keep the

same air time.

AS YOU'VE perhaps heard, CBS is

very proud of its new series of

women's programs heard at 8:30 a.m.

EST (6:30 PST). These shows are being

aired throughout the week. When anyone

gets excited over a program, we put

our souls to work. And with this re-

sult:

BEATRICE FAIRFAX, on the Friday

spot, is of course just a name.

The Beatrice you hear is actu-

ally Lorna Elliott, a character

actress with twenty-five years of stage expe-

rience behind her. She won the job of

handing out love advice over forty

other women who auditioned for the

show. Miss Elliott auditioned five sepa-

rate times and won out each time.

Hildegarde Fillmore, who looks on

Beauty each Wednesday, is the beauty

editor of a popular magazine.

Grand Duchess Marie, to hear the

press department boys and gals talk, is

a "grand egg." Our scout was on

hand when she came in. Around her

neck was a Hawaiian lei of crown flow-

ers which were picked in Honolulu just

fifty-two hours before. Sounds incred-

ible, doesn't it? But it so happens it is

true. The flowers were picked, put

aboard the China Clipper for Califor-

nia, then by another plane to New

York. A messenger was waiting at the

plane to rush them to the studio. The

Grand Duchess talks on Mann's and

Etiquette on Thursdays.

Mrs. John S. Reilly, whose topic is

Bringing up Children, heard on Tues-

days, is actually the mother of seven

children. Her husband is president of

Gordon & Dilworth, a large food con-

cern, and sponsors his wife's talks on

an individual station.

This is the story we heard from

Ethel Cotton. She is the one who con-

cerns herself on Saturdays with Wom-

an's Place. Many years ago in San

Francisco, Miss Cotton and a party

were lunching in a local tavern. Among

the guests was a certain James Bosen

who wanted to go into the movies and

considered changing his name. "Where

were you born?" asked Miss Cotton.

"In Vera Cruz," answered Bosen.

"Then we'll christen you James Cruz".

Thus the beginning of a name that is

of major importance in the movie

directing field.

BILL RUSER competed against thir-

ty-five others to get his job as an

announcer on Parties at Pickfair. Joe

Millward, who has been writing the

March of Time scripts, has gone to the

West Coast, where he will write the

Mary Pickford show. I hope he does a

better job than his predecessor—the

scripts have been pretty pruneful.

(Pardon, Evans!)

Lonely Vera Van left New York last

week for Hollywood to make a movie for

Paramount. In order to make the

trip, Vera had to drop out of the cast of

May Wine, the Sigmund Romberg

Broadway show, and the New Yorker,

where she has been singing nightly.

RAY NOBLE had to change theme

songs some months ago when he was

notified that his usual theme, The Very

Thought of You, which he wrote, was

restricted from use on the air. Imagine

his surprise some weeks later when he

was notified that although all his other

compositions were restricted, The Very

Thought of You was not. . . . The very

thought of it makes me laugh.

N 5/14
STARS FALL IN POLL

IT'S going to be a bitter battle right up to the last bell in Radio Guide's Star of the Stars poll. With votes counting in thick and fast, threatening to topple leader Benny from his present throne, veteran Rudy Vallee is rapidly forging to the top of the list. Look at his climb. It's amazing! Four weeks ago he was twelfth, eleven weeks ago, eighth last week, and this week—THIRD.

Close behind him is Crooner Crosby. Bing has climbed up to seventh place from tenth, and by the increase in his ballots it appears that his fans are not going to let him down. Naturally, when two stars make a strong bid like that, someone has to suffer.

Show Boat continues to lead the musical programs in popularity, and the programs immediately following are in the same order as last week, except that the Cities Service program has slid back one space. It's difficult to understand how the New Penny holds its firm grip on fifth place in the dramatic programs when its star, Helen Hayes, drops from the first twelve in her division. Otherwise, no startling developments are evident in this group other than the fact that Philipps Lord's Gang Busters are running the at the expense of Death Valley Days.

WHILE Irene Wicker, The Singing Lady, easily tops the children's programs, there are several changes of note. The following further changes in the number of ballots on the list replacing Abe Lane.

What has happened to the fans of piano-ticking Eddy Duchin? From ninth to tenth and down in the voting, a strange and swift drop. Duchin's band has missed out necessarily in the number of ballots. And what's happened to James Melton, who drops out of the top dozen this week? Jack Owens has taken over his niche in tenth place after a week's absence from the listings of male singers of popular songs.

But the fly in the female singers of popular songs division. Willie Morris landed back in eighth place, putting Vaughn De Leaven in eleven with the Demers. De Leaven jumped back to number ten, from six, giving way to the man-in-charge of Pollie Coles last week's number eleven spot. Gale Page and Gertrude Nielsen vanished from the listings, and Loretta Lee is firmly climbed aboard. No newcomers in the singers of operatic or classical songs, but plenty of juggling around the last six names. Likewise, in the comedians' section, the first half remains intact, but look who's here on the twelfth rung! Frank Fay!

Announcers and new commentators remained pretty much the same on the surface, but the votes are getting closer and closer!

WHAT are you going to do about your star who have fallen from the first dozen, fancy? You know, just because their names aren't in the first twelve this week doesn't mean that they can't be brought back, even pushed to the top with energetic and concentrated voting. Nor are stars whose names have never appeared out of the running. They might be thirteenth or fourteenth. It's up to you to bring them "into the money." Remember, you can vote only for the one you wish. Every day lost makes it a harder climb. The latest tabulations are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Musical Program</th>
<th>Female Singer of Popular Songs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Show Boat</td>
<td>1. Kate Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hill Parade</td>
<td>2. Deane Janis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood Hotel</td>
<td>3. Willie Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Waring</td>
<td>5. Jennie Dragone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bing Crosby</td>
<td>6. Ettie Shulte</td>
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<tr>
<td>Valletta Variety Hour</td>
<td>8. Grace Moore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nat's Dance Burn</td>
<td>9. Nelson Eddy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lanny Baker</td>
<td>10. Alain Remond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanny Baker</td>
<td>11. Vaughn De Leaven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalamazoo Opera</td>
<td>12. Lenoree Lee</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dramatic Program

| One Man's Family | 1. John Q. Adams |
| First Nighter    | 2. Jack Arvon |
| Luck Redo Theater | 3. Jack Armstrong |
| Mary Martin      | 4. Ben Hecht |
| G. D. Shrader    | 5. Maxine Dresser |
| Today's Children | 6. Gang Busters |

Children's Program

| Irene Wicker | 1. Irene Wicker |
| The Singing Lady | 2. Columba Moore |
| Miss Abigail | 3. Marjorie \n
Dance Orchestra

| Wayne King       | 1. Wayne King |
| Guy Lombardo     | 2. Guy Lombardo |
| Ben Bernie       | 3. Ben Bernie |
| Fred Waring      | 4. Fred Waring |
| Hal Kemp         | 5. Hal Kemp |
| Horace Heidt     | 6. Horace Heidt |

Male Singer of Popular Songs

| Bing Crosby | 1. Bing Crosby |
| Lanny Ross  | 2. Lanny Ross |
| Dick Powell | 3. Dick Powell |
| Jack Owens  | 4. Jack Owens |
| Kenny Baker | 5. Kenny Baker |
| Rudy Vallee | 6. Rudy Vallee |

Female Singer of Popular Songs

| Kay Smith | 1. Kay Smith |
| Frances Langford | 2. Frances Langford |
| Harriet Hilliard | 3. Harriet Hilliard |
| Jennie Dragone | 4. Jennie Dragone |
| Ettie Shulte | 5. Ettie Shulte |
| Dolly Dawn | 6. Dolly Dawn |

Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs

| Grace Moore | 1. Grace Moore |
| Nelson Eddy | 2. Nelson Eddy |
| Lawrence Tatum | 3. Lawrence Tatum |
| Lilly Pons | 4. Lilly Pons |
| Jeanette Dragone | 5. Jeanette Dragone |
| Giselle Swarthout | 6. Giselle Swarthout |

Comedian or Comedy Act

| Jack Benny | 1. Jack Benny |
| Eddie Cantor | 2. Eddie Cantor |
| George Burns & Gracie Allen | 3. George Burns & Gracie Allen |
| Bing Crosby | 4. Bing Crosby |
| Fred Allen | 5. Fred Allen |

OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of the Stars is: 1. Jack Benny
My favorite Musical Program is: 2. Bing Crosby
My favorite Children's Program is: 3. Rudy Vallee
My favorite Dance Orchestra is: 4. Fred Waring
My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is: 5. Bing Crosby
My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is: 6. Kay Smith
My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is: 7. Grace Moore
My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is: 8. Jack Benny
My favorite News Commentator is: 9. John Q. Adams
My name is: 10. Jack Benny
My address is: 11. Lanny Ross
Mail your ballot to Star of Stars Election Tellers, Radio Guide, 4-4-30
781 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

MUSIC IN THE AIR

By Carleton Smith

YEHUDI MENUHIN, the highest paid soloist of the General Mo-
tors Concerts, will fiddle for us Sunday (March 29, NBC at 10 p.m., 2:30 EST, 8:30 PST) in the last broadcast of this series. During his twenty minutes playing the 19-year-old Yul Brynner's singer will be handed a check for $6,000. This is $300 a minute and is the largest single fee paid any solo instrumentalist for a radio appearance this season.

In fact, Yehudi Menuhin is the biggest money earner of any violinist today. Around the world he has packed house after house. The Hall rented last Sunday was sold to the doors within two hours after the box-office opened, even though the prices were above normal. It was Yehudi's final public appearance for two years. Early in April he will motor to his ranch at Santa Cruz, California, and spend his time there resting and studying. Occasionally he will broadcast from California, and he will resume his concert work on January 22, 1938.

N SPITE of his enormous income, Yehudi Menuhin's life has been singularly free from the deteriorating effects of extravagance and waste. He always had an allowance, which he could not exceed.

His parents have always surrounded him with a normal, wholesome life, and exercised a wise and healthy supervision over his professional activities. He go against his father's wishes. That was when he had just finished a speech by Mr. Menuhin on his father's wish to give his son a career in music and to live a quiet, normal life. He only did not want Yehudi to abandon his study in music.

Yehudi's father, however, had the Council, and the child was allowed. Only his little sisters and I will go along.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, who quite the radio industry, sings a song to his tailor, Earl Benham, on his next broadcast. It's from the next program of NBC at 10 p.m. (9:30 EST, 8 CST, 7 MST, 6 PST). His aria will be Provenza in Verdi's La Forza del Destino. "It is the best way to keep the air full of music," he says. "It is a surefire way to make certain that he sings the correct words.

Thomas has the chance to do especially on the opera stage, of substituting words of his own. "He says, even then he forgets the composer who wrote the music."
M Y SON," said Frank De Stasio, the candy maker, since nothing escapes my eyes, I know that you are warped. Over money matters. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Father," murmured 21-year-old Anthony. And beneath the older man's impertious glare he humbly lowered his eyes to the ankles of his young wife. She was packing a suitcase for their honeymoon in Beverly, Massachusetts, she and Anthony were compelled to live.

"It is very clever of you," she said, "to realize that we are nearly broke." "Silence!" snapped De Stasio, flushing. Then he added cryptically: "You'll know soon enough. Soon enough will you repent your many imper-\n\nience! Have you finished packing the suitcases? Good! Come, Anthony, kiss your wife—though she doesn't deserve it—and let us go. We have a long drive ahead of us."

But young Mrs. De Stasio looked up from her packing and her riper lower lip twisted. She was very fed up with her father-in-law, at whose trim home in a crowded street. Two policemen followed. Unlike dicks claimed. Very Stasio at the man and broadcast, was settled down to enjoy being with the meekness of a lifetime's training.

When they had gone, Mrs. De Stasio settled down to enjoy being miserable. How she longed for a home of her own—hated her father-in-law's boastful cleverness—learned for the day when Anthony would assert himself and become a man in his own right! Then, better, she walked on the radio—which stood in a corner under\n\nneath a bright lithograph depicting the victory of a forums by question in a battle—and tuned in the police calls. She usually did this when alone. Eventually the doors closed. It was early the next morning when Mrs. De Stasio, eating a solitary breakfast and again listening to the police broadcast, was thrilled and shocked by the following flash:

"Calling Cars 16 and 7. . . Cars 16 and 7 and . . . A man is trapped in a burning sedan, off the main highway about two miles from town. Two men trapped in a burning sedan. . . ."

An hour passed. Mrs. De Stasio had just finished the breakfast that her poor man had prepared. She swiped the house when a knock sounded at the door. Two policemen and a detective were standing there.

"Is this the home of Frank De Stasio?" the detective asked. He looked very solemn.

"Yes, yes!" the young woman exclaimed. "What has happened?"

Gently the detective led his way into the house. The two policemen followed. Unlike dikes in the movies, the sleuth removed his hat. Then he held out his hand, palm up.

"Recognize this ring?" he asked, watching the woman closely.

Mrs. De Stasio searched her pocketbook to examine it. "Oh!" she cried. "Yes, it's my father-in-law's ring. What—"

"You're married to his son, eh?" interrupted the officer. "Where is your husband?"

"Yesterday morning," Mrs. De Stasio answered, "he went to Boston with his father."

"In a small sedan?"

"Yes!" The woman clasped her hands nervously. "Tell me—what has happened?"

"For a moment the detective didn't answer. Then he said:

"I guess your father-in-law is dead. He was trapped in his sedan when it burned up."

Only for an instant did Mrs. De Stasio pause, repentant for all the hard thoughts she had had about her father-in-law so recently. Then panic seized her.

"No—not my father! Where is my husband?" she cried, grabbing the detective by the coat lapels in her anxiety. He continued to look at her closely.

"That's what we want to know," he said. "You see, your father-in-law was murdered. His head was crushed in by an iron bar. Then somebody threw gasoline all over the car and touched off a match. Suddenly he held out a key-ring. There were several keys on it. 'Do you recognize this?' he asked.

"No!" cried Mrs. De Stasio. Then she fainted.

Of course Boston papers carried front-page stories about this strange murder. And police machinery quickly ground into motion to uncover the killer of Frank De Stasio, the candy maker.

Anthony returned and was ques-\n\ntioned by police. But with no evidence against him the police granted him his freedom.

And then came a dramatic happening which changed the entire meaning of the case. One James Smalley, a highly-exited automobile salesman, rushed into police headquarters.

"I read about the murder in the paper!" he said. "Well, De Stasio isn't murdered. He isn't even dead!"

"How do you know?" demanded a phlegmatic desk sergeant who knew from bitter experience that every im-
\n\nportant murder case brings out a flock of cracked 'witnesses!' But the auto salesman's answer brought the weary policeman up in his chair.

BECAUSE I sold De Stasio that car!" was the reply. "So I know him— and I just saw him on the street alive and well! He nodded at me. Then he got very excited and ran away!"

Thoroughly but quickly the sergeant questioned Smalley. Then, in a few brief minutes, this broadcast went out over Boston's police radio station:

"Calling all cars . . . All cars . . . Be on the lookout for Frank De Stasio, wanted for questioning in connection with the death of an unknown man in De Stasio's car, near Hudson . . . De Stasio is about five-foot-four, stocky and muscular, black hair and eyes . . . He was last seen at . . ."

Every policeman in the city of Bos-
\n\nton was instructed to watch for the missing candy maker. Radio broad-\n\ncasted his description again and again, throughout the length and breadth of the Bay State. Polite were certain that a murder had been committed in De Stasio's car. And since he had not been murdered, they strongly suspect-\n\ned that he might be—the murderer! It was Boston's Mounted Policeman Walker Williams who spotted an eye-
\n\nspotted a suspect. Dooley saw a swarthy, stocky man wandering down a deserted street, Riley slowed at his horse. He watched the man narrowly. Then, at a busy intersection, the mounted policeman stopped long enough to warn a traffic officer:

"You see that bird over there? Well, I just hunch he's that De Stasio fellow. I'll follow him. You phone for a radio car!"

NOT one radio car, but three of them reached quick-witted Mounted Policeman Dooley almost within as many minutes. The suspect admitted at once that he was De Stasio. But he stubbornly denied any knowledge of the burning of his car, or of the mys-\n\nterious man found murdered in it. . . . Only when his son, young Anthony, was arrested in a sordid attempt to get away with the perfect crime. With Machiavellian cunning he even had accused his own marriage blessings! She—girl—had actually taken out a marriage license!

"I figured," admitted the crestfallen killer, "that nobody would think I'd disappear deliberately on the eve of my wedding. I'm sure it must be me in the car, lying dead."

The motive for murder had been the desire to collect insurance money fraudulently. De Stasio was insured for $3,500. His beloved son Anthony and he both needed money. So De Stasio had insured himself for an additional $9,000.

Then, after leaving his home, he had gone to Boston and cruised the streets ghoulishly, in search of a man of his own description and general appearance. Eventually he found an individual—De Stasio offered him a job.

THE luckless victim, eager for work, climbed right into the car. Then, with young Anthony trailing the mur-\n\nder car with his own, De Stasio drove into the country. There he slew the poor fellow, poured gasoline over his body, left his own signet-ring in the car, tossed in a match—and escaped in Anthony's car.

"But my boy is innocent!" the father cried.

"Who was the man you killed?" police asked. Anthony didn't even know the man's name . . . Police found this, however, by checking the list of missing persons. They were sure of their identification when that bunch of keys—the keys which Mrs. De Stasio claimed to recognize before she fainted—fit the door and trunk of a missing railroad laborer named Dan-\n\nlie ?

Justice then acted with almost the same speed with which radio had as-\n\naured De Stasio. The father, who repudiated his confession, was sentenced to death. His appeal is pending.

The son was acquitted, but still faces a charge as accessory before the fact. And one of the key witnesses was that from radio—as from conscience—there is no escape for the guilty.
ON SHORT WAVES
By Charles A. Morrison
President, International DX'er's Alliance

ONCE again during the past two weeks we have pointed out the efficiency as God-given agents of mercy. Flood waters and attendant hardships would have made thousands of lives; every method of communication except short-wave was suspended. And but for the brave and handy amateur operators who stood by their positions in the face of imminent disaster, many hundreds undoubtedly would have perished.

For other details of the part radio played in combating this rampage of nature, watch for a future issue of Radio Gune. Suffice it to say here that short waves have demonstrated their value as they will demonstrate again and again.

Aside from flood news, short-wave reception continued to be generally fine for those with the proper equipment. Leading European stations provided exceptionally fine entertainment, GSD, Daventry, England (11.75), has been putting out the best signal in several seasons. Reception from Japan's Hirohito (7.52), Bandung, Java, station PLP (11.00), also was exceptionally good, as was VPD, Radio Suva, Fiji Islands (13.075), has been coming in nightly from 9:37 to 10:30 P.M. Pacific Standard Time (7:30 to 8:30 M.S.T.).

Stations on the nineteen meter band were stronger than they have been at some time, especially on Sunday morning, March 15, DJB, Zeeven, Germany (8.78 meter, S.S.R. 13.94) and HAS, Budapest, Hungary (15.37), were quite enjoyable from 6 to 7:30 A.M. (PST. 7 to 8 M.S.T.). The 49 meter band is rapidly entering its Spring schedule, with increasing static and weaker signals.

Powerful 100,000 watt transmiters for the new Radio Coloniale, Paris, France, will be erected at Montsuen, about 225 miles south of Paris, near the geographical center of France.

The present schedule of the Pontoine, a France, transmitters is: TPAPA (11.88), 11:00 p.m. to 12 M.S.T. (10:00 to 11:00 P.M.); TPA1 (15.34), 2:55 to 8:55 P.M. PST (7:55 to 4:55 M.S.T.) for the entire world (see schedule, page 8 for full details and other schedules).

The station reported last week on 9.64 megacycles, announced since it started in February, will now be called HJABP and broadcasting daily at 10:15 P.M. Pacific Standard Time (7:15 P.M. M.S.T.). Letters should be addressed to HJABP, Radio Cartagena, Apartado 292, Cartagena, Columbia, South America.

The twenty meter amateur band is active for almost 24 hours daily at present, so interesting foreign stations can be logged with a little patience. Two good ones because of their recent reports by Radio Gune Listening Post operator Edward Schmeichel, of WNT, ARRL, and VFA, telephone station in Hong Kong, China, the 16.14 megacycles band, almost any morning between 6:30 and 7:30 A.M. PST (7:30 and 8:30 M.S.T.) 4:30 to 5:30 P.M. PST (3:30 and 4:30 M.S.T.)

Ray Swenson of Rockford, Illinois, reports that pioneer station T4NTH of Heredia, Costa Rica, again is in operation, and may be heard on approximately 9.68 megacycles from 2:30 to 3:30 P.M. M.S.T. (3:30 to 4:30 P.M. PST) at night, and Sundays until 4 p.m. P.S.T. (5 M.S.T.) with a power of 150 watts.

(with their classical music. His eyes never leave the clock. It seems on the whole, his clock is famous for his sense of timing. It is one reason he holds his job. He just happens to look up and in Canada and on the TPA1 (11.71), 2:55 to 7:15 P.M. P.S.T. (4:15 to 8:15 M.S.T.) to the TPA4A (14.71), 7:45 to 10 P.M. P.S.T. (8:45 to 11 M.S.T.) to North America.

The mysterious Oriental station that many of our readers have heard broadcasting on 9.68 megacycles between 10 and 12:45 A.M. P.S.T. (11 p.m. and 12:45 a.m. M.S.T.) is JYS of Kemikawa-Cho, Chiba-Ken, Japan, testing a new transmitter. According to W4S, many of Los Angeles this transmitter will radiate 500,000 watts power.

JVD, Nazaki, Japan (15.85), is now being used in working Dixon, California, stations, stations, Americas, end of the trans-Pacific, short-wave telephone link. JVD also may be heard working at 6 P.M. PST (7 M.S.T).

THE MAGIC BEHIND THE MAGIC KEY
(Continued from Page 7)

with their classical music. His eyes never leave the clock. It seems on the whole, his clock is famous for his sense of timing. It is one reason he holds his job. He just happens to look up and in Canada and on the TPA1 (11.71), 2:55 to 7:15 P.M. P.S.T. (4:15 to 8:15 M.S.T.) to the TPA4 (11.71), 3:15 to 7:15 P.M. P.S.T. (5:15 to 8:15 M.S.T.) to the...
AT YOUR STATION

By Adam Street

To reveal to listeners the lengths followed to prevent the racket from smirching radio, the following public service release from Denver is printed verbatim. It says:

"The managers of Denver's commercial radio stations met in February to discuss mutual problems arising from the local agency situation. It developed that nineteen agencies (including many of those stations which were drawing commissions from one or more Denver stations, quite often without any legitimate interest or payment). In some instances, the account of a single client was placed on the three stations by three different agencies, resulting in general confusion and loss of prestige for the broadcasters.

"The necessity of some protective regulation being obvious, the stations agreed to form an Agency Recognition Bureau to determine which agencies are entitled to commissions and, to recognize only those agencies approved by the Bureau.

"Accordingly, questionnaire cards were sent to the entire list of local agents requesting pertinent information, letters of complaint from clients, and a guarantee that no commissions are reverted to clients. Several of the agency executives were interviewed by the station managers in a series of days at the KFEL-KVOX.

"The difficulties and proposed action were discussed, with the agency men expressing their desire to co-operate in eliminating objectionable practices and unqualified agents."

Representing the stations at the meetings were A. E. Nelson, James R. Smith, and Mr. J. C. Myerson of KLZ; Gene O'Neil and Frank Bishop of KFEL-KVOX.

Heard at KSL

KSL on March 14, inaugurated the first newly-scheduled Saturday all-night broadcasts, which will hereafter be heard over this popular Salt Lake City station. The station now goes on the air each Saturday morning at 6:30 and continues with uninterrupted broadcast until 1 a.m. the following Monday.

In addition to this all-night broadcasting, the station has added a full hour to its regular daily schedule. The station now Will operate until 1 a.m. against its previous midnight sign-off time.

Earl J. Glade, managing director of the stations, has quoted as his goal that the all-night broadcast of Saturday night and Sunday morning is in response to widespread legitimate demand for such a service from Pacific Coast and Pacific Ocean Island groups, where the Salt Lake station is heard regularly. Under the former schedule, listeners in Pacific Ocean Islands points and in the Orient were obliged either to stay at their radio sets until early morning, or to arise at an early hour to dial in KSL. The new time will permit listeners to hear KSL during the best listening hours of the evening.

"Franly, Production Manager Murdock announces, will include two fifteen-minute news broadcasts, dance orchestras, studio groups and varied entertainment in the added week from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m. Sunday, after which the regular daily schedule will be resumed.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY found an amazing lack of news from KFRC and therabouts. Upon inquiry, our special men were able to deduce the following:

"The main cog in the press release mill around these parts, Marie Houlihan, Patricia McIntyre, Pat Kelly and Ed Murphy. So it looked like A. W. Murphy, and those departmental days of the old and a little advanced dope were over when they heard that Rosh Hoehman will deliver a severe blow to the personnel of the artists bureau when Levy, Gombodoer and Roezy celebrate Sweeten's orchestra enjoyed cigs at the Harrison Carlisle. It's a girl and Carlisle is a saxophone player. Well, he at least can practise while the infant exercises her lungs.

DESPITE ALL MEN

(Continued from Page 8)

business. And that's to make certain you know your technique—thoroughly. It takes no end of hard work. Too many people are in the profession making a skimpy living because they want to cut corners. That's why there are so few real stars. Hard work—and getting the right breaks—will make you.

"Thank you!—I intend to see that I make my own breaks!" she interrupted, as if she had heard heresy and wanted no more of it.

"Maybe you can. What I mean is being known to the professional people, keeping contacts alive, getting into a casting office just when you're looking for your type and your abilities to fill a part that's opening—

"My My! My! Why so serious?"

In the trouble case at the table. A suggestion of the smile I was so accustomed to see on his face had returned, but those lines at his mouth corners were drawn. He looked tired.

Beck came back himself. That part of his condition to which he had returned. He turned to Phyllis and said as

"Hey, Cutie—I said anything out of line. I was only trying to be a friend of Hamilton's is okay with me. And to show you my heart's in the right place—is what I think.

"Sorry, Phyllis. Perhaps. Do you really mean things to her. Now he was making amends, and that seemed to settle everything for her.

"Bob amazed me by asking her to dance like this—until I realized that Schuyler must have handed him some flint truths that Bob took to heart—

"I felt a curious elation. Maybe Schuyler let Bob know about us. His feeling for me—

"All last we're alone," I said happily as Bob and Phyllis went to dance.

"Yes—and if you don't mind my saying so, there's no fault of yours."

"But, Schuyler—"

"I never saw enough and heard enough!"

"Now, that's undo!" I was about to tell him all that had passed between Bob and me a few years ago—all the things Schuyler heard—so that he can see and understand. That would make him understand why Bob had bribed and edged his way into my apartment.

But I realized that if I did tell Schuyler all this, I would be taking too much for granted. After all, he and I had had no sort of understanding together. The addition was that I merely sat there in silence.

"The way away from this place!"

"I said, at length.

"Why? Your Mr. Brooks seems to be behaving himself, and I really felt guilty. I made him miss some of his precious revue. It won't be less than two and a half hours until the show goes on again.

"Schuyler—don't let's fence, and (Continued on Page 17)
WHAT WINCHELL KNOWS ABOUT HAUPTMANN

(Continued from Page 5)

Previously, an artist named Berryman had made a sketch of the suspect, from which he had been told by Jassie and also by a second unidentified suspect. After Hauptmann's arrest, that sketch bore a remarkable resemblance to the man who was to stand trial for the crime.

Hauptmann denied that he had ever been in Hopewell, New Jersey, he denied it. Yet in his home were found a number of maps, a map of the state and a map of the area around the Lindbergh home, showing even the wooded trails about the place.

Early in the case criminologists had decided that the shape of the hills about this home would have permitted the would-be kidnapper to study the house without fear of detection. For neither shades nor curtains had ever been placed at the windows. With high-powered glasses, a man sitting on a wooded hillside a mile away could have watched almost every action of the Lindberghs and their servants. In Bruno Hauptmann's home, privacy was as much a thing of the past as of the future.

It was rapidly the case built up into the tightest circumstantial web of crime that ever surrounded any man. Did Jassie, for instance, Hessie Hauptmann's garage gave up a German-English dictionary with its corners turned down at several pages on which were better than a score of the more difficult words contained in the ransom letters. Significantly, all those difficult words which appeared in the letters and marked dictionary pages were correctly spelled.

Mr. Hauptmann found seven witnesses who claimed to have seen Hauptmann near Hopewell and the Lindbergh home on the morning of March 1, 1932. (The day of the crime), he went to the suspect's Bronx address and someone said: 'He's not here—he won't be home for a few days. He's busy in New Jersey.'

Hauptmann later on when the kidnapper had climbed to the Lindbergh nursery window assumed sign of a break in the broken, removed almost three years to catch up with Hauptmann and they still can't get enough evidence to indict him there, what can they do to you for telling the public that New Jersey is not the place to police!'

A week later, he wrote under the heading:

"Mrs. Hauptmann at home:"

"Winchell: I guess I won't be able to cover the trial in Jersey. I'm as vulgar there as Hauptmann is, according to the blast I hear me about. Oooh, are those Jersey cops some English-privileged people!"

I wish I could print half the things I knew about that case.

Mrs. Hauptmann: Well, what's stopping you then some of these days?"

"Winchell: Remember that big hurrah about that spoon they found in the Hauptmann cell?—How they found the spoon broken in parts and hidden behind a curtain or something? And that it was feared that Hauptmann was getting on with something else? Why, you just never saw a bar or saw his wrists? Well, hooey! It never happened—they never found that spoon."

"Mrs. Hauptmann: Tell me more. Get to the point."

"Winchell: I can't—not now. If it wasn't for the man who gave me the facts might get in wrong. But when I use it in the paper I'll dare you to say I have something."

"Mrs. Hauptmann: Why, if I had an accomplice at Hopewell that night, why didn't the accomplice carry the spoon which was only a few hundred yards away from the scene?"

"That's where you think you're going to snarl me is I say, and that's why I'm telling you the truth.

"Mrs. Hauptmann: Well, hooey! Well, I'll tell you the truth."

"Winchell: Yes, I did. If he had an accomplice at Hopewell that night, why didn't the accomplice carry the spoon which was only a few hundred yards away from the scene? I mean, if he had the help it was the one who made the peculiarly marked ladder for the claw. The man who carried that ladder for the claw and figured his load was too heavy. Not a man who thinks maybe he had anybody in the snatch."

Four days later he was at it again:

"To the trial-time papers: 'To the trial-time papers: I believe I have your story here."

MEANTIME, exciting developments in the Hauptmann case were being reported from Jersey City. For a poor man the German carpenter was able to afford a corps of defense lawyers the like of which no other defendant in any case in state history had ever been able to afford. Winchell, originally retained to defend Hauptmann, was soon joined by a famous defense lawyer from Brooklyn criminal lawyer named Edw. J. Reilly. In November Walter got this to Winchell:

"Dear Walter: Will you please let me know if I can obtain a copy of the Mirror which had your very interesting controversy with the editor of the Mirror. I believe (Continued on Page 43)
I'LL HELP FINANCE YOU

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PANAY,
FRANCES BLAISEVELT: She is equally proficient on flute and piccolo.

(Continued from Page 3) solely by ear? Any previous experience with an orchestra? Any study at a music school or conservatory? Do you compose? Can you arrange—and anything else that will interest him. Mr. Spitalny is proud of the fact that he never rejects a request to consider every single request for an audition that he has received. It takes a lot of his time but it’s worth it, for by that very method he has obtained some of the cream of the band’s talent.

DEAR READER...

I N THESE paragraphs I want to answer a question that has been put to me recently. It is: “Do you honestly believe that Walter Winchell had a great deal to do with the capture of the Lindbergh snatcher?”

Dear Reader . . . In reply, may I quote three people? First, the editor of a Connecticut newspaper, from statement published October 8, 1935:

“The public and particularly the newspapers have contributed to the success of the Federal law enforcers. During the years of search following the Lindbergh kidnaping, Walter Winchell kept up an incessant plea through his column warning all his readers to be on the lookout for ransom money.”

“By his timely warning may be credited the alertness of the Bears attendants who finally put the finger on the snatcher of the flier’s son, with its subsequent conviction and sentence of Hauptmann. This should net the Winchell boy a special niche in whatever Heaven a columnist goes to.”

Second, I quote from a letter received just the other day from Edger Younger, commandant-chief of G-Men:

“Dear Mr. Mitchell … I am taking the liberty of forwarding here with a copy of a letter which was written to Walter Winchell on Sep- tember 22, 1934, concerning information received by Mr. Winchell at the time of the Lindbergh case . . .

His letter to Mr. Winchell says: “I want to thank you for your many kindnesses during the progress of this case, and to assure you that your forbearance in refusing to pub- lish the particulars of the investigation, with which I understand you, is much appreciated, and that to the Department of Justice and to other law enforcement au- thorities involved. The letter and the above letter is now on a wall of Walter Winchell’s New York office, one of his proudest possessions.”

The third letter was sent by Lloyd Fisher to the magazine which pub- lished Lieutenant Finn’s story of the chase and capture. Lloyd Fisher is Hauptmann’s own attorney and friend, who has fought desperately for his client’s life. He said: “If anyone deserves credit for the ending of ransom money prior to the arrest of Hauptmann, the parties in my humble opinion are Walter Winchell, Lyle, the boy in the gas sta- tion, and the boy in the bank who noticed the ransom bill that had been turned over to Lyle.”

Except for the sharp words of Winchell which led the bank tellers throughout the country to you, and just as ful- l in the observations of bills, Finn would still be running up and down the streets trying to find out what a bill passed was a false or a ten dollar bill.”

In closing, dear reader, I do believe that Walter Winchell had much to do with the capture of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.—Ed.

WOMEN ONLY PHIL SPITALNY’S BAND

Gypsy and Maxine: They keep in condition by playing squash protected against any possible adverse criticism—their stage clothes are long and never too low-cut, their stage manners are reserved and pleasing, their hotel and travel accommodations first-class, and a trained nurse is carried at all times.

If you’re serious—still—about this business of marketing your musical talent, of course you want to know all the dope. So there are a few additional items of information that ought to be included to save you the trouble of asking questions. The setup of the band includes nine violins, two pianos, three trumpets, a trombone, a tuba, two flutes, a steel guitar, drums, a banjo, two harps, three saxophones, two cellos, one string bass, clarinet, corno- balo, a singing trio and one vocalist. The musicians come from seventeen states, the largest number from a single state being three, the state Pennsyl- vania. The youngest of the group is sixteen and the oldest thirty-three, but there are no set age limits.

IT sounds like a tough life—well, it is and it isn’t. The work is exacting and hard and rehearsals are daily and long, but if you love music you won’t mind the toil. And the rest—the rest is just about the most fun you can imagine. You’ll have thirty-four play- mates for going places and doing things in New York, Chicago, Miami, Cali- fornia or wherever else your work takes you. You’ll learn lots, you’ll meet hosts of interesting people and you may get a break which will mean radio stardom on your own. You’ll probably do what most of your col- leagues do—two or three in a group— and together and maintain a small apartment.

And what’s much of the fun of any job—you’ll absolutely adore the man who’s your boss because he’s a real musician, a stern taskmaster and a loyal, understanding friend.

The makers of Zottas Machineless Permanent Wave pads present Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra every Sunday over the CBS network at 6 p.m. EST (5 CST; 4 MST; 3 PST),
APRIL--FOOLERS

Right: Bert Gordon is The Mad Russian — who is Bert Gordon — who is MAD

Above: Mabel Todd of Al Pearce’s Gang has been told often that her hats are cock-eyed and she always replies: “It’s not the hats—it’s me.”

Above: Phil Baker’s butler Bottle is climbing to stardom by never failing to heed his master’s voice—and Beetle’d!

Above: Phil Baker’s butler Bottle is climbing to stardom by never failing to heed his master’s voice—and Beetle’d!

What does it matter that a Presidential campaign is coming, so long as Carefree Carnival’s Senator Fishface (below) can take the stump for all candidates?

My word, but Lord Bilgewater (at left) jolly well looks like one of your star-Johnnies — what?

Sol! The children in Kallenmeyer’s Kindergarten had better their lessons get! Oder else!
WHAT'S tough about earning a thousand dollars a week? Where's the grief in leading the glamorous life of a celebrity and selling your picture in every paper—your name in Broadway lights?

There's only one possible answer—that part of a star's life is grand. But remember, there are two sides to every story. You know all about the fun, glamour and riches that come with stardom. Now let me give you the darker side of the picture—the side which is seldom, if ever, revealed.

Remember that poignant scene in Merton of the Movies, when Merton kneels at his bedside and prays to God to make him a star? Doubtless there are some who, like Merton, nightly go through the same ritual. Perhaps their prayers won't be as fervent when they tell you all about the harrowing experiences encountered by the stars. Certainly I don't want to be a kill-joy; neither do I want to dull any ambitions. But there are trials and tribulations that come with fame, and these must be told.

The stars pay a very definite price for being on top. They're besieged, harassed and annoyed almost daily by hordes of process servers, insurance agents, crack-pot inventors, phoney relatives demanding money.

Many of the biggest stars in radio have discovered that the golden crown of fame is lined with thorns. Rudy Vallee and Vivienne Segal, for instance, have been cheated out of considerable sums of money by persons who obtained their autographs and then forged the stars' signatures to bank drafts. Kate Smith almost worried herself into a sanitarium as a result of extortion threats which she received regularly for about a month. Lanny Ross last summer was accused of being the father of a child by a woman whom he'd never even met. Poor Rudy Vallee, the Vagabond Lover, was even more unfortunate than the handsome Lancelot. Rudy was accused of fathering a brood of six youngsters!

Not many broadcasts ago, Paul Whiteman was subjected to one of the cruellest experiences in the history of radio. It lacked but a few minutes to air time, and Paul was up to his neck in work when a Colorado call was received by the studio floor receptionist.

"Hello," said the voice. "I must speak to Whiteman immediately." The receptionist, of course, told the caller that this was impossible—that Whiteman was due to go on the air in just a few minutes.

"I know, I know," was the impatient and excited reply. "But nevertheless, I must speak to him. I'm calling for his uncle, who is dying!"

The receptionist broke a hard and fast rule, and dispatched a page boy to the studio with the message. Now Paul has an uncle in Colorado, of whom he's very fond. Accordingly, he churned out of the studio as fast as his legs would carry him when he received the message—forgetting all about the show world tradition that the show must go on—remembering only that one of his blood was about to pass over the Great Beyond.

QUICK!" he panted into the receiver.

"What's happened?"

"Hello, Paul," said the Colorado caller. "Sorry I had to use such tactics, but I knew it was the only way to reach you personally. We're having a celebration here, and I wonder if you wouldn't dedicate a song to us, we'd like—"

Whiteman, livid with rage, slammed the receiver down and raced toward the studio... He was minutes late in getting on the air with the show.

A cruel trick? Certainly. But the stars are up on a pedestal, and inhuman people like to throw things. Sometimes it's stones, and sometimes mud. It was mud in Lanny Ross' case.

Left: Imagine Show Boat's Lanny Ross being accused of fathering a child—and he never saw the mother!

Rudy Vallee, at right, shares with Fred Allen the joke of his fostering a brood he didn't know existed.
FAME TAKES A TOLL THAT FEW EVER SUSPECT

Lanny made a personal appearance in a Waterbury, Connecticut, theater early in 1933. Nine months later, almost to the day, he received the first harrowing letter. It came from a woman in Waterbury: "You know you are the father of my child who is going to be born soon. If you don't come back and marry me I will appeal to the authorities. I will have you banned from the air. And I will kill myself!"

Lanny's only consolation as he read this decidedly upsetting news was a clear conscience. Thinking it might be a gag, he paid no attention. But he changed his mind in January, 1934, when he received a picture of a beautiful child. The accompanying letter said: "Lanny, here is our baby. Isn't he wonderful? When are you going to come and claim him as your own?"

This was no longer a joking matter to Lanny. He immediately hired a private detective who uncovered the pathetic explanation: As you know, every celebrity is impersonated by numbers of unbalanced egotists who get a thrill out of parading in borrowed plumage. These fake Gallases, Valleses and Nicas might be found anywhere. This is exactly what occurred here. Some man who bore a superficial resemblance to Lanny, taking advantage of the fact that Lanny was appearing in town, imposed upon a chance-met, star-struck girl. He was unmasked by the detective.

Rudy Vallee was the victim of a similar hoax of Homeric proportions. Not one, but six children were figuratively laid at the doorstep of this great lover by an infatuated little Italian woman in Brooklyn. For two years she begged, pleaded, cajoled Rudy to do the right thing by her. She even took to following him on the streets, tapping him on the elbow and publicly denouncing him. It got so bad that poor Rudy finally had to have the police cart her away to Bellevue Hospital for a week's psychiatric examination.

A very real threat was made on the occasion of Helen Jepson's debut at the Metropolitan.

You may not know that at the Met a strange, imported European custom used to be practised. Astonishing as it seems, many of the operatic stars actually paid for their applause! To Miss Jepson several days before her début came the business agents of one of the several cliques. He had applause to sell, but Miss Jepson refused to buy. She had the unorthodox American idea that acclaim should be earned. The gentlemen withdrew, muttering threats.

Threats came through the mails and over the 'phone every day. Miss Jepson would pay—or else. Naturally, she was worried. She told Paul Whiteman, with whose orchestra she was then appearing. Paul told the boys in his band. And although Helen didn't know it at the time, that ended her troubles.

The opening night of Pasha's Garden. Lawrence Tibbett was in the male lead. The house was packed. Out walked Helen Jepson, tall, beautiful, clear-voiced. And as she sang, Whiteman's boys glared suspiciously at them. They were scattered throughout the house, every mother's son of them.

And husky Paul himself, who as you know used to be a taxi-driver, was sitting there with mayhem in his heart, ready to choke off the first hiss within arm's reach.

There were no hisses. When Helen finished, the whole house broke into spontaneous applause. And loudest, longest and fastest was the hand-clapping of Paul and his musicians. Their pal Jepson was on top all right. And it would have been tough for anybody who'd tried to prevent her from staying there.

But, unfortunately, as you see, it doesn't always work out like that. Fame has a price. They pay it.
MONDAY AT NBC

A Few of the Celebrities Who Make Mondays Something Better Than Blue

The colorful singing of Grace Moore (above) is enough to start the week right on any man's radio.

Above: Lum doesn't care a hoot for Abner's interest in etttet — because when he wants to sleep he wants to sleep.

Right: Harry Horlick, hard-working Gypsy maestro, turns in an excellent bit of musical fare.

Gus Van, interlocutor at left, introduces the Greater Sinclair Minstrels quartet, Leroy Petterson, Art Janes, Al Rice and Fritz Clark.
Ever listen to Captain Tim Healy's talks on stamps? You don't need to be a collector to get a kick.

Right: Margaret Speaks blends her lovely voice with Nelson Eddy's and Richard Crooks' on the Firestone concerts.

Morgan L. Eastman (left), who conducts the orchestra on the Contented program, has been in radio since its infancy.

Left: A lucky catch for the camera shows Vic (Art Van Harvey), Sade (Bernardine Flynn) and Rush (Willy Jelson) in a jovial moment.

Above: "This is the voice (also the brains and the motivation) of KUKU—Ray Knight."
A Man with Less Romance in His Soul Than Has Igor Gorin Might Have Encountered Greater Hardships on the Road That He Traveled

Although Igor has an enviable place in radio and opera, he still studies on a stiff schedule every day.

T WAS a little town in Ukraina. The year was 1917—the boy, Igor Gorin, just eight years old. In the house his parents talked on and on of the war, as they were always doing. And in the stable the little thin boy with the wavy black hair and the dark lustrous eyes sang a song. It wasn't much of a song, partly a lullaby—something he vaguely remembered from long ago—and partly his own. But anyway Bluma liked it. Bluma was his little sister, and Bluma liked everything he did.

She sat now at his feet and watched him with worshipful eyes as he bent over the large cigar box in his lap. What was he making this time? A violin? A mandolin? Another guitar? Or maybe ... maybe a harp? "Igor, could you make a harp out of just a box and hair from a horse's tail for strings? Could you, Igor? Tell me, Igor! Could you make a harp?"

Igor stopped singing and considered the question. "I don't know," he said. "I could try. I can make most everything else. But I'm afraid a harp would take an awful lot of Rollo's mane and tail ... and he hasn't got much left as it is. I'm making a zither now."

"Oh," said Bluma. "Well, maybe that'll be just as good." A moment's pause, then: "Can I go serenading with you and the boys this afternoon? Please, Igor, can I go?"

"No. I told you that was no work for a girl. Why, do you know that sometimes they throw water at us?"

"My heavens!" said the little girl. "If you serenaded me, I wouldn't do that!"

"What would you do?"

"I'd give you candies and cake!" "Bluma," said the brother, "I'm going to miss you!"

"Igor!" Suddenly she clutched his hand to her face. "Igor, you're not going away—not yet? Oh, please don't go away yet!"

"I am pretty soon," he said patiently. "Pretty soon I've got to. Pretty soon I'll die if I don't go away. You know that! I told you a long time ago. Fruka can stay and play with the stones. I've got to go out in the world!"

Fruka was their brother. It was strange. At eight he knew that. He had known it even before. Then came his opportunity. A wealthy aunt and uncle in Vienna begged the Gorins to let Igor visit them for a while. They had no children. They were lonely. They could do everything for the boy. Please, just for a while!

And so Igor was packed off. But he, and Bluma, too, knew that it was to be more than "just for a while."

In Vienna he went to a fine prep school. There he learned to speak German in place of his own Rutenish which was a mixture of Slavic and Russian. There he learned Viennese ways and Viennese manners, and how to wear Viennese clothes. There he decided to become a doctor. So at seventeen he entered the University and settled down to a life of study. But every student must have a little gaiety sometimes! And every student must have a fellow student who has a sister. And every fellow student's sister must give a party now and then. So it was that one night Igor found himself in the midst of a gay evening at Gretchen's. So it was..."
he found himself drinking a little more than usual. And it was that he found himself seated at the piano, singing at the top of his lungs.

"Bravo!" said a gentle voice beside him. Igor glanced up into the kindly face of a distinguished looking old man. "May I give you my card? And will you come to see me tomorrow?"

"Why, of course," admitted, and hung up his things, was considerably in his cups. "Pardon me," he said aloud, "but all that's on my mind telling me—what the hell is it?"

"Come to my office and we'll talk about it then," said the man smiled patiently and moved off.

YOU fool!" said Gretchen. "You foolish fool! Why, don't you know who that was? Igor Gorin! Do you mean to tell me you don't know who that was?"

It was the next day. They had met for lunch.

"I know what his card said—Professor Victor Fuchs!"

"And you didn't know that he's the greatest judge of voices and the greatest voice teacher that Vienna has ever known?—and that he's First Professor Victor Fuchs of the Vienna Conservatory of Music? Oh, Igor, I'm ashamed of you!"

"I guess I was sort of rude," Igor admitted, and hung his head. "You'd better go and see him and apologize, don't you think?"

"Well, it wouldn't hurt," he said. But still—Igor swears it to this day—still it never occurred to him that the Professor wanted to see him about his voice. It never even occurred to him to wonder why the Professor wanted to see him. Looking back, Igor says that he knew only that he had been rude to a kindly-faced old man, and that he wanted to repair the damage.

"Believe me," he told me recently as we sat together at tea in his charming Hollywood home, "I was the most surprised young man in the world. The professor said, 'You have a beautiful voice, my boy . . . you must come and study with me!'

"So I resigned from the University. I went to the Conservatory. And I found it was much harder work to be a singer than to be a doctor. It was like being a monk in a monastery. I couldn't smoke. I couldn't have my wine:" Igor laughed—"and I wasn't even supposed to think about girls! But as the notes began to come out better and better and bigger and bigger—well! I liked being a singer, even without the smoking and the wine and the girls! And the first six months passed so quickly!"

"Then—then came the auditions for the scholarships! Oh!—Igor sighed in remembrance—'that was a strain! You see, I must win. For my Professor's sake I must win a scholarship! I must make him proud of me. Well, I did win one—and I was so happy! A scholarship for five years at the Vienna Conservatory of Music—but maybe only a musician would appreciate what that means! Anyway, it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. The Conservatory gave me money, too—not much, but enough for food and lodging, and what else does a singer need? Clothes and parties and luxuries—what do they mean?"

I THOUGHT surely my family would be happy for me. But only Bluma understood. My father would think all singers were scandrels. And my mother was sorry too, because now she knew I'd never come home. And my brother—well, he thought like my father. But Bluma knew!

Then, let me see—well, it was three years later when the Czechoslovakian Opera tried to interest me in an engagement, a whole season. It was quite an honor. I had two more years of study at the Conservatory, and already I had an engagement! The Professor said I should go. It would be good experience. He could teach me by correspondence. And then, weeks when I wasn't in an opera,
Above: Doorman Paul Barry welcomes Dick Arlen, Jobyna, Bobbie and Jimmie—from left to right. If you observe that the men happen to be wearing no topcoats, it's the climate out there.

Above: Checkroom Girl Grace Stinson keeps everybody's wraps straight with claim checks before the party, because afterward—?

Right: Between musical numbers Maestro Jimmie Grier joins the group for a cigarette and a—glass of water (maybe).

The party barely is organized before they're on their feet to snappy music of Jimmie Grier's orchestra.

Night-Clubbing with the STARS

The Time: A Week or So Before Jimmie Fidler's Wedding Day
The Place: The Bowl of the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles
The Stars: Jimmie and the Girl He Since Has Married, Bobbie Law; the Movies' Richard Arlen and His Wife, the Former Jobyna Ralston

PHOTOS BY ROBERT COBURN
SUNDAY, MARCH 29

COLLEGE PRESIDENT

The regular Church of the Air feature over a CBS network will bring Reverend Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University, to the air. Reverend Marsh will be heard at 7 a.m. PST (8 MST). At 10 a.m. PST (11 MST) a Catholic period will be presided over by the Reverend John H. Halsey, O. F. M., of the St. Vincent Ferrer Church of New York City.

PHILHARMONIC

One of the world's greatest conductors, Arturo Toscanini, returns to direct the Philharmonic Symphony orchestra of New York over NBC network at 12 noon PST (1 p.m. MST).

OPERA AUDITIONS

The final winner or winners will be selected by the Metropolitan committee on auditions in connection with the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air program at 12:30 p.m. PST (1:30 MST). NBC is the network.

JERRY SEARS

Jery Sears and his orchestra under Ray Rich will broadcast the Design for Listening program over NBC at 1:30 p.m. PST (2:30 MST) over CBS as a guest on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

DREAMS OF LONG AGO

NBC program Dreams of Long Ago shifts to a later time, 7:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MST), replacing the Seth Parker spot.

MONDAY, MARCH 30

ROUND THE WORLD

A special, round-the-world broadcast honoring the General Electric Company will be heard at 8 a.m. PST (9 MST) over NBC. Officials of the company including General Swope, president, will speak. Musical highlights will be a 40-piece concert orchestra directed by Harold Levey, Richard Bonelli, baritone, the Bev- lares quartet and the General Electric Girls Glee Club will also be heard.

NEW DRAMA

Backstage Wife, NBC dramatic sketch, will be given its NBC premiere, 1:15 p.m. PST (2:15 MST).

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Answer Me This, new weekly series dramatizing questions and answers pertaining to commerce and other educational subjects, is presented for NBC listeners at 3:35 p.m. PST (4:35 MST). This program replaces Top Hatters.

BETTE DAVIS

Hollywood's famous actress, in her first broadcast over the Library of Congress will be heard at 12:30 p.m. PST (1:30 MST) over CBS.

SCIENCE TALK

A discussion on science couched in terms for the layman will be given at 1:45 p.m. PST (2:45 MST) on the CBS.

SEN. J. H. METCALF

Senator Jesse H. Metcalf of Rhode Island will discuss Federal Spending over NBC at 4:15 p.m. PST (5:15 MST).

JANE PICKENS

Jane Pickens, soprano and arranger for the popular sister trio, has been added to the Texas program as permanent soloist and is heard at 6:30 p.m. PST (7:30 MST).

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1

COLLEGE CHOIR

The Houghton College Choir, under the direction of Wilfred C. Bain, will sing familiar church songs on NBC at 9:45 a.m. PST (10:45 MST).

CURTIS INSTITUTE

Another array of talent will be presented from the Curtis Institute of Music in Phila- delphia at 1 p.m. PST (2 MST) over CBS.

BENNY RUBIN RETURNS

Benny Rubin, popular comedian, returns to the air in Whirligig series at 5:30 p.m. PST (6:30 MST) over NBC. The Showmen Quartet and an orchestra conducted by Harold Anderson will assist the comedians. The Armco Ironmasters depart.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2

BOOK CRITIC

Lewis Gannett, noted book critic of the New York Herald Tribune, will discuss the current best-sellers over CBS at 2 p.m. PST (3 MST).

BRUNA CASTAGNA

Bruna Castagna, radio's most recent star to win opera fame, will sing over CBS network at a new time, 5:30 p.m. PST (6:30 MST). She made her debut in Aida at the Metropolitan Opera House last Winter. Victor Bay and his sym- phonxy orchestra will assist.

SMOOTHING OUT

CBS will broadcast the national indoor men and women's swimming meet from the Lake Shore Athletic Club in Chicago at 5:45 p.m. PST (6:45 MST).

MUSIC MAGIC

Music Magic, featuring an orchestra conducted by Harry Kogen with Charles Sears, tenor, and the Esorses, and Joan Blaine, narrator, is heard at 7:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MST), NBC network.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

POST-SEASON MUSIC

A special post-season NBC Music Appreciation hour will be broadcast at 8 a.m. PST (9 MST) with Walter Damrosch conducting the symphony orchestra, and Theodore Webb, broadcast in a solo program. The soloist will be a chorus of 400 high school students will also be heard.

NOTED EDUCATOR

Professor William C. Bagley, President of Columbia University, will deliver an address on "The Future of Radio in Education" at 12 noon MST (1 p.m. MST). CBS will give listeners the broadcast from the platform of the Commodore in New York.

MARION TALLEY

Marion Talley, famous in the opera and concert world and soon to make her film debut, will be heard in a new series over NBC at 7:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MST). This begins a contract of regular weekly broadcasts to be called Music All America Loves To Hear.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

A CAPELLA

Choral literature by the old masters and present day composers will be presented by the Muskingum College A Capella Singers at 7:45 a.m. PST (8:45 MST) over NBC.

JUNIOR RADIO JOURNAL


GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club of Temple University, Philadelphia, will be heard over CBS at 9 a.m. MST (10 MST).

DR. HOWARD HAGGARD

The National Tuberculosis Association will sponsor a CBS talk by Dr. Howard Haggard at 10:30 a.m. MST (11:30 MST).

BENNY FIELDS

Broadway's singing star and comparative newcomer to the networks, Benny Fields, will co-star with Fanny Brice on The Ziegfeld Follies at 5 p.m. PST (6 MST) over CBS. Patti Chapin and Al Goodman's orchestra will add their talent.

SHEILA CHATEAU

Smith Ballew, orchestra leader and singer, will succeed Al Jolson as master of ceremonies on the Chateau schedule over NBC at 6:30 p.m. PST (7:30 MST). Jolson will join his wife Ruby Keeler and his son Al, Jr.

CANDIDATE KNOX

Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News and candidate for the Republican nomination for President of the United States, will broadcast on CBS at 7 p.m. PST (8 MST).

CALIFORNIA MELODIES

Columbia's veteran West Coast service will bring listeners with the California Melodies program at 7:30 p.m. PST (8:30 MST) over CBS.
MONDAY

Wm. Daly

6:30 p.m. MDT

See also 3:00 p.m. MDT (30 CST)

News

7:05 a.m. - CBS/KOMA

7:30 a.m. - NBC

8:15 a.m. - FM

8:00 a.m. - CBS/KFAB

9:15 a.m. - CBS

10:00 a.m. - NBC/KOIL

11:00 a.m. - KCBS

12:00 p.m. - KOCR/KSL

2:00 p.m. - CBS/KFAB

3:00 p.m. - March of Time: CBS/KSL

3:30 p.m. - March of Time: CBS/KSL

Creative Drama

9:00 a.m. - Light Opera: NBC/WDF

10:30 a.m. - Nelson Eddy, bar.: CBS/KVOO

1:30 p.m. - Greater Misselkens: NBC/KOAB

Drama

7:00 p.m. - Radio Drama: CBS/KLZ

7:30 p.m. - A Tale of Today: NBC/KOIL

Talks

12 noon - American Education Forum: NBC/WDF

9:15 p.m. - Let's Talk It Over: CBS/KVOO

11:00 p.m. - Nat Radio Forum: NBC/WDF

11:45 p.m. - Public Opinion: CBS/KFAB

Morning

7:00 A.M. - NBC

8:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

8:30 A.M. - Metropolitan Parade; KVOR KOAB KSL KOMA KVOO KFAB

9:00 A.M. - Pete Morell: WGN

9:30 A.M. - WGN

10:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

10:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

11:00 A.M. - Kansas City Times: WGN

11:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

12:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

12:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

2:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

3:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

3:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

4:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

4:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

5:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

5:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

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7:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

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9:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

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10:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

11:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

11:30 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

12:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

12:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

1:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

1:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

2:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

2:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

3:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

3:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

4:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

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7:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

8:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

8:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

9:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

9:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

10:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

10:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

11:00 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

11:30 A.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)

12:00 P.M. - NBC/Breakfast Club; Solists & Orch.: when KYW (1127)
**Monday, March 30, 1950**

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**City**

**State**
TUESDAY
March 31

11:45 a.m. News: WDAP

5:45 p.m. Breaker Cart: CBS-KSL

3:30 p.m.-March of Time: CBS-KSL

8:30 p.m.-Jimmy Fillner: NBC-KOA

Classic Musical

9:45 a.m.-Piano Recital: NBC-KSL

11:45 a.m.-Music Guild: NBC-KSL

1:30 p.m.-Library of Congress: CBS-KTLZ

2:30 p.m.-Vivian Dalea Chisum, soprano: CBS-KLS

Comedy

5:00 p.m.-Easy Aces: NBC-KSL

7:00 p.m.-The Caravan: CBS-KOMA

Drama

5:00 p.m.-Crime Cues: NBC-KSL

6:30 p.m.-Welcome Valley: CBS-WREN

7:30 p.m.-Helen Hayes: NBC-WREN

Talks

2:45 p.m.-General Federation of Women's Clubs: NBC-WOV

1:30 p.m.-American Medical Association: NBC-WKY

Morning

7:00 MST 8:00 CST

• NBC Breakfast Club; Solvents Corp.: WHEN KY (sw-15.27)

CBS-Buddy Call Review: KOMA (sw-15.27)

KSL-Oragan B Kathryn: W9XBY (sw-15.27)

KIA-Oragan B Kathryn: W9XBY (sw-15.27)

KGNF-Night Time: W9XBY (sw-15.27)

KGNF—Morn. Devotions: KSL-Club Continental

KTAT-Meadows Boys

KWW-DougKab

WKN-DougKab

WAX-Nancy Ann Ragtime Band

W9XBY-Med. Meditations

CBS—Bunnoer of Helen Tram; sketch: KSL-KZL (sw-17.76)

KFAB—Bunnies of Helen Tram; sketch: KSL-KZL (sw-17.76)

KFAB—News Tunes (old)

KFH—Byrd and Bob: WNB-Weather Forecast

KMBG-Story Club

KVOR—An Earful of Music

WAX-John Peter DePape

5:00 MST 6:00 CST

News: WDAP

3:00 p.m.-Brook St Bow: W9XBY (sw-15.27)

KMBG—Story Club

WNB—Weather Forecast

KMBG-Story Club

KVOR—An Earful of Music

WAX-John Peter DePape

5:00 MST 6:00 CST

News: WDAP

5:00 p.m. News: WDAP

6:30 p.m. News: WDAP

8:00 p.m. News: WDAP

10:00 p.m. News: WDAP
No text is visible in the image.
SUBSCRIBE and SAVE YOURSELF money and be SURE of your COPY WEEKLY
**Thursday**

- **4:00 PM** — *Organ recital: GSC GSD 695*
- **4:30 PM** — *Evenings: JSC GSD 656*
- **5:30 PM** — *Radio Roundup: HVY 426*
- **6:15 PM** — *American Music: JSC 695*
- **7:00 PM** — *_music: WBN 604*
- **8:00 PM** — *Atlantic: WBN 604*

**SHORT-WAVE PROGRAMS FOR THURSDAY**

(See Page 29 for List of Stations and Frequencies)

**Radio Roundup**

- **4:30 PM — Opposite program: COCD**
- **5:00 PM — Program forecast: DJ DJM**
- **6:30 PM — Opposite program: JTP**

**TAP DANCING**

**GRADUATION NIGHT**

See Page 29 for List of Stations and Frequencies

**NEW! SCIENTIFIC AERIAL**

**NEW! SCIENTIFIC AERIAL**

$1.00

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**NO OCTILLING OR WHISTLING**

- **Due to Your 3 Days at Our Best Distance and Volume**

**Chicago**

- **5:00 PM — Molecule: WBN 604**
- **6:00 PM — Orlando: WBN 604**

**End of Thursday Programs**
WHO - Diary

WGN - Musical

W9XBY

KVOR

WDAF - Jack Armstrong, sketch

WHO - Diarries of Jimmie Mattern

WAX - Sports

5:00 MST

6:00 CST

CBS - Metyr & Andy, sketch: KFAK (ex-11-13) (also see 9:15 p.m."

NBC - Andy's Andy, sketch: KTLA (also 11-13)"

NBC - Tatton on Sports: KOCO

WDAF

CBS - Richard Rogers: KSL KLZ KFG - Men: Bree Fox

KGP - Bruce Forsch, sketch

KMBK - News: Sports Review

KOMO - Democratic Communique

KOMA - Sports Page

KWOR - Two Sheds on Blue

WHO - Guardians of the Highways; Bits and Blit

WBIB - Thad O'Malley

WKCJ Jimmy Allen, sketch

WLS - Orlville Taylor, talk

WAXM - Marion Matthews

WOW - News

WXYK - C. Tennie

5:15 MST

5:45 CST

6:00 CST

6:05 MST

CBS - Flying Red Horse Tavern; Walter Wood Koch, Inc.; Doris Duke; "They're Either Too Smart or Too Foolish"

CBS - John Milk, sketch: KOKF (also see 10 p.m."

CBS - ABC's Andy's Andy, sketch: KFAK (ex-11-13)"

CBS - Andy's Andy, sketch: KTLA (also 11-13)"

CBS - Andy's Andy, sketch: KTLA (also 11-13)"


WHO - Court of Human Relations: KOA KSL (also 7:30 p.m."

WHO - Andy's Andy, sketch: KFAK (also 7:30 p.m."

WHO - Andy's Andy, sketch: KFAK (also 7:30 p.m."

WHO - Andy's Andy, sketch: KFAK (also 7:30 p.m."


FRIDAY

4:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.

5:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

5:30 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.

6:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.

6:30 p.m. - 11:00 p.m.

7:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

7:30 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

8:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

9:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

10:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

11:00 p.m. - 12:00 a.m.

12:00 a.m. - 5:00 a.m.

6:00 a.m.

7:00 a.m.

8:00 a.m.

9:00 a.m.

10:00 a.m.

11:00 a.m.

12:00 noon

1:00 p.m.

2:00 p.m.

3:00 p.m.

4:00 p.m.

5:00 p.m.

6:00 p.m.

7:00 p.m.

8:00 p.m.

9:00 p.m.

10:00 p.m.

11:00 p.m.

12:00 a.m.
CONTESTS ON THE AIR
For CST Add One Hour To MS
SUNDAY
3:30 p.m. PST (4:30 MST), CST network. Smedl Ed McManus. Automobile prizes weekly for letter.
8 p.m. PST (9 MST), CST network, Sunset Dreams. Broadcast for East at 4:45 p.m. PST (5:45 MST). Single contest, wrist watch prizes.
9 p.m. PST (10 MST), CST network. Leslie Howard. Also broadcast to East at 11 a.m. PST (12 noon MST). Automobile weekly for letter.
THURSDAY
6 p.m. PST (7 MST), CST network, Show Boat. Automobile weekly for prize winning letter.
BULLS AND BONERS
ANNOUNCER: "George Hayes stands an ex- cel lent chance of going to the elbows gunman."] - Robert Stocker, Paterson, New Jersey.
J U DITH: "Then, England had a woman queen.""] - Mary J. King, Topeka, Kansas.
NEWS REPORTER: "The fire-fight ing equipment consisted of empty barrels filled with water."] - Mrs. Alfred Thies, Avoca, Iowa.
ANNOUNCER: "You will find your hair in fantastic condition.""] - Robert R. LiBiowis, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
"The Maple City
Four
The Hayloft Harmonizers on The National Barn Dance Every Saturday Night
Over 40 Radio Artists Including the Tune Twisters; Arkansas Woodchopper; Lester Long; Hayloft Chorus; Sally Foster; Skylark Scoriy and Lulu Belle; Verne, Lee and Mary; Barn Dance Orchestra; Don Quixote Orchestra; Salina Dance Varieties; WGN-Kavin's Orchestra; The Bells and Boners Editor, care of Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.
56 NBC STATIONS
Coast-to-Coast
A rickety old barn dances to the soft sound of shrill singing, and dancing fun sport. Brought to you direct from Chicago, every Saturday night over station.
WKN
KOA
6:30 to 7:00 p.m.; CST
12 noon PST (1 p.m. CST), CST network.
FRIDAY
5:15 p.m. PST (6:15 MST). NBC network. Wendell Hall. Wrist watches weekly for jingles.
SATURDAY
7:30 p.m. (8:30 MST). NBC network. Celebrity Night. Automobiles, electric refrigerators, radios.
Announcer: "The two Negroes were twice convicted of robbery.""] - Harry D. Linn, Ophen, Utah. January 16, KJSY; 11:10 p.m.
CARLTON BRICKRITT: "If it's cold, serve it hot."] - Mary N. Olive, Marion, Kentucky.
GEORGE WATSON: "I want you to listen to this conversation in a grocery store between two women.""] - Mrs. L. A. Alstel, St. Peters burg, Florida.

DANCE PROGRAMS FOR SATURDAY

4 p.m. -- Oxford vs. Cambridge, best race: GSA (10:30)
4:15 p.m. -- Oxford vs. Cambridge, best race: GSG (11:00)
4:45 p.m. -- The Giant's Castle: GGG (11:30)
5:15 p.m. -- Falmouth: Race (2:00)
5:45 p.m. -- Venetian song: YV2RC (4:00)
6:15 p.m. -- The Devil, the air: YV2RC
7:30 p.m. -- Wary variety: DJF DXD (4:30)
7:50 p.m. -- NBC dance orchestra: GSC GDG
8:15 p.m. -- Boats: GSC GDG (4:30)
8:30 p.m. -- Dance and Boats: YV2RC
8:45 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
9:00 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
9:15 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
9:30 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
9:45 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
10:00 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
10:15 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
10:30 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
10:45 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
11:00 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
11:15 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
11:30 p.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
11:45 p.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
12:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
12:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
12:30 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
12:45 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
1:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
1:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
1:30 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
1:45 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
2:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
2:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
2:30 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
2:45 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
3:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
3:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
3:30 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
3:45 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
4:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
4:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
4:30 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
4:45 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
5:00 a.m. -- Dance Orchestra: GSC GDG
5:15 a.m. -- Piano: YV2RC (4:30)
THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!
The famous European hypnotist, Prof. S. H. SIHIBOL LAKAJAT.
He will read your friends, and your enemies. If you wish to know
who your friends and enemies are, as well as the marital status
of your friends and enemies, you can consult Prof. Sahibol Laka.
His forecasts are based on the marriage and speculation.
He is a source of valuable information regarding
travelers, illness, happy and sad news, and a great deal more interest-
ful details.

Royal personalities have been astounded
of the wonder of his great knowledge.
Write him today, your proper name and
address, the age of each and your birth
year, if married or not, enclosing also a small check
hair for the following:

YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A HORA-
SCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE.
Postage to Holland only 5 c. enclose 20 c. in stamps (no coins) for postage and handling. His address is

PROFESSOR SAHIBOL LAKAJAT
Dept. 64 Postbox 72, Den Haag, Holland.

ROAD TO ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 25)

day Bandler told him that he had ar-
ranged for him to take a movie test. So Igor went out to Long Island and
made a movie test—and still, and again, nothing happened. Not for weeks.

Then came a Monday—one of those blue Mondays—blue, blue, blue,
and indigo. It was raining and it was
cold—and Igor was bored and tony.

To pass the time he decided to go to a movie.

When he returned to his hotel several
hours later there were messages and
messengers waiting for him all over the place. He found three
letters from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The first
offered him a contract. The second
offered him even more money.

The third begged him to answer im-
mediately. And there, in a large legal-
looking envelope from the F. W. Wills
Armstrong Advertising Agency, was a contract "between Igor Gorin, Bar-
tone, and the Campbell's Soup Co., En-
velope"—just waiting for his signa-
ture! Both in the same day. And both,
fortunately, requiring him to be in
the same place—Hollywood. What a
day!

But Igor thinks of his present great success only as a beginning.

And he has come a great distance on the road to romance, he has much farther
to travel. He still works like a stu-
dent—yes, and lives like one. He
spends six hours each day with his
father—the well-known Arthur
Robertson, incidentally, who used to
be Caruso's accompanist, and whom
Metro recently brought to the Coast just to work with Igor. Then he
spends two hours each day with an
English teacher. Take another ten
out for sleeping—and you can see that
that doesn't leave too much! Then,
he spends all of Thursdays and Fri-
days at the studio in Hollywood
rehearsals. But when he does have
time... well, how do you think he
spends it? I'll tell you! He spends
it at the piano, composing! Not long
ago he sang a composition of his
one of his programs. It was a love-
y thing called "California Melody." Perhaps you heard it?

Oh, he's talented. And he's charming.
And you like him. So vivacious
and friendly!

Yesterday, in the midst of our tea,
be suddenly thought of showing off
his home recording equipment. Out
comes the box, up came the lid and
went the current. "Look," he said, "I
can record anything right off the air.
Of course, I can record my own voice,
you too, from this room... but I think it's
more exciting to take something
the air, don't you?" He turned on the
radio attachment. "Let's see... what have we here? A dance band! Good!
Now, see? This is all I have to do,
and I'll have a record of it!"

He put on a fresh black disc, low-
ered the needle and the disc went
round and round and the needle be-
gan to cut. Igor was bending over
the contraption and humming softly to
himself... I thought: How like that little boy of
eight who sat in a stable showing
making a zither out of an old box and
hanging out of a horse's tail?

Oh, yes! And I almost forgot!
About Bluma! Today she's a painter
and lives in Poland, and she's quite
famous, too!

Igor Gorin is presented every Friday
night on the Hollywood Hotel program
by the makers of Goody Goody, boun-
ting from fourteenth place all the way up to second.
But most surprising was the evident
flash-in-the-pan of Berlin's Lets Face
the Music and Dance, which came out
nowhere to fifth place last week,
and has dropped back to nowhere
again this week.

HIT PARADE LIST

If you Want to Learn the Secrets of
How to Be an Exciting Beauty, Read
Glamour and Helen Jepson
Coming Next Week

1. Lights Out
2. Goody Goody
3. Alone
4. It's Been So Long
5. You Yourself Go
6. I'm Putting All My Egs in One
7. The Swingin' High
8. Please Believe Me
9. Beautiful Lady at Blue
10. Moon over Miami
11. Sing an Old Fashioned Song to a
12. Lost
13. What's the Name of That Song?

RADIO GUIDE'S X-WORD

HORIZONTAL
1. Love, a wish (abbr.)
2. Steen Goodman's Music
3. Vast
4. To retard
5. A heavy wave
6. Two quartets and a duo
7. I am (conjunction)
8. Two thousand of No. 29
9. A Hill
10. Veedeen, band
11. Leader
12. A swelling
13. Lazy Bill, baritone
14. Man's title
15. Shot of weight (abbr.)
16. Arm of the sea
17. -wheel
18. A Scottish Jackal
19. A pit
20. Bricklayer's portfolio
21. Power
22. Elongated fish
23. To place
24. What Bernie tries to break
25. Motor Car
26. Home of the Airline
27. Army officer (abbr.)
28. A hole in the ground
29. Blue and fall of ink (abbr.)
30. BNBC Musical Director in Chicago
31. Radio operator
32. Greek God of love
33. Top of
34. Land amphibian

VERTICAL
1. Indelible ink
2. A deductible article
3. Refrigerator
4. A red-blooded sister
5. Initiates of Wilms Deering
6. A silvery river
7. A little "how" thing
8. A blue wears on her head
9. Compass point
10. Supreme Babylonian god
11. A man of whom everything is
12. A Eurasian barbarian
13. A Southern European
14. To make a mistake
15. A preacher
16. Kennedy, tenor
17. Long, loose overcoats
18. A Jake
19. An alcoholic drink
20. Very black
21. Son god
22. Couch
23. Director, General Motors
24. Symphony
25. Plumes and Prunes (in-
26. Planet
27. To partake of food
28. Virologist, sopranos
29. Native metals
30. Salary
31. Pig pen
32. Sugar
33. Such, and so more
34. New Testament (abbr.)
35. Plural suffix

HITS OF WEEK

WILLIE MORRIS, whose portrait
appears on the cover of this week's
Radio Guide, inherited more than her
name from an illustrious ancestor,
Robert Morris, one of the signers of
the Declaration of Independence.
His yearning for freedom was part of the
heritage.

That's why she issued a liberty
all of her own when it came time to
free herself from the domination of
family advice, and chose a career.
While Willie is a gifted singer, she
is an equally good pianist.
She wanted to express herself in
song, and because her parents curtailed
her allowance when she persisted, she
had to live pretty sparingly to accom-
plish her ends. But if you listen to
radio at all you know that she had a
sound reason for being a singer.

She'll be heard Sunday evenings
at 7:30 p.m. EST (6:30 CST; 5:30 MST;
4:30 PST) on the Fireside Recital
over the NBC-WEAF network.

COVER PORTRAIT
WHAT WINCHELL KNOWS
(Continued from Page 16)

there are some valuable follow-up tips in your article, which might be of some benefit in the defense of Bruno Rich-

ard Hauptmann. With kindest personal regards, Edward J. Reilly

Walter Winchell supplied the paper requested, and sent at the same time a series of pertinent questions—ques-
tions never to be answered by Mr. Reilly. Let's look at some of them:

"Was Attorney Fawcett afraid of the case because he wished to make an in-
sanity defense?"

"If not true that Attorney Fawcett refused to believe Fisch's leaving the money behind in a cardboard box?

"How can you escape seeing the similarity of the r's and b's and especially the initial letter in Hauptmann's handwriting and the script of the ransom notes? Do you really believe that the unusual r"s ("x") appears to be a double "x" in the words next and explain in the Bronx home weren't written by your client?"

"Why did Hauptmann, who claims to have made a living up to the time of the robbery and admits in the police report to the police that he had never done any theft, fail to send money to his mother in Germany until after April 3, 1932?"

"Assuming that Hauptmann's story about Fisch leaving the money behind is accurate, how can you account for the fact that police have found nails (used in the lid) and wood (the material used to build it) and several other items dealing with the construction of the workshop in the Bronx?"

"Assuming that Hauptmann got the money from Fisch, why did he hide it so carefully in a can in his garage? And another $500 in specially arranged niches in a room in the garage?"

"Since Hauptmann has stated that he had good living playing the stock market and that it is why he didn't work since early in 1932, then why did he take work on March 21, 1932, at the Majestic Hotel?—and then quit on April 3, 1932, the day the ransom was paid?"

"How will Hauptmann explain his willingness to lend Isador Fisch, a man he met on his own initiative, $1,000, to provide a false alibi and to his rescue the sum of $7,560?"

"Did Hauptmann become indignant after his arrest and announce, 'Gentle-

men, you are accusing me of the most monstrous crime in history. You believe that I, the respectable father of a husband and the son, husband of a good woman, committed such a fiendish crime'"

"Do you think it was merely a coinci-
dence that in one of the ranso-

ters police found the blurred words 'Gun Hill Road' which happens to be the main artery very near your client's home?"

"Where is all the money coming from in which pays the expenses of the unusually large staff of investigators working for Hauptmann's defense? Or does anyone of the screenwriters or directors in the film doing it for love of justice and solely to free an innocent man?"

To those questions, among others, Lawyer Reilly replied only that it would be "unethical" for him to an-
swer anything at present.

But this time both prosecution and defense were drawing up their lines of battle.

One day Walter Winchell's daily gist of news brought him an item packed with T-N-T—and he decided to explod

io. Already, however, he knew enough about Hauptmann's rec-

ord to convict him in his own mind. But I believe he wanted the public to know that the man who had stolen a baby and then killed it. Cer-

tainly, the air-flush he lost in 1921 did much to settle the matter in

many people's minds.

The flash said, in effect:

"The sixteenth rung in the ladder used by the kidnapper had been saved from a door board in the attic of Bru-

no Hauptmann's Bronx home."

Over in New Jersey Attorney-General Wilentz heard the broadcast and leaped out of his chair, cursing the i

anine, solved the puzzle. Over in Brooklyn, Edward J. Reilly heard it and blessed him.

As a matter of the sixteenth rung—was merely the backbone of New

Jersey's attempt to convict Hauptmann. The time to keep it secret until it was introduced in court.

To Walter Winchell it was merely news without a gentleman's agreement upon silence—hence, public property.

Balloting on the trial was not decided until, one day, by design, he met Governor Har-

old Hoffman, doing one of that execu-
tive's visits to New York. And he said:

"Governor, I've been writing a lot about this case up to now, and I'd like to keep on doing it. Can't we fix it up somehow?"

"You bet we can," Hoffman declared.

When Winchell went presently to the trial in Flemington it was with the Governor's full approval, in a car sup-

plied by the Governor, and—wonder of wonders—behind a special escort of those once-angry State troopers. Later, when snow blocked the roads before the columnist, the Governor even or-
dered his motorcade to clear the way.

So the trial began.

Then he began with a tribute to Walter Winchell. Not that the law-

yers meant it to be, but because they felt he had crossed the broad-

spread sweep of his opinions. So much the more roundly of the woman of the panel examined, they challenged winchell.

"Do you listen to Walter Winchell's radio broadcasts?"

"Do you read Walter Winchell's newspaper column?"

The astonishing story of Winchell's revelations will be continued in next week's column.

IN RADIO GUIDE:

Getting Away with Murder
Crime Case From the En-
side in a Helpful Yarn
for Radio Slayers

Spring Fever Fashions
Radio's Smartest Show
"Milday the Latest"

Winchell's Secrets
More About Hauptmann

Better Than Ever! Don't Miss It!
SPARKLING STUDIES FROM THE STUDIOS

Right: Hal Moore, CBS announcer who gave the Voice of Experience, Pick and Pat and the Goldberg's among his daily broadcasts. Below: Betty Bryant, exotic singer of blues with Charlie Dorf-berger's band and also with Green and De Raee's show.

Here's Maxine Gray, the lovely Southern gal who warbles those haunting melodies for Hal Kemp's band from the Manhattan Room, in the Hotel Pennsylvania, N.Y.

Above left: Trooper Freddie Bartholomew, who carried on without a script when a page of his own became lost during the Lux Theater. Right: Now he's Gulliver, the Traveler. Ed Wynne, the comedian, shown making up...