ANOTHER HIT SONG—"SMOOTH" BY RICHARD HIMBER

Radio Guide
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WEEK ENDING NOV. 28, 1936

10 CENTS

ROSEMARY LANE
Of Waring's Pennsylvanians

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"—ITS THRILLING STORY!
THANKSGIVING DAY FOOTBALL BROADCASTS!

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SMOOTH

WORDS and MUSIC
BY
RICHARD HIMBER

Moderato

VOICE

What is this thrill I've

never felt before?

What is this thing that makes me ask for

more?

If this be love let's make the most of it.

Now I know why all poets boast of it.

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THIS IS A RADISnackbar
GIFT-SONG
MEDAL OF MERIT
AWARDED TO
FIBBER Mcgee AND Molly

RIGHT after the Wall Street drought of 1929, a new philosophy sprang up over America. It was the philosophy of sadness and tears and chronic gout.

Its premise was the mournful prediction that "The babies in their baskets would soon be needling caskets." Its color was mortuary lavender; its flower, cemetery hue.

Seriously, things looked bad for America. Apparently we'd lost our sense of humor. We seemed to think that laughter had folded up its tent and fled from this mortal world.

Then Eddie Cantor came along and wrote "Caught Short." He made a laugh fiesta out of a financial tragedy. Other comedians caught on and followed suit. Soon, all America stopped crying and commenced chuckling.

We were a nation saved by laughter. And the people who saved us were those clowns of life whose business it is to turn tears into tremors of honest, wholesome, rib-tickling laughter.

Meanwhile, radio took on an added importance. People who couldn't attend Broadway first-nights to get their laughs, turned to the loudspeaker. People who couldn't afford 35 or 40 cents for a movie, stayed home to listen to those Pagliaccis of the air who were trying their darnest to make America forget its troubles.

Out in Chicago, two people suddenly turned up at the microphone—two who tried just about as hard as any pair of comedians on the air. They were Fibber McGee and Molly, whose homely humor might be that of your old Aunt Harriet in Cherokee or mine in Kalumzoo—which whole philosophy is as sincere as yours or that of your good, kind neighbor next door.

In the beginning there was nothing subtle about the McGee brand of humor. It was as honest as the kitchen sink—as unpretentious as your old bone-handled carving knife—and sometimes it was just as suddenly sharp! In fact, theirs was Main Street entertainment, pure and simple. Their program was the country girl dressed in sprigged muslin—the simple lass who was the crossroads ingenue of the air.

And, for a while, it looked as though the country-girl was going to get a trimming from her more sophisticated sisters in the city.

Fibber and Molly had listeners; yes, great numbers of them—loyal fans who huddled around mail-order radio-sets in Podunk and Punkin Center and nodded their heads to what the McGees had to say. And their nods became laughs.

This laughter was infectious. Starting in rural communities, it spread to small towns. And from there it went to big towns, which is not at all surprising because everybody knows that big towns are country Jakes at heart.

So, because the program is popular as few programs are popular; because it wears the halo of honesty and the wrath of good-will, we are happy to present Fibber McGee and Molly with RADIO GUIDE'S Medal of Merit.

FIBBER Mcgee & Molly

IN THIS ISSUE
Week Ending November 28, 1936

• Personalities
  Fanny Brice
  Glory—By the Grace of Ziegfeld
  by Jack Jamison
  Ben Grauer
  There Is Still Adventure!
  by Gerald Brentnagle
  Charles Butterworth
  Fish, Fool—or Butterworth
  by S. M. Monk
  Wayne King
  His Inspiring Life Story
  (Part III)
  by Marc Kerr
  Jane Pickens
  A Giant-Gulp Portrait
  by Bill Bacher
  The Man Behind Hollywood Hotel
  by Katharine Hartley
  Rosemary Lane
  The Cover Portrait

• Special Features
  Smooth
  A Radio Guide Gift-Song... 2 & 51 Words and Music by Richard Haines
  Father Coughlin—What Now?
  The Rise and Fall of a Radiator
  by Ken W. Perry
  One Man's Family—Everyman's Show
  Life with the Barbutas
  by Mary Foster Chronwell
  Too Modern Daughter
  A Calling All Cars Story
  by Arthur Kent

• News and Comment
  Happy Listening
  with Don Towne
  Plums and Prunes
  by Evans Plummer
  Insiders Stuff
  by Martin Lewis
  Music in the Air
  by Carleton Smith
  On Short Waves
  by Charles A. Morrison

• Pictorial Features
  A Gallery of Portraits
  by Willie Morris
  Phil Harris
  by Francie White
  Charles E. Rubin

• Departments
  Football Broadcasts of the Week
  Stories of Near-by Stations
  Radio Guide's Air Contest
  Handwriting Contest
  Glory—By the Grace of Ziegfeld

• Programs
  Sunday, November 22
  Monday, November 23
  Tuesday, November 24
  Wednesday, November 25
  Thursday, November 26
  Friday, November 27
  Saturday, November 28

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  Cover Portrait by Charles E. Rubin
GLORY—BY THE GRACE OF ZIEGFELD

BY

JACK JAMISON

EVERY night this week, in movie theaters in small towns as well as in the big radio studios in New York, scared girls in home-made clothes—amateurs—are doing imitations and singing songs. Hoping!

Thirty years ago, too, there were amateur nights. More brutal amateur nights than those today. They were held, not in vast modernistic studios with an unctuous Major Bowes or a wire-cracking Fred Allen as master of ceremonies, but in variety halls, as they were called then, and with no ceremony at all. The audiences booed and shouted. A stage-hand held a long pole with an iron hook at the end, with which he none too gently dragged the failures into the wings. There were scared girls in home-made clothes in those days, too. Hoping.

And one of them was Fanny Brice. Out of every thousand amateurs today, nine hundred and ninety-nine are never heard of again. It was the same then. Fanny is the one who didn’t fail. As you read this, two theaters on Broadway, facing each other across the street, carry her name in lights. One is a huge movie house where “The Great Ziegfeld” is showing. The other offers the show which that very Ziegfeld originated in 1907, and which is going on every year though Ziegfeld himself is dead—“The Follies.” And you hear Fanny, in addition, over the air. The theater, the movies, the radio: there are no more worlds for her to conquer. What memories she has!

As she stands before the microphone, and as she stood before the cameras while she was making the picture dealing with Florenz Ziegfeld’s life—she was Florenza Ziegfeld’s closest woman friend—the memories flooding into her mind were enough for a dozen lifetimes. Of Ziegfeld himself, first of all. Of how he heard, when his new-born Follies were only three years old, of a girl with a funny face who was stopping the show nightly over at the Columbia Burlesque. Of how he sent for her. Of how she took her mother along.

“How much do you want?” asked Zippy in his dry, squeaky voice.

“Forty dollars a week,” said Momma promptly.

ZIEGFELD chuckled, made it seventy-five, and signed a contract for a year. Fanny stood on a Broadway corner and showed that contract to everyone who passed—cops, tourists, song-pluggers, everyone. Irving Berlin, at that time thankful for forty a week himself, remembers that she showed it to him five times. It was worn to tatters.

Already Fanny Brice had put behind her, then, the thirteen-year-old girl from the slums—whose only pals were newsboys—pushed out violently on the stage of Keeney’s Fulton Street Theater in toughest Brooklyn to warble, “When You Know You’re Not Forgotten By the Girl You Can’t Forget.” Already she had put behind her other amateur night successes and flops. Then, at the rear row of a burlesque show chorus. Then a show where the great George M. Cohan had groaned, “I can’t stand it. She’s holding up the whole chorus. Back to the kitchen!” Then a touring road company where she lay on the stage under a painted canvas ocean and grabbed the hero’s legs as he swam by. (She was an invisible alligator.) Then burlesque. Then, at last—Ziegfeld.

It was at an early after-theater party that, for the first time, Fanny Brice entered a room in which there were women wearing evening gowns and men in dinner jackets. One of the men, a wealthy Westchester socialite, eyeing her grimy hands and fingernails at the table, tactfully took her aside and told her that now she was an actress, she must get a manicure. She had never so much as heard the word. He had to tell her what it meant. She had heard about both, but not about manicures.

There too, that same night, she met Diamond Jim Brady. She remembers Diamond Jim as a man who was vain and stupid, perhaps, but as simple as a child: kind and friendly. He pulled the top buttons of his underwear out through the opening of his stiff shirt to show her that his underwear had diamond buttons on it. He asked her to sing, and after she was done she found a pair of hundred-dollar bills under her plate. It was the most money she had ever seen in one place, at one time, in her life.

Those long-ago Follies introduced to America the performers whose names were to stand for style in entertainment for the next thirty years. Some of them have retired, like Ann Pennington, the dark-eyed little dancer who had the most beautiful legs in the world. Some, like Will Rogers, have been lost to us in death. Others are still with us—such as Eddie Cantor.

“Will Rogers,” Fanny says, peering back into the dim days when he was an unknown cowboy vaudevillean with a roping act, “was what I call a really good man. The fellow they picked to imitate him in the picture we made in Hollywood looked so much like him that he scared me to death when I met him. Will was one of the shiest people in the world—the shyest, and the sweetest. He was good—just plain good—all the way through. With all of those gorgeous showgirls around him night after night, he always talked past them with his eyes down. Never strayed an inch from the straight and narrow, he was a family man. One time, waiting to go on. I told him a story that was a little off-color. He went out on the stage and said to the audience, ‘Fanny just told me a story, but I’ll have to clean it up a bit before I can give it to you.’ Then he looked back into the wings and grinned at me. He loved to tease us like that.”

Bert Williams, perhaps the greatest colored comedian the stage has ever known, she remembers as a scholarly gentleman who was always carrying a stack of books whenever she ran into him. Bert’s was the great tragedy of a genius who, because God had happened to give him a black skin, never permitted himself to mingle on terms of equality with the others in his own profession. When the company was on tour he always went off by himself to a small hotel or cheap rooming house in the colored district of the town. Once he gave the entire cast a gala dinner. Bert Williams—their host—sat apart from his guests, at a table in her mother’s footsteps! Seventeen-year-old Frances Brice (at left!) recently made her “Follies” debut.
She looked down to see how the baby had gotten there. It was explained to her that the electrician was referring to the beam of a baby spotlight.

But if you think training baby spotlight is a fine way to make a living, Fanny tells about one of the old Follies girls who had a method a good deal smarter. This girl used to go to parties wearing a huge diamond in an expensive setting. She would make sure that everyone saw it and then, halfway through the evening, she would scream that she had lost the diamond—and hold out the ring with the stone gone. The chivalrous playboys at the party would dry her copious tears by chipping in enough money to buy a new diamond . . . The girl had two rings, exactly alike—one with a diamond in it, one without. She palmed the ring with the stone and showed the other, empty.

"She's rich now," is Fanny's dry comment. "She's retired."

When Eddie Cantor became a Ziegfeld star, Fanny and he struck up a friendship at once. They were really like brother and sister—so much so, indeed, that they used to have knockdown, drag-out fights. Fanny's gentle upbringing on the East Side had taught her how to handle her dukes like a boy, and Eddie sometimes got the worst of it. One time, though, he laid her out cold.

It was when they were on the road. Leaping from hamlet to hamlet with the show, Eddie and W. C. Fields used to drive in a car. (Fields hated trains.) They used to take Fanny along with them to cook. They nude her and prepare dinner for them out in the woods even in the dead of Winter. One night, with snow falling, Fanny suddenly looked up to see Eddie with a terrified expression on his face; his eyes popped out like big plums. Under his fur cap his two ears stood out like the handles of a loving-cup. She howled with laughter.

He socked her on the chin.

"This is no time to laugh at a man," he said, "when his ears are frostbitten."

They were frozen through. She and Fields had to rub them with snow for half an hour to bring some life back into them.

Fanny was thrown out of hotel after hotel for cooking. When the management asked her to leave, the entire troupe would pack up and leave with her, carrying the still hot dinner across town in taxi-cabs to a new hotel.

BEST friend of all to her, though, was Flo Ziegfeld himself, from the time he taught her how to dress to the tune of her own greatest need. The former incident occurred when, just starting out, she bought herself some evening clothes at a second-hand store—a satin dress of the most poisonous blue, an orange coat, and a blue hat with an orange plum.

"Terrible! Take it off!" commanded Ziggy, and gave her two hundred dollars to buy an outfit a little less startling.

And then, years later, there came the day when the man Fanny had married, Nick Arnstein was condemned to go to prison unless she could raise a hundred thousand dollars. Arnstein was accused of acting as a "fence" in a five-million-dollar bond robbery. To this day she believes he was innocent, and that the real fence used him, without his knowledge, as a "front man."

Whether he was innocent or not, the police were after him, his repulse with them was none too good and Fanny had either to raise the enormous sum demanded as his bail or see him locked up. Her phone was tapped, detectives followed her everywhere. Nick was in hiding. The only way they could communicate was by means of messages brought secretly into her dressing-room at the Follies by a trusted friend.

And, night after night, Fanny had to go out on that stage and be amusing, be funny, make people laugh.

Flo Ziegfeld sent for her to come to his office. "Here's my personal check for twenty-five thousand dollars, Fanny," she said. "That's the best I can do."

At that moment—and Fanny knew it—it represented every penny he had.

"I'll come back to you if I need it," she said gently, and gave the check back to him.

That, too, is one of her memories.

But most of them are of dear friends, good friends, true friends, brought to her by Ziggy and his Follies of Will Rogers: of little Ann Pennington dancing in the circle of Will's young ferret; of sad-eyed Bert Williams with the rough, deep voice; of Eddie Cantor with the eyes that are still like prunes.

One good friend of hers she met under peculiar circumstances, and Eddie was in on it. An acquaintance brought him to her apartment late one afternoon and introduced him as Mr. Smith, an Englishman who had often seen her on the stage and admired her work. Fanny, who had just come in from one of her dearly beloved furniture auctions, went to her room to freshen herself. There she found her maid so weak from excitement that she could hardly speak a single word.

(Continued on Page 18)
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Left: Part of the huge crowd of delegates to the convention of the National Union for Social Justice in August, 1936, where Father Coughlin (right) made one of his fighting speeches.

BY KEN W. PURDY

NOW?

ing the national election as he pleased. He dared to call the President of the United States "liar," "double-crosser" and "betrayed."

He was mentioned as a possible dictator over all America, and he said, "... when the ballot becomes useless, I shall have the courage to stand up and advocate the use of bullets!"

Father Coughlin did all this—by the use of Radio.

He lost all this—through Radio. And today America is asking: "Father Coughlin, what now?"

IN THE Fall of 1926, Canadian-born Father Charles Edward Coughlin of the Basilian Order was appointed by Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of the Diocese of Detroit to head a small parish in Royal Oak.

The parish was small; the church was a tiny, wooden, frame building; the parishioners were neither wealthy nor particularly active in church work. If ever a priest had a right to feel that he had been "buried," Father Coughlin had that right.

He didn't propose to stay buried long, however. He had been in Royal Oak just one week when he announced to a startled congregation that in the future he intended broadcasting his sermons. Briskly rough-riding over all objections, he began to speak regularly over WJR, Detroit. Although he stayed close to religious subjects (it was not until the mar'st crash of October, 1929, that Coughlin entered the fields of politics and economics) he had soon built up a large audience.

Then came the depression—and overnight Father Coughlin became a national figure.

The depression was made to order for him. Millions of Americans, crushed and broken by an economic tornado, were sullenly, bit by bit licking their wounds and wondering what had hit them. Father Coughlin gave them an answer. His grip upon the emotions of the people was sure; his oratory was expert; to a nation too angry and perplexed to think, his explanations were reasonable, logical, irrefutable.

And for bombardment with his formidable array of oratorical weapons, he chose the perfect villains.

It was against the "international bankers" that Father Coughlin thundered in those early days, against the "money-changers in the temple." He could not have picked a better target. Millions of Americans had seen great banks crash down with their life-savings. Bankers everywhere were in disrepute, and a great army of listeners rallied to the Coughlin standards.

FATHER COUGHLIN swelled with power. It seemed that he could do no wrong. He was fearless. He would attack anything or anybody. Even Alfred E. Smith, once the most popular Catholic layman in America, felt the scourge of Coughlin's biting oratory, and when the mail resulting from the Smith broadcast was tabulated an astonishing fact came out: for every letter defending Al there were six thousand approving the "radio priest's" bitter attack on "The Happy Warrior."

(Continued on Page 15.)
AND what happens," I was saying, "if the announcer is late for the broadcast?"

"Don't mention it. Don't even think of it. It just can't happen, that's all..."

Ben Grauer smiled and glanced automatically at his wrist-watch. "Oh my Gosh!" he yelled, "I didn't know it was that late. I'm on the air in fifteen minutes. Come on!"

Cautiously, hesitantly, though it was a brisk fall day, he dashed out of his apartment on East 86th Street and down three flights of stairs, not waiting for the elevator — taking the steps two and three at a time. At the curb he already had the motor of his coupe racing when I caught up with him.

At Fifth Avenue the light was red. "See any cops?" he shouted above the roar of the car.

"Darn it, we'll never make it now," he muttered gloomily. "I forgot this program is a commercial. That means I've got to be there ten minutes early. That gives us just four minutes to get down to 50th Street."

"You'll never make it," I agreed, but a moment later there was a break in the traffic and the car shot into the avenue, defying the light. "Watch out for the cops! Here we go!"

At the Plaza Hotel we swung west, tires screeching a protest, and headed for less-crowded Sixth Avenue. A chauffeur was attempting to turn a limousine in the middle of the block, jamming traffic. But somehow we swerved around it, going clear over to the wrong curb. A street-car motorman's face was a momentary flash of amazement.

At 53rd we had to stop. Cars beneath the "L" were in a mess that it would take five minutes to untangle. The clock on the dashboard was eleven minutes to four.

"Okay, I can make it now. I'll run from here. You take the car."

Ben Grauer jumped out in the street and disappeared between a moving truck and a taxi — without waiting to ask if I knew how to drive. Fortunately, I did. So I drove to the studio.

Half an hour later, I met him emerging from one of NBC's studios after his broadcast. "Pewh. That was a close call for you, wasn't it?" I said.

He looked puzzled, then grinned. "Oh that? For a minute I didn't know what you meant. You see, it happens every day."

And that, indeed, is the life of an announcer who is in demand, and Ben Grauer is no exception. It isn't that he's of an unscrupulous nature, but simply that to be always on time for broadcasts very nearly makes it necessary for him to eat and sleep, as well as work, at the studio. Meals, cocktails, love affairs, and all the pastimes which other people enjoy, must of necessity be sandwiched in between programs — morning, afternoon and night.

CONSIDER Grauer's schedule. He has "Your Hit Parade," Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" program, the Walter Winchell show, the "Magic Key" hour, Radio Guide's "Court of Honor," not to mention a score or more of lesser commercials at frequent intervals throughout the day, each requiring fifteen minutes of his undivided attention.

Of course, the job has its compensations, plenty of them. Not the least of these are the "stunt" assignments which have fallen to Grauer's lot because of his reputation as one of the best ad-libbers on the NBC staff. Ben is never at a loss for words. Broadcasting from a vantage point with the "sandbag" gang digging a tunnel under the Hudson, or with the "cable spinners" 300 feet above the George Washington Bridge, or from the "trig-gert pit" below the great S. E. Manhattan when it was launched, or with an orchestra in a plane 8,000 feet above New York, Ben always comes to the microphone without any prepared speech and with only the briefest of notes hastily jotted down while covering the assignment. Then it was "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, we're standing on a swaying catwalk hundreds of feet above the new George Washington Bridge, and below us — far, far below — is spread the panorama of ships plying the Hudson River, and beyond that rise the skyscrapers of the greatest city in the world..."

As smooth as that — though he was standing before the mike in a studio, instead of holding onto a thin cable for dear life.

Perhaps his early training has something to do with it. He was on the stage at the age of eight, and when he took a B. S. degree at the College of the City of New York in 1930 he had just won the Sandham Prize for Extemporaneous Speaking.

"By that time I was so used to talking to an audience that I could have done it standing on my head," he said.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has nothing on him, for he was probably the very first of all child actors to be given a starring role in a movie. Some years before that his mother had made him grow long curls, dressed him up in a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit and sent him to a Saturday afternoon dancing-and-social school.

"The corner gang that I played baseball with thought I was a complete pain in the neck," he said, "and so did I!"

However, it was at this school that a Fox Films agent saw him back in the "silent" days and started him on the road to stardom. He appeared in a couple of D. W. Griffith productions, with Theda Bara, Madge Evans, Pauline Frederick and other favorites of yesterday. He created the original
movie role of Georgie Bassett, the sissy, in "Penrod."
On the stage he appeared in a comic revival of "Floradora," (Milton Berle was another member of the parody sextet); in a revival of Masterineck's "The Blue Bird," and in the Theater Guild's "Processional" in 1925. They were all child parts or very juvenile roles. One of his fellow troupers at this time was Helen Chandler—who, Ben says, "was a kid sweetheart of mine—but I doubt if she knew about it."
It was in 1923 that Ben laid down the pattern for Shirley Temple and Jackie Coogan when Fox Films decided to star him in one of the famous epics of a sin-ridden city entitled "The Town That God Forgot." The scenario called for the complete destruction of the city, and only two people escaped—Ben Grauer and a half-wit portrayed by Warren Krech (now Warren William). But on entering college in 1926 Ben decided to forsake the stage. He knew he was not tall enough to become a movie hero, and, besides, he needed his time for other matters. In college he learned to speak several languages with fair fluency, acted as drama critic for the school paper, edited the literary magazine, and developed a collector's interest in rare books.
"Won't you come up and see my etchings?" wasn't just a gag with him.

FLYING HIGH ABOVE YOU, TUNNELING FAR BELOW—AND TALKING, TALKING, TALKING—BEN GRAUER "STUNTS" FOR THRILLS—FOR HIMSELF AND FOR YOU!

NTURE!

BY
GERALD BRECKENRIDGE

Above: Fast talker that he is, Grauer has been silenced by danger during a broadcast but once. And then there was a very good reason!
Left: Ben starred in movies when he was a child. Here he is in "The Town That God Forgot." Warren William (at right) was in cast by the time he graduated, for he had set himself up in business with a little shop at Sixth Avenue and 59th Street, where he sold water-colors, old engravings and first editions to connoisseurs. In 1930 he did so well in this line that he bought a car and spent the summer touring New England in search of collectors' treasures.
When he came back, however, he found himself faced with a new problem. "So far I had just been dabbling," he said. "If I were going in for the book business, I'd have to do it in earnest, and, well—I guess I was afraid of getting sort of musty."
September of 1930 found him making the rounds of the agencies, looking for a job in radio. Previously he had taken an occasional part in dramatic sketches over the air, including the old "Empire Builders" series, "Real Folks" programs, "Embarrassing Moments of History," and several productions of Ray Knight, to whom Ben gives the most credit for encouraging him.
Yet he still didn't have a regular job, and he needed one. On October 13, 1930, he finally got an audition before Carlo de Angelo, who told him, "You don't exactly fit the part I have in mind, but why don't you try being an announcer? I could send you to see Pat Kelly."
Two days later he went to see Mr. Kelly, but was met in the outer office by the traditional girl receptionist. "You'll have to write in for an appointment," she informed him. "You can't

(Continued on Page 16)
Radio City, N. Y.—

JACK FRASER, NBC announcer, is sporting an impressive Van Dyke beard. To the curious, he explains he's paying off an election bet. The true story is that Jack recently ran into some inebriated celebrities, unwittingly got mixed up in an argument, and was slashed by one of the party while a second used a knife. The Van Dyke is to conceal a seven-stitch scar.

ON A RECENT Gang Busters opus, Phil Lord and Announcer Jean Paul King had an argument. With heated words, the two parted company and Jean left the show. Last week they met in a restaurant and sheepishly shook hands. Now Jean is back on "Gang Busters."

FOUR weeks ago, Milton Berle received permission from the sponsors of the Good Will Court to burlesque it. For the following three weeks Milton wreaked havoc with the court on paper. On a recent Saturday, after hours of rehearsal, Berle was notified that the Court sponsors had withdrawn their permission. So the next night Berle had to rush in a hurriedly prepared satire on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde for his Community Sing program. Perhaps you heard him mention that he was going to the Good Will Court to ask for advice. He wants to know how he can put his own court burlesque on the air.

Hollywood, Calif.—

There have been many vague rumors from Coast to Coast about changes in the Hollywood radio shows and guest stars. Here is a specific rumor. That there is to be a definite change in the Chateau program in the very near future. A new show—something like the Good Will Court is being considered. Whether Horton and Bal- ler will be in the rumored new show is not known at present.

A HOLLYWOOD radio columnist thought he uncovered a little inside conflict between Bing Crosby and Bob Burns on the Kraft program because Bing had been in the habit of continually interrupting Bob. As a matter of fact the script is written to provide those interruptions and Bob, of whom Bing is very fond, wants it that way. When asked what he thought of the rumor, Bob said, "It’s silly, Bing and I are closer now than ever before, now I’ll tell you . . ." and he started a Van Buren yarn.

BING CROSBY’S "Lady Lakeside" who won that race at Tanforan race track, paid $69.80. The most that can be gotten out of Bing is that he did have a bet on her.

(Continued on Page 18)
FISH, FOWL—OR BUTTERWORTH

BY S. R. MOOK

NOBODY reminds me quite so much of a timid, pulse-butterming rabbit as does Charlie Butterworth. His pursed-up mouth, his blinking eyes, his attitude that says in every gesture that he'll leap in terror if you so much as snap a finger at him—all bespeak his mild nature.

And speaking of snapping fingers, there is that heartening gesture of his own, when he snaps his fingers defiantly—as though he were tired of being picked on and had suddenly decided to put an end to it. He will make a stand, you think. But he never does.

He never does—because it would not be in character for the under-dog he represents to rebel against the fate ordained for him. But in his real life there is a different story—a story of a man who turned his very insecurities into success! He realized his timidity and his diffluent appearance were against him—but he made them pay!

For, in the beginning, Charlie's timidity was real. Now, I think, it is studied. His life-story is the description of the gradual change from that natural timidity to the new person who can act without feeling that way.

It was his timidity that accidentally started him on his theatrical career. Appearing in "The Road to Yesterday" for the first time on any stage (while he was in high school), Charlie played the part of a minister. His timid demeanor did not at all jibe with the popular conception of ministers.

WHEN he first came on the stage there was a titter. As he launched into his speech there was something so incongruous about the whole thing that the audience burst into a roar of laughter. The laughter upset him and he forgot his lines. His hesitancy threw them into a panic. He literally "broke up the show." They loved it!

And that was the beginning of the diffidence on which he has since capitalized so successfully.

Timidity has given Charles Butterworth everything in life he holds worth while. It brought him theatrical recognition and with it the host of friends he might never have met otherwise—Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun, Frank Sullivan, Walter O'Keefe and Fred Allen, among others.

It brought him movie fame, and with it the attendant wealth. Now, it has carried him even farther—to the threshold of great radio success.

His timidity is directly accountable for the feminine adulation with which he is swamped. I doubt if Charlie himself realizes the extent of this appeal. Ordinarily comedians have little romantic appeal, but Charlie is the exception. Asked wherein lay his charm, several women said: "His timidity makes him seem so boyish!"

BUTTERWORTH is highly intelligent. Mutual friends have told me there probably isn't a man in the country who knows himself more thoroughly than Butterworth. He has analyzed himself from every conceivable angle—and he doesn't kid himself. He knows what he can do and what he can't, and he never steps beyond those bounds. That, probably, is one of the chief secrets of his success.

He studied law at Notre Dame, graduated and paused there only long enough to pass the Indiana state bar examination before embarking on a repertorial career. Tiring of newspaper work, he turned to the vaudeville theater.

His innate shrewdness, coupled with his training in law school, is doubtless at the bottom of his tendency to snap.

(Continued on Page 16)
PLUMS & PRUNES
BY EVANS PLUMMER

CHICAGO—The baseball microphones have the American League ball-club owners all steamed up. The owners who have just adjourned their session here, decided to correct several of radio's alleged sins. For one, the American League has notified it will make excludable contracts between themselves and the stations airing their games, such contracts to stipulate that the sportscaster are not to "second guess" managers or official scorers, or hint that an umpire needs a new pair of specs.

One Windy City microphoner is blamed for last summer's episode at Comiskey Park when Umpire Bill Summers was wounded by a bottle hurled from the stands. The mileman, the day previous, is supposed to have remarked that a certain decision by an umpire was in error; that the umpire was incompetent.

Radio is a source of revenue now for all American League parks except Comiskey, where stations are still permitted to air the games without charge. Fees paid for radio concessions vary from $8,000 annually to $25,000—the Detroit asking—and getting-price.

Radio Guide's 1936 Radio Queen, Lulu Belle Fields, and her king, Skyland Scotty Wiseman, are devoting their leisure time to making a miniature replica of their South Carolina log cabin home for their crowned princess, Linda Lee. It's to be completed, even to an ancestral hickory cradle—and a miniature of the Radio Queen loving cup which will repose on its mantel.

Columbia's Chicago offices were the scene of a double-barreled event Monday night of last week when Wrigley's "Poetic Melodies" program premiered in the new, modernistic audience studio, recently completed. The gum program, I think you'll agree, is one of radio's smoothest presentations, comprising as it does the plushly read- ings of Franklin MacCormack and tenor contributions of Jack Fulton in a romantic musical setting by Billy Mills orchestra. At this writing, the sponsor's "Mortimer Gooch" Friday night show for retail dealers had not been heard, but certainly after hearing Poetic Melodies, the public must award the prize to F. W. Wrigley for the air's finest example of minimum sales chatter.

Columbia's new studio audience, done in an extreme modern manner, is beautiful—and comfortable. Its motif was inspired by the Graf Zeppelin, and a mezzanine overhanging a side and the rear of the auditorium is enclosed and obliquely paneled with glass after the fashion of a Zeppelin gondola. And Frank Franklin ushers guide you to your seats withrobot-like precision.

Visiting the Chez Paree last week to see its new show featuring Benny Fields I ran smack-dab into lovely Frances Cesare Laxa, your "Hollywood Hotel" center and her manager, Ken Dolan, who were taking their breath between country flights and taking time out to do a bit of dancing together to Henry Busse's "Little music.

Frances had just flown in that day from Lakeland, Fla., where she had been meeting in with her parents; Dolan had flown to Chicago to take care of some business, and both planned to fly next morrow to Hollywood for the "Born to Dance" preview hear- ets, a program which by now you have heard. Frances is a sweet girl and bubbly over at the good breaks she has had. Asked if she could cook, she said no and told how, when her sponsor had wished to pose her cooking with the aid of certain of his products, a slight mishap occurred. The agency men had brought some canned goods along to the Lansford kitch- enette; looked in her cupboard for some. They found plenty of cans of soup—but they all bore labels of a real manufac turer!

Has Amos Jones really a new baby? No. That's just a mythical infant born of the brains of Amos 'n' Andy. You heard her cry? Yes, but the cry was that of petite Lorelta Poynton, NBC actress, who in real life enjoys being Mrs. William Carroll, mother of a seven-month-old boy. And in real life, too, Freeman Groden (Amos) is proud papa to Freeman Junior, eight, and Virginia Marie, six years old.

As for Mary (Joan Blaine) Marlin's newborn son, that's another brain child. He is made audible by Virginia Temple, young but adult radactress.

Excitable? Embarrassed easily? Don't let it get you down, says Dorothy Shidler, who plays June Hart ford in "Betty and Bob." Dorothy had a most unromantic debut era. Playing in her first piano recital, she completely forgot her piece. Later, at a swimming exhibition, she became so nervous because her parents were in the audience that she forgot to dive when the starter's gun was fired!

Romance Corner: Vera Van and George Ward, of Los Angeles, will marry on Thanksgiving Day.

Xavier Cupp is worrying plenty these days and nights. At Le Bispal, Spain, two hours from Barcelona, dwells his parents and a sister. During several days Xavier and his brother, Francis, a portrait artist in New York City, await a cabled word—"Well"—and time they receive it they breathe a sigh of relief and promise funds at the cable office for another message from Le Bispal. Last week the Cupps learned from home that seven sons of a friend had been slain, so Francis has sailed to Spain to endeavor to get his family out of the war-torn country.

Instead of a son arrangement in the Cupp household, the mother of Henry Sax, Marshall actor, worries about her son. It's this way: Al though she'd learned him in many of his radio roles, she'd never heard him in all those years when she traveled recently from Hartford, Conn., to watch him broadcast, she was given the opportunity at a performance of "Back Stage Wife" in which Henry is the villain. During the show, she turned to her daughter-in-law and, with painted voice, said, "That's not my son! We must be in the wrong studio!"

Another story about an elderly lady which catches fancy is that told by the almost unbelievable letter recently received by Joan (Mary Martin) Blaine. The little old lady, an ineter- ested Mary Martin listener, said she didn't have a radio herself but that she rides every day five miles to the home of a friend to listen, and she hasn't missed an episode since the sketch has been on the air. The unusual part of the story is that the elderly woman rides those five miles five days every week on a bicycle she pur chased in 1895—a bicycle which has never had a new tire in all these years!

Christmas is coming, but Bill Thompson, Fibber McGee's dialect columnist, just can't wait. The other day he bought his 11-year-old brother some toy soldiers and an electric train for his birthday—and then broke 'em!
INSIDE STUFF
BY MARTIN LEWIS

Flash: A report from one of my spies informs me that the band is going to take his band off the Phil Baker CBS Sunday night show on December 27, because he is not satisfied that the band only gets two numbers to play on each program and very little recognition. Kemp seems to be satisfied with the money he is getting but claims that money isn’t everything.

Rubinstein lives movie shows, but they tell me he paid one of the highest prices on record for the privilege of attending one of the other weeks. To be exact, it cost him $25.85. The eighty-five cents was the regular price of admission into the theater and the twenty-five dollars was the fine imposed upon him by the local musicians’ union for entering a theater that was currently being picketed.

Eddie Cantor really stuck his neck out when he said during his farewell California broadcast that he was leaning for New York immediately after the program and that his next four or five shows would come from the East. If you heard the show you recall Eddie said, “I’d like to have all you New Yorkers come to our broadcasts while we’re in town.” If Cantor were to stay in New York for the next fifty-two weeks he couldn’t supply the demand for tickets that come as a result of this announcement.

Despite denials by both parties involved, certain columnists keep insisting that Bernice Claire and Dick Merrill are headed for the altar. Bernice wishes it known that her real heart is a non-professional, while Dick is keeping the wires hot to a certain night spot where his girl friend is.

It seems that the Niela Goodell-Rudy Vallee hook-up also comes in for its share of erroneous reports. Only a few days ago the newspapers carried a story to the effect that Rudy’s attentions had been switched to aphasigril, Patsey Ruth, and that Niela was going nowhere with a fashionable fellow. However, Rudy and Niela are closer than ever, and they don’t care who knows it, either.

Jack Landt, member of the Landt Trio and White, and Ethel Foy, beauty-queen winner, are headlining for the altars, very soon. Five Audiences for Ken Murray show and Robert Shafer, playing in the road show of Naughty Marietta, are carrying on their romance via long-distance telephone at the present time.

Phil Spitalny celebrated a birthday on November 7. He received as a gift thirty-two neckties, no more and no less. One from each member of his all-girl band.

“I have to live up to my reputation.”

Ethel Shultz, singing wife of orch pitot George Olsen, was aboard the Queen Mary when the ocean’s biggest left New York on November 4 for its trip across the pond. Rumors still persist about a split between this pair.

For the past five weeks Walter Winchell has been laid up in bed with a severe case of lumbago, which is ritz for old age, as he calls it. He’s been getting up just to go to the studios for his broadcasts on Sunday and getting $2,900 weekly for his trouble. Beginning January 1st it will be $3,000.

Kilo-cycle Comment: Parks Johnson, the boy who asks all the questions, flew to Houston, Texas, between broadcasts the other week, to pay his hometown friends a visit. One of the questions Parks would like answered is, “Where do people who live in Niagara Falls go on their honeymoon?”

Bandleader Henry Busse has a new nameplate. It is a two-year-old thoroughbred in the stable of Mrs. Ernie Denemark and is expected to make its first start on a major track soon.

Ed Wynn has a favorite at all his premieres. She’s never missed a single one of the comedian’s openings at the stage, screen or air in more than thirty years. Yes, his mother was a member of the house and he is present in the studio every Sunday night when he started his new radio series. That’s a record!
**COMPLETE FOOTBALL BROADCASTS**

**FRIDAY, NOV. 20**
Amarillo vs. Borger High: 2:30 p.m.—KNGC
Knoxville vs. Central High: 2:15 p.m.—WBOI

**SATURDAY, NOV. 21**
* Auburn vs. Loyola: 2 p.m.—WVBC
Boston U. vs. Boston College: 1 p.m.—WAWJ WJIC
California vs. Stanford: 3:45 p.m.—KPHQ KOKO KGW KFIT NTAB
Colorado vs. Syracuse: 1 p.m.—WINS WSYH WRBO WBKB WKLY WBAM WFBF WBWO WEGI WIBX
Dartmouth vs. Princeton: 12:45 p.m.—CBS NABC Net.
Drake U. vs. Iowa State: 2 p.m.—WVOI
Football Game, to be announced: 1 p.m. or 2 p.m.—WRCN WEAF or WJZ
Harvard vs. Yale: 1:30 p.m.—WXAC WLCN WBEM WIBX WCHS WELZ WTET WIAA WFEA WBRO WOR WATR WABX
Holy Cross vs. St. Anselm: 1 p.m.—WSPT WTAG
Indiana vs. Notre Dame: 2 p.m.—WISN
Marquette vs. Duquesne: 12:45 p.m.—WISN
Maryland vs. Georgetown: 12:45 p.m.—WBAL
Northwestern vs. Notre Dame: 2 p.m.—WJCL WMAQ WLW WTM AM WBBM WIND. Also WOR at 1:30 p.m.
Rice vs. Texas Christian: 2 p.m.—WFAA WBAF WOAI KPBC
Sewanee vs. Tulane: 2 p.m.—WIBB
Southwest Conference Game: 2 p.m.—KRLD KTSF KTRH
Southwestern Louisiana Inst. vs. Louisiana State: 2 p.m.—WDST
U. of Detroit vs. U. of North Dakota: 2:30 p.m.—KRAM
U. of Florida vs. Georgia Tech.: 1:30 p.m.—WUF
U. of Georgia vs. Fordham: 1 p.m.—WBIC WYBC
U. of Iowa vs. Temple: 1 p.m.—WIP WHO WMT WBIE WHITE
U. of Minnesota vs. U. of Wisconsin: 2 p.m.—WCCO WIAA WIBX WSTP

**CST Shown; for MST Subtract One Hour**

U. of North Carolina vs. U. of South Carolina: 4:45 p.m.—WNCN WJLL WEBN WFBM
U. of Oklahoma vs. Oklahoma A. & M.: 1:45 p.m.—KOKI
U. of Oregon vs. Oregon State: 3:45 p.m.—KDAK KOL KQON
Villanova vs. Manhatten College: 1 p.m.—WINS
Washington College vs. Tulia U.: 2:30 p.m.—KTRU
Washington College vs. Delaware: 1:15 p.m.—KDFL
Washington U. vs. Missouri U.: 2 p.m.—KSD WMOX WIBB
Western Maryland vs. Catholic U.: 1 p.m.—WJUG

**SUNDAY, NOV. 22**
Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Boston Red Sox: 1:45 p.m.—WINS
Chicago Bears vs. Philadelphia Eagles: 1 p.m.—WGN
Detroit Lions vs. Chicago Cardinals: 3 p.m.—WHTN WJDL WJIM WBBM WJIO WIBB WPGL SBAP
Green Bay Packers vs. N. Y. Giants: 1 p.m.—WTMJ WOIT

**THANKSGIVING DAY**

(NBC network game commitments were not available at the time of going to press)

U. of North Carolina vs. Duke: 1 p.m.—WBBM WBBR WNPC
U. of Oklahoma vs. Tulsa: 2:15 p.m.—KTRU
U. of Idaho vs. Utah State: 4:30 p.m.—KGA
U. of Kentucky vs. U. of Tennessee: 2 p.m.—WROL WHAS
U. of New Mexico vs. Arizona State: 2:30 p.m.—KOB
U. of North Carolina vs. U. of Virginia: 1 p.m.—WPDB WGBA WLMW WMW WIWO WIBB WBIR WHB
Also CBS WABC & Net.

Colgate vs. Brown: 9:45 a.m.—WFBA
Detroit Lions vs. Pittsburgh: 12:45 p.m.—WGN
Kansas U. vs. U. of Missouri: 2 p.m.—KOMO WBBM WJBB
Miami U. vs. U. of Cincinnati or U. of S. Carolina: Xavier: 1:30 p.m.—WKRC WJRC
Minneapolis South High vs. Lincoln, Neb: 1:45 p.m.—WJUG

**SATURDAY, NOV. 28**

**PARTIAL LIST ONLY. See next week’s issue for complete November 28 schedule**

Army vs. Navy: 12:45 p.m.—CBS WABC & Net.
Georgia Tech vs. U. of Georgia: 1:15 p.m.—WBBJ WJIC
Holy Cross vs. Boston College: 1 p.m.—WBZ WPSH WTAG WTCN
*U. of Nebraska vs. Oregon State: 3:45 p.m.—KQAC
Southern Methodist vs. Texas Christian: 2 p.m.—WBAP WFAA WOAI KPBC
Southwest Conference Game: 2 p.m.—KTSF KTRH KILD
Stanford vs. Columbia U.: 1 p.m.—WJBC
Tulane vs. Louisiana State: 1:45 p.m.—WSUI WSMW WJIE
U. of Florida vs. Alabama Poly (Auburn): 2 p.m.—WAPI WRUF WBBM WJMM

**SUNDAY, NOV. 29**

Green Bay Packers vs. Detroit Lions: 1 p.m.—WOR WJFL WBBJ
U. of North Carolina vs. Duke: 1 p.m.—WBTM WBBR WNPC
U. of Oregon vs. Oregon State: 2:15 p.m.—KTRU
U. of Idaho vs. Utah State: 4:30 p.m.—KGA
U. of Kentucky vs. U. of Tennessee: 2 p.m.—WROL WHAS
U. of New Mexico vs. Arizona State: 2:30 p.m.—KOB
U. of North Carolina vs. U. of Virginia: 1 p.m.—WPDB WGBA WLMW WMW WIWO WIBB WBIR WHB
Also CBS WABC & Net.

*U. of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell: 1 p.m.—WCAU WGBA WJBC WIBX WBBM WAFI WBBN WIBB WBIP WJBC WAFB WABC WJBS
*U. of Southern California vs. U. of California Los Angeles: 1:45 p.m.—WANS

**VITAMINS A, B, G and D**

**GRACE WAS "TOO TIRED" TO ENJOY THE CROWD**

**A FEW WEEKS LATER...**

**THE FLLESSCHMANNS' BEETLE BLEW UP!**

**THE SCRAPED-SKULL SHOT!**

**I DON'T THINK I'LL TRY IT!"**

**GRACE, I TOLD HER!"**
FATHER COUGHLIN—WHAT NOW?

(Continued from Page 7)

In 1939, Father Coughlin fought for Franklin D. Roosevelt. His bitter denunciations of the policies of former President Hoover were met with cries of invective. To his 40,000,000 listeners, he screamed: "It is Roosevelt or ruin!" The government went into the White House on a landside.

No one knew to what extent Father Coughlin was responsible for Roosevelt's election; but he did support Roosevelt with all his strength, and when he did that he sowed the seed of his own downfall.

For on March 4, 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt sat before a microphone in the White House, a typed manuscript in his hand. A nod from a radio technician, a whispered "You're on the air!" and the President of the United States spoke to America. Franklin D. Roosevelt began Father Coughlin's downfall that night. He spoke two words—words that were destined to become famous throughout the country.—My friends.

A new prophet had come into the depression-ridden land.

FATHER COUGHLIN's first broadcast, "fear-side chat," and he must have known that he, the master of radio technique, had met his master. He must have known then that a break with the new President had fought for was inevitable. And that break was not long in coming. As Roosevelt, moving with masterful precision, assumed the greatest powers of any peace-time president, his popularity increased by great leaps and bounds, Father Coughlin cooled toward him, and finally denounced him—openly.

Furious, he hurled the bitter whip-lash of his voice into the vastness of America. In words that crackled and crashed in the air like a million-volt electrical discharge, he accused President Roosevelt of breaking promises, of falsehoods of political dishonesty, until one day, standing before a crowd of 15,000 supporters at Cleveland, he screamed: "That great liar and betrayer, Franklin D. Roosevelt!"

A HUSH fell over the crowd as the enormity of the statement became clear, and a hush fell over America. A few days later Father Coughlin was on the air again. He was to say that the reference had intended no disrespect, that it had been made to Roosevelt the candidate rather than to Roosevelt the President. But the damage had been done. Not only was the nation shocked, but there were those who said then, and still say now, and with ample foundation, that Pope Pius XI himself was shocked and angered by the intemperate accusation.

Coughlin's superior, Bishop Galloway of Detroit, sailed for the Vatican in Rome. He denied that his visit had been requested by high church authorities. On his return he denied that Father Coughlin had been discussed. But this Fall, Eugenio, Father Coughlin's superior, Bishop Galloway of Detroit, sailed for the Vatican in Rome. He signed peace treaties which would have made for complete peace in Italy. A man of the highest reputation.

Coughlin's downfall was complete. Father Coughlin was ruined!—and Father Coughlin's downfall.

"When you find you have made a mistake, as it is your duty, make a new beginning," said President Roosevelt.

When you find you have made a mistake, as it is your duty, make a new beginning. When you find that you have sinned, as it is your duty, make a new beginning. Father Coughlin declared that he was leaving the air solely of his own volition. He admitted that his National Union for Social Justice had been "thoroughly discredited." This organization, founded at Detroit on November 11, 1934, had numbered 2,000,000 members, every one of whom had pledged himself to vote for Coughlin's Union Party candidate for President—William Lembo of North Dakota.

"Of the millions of members of the National Union who pledged to support its endorsed candidates, I regret to announce that less than 10 per cent of the members lived up to their promises," Coughlin said.

(Continued on Page 16)
FISHER, FOAL OR BUTTERWORTH

(Continued from Page 11)

lyze himself. Every move he makes is calculated.

Casting back in his mind for the things that would put him across in the theater, he remembered that night in high school when he played the minister.

He also remembered that it wasn't what he said that brought down the house. The lines he delivered brought laughter—but not to the extent he wanted. It was when he forgot his lines and stopped cold that the house came down.

And that, too, is part of his appeal for women. "He never says much," one of them told me. "He implies things, and before you realize it you're reading meanings into what he doesn't say!"

His ultimate goal was Broadway and the legitimate theater. But there seemed no place for him there. Vaudville was the result.

He did a monologue, but in an effort to "point up" his timidity and play with a "dead pan," he played over the heads of most of his audiences. "It was quite a frequent thing," he said recently, "to get a few days' booking in a theater, play the first matinee and then have the rest of the booking canceled. Sometimes I could talk them into believing the reason the act hadn't lasted was that it was a making audience. Occasionally I could talk them into letting me do the evening show. But most of the time when they canceled it after the matinee, I stayed canceled."

It was when he was playing in the coal-mining section of Pennsylvania, dealing with a sophisticated routine to miners who couldn't understand, let alone appreciate, what he was talking about that he became desperate and wrote his friend, Fred Allen, for advice. The audiences were awful hard," Charlie complained.

Allen wired back: "You're in the enthralling district. As soon as you get into the bituminous section you'll find them softer!"

After plenty of experiences, he managed to get on at the Palace in New York—every vaudevillian's dream—at one of its Thursday morning auditions. He was about half through his act when they gave him a standing bell, meaning "Bring on the next act."

But it was less than a week after that he was engaged for a part in a review called "Americania." Five weeks later the show opened and Charlie had scored one of the smash hits of the season on Broadway.

He had been graduated from Notre Dame a year before he opened in "Americania" in the fall of 1926! "Sweet Adeline," with Helen Morgan, "Flying Calf," and "Broadway Boy" followed in rapid succession. Charlie was a hit and his name was on everyone's lips.

THE movies beckoned. He has appeared in about twenty pictures, but his favorite parts are those he had in "Forbidding," and in the recent show, "We Went to College."

But Charlie's entire interest is not in the movies. He is an accomplished pianist, and plays an excellent game of tennis. His favorite relaxation is lying in the sun in a pair of bathing trunks, making a face he used to do in his vaudeville act.

He is one of the top-notch air comedians. Timidity is a powerful weapon, when used properly, and Mr. Butterworth is a gent who knows what a six-incher is capable of. He knows as well how to make it an advantage— as he has made it in the past.

Charles Butterworth may be heard Thursday nights on "our hour" over an NBC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST)."
Handwriting Contest

Victory List

Following are the winners in Radio Guide's great handwriting contest for the Fourth Week—-the week ending November 11, 1936. The winners listed below include contestants for two weeks, since Radio's Court of Honor was not on the air on October 30, and no contest was scheduled for the week ending November 4. The contests have been extended until January 6, 1937, on this account. Rules in Radio Guide's dual contest-opportunity are printed in adjoining columns.

And now—this week's winners:

First Award—$100
Sara Bauer, 4232 Florida Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Second Awards—$50 each
Rev. Frank Novak, St. Anthony Hospital, Michigan City, Indiana
Mullin Wilson, 202 20th Street, San Angelo, Texas

Third Awards—$25 each
E. C. Trevillion, 91 Drayton Road, Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada
Helen Linares, Demersacitica, Maine
Audrey M. M. My, 1465½ Hampshire Street, Quincy, Ill.

Fourth Awards—Each One RCA-Victor Record-Player and 10 Shep Fields Records
W. E. Lewis, 212 Orange St., Wilmington, Del.
Mrs. V. Campbell, 1962 Home Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Christian Bowers, 52 Gage Ave., South Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
Marie Crocco, University Station, Enid, Okla.
Josephine Cote, 514 W. Washington St., Titusville, Pa.

Fifth Awards—$10 each
James Wallace, 3143 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif.
Maria C. Moses, American Consulate, Balti, Mexico
Cyril Cole, 1897 Grump, Memphis, Tenn.
Audrey Green, 2736–20A Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada
Mrs. J. Verlesteu, R. F. D. No. 4, Brandon, Vt.
C. D. Cooper, Brighton, La.
Mrs. C. C. McKinney, Clinton, Ontario, Canada
Betty Johnson, May Cottage, Oberlin, O.
Mary B. Adron, 322 Main St., Pinville, La.
Wm. S. V. Lovett, 1414–141st St., Sunnyaville, L., N. Y.

Sixth Awards—$5 each
Barbara Gardner, Lee Heights, South Dakota
George Cummings, 6542 W. Revere Pl., West Allis, Wis.
Paul White, 1906 E. 9th St., Savannah, Ga.
Blessing Joy, 170 Chillin Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.
Hattie Laney, Box 272, Fort Collins, Colo.
Eleanor Hamrick, 2432 Park Lane, Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. R. R. Jackson, 440–43rd St., Richmond, Calif.
F. C. Chitty, 1703 College St., Harts-ville, S. C.
Mary Dorsey, 236 Lehman St., Lebanon, Pa.
Mrs. L. E. Davis, Route 1, East Lans- ing, Mich.

Edward J., 472 W. 12th, Amasville, Ohio

RADIO GUIDE'S
COURT OF HONOR
ON THE AIR PRESENTS
CONTESTDOM'S GREATEST SCOOP
A "DOUBLE HEADER" CONTEST

Prizes Every Week—Everybody Has a Chance to Win

Radio Guide offers you an unusual contest—a search for the most charac-
teristic and distinctive handwriting to be found among its readers. Forty-two priz'es weekly—in a twelve-week contest! Also, 705 additional prizes, in a companion contest, for the best slogans submitted in the handwriting competition. One entry—and you may win both contests!

THESE CONTESTS WILL BE CONDUCTED IN FULL VIEW OF THE PUBLIC, ON THE CONCOURSE OF THE RCA BUILDING, RADIO CITY, NEW YORK, FOR THEIR FULL DURATION! When in New York City, be Radio Guide's guest. Radio Guide invites you to come behind the scenes and see how your contest is being judged.

WEAK HANDWRITING CONTEST AWARDS

First Award $100
Second Award $25 each
Third Award $10 each
Fourth Award $5 each
Fifth Award $2 each
Sixth Award $1 each

SLOGAN CONTEST AWARDS

First Award $1,000
Second Award $500
Third Award $250
Fourth Award $200
Fifth Award $100
Sixth Award $50 each
Seventh Award $100 each

TOTAL AWARDS $1,050

RADIO GUIDE CONTEST RULES

1. In each issue of Radio Guide, printed during the contest, there will be a coupon which you may use as an entry blank. It is not necessary to use this, but all entries should be sent on paper the same size as the coupon, to facilitate handling. You may copy or trace the coupon. Radio Guide may be examined at its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

2. You are invited to submit an original slogan of not more than 10 words—in your own handwriting. This slogan should refer to Radio Guide Weekly, and express its features and purposes, or both. Radio Guide's present slogan is: "The National Weekly Magazine of Programs and Personalities." We want YOU to write us a better one. During the 12 weeks, handwriting prizes will be awarded weekly for the most distinctive and unusual handwriting. YOU DO NOT NEED A BEAUTIFUL SCRIPT TO WIN. Some of the most illegible styles of writing show the most unusual characteristics. Each week's handwriting contest closes on Wednesday at 5 p.m., following the broadcast of the previous week. All entries received after 5 p.m. will not be judged for the following week's awards. At the end of 12 weeks ALL entries will again be judged for slogan values. Thus if you do not win a prize for your handwriting, you still may have an opportunity of winning in the slogan group. The slogan contest entries must be received not later than January 6, 1937, at 5 p.m.

3. You may submit as many entries as you wish. Winning in one contest does not eliminate you from winning in another.

4. Send all entries to Radio Guide, care of National Broadcasting Company, New York, or in care of the station over which you hear the program. All winners will be announced through Radio Guide.

5. Be sure your name and address are written plainly in your entry. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned to the Post Office. In fairness to all, Radio Guide positively cannot enter into any correspondence concerning this contest. No entries will be returned, and all entries become the property of the sponsor.

6. This offer is open to every man, woman and child, everywhere, except employees of Radio Guide and their families, their advertising agents, employees of the National Broadcasting Company, and certified Contest Service. Judges for the slogan contest will be certified Contest Service and the editors of Radio Guide. Judge for the handwriting contest will be Henry King, President of the American Graphological Society. In the event of tie, duplicate awards will be given.

7. Entries in this contest must accept the decisions of the judges as final.

8. Your entry in this contest is an express acceptance of all the rules printed here.
BY CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ERS ALLIANCE

MESSAGE appealing for peace and good-will will be sent to the entire world by the Schenectady Rotary Club early Thanksgiving night through the medium of General Electric's W2XAF and W2XAD.

Each of the four thousand Rotary clubs throughout the world has been notified of the broadcast. The message will be delivered by Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, president of Union College. The Rotary broadcast will be heard beginning at 6 p.m. EST (5 CST).

EUROPE'S signal is Central America's gain. We can expect better Latin programs this Winter, as the majority of stations are now using greater power and better equipment.

The 49-meter band, which has often been termed the short-wave graveyard, seems to be much less congested due partly to the fact that many of the Spanish stations have moved to the 31-meter band, or at least away from the narrow confines of the 49-meter band. A few of the more enjoyable Latin programs are: YV2RC (5.8), Caracas, Venezuela; HRD (5.857), Tegeguilapa, Honduras; TG2X (5.94), Guatemala City, Guatemala; HSJ (9.51), Bogota, Colombia; HRD (9.535), La Ceiba, Honduras; HJ1ABE (9.5), Cartagena, Colombia, and HJ1ABP (9.615), Cartagena, Colombia.

Zeegen, Germany, is being well heard on its Winter frequency of 6.02 megacycles. ZRO3 (9.635) of Rome, Italy, puts in a very loud signal, although troubled badly at times by code interference. Too late for inclusion in the program.

The new Australian station VK6ME (9.59) of Perth, is reported to have been heard testing and signing off at 7 a.m. EST (6 CST) . . . ZII of Singapore, Straits Settlements, normally on a frequency of 6.018 megacycles, is wanding over the 49-meter band and at present has settled on approximately 6.06 megacycles.

O. E. STARK, of Pierce City, Mo., writes that the commercial station LSX (10.35) of Buenos Aires, Argentina, is broadcasting a program of music selections and including an English news program, on Mondays and Fridays at 4 p.m. EST (3 CST). The station signs off with the national anthem and announcements in French, German, Spanish and English.
As the demure girl of 1847, Willie Morris brings you the songs that go with the music of Josef Cherniavsky — of symphonic-swing fame — when the new "Musical Camera" goes before the microphone each Sunday.
Here he is, the suave and handsome bandsman who is so ably filling the boots of his predecessors as Jack Benny's "play"-boy. Phil stopped a recent program when he introduced the bubbling "Mr. Blues".
The silvery and bell-like notes that blend with Nelson Eddy's more sonorous tones belong to Francia White.

When she isn't lending her talents to Eddy's "Open House" broadcasts, she is often on horseback.
Wayne King (right) with one of his first planes and two of his flying instructors. Death was a grinning passenger of Wayne's on an early-day trip, but even his friends never knew it.

WAYNE KING'S INSPIRING LIFE STORY

MUSIC WITH A PIED-PIPER APPEAL FOR DANCERS AND LOVERS THE ENTIRE WORLD OVER, COMES TO LIFE UNDER A TOUCHED-BY-MAGIC BATON

EVERY once in a while a new star blazes across the horizon, moving with such swift certainty that a stunned populace, gaping in its wake, wonders confusedly what forces conspired to bring about this winged ascendency.

But no such air of bewilderment surrounds Wayne King's sudden rise. His star, animated by shafts of sentimental music that sent Chicago's dancing youth into a romantic trance, rose as suddenly as a rocket in its flight.

One of his friends, perhaps, explains Wayne's success most clearly. "The Waltz You Saved For Me," he told me, "has been the bridal chorus for more love-lorn couples than Lohengrin."

And there's no reason to doubt his word, for in the back files of the old Aragon "Topics," a small publication devoted to the activities of Wayne King and his fans, I found dozens of stories to prove that Wayne King and his music brought legions of lonely hearts together under the star-sprinkled roof of the Aragon's artificial sky.

There, mesmerized by the dark magic of his dreamy smile and inspired by his musical pleadings, many couples met, fell in love and were married eventually.

The gratitude of these romanticists, and the hopes of others, made Wayne King a star almost overnight.

With echoes of his praises ringing on every hand, his debut on the radio naturally followed. After his initial program on a sustainer over old KYW station in Chicago, commercial sponsors began turning a calculating eye in his direction, and upon the completion of a few pro-
Wayne King has a unique privilege in radio. He is allowed to make up his programs the very day of the broadcast—while other bandleaders are forced to plan their shows at least a week in advance.

For a cigarette concern in 1929, he went on the air for an oil company and stayed there throughout 1930. Meanwhile, he was studying harmony and striving to perfect his style of playing. His band was still the greatest drawing-card the Aragon ballroom had ever had, and by 1931 his "waltz nights" were the talk of the town.

Suppose you look back for a moment on 1931. Cab Calloway was hide-ho-ing hotly. Ben Bernie and the dean of modern music were radio's aces, and Duke Ellington was the king of swing.

The air was filled with red-hot dance rhythms and novelty orchestras, but Wayne King, with his smooth harmony, rode the crest of the waves. His music, to many listeners, appeared as a welcome oasis of melody in what seemed to be a desert of jazz.

Consequently, it is not surprising that he should have been chosen to introduce a new cosmetic program to radio listeners.

Perhaps you recall its modest premiere. Starting with a thirteen-week contract in September, 1931, the Lady Esther show starring Wayne King went on the air over an NBC network of thirteen stations.

After the first few programs, fan mail poured in like blasts of rain through an open window.

At the end of the first year, the show had expanded its network until it included stations from coast to coast, and like a child that outgrows its knickers before they're even paid for, it was getting bigger every day.

Soon a Tuesday-night broadcast was added to the Sunday show. Almost immediately, a Thursday-evening spot followed.

Today, the program is heard four times a week, twice over an NBC outlet and once each over the Columbia and Mutual chains. This gives Wayne King the world's record for being the only bandleader on the air with the same commercial program on three major networks.

And Lady Esther, which only a short time ago is said to have been no more than a humble little cosmetic company with a figurative nickel in reserve, today is a proud million-dollar concern.

Wayne King's waltzes provided this halo of gold.

But here let me remind you that one thing hinges on another.

If Wayne King can be said to have made the Lady Esther company the proud figure it is in industrial circles today, then assuredly Lady Esther has repaid him by making him the proud figure he is in musical circles.

For it wasn't until he had taken over this particular program that his radio fame came to be international in scope.

Many analyses have been made of the success of Wayne King's broadcasts. There's been a great deal of talk about "putting heart into the classics so they'll sound like home-sweet-home," and there's been a lot of talk about "making operatic arias out of jazz."

But one of those is his secret, I don't know; but to my way of thinking, the success of the program depends largely on Wayne King's individual method of planning the show.

For instance, he gauges his program to the mood of the public, and he arrives at this mood by reading the weather forecast and the newspaper headlines.

If the day is dreary and the headlines are gloomy, he plays gay songs; calculated to lift the flagging spirits of his fans.

On the other hand, if the day is bright and sunny and the headlines are exciting, he chooses slow, dreamy songs designed to soothe the restive minds listening in.

Because of this odd working plan, he can never make out his program more than twenty-four hours in advance, and often he makes last-minute changes in the day of the broadcast.

Perhaps this attention to detail doesn't sound important at first, but when I tell you that he is the only bandleader on the air allowed this special privilege, maybe you' ll appreciate the amount of time and effort he puts into his work! From what I could learn, Wayne King had to put up a terrific battle to carry out this business of last-minute program planning. Recent network rulings force all other band directors on the air to turn their musical programs in for official sanction at least a week in advance.

But Wayne King absolutely refused (Continued on Page 48)

Wayne King has a sax-tooter in Dell Lampe's Trianon band. The creation of a new orchestra for the Aragon was his big break.
Radio Guide Presents
GIANT-GRAVURE

JANE PICKENS is a two-timer—but not the kind you might think. Besides starring every weekend in the Saturday Night Party on NBC network, this ambitious member of a lovely trio spends six nights and two afternoons a week as a featured player in the current edition of the Ziegfeld "Follies." And that leaves her few daytime to herself. Just so that she won't be called lazy—and also because she wants to sing in opera some day—Jane spends part of every morning at her music school. Which leaves her—just time enough to see herself here!
THIS is a story about a magnificent obsession. Millions of people's magnificent obsession...

"For that's what somebody once called "One Man's Family," the radio program that becomes everyman's family each Wednesday night as sure as the calendar turns.

Some people, you know, say "One Man's Family" is the best-loved drama on the air. Others say that it isn't drama at all. They say it's a true story, dramatized. Possibly they think that because the story seems to have progressed beyond the limits of dramatic artifice and has passed into the realm of human hearts.

Frank Black once implied almost the same thing, only in different words... "The effect of One Man's Family," he said, "more closely approaches the sweeping effect of a symphony than any spoken drama I have ever heard."

It's like a proposition in geometry or a lesson in simple logic. Symphonies sweep hearts. "One Man's Family" approaches the effect of a symphony. Exu--"One Man's Family" sweeps hearts.

And it's been sweeping hearts ever since it went on the air one brisk April day back in 1932. Since that memorable event, the age-old conflict between conservative parents and their more liberal-minded children has been dramatized by the now famous Barbour family every week.

In the interim, the philosophy of the Barbour parents has become the philosophy of thousands of real-life parents. The philosophy of the Barbour children has become the philosophy of a thousand flesh-and-blood young moderns who see in it a panacea for their own emotional ills.

THAT'S because the philosophy of "One Man's Family" is as modern as it is real. No rosemary and rue hangovers from yesterday trail their too decorative frills over the scripts of this radio drama, for the problems the Barbours encounter as the show moves along are as up-to-the-minute as yours or mine. Now, the family may be concerned with the spirit of adolescent restlessness which characterizes today's children. Again, the problem may be divorce or misunderstanding or domestic quarrels. But whatever the problem may be, the answer is always the same... a lesson in how to live harmoniously with other members of society and how to judge humanity without harshness or dogmatism.

In short, "One Man's Family" is a mirror, whose bright quicksilver reflects the evanescence of the present. But it still isn't a true story dramatized. As a matter of fact, it's just the other way around. It's a dramatized story come true! You'll realize what I mean when you see "One Man's Family"--the first radio cast ever contracted in fact by the Hollywood scouts—in the moving picture they have just signed to make.

I realized it even before I ever attended a rehearsal, or mingled with members of the cast, or heard what author Carlton Morse himself had to say. It came to me suddenly, when I saw all the members of the cast, close-knit as ever a real family can be, seated around a huge table in the little Bostonian club across the street from the San Francisco NBC studios, where the program originates.

Every week, two hours before "One Man's Family" is scheduled to pay you a personal call through the loud-speaker, the whole Barbour family meets there in that small, noise-filled, confusion-spilled coffee-shop, and for a little while unconsciously live their

www.americanradiohistory.com
IN STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-HEART SINCERITY, THE BARBOURS LIVE THEIR ROLES!

parts as realistically as if they were already at the black-and-silver microphone.

For instance, J. Anthony Smythe relaxes comfortably at the head of the table just as you would expect Father Barbour to, and at the foot, gentle, white-haired, Minnetta Ellen keeps a watchful eye on the whole group, even as Mother Barbour does when she's on the air. Over them all broods massive Carlton Morse, their creator, drinking in every small word they utter, remembering every gesture.

THAT'S why I say that "One Man's Family" is a dramatized story come true, for today it's probably the only dramatic show on the air with a script written around the real-life people who play in it. The usual method of writing a radio script, as most of you know, is to conceive imaginary characters and then to hire actors to play them. But Morse, when he conceived "One Man's Family," had another idea. He would reverse the process. Imaginary characters would act like real-life people instead. That's why he watches the cast's gestures at the table; that's why he memorizes their habits of speech.

As one of the Barbour's once said: "The casual conversation in the coffee-shop today may be the 'One Man's Family' script of tomorrow ..."

But let Carlton Morse himself tell how his characters originally evolved:

"Before I ever put a typewriter key in motion," he said, peering over the shell-rimmed glasses that shield his shrewd, dark eyes, "I chose the actors who were to become the Barbour family. For instance, in imagination I first placed Tony Smythe as Father Barbour, then I looked around for a

(Continued on Page 32)
TOO MODERN DAUGHTER

The hands of the kitchen clock pointed to five on the evening of July 31, 1936, and the peaceful stillness of late afternoon lay over the household of Mrs. Elizabeth Feury, 824 Avenue A, Bayonne, New Jersey, when suddenly the summer quiet was shattered by a piercing scream.

Mrs. Feury dropped her dust mop and paled with fright. That scream, she knew, echoed from the neighboring apartment in the duplex building—an apartment occupied by Edward W. MacKnight and his little family.

Mrs. MacKnight had not been well recently. She might have had an attack, or fainted, or encountered an intruder. A thousand horrors flitted through Mrs. Feury’s head as she dashed from her home into the back yard. . . horrors that vanished as abruptly as they had appeared when she saw Gladys, the MacKnight’s 17-year-old daughter, calmly standing in the kitchen window.

Faltering a little, Mrs. Feury called, “Gladys—what’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing,” the girl called back.

“But I thought I heard your mother scream,” insisted Mrs. Feury. “Are you sure there’s nothing wrong?”

“Oh, go away, Mrs. Feury,” Gladys impudently replied. “Mother cut her finger a little bit—that’s all.”

Annoyed with the girl’s impertinence, hurt by her refusal of neighborly aid, Mrs. Feury returned to her apartment, still unconvinced that all was peaceful in the MacKnight household.

Gladys, she knew from conversations she had had with Mrs. MacKnight and from what she had heard and observed herself, was inclined to be “fresh” and curt with her mother, whose “old-fashioned” ideas failed to coincide with those of her “modern” daughter.

Gladys, though but 17, was a frequent patron of taverns, despite her mother’s objections. Late dates and gay parties were other activities that conflicted with her mother’s ideas of decorous behavior for a 17-year-old girl.

Mrs. Feury thought no more of the matter as she busied herself again with her work, until a short time later, glancing through a window she saw Gladys leaving the house with a young man whom she knew as Donald Wightman, an 18-year-old youth who was one of Gladys’ constant companions. She knew that the girl’s parents had objected to the association—ever since Wightman got into trouble over the disappearance of some money from a yacht club where his father was steward. Donald’s father had made good the loss, and the matter had been dropped—but the MacKnights had become worried over Gladys’ continued association with him.

Mrs. Feury saw the couple climb into the MacKnight car and drive away.

Half an hour later, MacKnight, arriving home from his work as plant superintendent of a cable company, was surprised to find his front door locked. There was no response to his ringing and knocking. As he walked to the rear, his disturbed mind was even more alarmed when he noticed all the window shades drawn. When he was unable to arouse anyone at the rear door, he hurried over to the neighboring house of Thomas O’Brien, explained he was locked out and asked to borrow a screw-driver to force a window. Mr. O’Brien returned with MacKnight to assist him.

A few minutes’ work and MacKnight had forced a side window, crawled into his home. O’Brien walked around to the front door, and had just started up the steps when the door was flung open and MacKnight dashed out, shouting hysterically:

“My wife has been murdered!”

Both men hurried back into the house. In the kitchen, on the floor, the kitchen table pulled over the body apparently to conceal it. Mrs. MacKnight’s body lay in a pool of blood. Beside it on the floor was a blood-stained hatchet, obviously the weapon that had cut the deep gashes in the poor woman’s skull.

While MacKnight hastily and hopefully called a doctor, O’Brien went next door and summoned the police.

In a few minutes, over the Bayonne police radio station came the message: “Calling cars 3, 7 and 15. . . Calling cars 3, 7 and 15. . . A murder at 824 Avenue A. . .”

Residents of the neighborhood ran from their dinner tables as the radio patrol cars dashed up to the MacKnight home, sirens full open. Quickly the police took in the situation and became questioning and searching in the quest of witnesses and clues. From Mrs. Feury the police learned of the scream and the departing couple.

Minutes passed, and then radio police stations in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania were broadcasting:

“Attention, all cars . . . Attention, all cars . . . Be on the lookout for dark blue 1936 Ford sedan, license number New Jersey 6-5-2-1-3, carrying Gladys MacKnight and Donald Wightman, wanted for questioning in murder of Helen MacKnight in Bayonne . . .”

“Calling cars 3, 7 and 15. . . Calling cars 3, 7 and 15. . .”

Gladys MacKnight is 17 years old, has blond hair combed back in boyish style, is about five feet five, and manly in talk and manner. She is wear-

(Continued on Page 50)

HER MOTHER WAS TOO "OLD-FASHIONED." SHE DIDN’T LIKE DRINKING, SHE DIDN’T LIKE LATE PARTIES. SO—

A CALLING ALL CARS STORY—BY ARTHUR KENT

"Put up your hands and come out of that car!"

Citizens!

Police Radio offers you the protection. Learn about Police Radio, and when crime threatens, use it!
THE CAST WAS FIGHTING, JUST ONE HOPE REMAINED—SO THEY WIRED NEW YORK, AND A DYING SHOW JUMPED UP AND CLICKED ITS HEELS FOR BILL BACHER!

HE SPRINGS from microphone to podium and back again. His arms wave wildly. His blue eyes snap. "Come on now, boys and girls, let's get going."

There is no mistaking the command in his voice, though it is a soft voice, and there is tenderness behind it.

"Look at me!" he says. "Look at me while I tell you what I want!"

He's a man who always speaks in exclamations. A man whose body quivers when he talks. A man who smiles, scowls, laughs, giggles—all in the same breath.

Boys and girls, this show belongs to us, to you, to me. To you, Dick Powell; to you, Frances; to you, Igor; to you, Sally; to you, men in the orchestra—and to you, kids up there in the control-room!

"Not one of us can do a good job without the other! If you don't like what we do one week, say so. We'll try something different the next week. I'm not here to build 'Hollywood Hotel' my way. I'm here to help you build it your way!" 

Heartick and program-weary, the members of "Hollywood Hotel" cast listened to this newcomer and marveled. How could anyone feel so peppy about a show that was so far gone? For this scene took place late in the Fall of 1934, and at that time "Hollywood Hotel" was a goner. The Crosley Report, which is radio's official report card, had rated it thirteenth on its popularity list.

Something was wrong in "Hollywood Hotel." The program was ablaze with petty jealousies, petty arguments, petty complaints. Everybody wanted to be starred, everybody wanted to rewrite the script.

Then as a last resort Bacher was sent for. Bill Bacher, the biggest little man in radio. The man who had produced "Show Boat" and the "Beauty Box Revue." The ex-dentist from Bayonne, New Jersey, who, in four short years, has made himself known throughout the ether world as a program doctor de luxe. Bill could save "Hollywood Hotel"—if anyone could.

A frantic SOS reached Bacher in New York. He shook his Harpo Marx head and said: "I don't know whether I can do anything for 'Hollywood Hotel' or not. I'll tell you after I meet Dick Powell."

"But Dick Powell's in Hollywood."

"I'll be there myself in the morning."

That was unprecedented. Instead of leaping at a fat contract and looking afterward—Bill Bacher looked first. He sat on the edge of Dick Powell's swimming-pool, wiggling his pale New York toes in the blue Hollywood water. He looked for temperament. He looked for selfishness. He looked for ego and trouble. His search turned out to be as futile as an Everest climb.

"O.K., Dick," he said finally. "You are all right with me."

That evening the contract was signed. But Dick was only one of seventy-five people on that show. Bill Bacher had to get to know each of the others, and he had to win their confidence.

It was an almost super-human task—melting seventy-five scratching, kicking, hair-pulling personalities into one homogeneous mass—but Bill Bacher did it. He did it by the seemingly simple device of learning all there was to know about everyone of his people. He learned little things about them. He learned, for example, that Duane Thompson was a friendly, bubbling-over, interested-in-everyone girl. Because of these qualities, he cast her as "Sally," the hotel's telephone operator.

Bacher discovered that Frances Langford was suffering from shyness—and that that was why she always sat by herself in a corner. If the rest of the cast felt that she didn't like them, she was almost certain that they hated her. Bacher decided to kid her out of her attitude. He kidded her about her clothes, her beaux, her dates. He began gently to see how she would take it. And when he and the others saw that she could, and would, the game spread. Soon everyone was picking on her—but tenderly.

Frances forgot her shyness and developed coolness and calmness. On one program not long ago while she was singing a hot number, "Tain't Necessarily So," Dick Powell and Ken Niles began clapping. First they mopped their brows, then they loosened their collars, then they emitted audible "whewes" and took off their coats. The 1,500 people in the audience screeched and screamed, but Frances did not let it "break her." She controlled her blushes, refused to be upset. She was still smiling when Dick and Ken put their arms around her and simultaneously planted loud kisses on each cheek, at the end of the song!

What Bill Bacher has done for "Hollywood Hotel" can best be told by the things he has done for its people. Gradually he knit them into one big happy family. Gradually he made each actor and each singer feel that they were part of the show, that there were no parts to be played. For Dick, no more of those forced, straining-for-laughter lines he had had in the past. No more melodramatic situations that Dick didn't feel. For Igor Gorin, songs that his Viennese temperament required him to sing. And so down the list. "Hollywood Hotel" began to sound like a group of happy people having a happy time—and the show rang true because it was like that behind the scenes.

IN FOUR months, "Hollywood Hotel" jumped to fourteenth place on the Crosley list! Today it ranks among the first ten!

What manner of man is this who can accomplish such wonders? An ex-dentist from Bayonne, New Jersey, with only four years of radio experience. But what a four years he has worked!
Some are born beautiful—others acquire beauty. If you aren’t a natural beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to acquire beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which brightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascara, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beauty on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you’ll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.

In real life, as in the show, Jack Barbour goes to Claudia (Kathleen Wilson) for sisterly advice. The Barbours are as much a family “off stage” as on the air. Right: Carlton Morse, “The Family’s” creator.

(Mother Barbour who would best portray the kind of wife he would have. “Minetta Ellen was the obvious choice. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, and friendly, she has all the real-life qualities I wanted Fanny Barbour to have. Mike Raffetto too, with his quiet sense of humor and his tolerant point of view, was what I wanted for Paul. So, one by one, my little family grew until eventually I had them all lined up. Next, I placed each individual in an imaginary dramatic situation and tried to figure out their reactions. After that, each character in the script was built around his or her real-life counterpart. Lines often contain phrases peculiar to the actor who speaks them. Little idiosyncrasies of manner are capitalized on in the script... little tricks of speech, little habits of thought... I dramatize them all. That’s why they sound so real...”

And they really do! To get a better perspective on these unusual actors who feel their roles instead of act them, suppose you come backstage with me and watch a typical “One Man’s Family” broadcast.

After the last cup of coffee in the Bostonian club has been drunk and the last hard roll crumpled in Barton Yarbrough’s nervous, moving hands (he’s Clifford Barbour, you know, Claudia’s twin), the whole family troops noisily across the street to the studio, where a stiff rehearsal is held. Morse, in the monitor’s booth, directs his family through a telephone... “Tony,” he says to Father Barbour, “you kind of blasted a little there. Let’s have that line over again.” And Tony steps back from the mike and obligingly repeats himself. Sometimes one small scene, or even a single line, is read over and over again until it meets with its creator’s approval... “No,” Morse says patiently to Kathleen Wilson, the quick, slender girl with the high, ingenue voice who is “Claudia,” “No, I want that line to sound like this.” Half a minute before the signal for silence is given the studio, Minetta Ellen is whispering in the corner to Page Gilman, whose original reactions as Jack, her actor son, bring a touch of youthful freshness to dinner-table conversations under the Barbours’ radio roof. But as soon as Minetta Ellen gets her first directorial cue, she hops, white-haired and chipper, from chair to microphone and back to her private conversation again almost before you realize she has read her lines at all.

(Continued from Page 29)

But Father Barbour is not like that. For J. Anthony Smythe is a typical old stage trouper who thinks that the show must go on, and that personal life must be suspended while it does. A handsome man with coal-black hair, which he is obliged to gray with cornstarch for all photographs in character, Smythe is the very picture of vigorous middle age. His eyes, like his hair, are almost black, and when he turns them on the microphone, he looks at it as earnestly as if at any moment he expected the senseless mechanism to come alive and answer him right back! Away from the microphone, however, Tony is the typical matinee idol in appearance and dress. He likes (Continued on Page 49)
**WAKE UP AND LISTEN**

**COMPLETE PROGRAMS FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK**

**THURSDAY, NOV. 29**

5:45 p.m. EST (4:45 CST)
NBC: Traditional hymnals will be offered at services of the First Methodist Church.

7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST)
NBC: NBC: Abram Chasins has the Veterans Day Broadcast in the National Radio Guild. "Seals."

11:30 p.m. EST (10:30 CST)
CBS: The Portland (Oregon) Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Norman Starnes in a series of national broadcasts.

**SATURDAY, NOV. 30**

12 noon EST (11 a.m. CST)
NBC: A new sponsored show for the American Museum of Natural History, "Mind's Eye," will be presented by Dr. Gilbert H. Stenhouse.

7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST)
NBC: "NBC News Reports." In this special broadcast, NBC's experts will discuss the current political and social issues of interest to the American public.

**MONDAY, NOV. 25**

MORNING

6:00 MST 7:00 CST
CBS: On the Air Today; Oscar Hammerstein.

Evensong: (7:30 MST)
NBC: William Snoddy, organist.

**NORTHWEST**

Harold Nagel's Orch., formerly 9:30 a.m. Saturday 
WBC: 10:00 EST (7:00 CST)
MORNING

6:45 MST 7:45 CST
CBS: On the Air Today; "NBC's Morning Chimes" (6:30 CST).

10:00 MST 8:00 CST
NBC: "Coast to Coast on a Bus: Coast to Coast on a Bus" (7:00 CST).

11:30 MST 10:30 CST
NBC: Harold Nagel's Orch. (7:30 CST).

5:45 MST 6:45 CST
WDFJ: Birthday Bell.

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**TUESDAY, NOV. 26**

**NORTHWEST**

5:45 MST 6:45 CST
WDFJ: Morning Chimes: "NC Children's Concert; Salo Orszag; John Paul; Paul Wing, narrator. WDFJ KMOV KMBC Thoughts for the Day.

6:45 MST 7:45 CST
CBS: Radio Spotlight. (7:30 CST)

10:00 MST 8:00 CST
NBC: "Coast to Coast on a Bus: Coast to Coast on a Bus" (7:00 CST).

**Wash.***

**BURLINGTON**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**BURGERS**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**NORTHWEST**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**TORONTO**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**FRIEDRICH**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

10:00 MST 8:00 CST
NC Children's Concert; Salo Orszag; John Paul; Paul Wing, narrator. WDFJ KMOV KMBC Thoughts for the Day.

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27**

**NORTHWEST**

6:45 MST 7:45 CST
CBS: Radio Spotlight: "NC Children's Concert; Salo Orszag; John Paul; Paul Wing, narrator. WDFJ KMOV KMBC Thoughts for the Day." (6:30 CST)

10:00 MST 8:00 CST
NBC: "Coast to Coast on a Bus: Coast to Coast on a Bus" (7:00 CST).

10:00 MST 8:00 CST
NBC: Harold Nagel's Orch. (7:30 CST).

**BURGERS**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**FRIEDRICH**

7:15 MST 8:15 CST
WDFJ: Harold Nagel's Orch.

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27**

**TORONTO**

11:30 MST 10:30 CST
WDFJ: A new sponsored show starring Ford Bond, commentator and master of ceremonies, and Crozier, baritone, makes its debut over NBC at 7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST).

**Mary Astor and Boyer**

Screen features Charles Boyer and Mary Astor as guests of the Hollywood Hotel, CBS at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), in a radio adaptation of "Garden of Allah," their latest picture.

**Philadelphia Symphony**

A special program of Russian music will be presented by the Philadelphia Orchestra. A broadcast of Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" will be heard over NBC at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), in a radio adaptation of "Garden of Allah," their latest picture.

**SATURDAY, NOV. 23**

22:00 CST 1:00 EST
WIBW KFH KLZ KSL KOMA WDAF KMBC KOIL-Sunday Serenade; WDAF-WBLS; KSL WIBW KFH KLZ KOMA KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOIL KOI...
**LOG OF STATIONS**

**LISTED IN EDITION II—MOCKY MOUNTAIN**

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**SHORT WAVES**

**Signs**

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**WIBW—Clark & Frank**

**WBSY—Dictators**

**NOTICE:**

The programs presented here were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and radio GUIDE could make them at the time of going to press, without any agencies that are the studio sometimes necessitate eleven hours.

Bell tells of religious services and programs. Star *indicates:*

If your favorite station is not listed at quarter or half hour periods, contact the time listings for the last time change. There is a network program at 60 or 60 minutes duration on the hour at quarter hour when you do not find your station listed.

Please note:

Symbol in parentheses, such as (sw-9.33) appearing after a program listing indicates that this program may be heard by tuning to 9.33 megacycles frequency on your short-wave dial. For foreign short-wave programs, please set page 20.

**Durelle Alexander**

See 7:15 p.m. (8:15 CST)

(Continued from Page 33)
### Programs for Monday, November 23

#### Network Changes

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#### End of Sunday Programs
**American Radio History**

**Monday, November 23**

**Frequencies**

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**In a Brand New Show**

**KPO KFI KGW**

**“Funniest Fair on the Air”**

**Raleigh and Kool Cigarettes**

Get Rid of Static, Distraction, Strong Magnetic Interference, “A New Radio” For Only...
Tuesday November 24

Network Changes

Words & Music, formerly 11:15 p.m. now NBC 1 p.m. (sw-15.33)

KLZ-Breakfast Time Table
WNAX-Rosebud Kids
WDAF-Birthday
KFEL-World Varieties
WHO-Musical
WIBW-Nutrena

6:00 AM

KLZ-Breakfast Time Table

6:09 AM 1st

WNAX

6:09 AM 2nd

WDAF

6:09 AM 3rd

WIBW

6:09 AM 4th

KSL

6:10 AM

WHO

6:10 AM 1st

WIBW

6:10 AM 2nd

WDAF

6:10 AM 3rd

WNAX

6:10 AM 4th

KLZ

6:15 AM

WDAF KVOO

58

MORNING

6:09 AM

WNAX 6:09 AM

WDAF 6:09 AM

WIBW 6:09 AM

WIEX

6:10 AM

WHO

6:10 AM

WIBW

6:10 AM

WDAF

6:10 AM

WNAX

6:10 AM

KLZ

6:15 AM

WDAF KVOO

58

Notes:

KLZ-Breakfast Time Table
WNAX-Rosebud Kids
WDAF-Birthday
KFEL-World Varieties
WHO-Musical
WIBW-Nutrena

Tuesday, November 24

See 6:30 p.m. MST (7:30 CST)

MORNING

6:09 AM 1st

WNAX

6:09 AM 2nd

WDAF

6:09 AM 3rd

WIBW

6:09 AM 4th

KSL

6:10 AM

WHO

6:10 AM 1st

WIBW

6:10 AM 2nd

WDAF

6:10 AM 3rd

WNAX

6:10 AM 4th

KLZ

6:15 AM

WDAF KVOO

58

Notes:

KLZ-Breakfast Time Table
WNAX-Rosebud Kids
WDAF-Birthday
KFEL-World Varieties
WHO-Musical
WIBW-Nutrena

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DISCARD YOUR OLD AERIAL

It is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Radiator Connections which are easy to fix.

Select Aerials

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It is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Radiator Connections which are easy to fix.

Select Aerials
### Network Changes

**Light Opera Co.** (formerly 3 p.m.) School Broadcasts: Walter, Junior, & Gelett (2 p.m. - 3 p.m. CST). See 1:15 p.m. MST (2:15 CST)

### MORNINGS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Network</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
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<td>WOW</td>
<td>KVOO</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>WOW</td>
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<td>KVOO</td>
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<td>NBC</td>
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<td>WOW</td>
<td>KVOO</td>
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<td>WOW</td>
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### Evening

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<td>News</td>
<td>7:15 PM</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>WOW</td>
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Geo.
KVOO-Breakfast
WIBW-Variety Prgm.
KFH-Morning Exercises
KFEL-Nat Brusiloff
WGNR-Frank Westerfeld's NBC
KMBC-Steamboat MST
KOIL-Omaha CBS
KOIL-Morning Cinderella
W9XBY-Organ Rhapsody
KSLW-Morning Wife
WBBN-Newspaper Trends
W9XBY-Musical Mirror
...
Of Course It's True!

More stars are heard on Radio's Court of Honor than on any other show on the air! Don't miss it!

Every FRIDAY NIGHT AT 10 O'CLOCK, EST

(9:00 O'CLOCK, CST)

Over WJZ and the NBC-BLUETEWEB

Radio Guide presents the Court of Honor tonight! You'll hear famous stars—last-minute radio gossip—Shep Fields' music! It's Radio's

Court of Honor

November 27
Saturday

November 28

World Dances formerly Sunday 9:30 p.m. CST (6:30 MST)

MORNING

6:00 MST 7:00 CST

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WNAX-Howdy</td>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>George W. Perkins, program host; Norman S. Grant, program director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KSL-News</td>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>B. W. Cochrane, program director; Harry B. Cochrane, program director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFAB-Old Time</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>John R. Anderson, program host; Jack H. Carson, program director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KMBC-Morning Melodies</td>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Bill Murray, program director; Lawrence C. Schlegel, program director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W9XBY-Daily</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Harry B. Cochrane, program director; John R. Anderson, program host</td>
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Afternoon

17:00 MST 18:00 CST

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<tr>
<td>W9XBY-Songs for Sale</td>
<td>17:00</td>
<td>Bob Wills, program host; Jack H. Carson, program director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W9XBY-Morning</td>
<td>18:00</td>
<td>Harry B. Cochrane, program director; John R. Anderson, program host</td>
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</table>

Football

A complete schedule of stations broadcasting football games, along with the times and the results will be found on Page 14 of the Daily Star.
WNAX-Lone Cowboy
CBS -Columbia Symph.
WCCO-Musicale
KVOD-Rhythm Rhapsody
W9XBY-Union Station
KGHF-News
KMBC-950
WBAP-Traffic
KV00-1140
KGNF-1430

6:45 MST 7:20 CST
KBNC-Indiana William Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT (see 11:12)
KFI-William Walker's Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

7:00 MST 7:45 CST

7:15 MST 8:00 CST
KFI-Firebird Quartet & Ruth Aire

7:30 MST 8:15 CST
CBS-Christmas Symph. Orch., Howard Barlow, cond. (see 11:12)

7:45 MST 8:30 CST
KFI-World's Famous Orchestra

8:00 MST 8:45 CST
KBNC-Indiana William Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

8:15 MST 8:55 CST
KBNC-Indiana William Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

8:30 MST 9:15 CST
KFI-William Walker's Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

8:45 MST 9:25 CST

9:00 MST 9:40 CST
KFI-William Walker's Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

11:00 MST 11:40 CST
WBAP-Old Kraftsman's Hour

11:15 MST 11:55 CST
KFI-Firebird Quartet & Ruth Aire

11:30 MST 12:10 CST
CBS-Indiana William Orch. WHEN KGFY WQMI WMOT

11:45 MST 12:25 CST
WGN-Red Books for Christmas

There are separate editions listing programs for each respective section. The correct edition will be used in each case.

What better, more constant reminder of holiday good-wishes than RADIO GUIDE, America’s Weekly for radio listeners?
CHRISTMAS RATES: RADIO GUIDE sent by mail, prepaid, (52 issues) 1 Yearly Subscription $4.00 — 2 Subscriptions $7.00 — 3 Subscriptions $10.00.

Send RADIO GUIDE for one year (52 issues) to the following persons. Also, announce my gift to them with your special CHRISTMAS GIFT LETTER.

Name:
Address:

Name:
Address:

Name:
Address:

Name:
Address:

I am enclosing reimbursement for $______

My Name is:
Street Address:

City: State:


coupons

www.americanradiohistory.com
BROADCAST and AMAZE Your Friends!

Wayne King's Inspiring Life Story

(Continued from Page 25)

recognize this ruling. It would, in his opinion, utterly defeat the purpose of the currently planned program and he decided to battle to the death rather than to observe it.

In the end he got his own way. All his life he has been characterized by a great determination that has made him get everything he has wanted.

Those of you who have followed me thus far must be beginning to wonder if Wayne King had any romance. As far as I knew, he had never been in love, or at least I was under the impression that there were no women in his life to add color to it.

There were five, as I see them—five women who played important roles in Wayne King's life.

Two of them you have already heard about. They are "tragic-motion" who was Wayne King's wish-substitute for a mother of his own, and a home-town girl who recognized his musical talent and got him into the big-band business.

The home-town girl married his brother, you remember, so that dis- covered her as a romantic possibility. Through her, however, he was to marry a woman for a lifetime, to be the number-one love-interest in his life.

Their first meeting was simple enough, goodness knows. The girl lived in Chicago, where Wayne's brother Chester lived, and Chester's wife was one of the King gang.

Learning that she planned to spend a week-end in Chicago and that she had come to dancing at the Aragon, the King family asked her to come to their home for a little note of her birthday greeting to their favorite relative.

So when a shy, blue-eyed girl stepped up to the Aragon podium and handed the busy bandleader a little envelope note, no one thought much about it. Least of all, Wayne King. In fact, he hardly even glanced at her.

"Just another mashi-note," he may have thought to himself, "a silly one at that, all the rest." But he took the note, and what was more unusual, he read it on the spot.

Hastily, he glanced around for the girl who had delivered it. His own brother had sent this message, and he, knowing that he had, didn't even managed to thank the bearer for her trouble.

Time after time that evening Wayne King neglected his music to search through the dancing throngs for some glimpse of the girl who had delivered the birthday greeting.

There were all kinds of girls on the dance floor. Girls in gingham and girls in satin. Blond girls and brunet girls, girls that looked like Garbo and others that looked like her caricature.

But the girl he was seeking was nowhere to be seen.

Elaboration and determination were factors that set him thinking of the house-guest who might be interested in dancing. When the evening drew to a close, he had his little lost messenger paged.

Almost immediately she stepped away from the crowd and looked up. Their eyes met, and Wayne King's first capital-letter romance had begun.

Those of you who have been listening steadily to this Wayne King fad for the past six or seven years will undoubtedly remember this affair of Wayne King.

For he almost never signed on or off the air without relying some tender message of greeting or farewell to one who, from all accounts, was the first really important woman in his life.

Almost every Monday it was customary for Wayne King to fly from Chicago to Clinton and have lunch with his girl. He already had acquired her own plane, and when, like some star-touched alien, he came swooping down out of the sky, it was a personal thrill for practically everybody in Clinton to see. Usually, Wayne flew alone and on one memorable occasion, death was a grinning co-pilot with an unwelcome hand on the stick.

It happened on a bright sunny day when Wayne, swimming through the clouds, suddenly found himself embarrassingly suspended between earth and sky with his hand in the tank of his plane.

He was flying over North Shore Chicago. Beneath him, the ground was a checker-board covered with houses that challenged him to land without crashing.

A less confident pilot, particularly one as inexperienced as Wayne King might never have come down alive. Instead of losing his nerve and cranking up, he coasted his plane down to safety.

His landing-field was a fancy flower-bed blooming in the heart of a swampy garden on a Chicago millionaire's country estate.

"Wayne," my informant said, "apologized graciously, calmly, called a hailing station for more gas, then took off immediately and lived for another ad."-apparently.

He had flown side-by-side with Daisy, but he saw himself as no hero.

No one remembers how long Wayne King went with his Iowa girl, and what eventually happened to end an idyllic romance must remain a secret between them forever.

The girl in Clinton married a hometown boy and she's quite happy in her domesticity. She and Wayne both friends, and today she's the mother of a handsome son.

Wayne King was to have two other important romances in his life. One was with an artist who has since developed into one of the most famous women in the world.

Who are the other women in Wayne King's life? Where did he meet them? Why? How? You'll learn more about Wayne King—the answers to questions you've always asked but never had answered before. Don't miss the next exhilarating chapter of this fascinating life-story—next week—in Radio Guide!

Wayne King may be heard Monday days over a CBB network at 10 a.m. EST (9 CST; 8 MST; 7 PST); also Tuesdays and Wednesdays over an NBC network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).

HITS OF THE WEEK

There are a lot of new ones this week. Number One stays as it is, but look at the threats fresh from Tin Pan Alley. For instance, "I'll Fly You (A Thousand Love Songs)" jumped up to No. 2 and "Pennies from Heaven" made its first appearance. The entire list follows:

1 - The Way You Used to Be
2 - When Did You Leave
3 - I'll Sing You a Song
4 - First Romance
5 - A Fine Romance
6 - The Moonlight
7 - We Love You
8 - Home Sweet Home
9 - For You
10 - Harmonized Love

This week in Radio Guide—Wayne King's life story, the late Arthur Murray's story, the story of Arthur Murray's dance studio in Los Angeles, the story of the new Martin guitar, and the story of the geography of the world.

...enough by way of fillers. It's a fun lot in any event.

Arthur Murray, Studio 288, E. 42 St., New York City.
right-yellow sports coat, long ciga-
rete holder, and age-matched cy-
cylinder cars. The only gesture he makes while broadcasting is a tilting
index finger, which may then
accent a Father Barbour interroga
tion. "So, who's around, and asks, "Where's Pinkie"?"
To the housewife looking com-
fortably near a microphone.
R. T. "Bert" Mower, Wisconsin, home and to the
burly man's another name, he's a radio
mail-order radio set in a lumber
camp somewhere in Maine, Father
Barbour's real concern. For Pinkie's
all sounds just like so much more
script. But in the studio, the toat's
whereabouts is an important, burn-
ing question—for Pinkie, alas, is gone!

USSLAY some member of the cast
has been keeping an eye on Ann
Shelley and Richard Svihus, the
four-year-olds who are Joan and Pinkie,
radio's youngest actors—but today,
our inquired. This duty was overwhelm-
ingly harder to reach the
microphone in time for a cue, Bernice
Bertwein, the University of California
beauty who has been watching the
children play cowboy-and-Indian up
on the studio's outdoor side, un-noticed
to notice that Announcer Svihus—Andrews had
not appeared to relieve her. In the interval
between Father Barbour's question
and what to have been Pinkie's
answer, the little one had disappeared
Without a trace.

While the search for the youngest
continues, the hands of the stop-watch move
more and more swiftly. . . . as the
microphone, Bernice has used, Hazel,
the Barbours' second daughter and
wildly with Father Barbour, while
in the engineer's booth, Marse, like
Buddha, presides over the blind expres-
sion of a monolith. After what seems
like hours to those in the studio, but
which in reality is no more than sec-
onds, Andrews, harried and perspir-
ing, arrives with Pinkie in tow.

HERE I am, Father Barbour, "Pinkie
chirps basketically into the micro-
phone, and the show goes bitheenly on
with everybody breathing normally
again.

Like little Ann, who resembles Shir-
ey Temple in more than her pop-
stand-in does, Richard Svihus is too
young to play his role that maturely
so he's too young to com-
prehend the near catastrophe in his
inno-
cent downstroke. Yet he

Often this innocence of theirs makes
matters tense moments in the show.

For instance, not long ago small
Andrews transferred to the studio and several
million listeners as well when she shouted
"Good-bye, Barbours" as she was
being carted away during the middle
of a broadcast under Andrews' pro-
tective arm.

After the children depart, the
Barbours, I notice, are under less tension
as the broadcast continues its allotted
half-hour. Now Michael Raffetto, who plays the
"Four-Lorn Paul, is at the
microphone. As light on his feet as Charlie
Chaplin, as graceful with his hands as Ronald
Reagan, he reminds one of a
composite picture of two of these while he
gets underway. The cattie

All the cattie quickness of Chaplin is there,
plus the repose of Colman, and the
part of Paul. It's like plaited hair, reflects
all the flame and shadow an Irish-
Italian heart could give.

Not long ago Paul was written out of the
script for six weeks, while Raffetto recuperated from a
double pneumonia, which almost took his life.
During that time, the air, the
fan letters demanding his return grew
to such proportions that extra secre-
taries have been assigned to answer all of the mail.

Today, Paul is holding a family con-
clave with his younger brothers, Clif-
ford and Jack, and the topic is Paul's
daughter, Teddy, the orphan he adopt-
from the orphanage. Both
Bart Barbour and Clifford is, and as
he parries words with Paul, he makes
the colorless, unloving, sweeping, elegant,
quiet. untroubled
notion to it, he knows from Stanford University, is Jack, and

One of the most amazing products of the
strastral radio of today.

For instance, he's amazing because,
under the circumstances, he's a radio
star since he was nine years old, through
none of his schoolmates a
few of his friends ever knew it. Since
he's entered Stanford, his main inter-
est has been to study acting, and
"I am going to be an actor,"

He sits among radio's youngest stars, watching the
of the youngster continues,

The broadcast continues.

...a man who grew up in the family
of the war, that's why he's so
This closeknecss to his family,

He reminds me of Joe
Paul, which seems as
what it's middle-aged Father
and Mother Barbour with four-year old
Paul, is there, the story changes. The story
of a dramatic father grows.

Some time, the dust from the
broadcast continues. . . .

Father

Mother

One of the highlights of the show is the panto-
drama of Pinkie. The broadcast
continues.
THE MAN BEHIND HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

(Continued from Page 31)

had. And what experiences, too?

At what he saw in his work, he was sick and tired of all the stupid things I heard on the air.

An advertiser bought his first at- tempt at radio writing. That was the famous Trials of History. Following that came "The O'Flynn," which Bill Bacher wrote and pro- duced. Then came "Show Boat!"

BACHER'S "Hollywood Hotel" scripts actually contain things that happen at rehearsals. The praise not only makes the show sound better, but also has proved a safety-valve on sever- al occasions. An example of not long ago was the occasion of Dick Powell's laryngitis attack. As Bill Bacher explains the occasion himself:

"We were rehearsing when I overheard Dick tell Frances that he was cold. I was catching cold. Immedi- ately I told him to insert that idea into the script—which he did just right, and what Frances had said in reply.

"I did not just in case, and the 'in case' happened. The following week Dick was sick—so sick that he couldn't appear on the show.

"I reproduced what had happened at rehearsal that night on the show. And because we had already planted Dick's fear of a cold the week before, and Frances' warning, our audience was prepared for the shock.

A NOTHER of Bacher's assets is the loyalty and sympathy which he feels for his workers. He is the man who invented the system of writing dou- bles for star singers, and sing- ing duets for star actors.

At first, all Radio Row said it couldn't be done. Patiently, Mr. Bacher explained that he was trying to save wear-and-tear on his people.

Such consideration was unheard of in radio. Bacher told how he'd soon find out that the singers wouldn't like the idea. Radio Row knew its singers; they wanted to be the whole show!

But not with Bill Bacher, they didn't. For a long time Allyce Allen, a capa- ble New York actor, read Radio Row's lines, and there was never any friction about it. Bacher knows that when he hears one. There was a time when he was looking for another singer, a baritone, for Show Boat.

FOR weeks, he listened to every sta- tion and every voice on his dial, getting up at six o'clock in the morn- ing because he might hear people on one of those setting-up programs; then he stayed up until two o'clock, the next morning, still listening.

Sudden Bacher found the man he wanted—Conrad Thibault! He was on a small local station.

"That's a fellow! That's the voice!" Bacher rushed to the phone.

Conrad didn't know quite what it meant to him. "You mean you need a singer for Show Boat?" he exclaimed.

"I've already made up my mind," said Bacher. "See me at my office in the morning!"

Baching up the mind of the Show Boat client was something else. Conrad didn't have an audition—though he was scared and trembling—even that didn't sell them.

"That sounds like Conrad," was the verdict, "and we can't afford to take chances because we're at the end of the line.

"That's it, " Conrad, of course, got his contract. This could go on for pages. Other Bacher accomplishments, Bacher discoveries could be written in a book. The point to this story is his "Holly- wood Hotel" achievement!

Hollywood Hotel may be heard Fri- days over a CBS network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST).

TOO MODERN DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 30)

ing a dark-blue sweater, a sports skirt, ankle socks and tennis shoes. Wightman is 18 years old, about six feet tall, weighs 179 lbs.

OURS passed with the Bayonne po- licewoman waiting in vain for word of the whereabouts of the missing sweet- hearts. A search of Bayonne estab- lished only that they had fled. Shortly before 10 o'clock, that night, Sergeant Magliione and his radio patrol squad, cruising along Danforth avenue in Jersey City, spotted a sedan ahead of them, in which was a young couple. They got a look at that "Magli- lione instructed his driver. The car sped ahead, closing the distance sepa- rating them from the machine in front sufficiently for Magliione to read: "Next stop 4-2-1-3."

"That's it!" he announced. Siren screaming, the police car shot forward. Forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour the speedometer on the police car read as it pursued the sedan, slowly shortening the distance between them—and at last pulling alongside.

"Put up your hands!" the policeman ordered, jumping out of his car. "Don't shoot—we give up!" the youthful answered, arms, upraised.

Later, in Jersey City police head- quarters, where they waited for Bay- one officers to arrive, the girl calmly smoked a cigarette and told her story. She told of meeting Donald at 4 o'clock on the previous afternoon, and of a small-time drinking bout in a tavern. She told how she had gone home and demanded her supper in a hurry—only to have her mother tell her to fix it herself.

They quarreled. Donald, stand- ing behind the woman, grabbed her. She stabbed him with a butcher knife and bashed in her mother's head.

Then they fled, only to be caught. "Give me another cigarette," she dropped the smoked stub to the floor and stamped on it. "My mother was a little old-fashioned in some ways," she remarked, "but I loved her."
CHORUS

Smooth, the music's smooth. You're in my arms. It's just a paradise, Oh!

so nice; As we dance. And glide along. Amidst the throng. Your charms en-

rapture me. Capture me, I ne'er knew what love meant. I'll confess. Un-

til you came to end my loneliness. Oh, it's smooth. So really smooth.

To be romancing and dancing here with you. you.
PRIZE-WINNER

Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette — Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is your throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.