Will Love and Marriage Cost Lanny Ross His Female Public?

JIM AND MARIAN JORDAN ("Fibber McGee and Molly")

EIGHTEEN Pages of Great Radio Programs In This Issue!
OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

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IT'S THE GREATEST HONOR IN RADIO!

There is no honor which means more to a radio star than to be elected by the nation's fans as Star of Stars! There is no way in which you can better show your appreciation for the hours of pleasure your favorite entertainer has given you than to vote in this great international poll.

You—the reader—are the judge and jury in this contest. Your votes, and your support, will help your radio favorite toward this signal honor.

Radio Guide is merely your agent in this election. Its job is to tabulate the ballots you send in, then, as your spokesman, confer the Star of Stars honor on the radio performer of your own choice.

At the end of this article is given the page number on which this week's standings in the contest will be found. Turn to that page. See how your favorite stands! If you feel that these standings do not reflect your opinion on who should be radio's Star of Stars for 1937, do something about it. Vote—and encourage your friends to help you elect your favorite.

It is only in that way—through your ballots and your support—that the star you want to be honored can be honored.

Hard work, perseverance, talent, and perhaps luck can make a person a radio star.

But only you—a reader of this publication—can name the Star of Stars!

One cannot go so far as to say that it is your duty to vote for your favorite radio entertainer, but—certainly you cannot show your appreciation in any finer, more worth-while way—than by casting your vote in this contest! Do it today! Don't delay! Your vote is important; your vote may help honor your favorite star!

(See Star of Stars standings on page 19.)

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Official Photographer: Delar, Radio City, New York

Cover Portrait by Charles E. Rubino


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 WITHOUT crowds surging before Number One Do-Ning Street, without an impassioned speech over the radio, without a thick blanket of propaganda or dramatic indictments, Lanny Ross is facing a crisis not unlike the historic "crisis" of the Duke of Windsor.

I've seen it happen before—to both public and private citizens. The private citizen goes through this particular critical period with no more strain than beginning to start his sentences with "Now, when I was a boy..." and wondering if maybe he shouldn't stop by the gymnasium three days a week to keep down the waistline. But the celebrity passes into adulthood—and this is the crisis of which I speak—in the glaring spotlight of publicity, before a public which may or may not like a grown man instead of a boy.

If this seems too involved, remember the complexity of all emotion. Remember that the reaction of the public heart toward its idols is strange and unpredictable. And now let me tell you the story of Lanny Ross—and, incidentally, ask you a few questions.

Lanny has been, until now (or almost until now), "every mother's son." Even in his radio love affairs with Mary Lou he wasn't a great romantic figure, but merely the perfect young man who was in love with a very nice and very attractive young girl.

BUT now Lanny grows older. He is more worldly—has settled down as a married man. Is there now more interest in famous young married men than in youngsters? Is Lanny about to become radio's Great Lover Number One? Has his marriage to Olive White changed his status with his listeners? And what will the baby, which they are expecting, mean?

Like any story involving human emotion, this one is woven with tangled threads. I am going to try to untangle it for you.

The first time I saw Lanny Ross was some five years ago. He was—for all his obvious good breeding, for all the innate poise which background gives—a sly youth. He had not wanted to become a singer. He had wanted no part of the blatant cacophony of "show business." His ambition was a small legal practise, a gentle wife, a cottage in the suburbs.

In fact, Lanny turned to radio singing only to make his way through Columbia Law School after he left Yale. And he kept on singing because (1) he found he loved that form of self-expression and (2) by the time he was offered a job in a law firm at $2,500 a year he was earning closer to $25,000.

I tell you of this Lanny of five years ago because even then, well-known radio performer that he was, he remained the average American lad.

Sitting in their comfortable chairs listening to him on the Show Boat program, older women thought, "That's the sort of boy I'd like to have for my son," or perhaps, "That's the sort of boy I'd like my daughter to marry."

And very young things, hurrying off to the high-school dance, thought: "Gee, I wish Lanny Ross were dating me tonight. That Mary Lou is a lucky girl to have Lanny crazy about her."

It was older women who had forgotten the adventures of mature love and young girls who knew nothing about it, to whom Lanny appealed.

At that time his personal life was cut from the same pattern as his radio life. While he was crooning to Mary Lou before the microphone, he was "dating" girls of exactly her type and talking to them as he talked to her.

So there was Lanny Ross—decent, clean, charming, boyish, the personification of American youth. And now let's see what has happened to Lanny in the last five years. Things one: He has grown up. Lanny has crossed the thirty-year mark. And speaking of birthdays reminds me that he celebrated the change in him perfectly by comparing his most recent birthday party with former parties.

When he was "the boy every mother wanted her girl to marry," he lived in a little apartment which was an almost exact duplicate of every "college boy" apartment. It was a friendly, haphazard room, with books on the floor, pipes in a Christmas pipe rack. And when he entertained, it was in the buffet manner: the delicatessen at the corner sent up the salami and cheese and you helped yourself and then sat on the floor and chatted, in the slang of the day, about the other youngsters.

BUT on his thirtieth birthday, married to Olive White, a business woman who was his manager, he gave a birthday party which was a far cry from those early days.

In the first place, he and Olive live in a beautifully appointed duplex in the Sutton Place section of New York—and if you know your New York you realize that's the last word in swank. The gracious living-room extends upward for two stories with an inside balcony running around it and the stairs perfectly designed for a lovely hostess entrance. The place also boasts a cozy playroom where friends may indulge in bridge, backgammon or some other rage of the moment.

To Lanny's birthday party eighteen guests were invited, all of them people of the business or artistic world, some of them Lanny's college friends from his Yale days who have grown up and become Important People. The women wore smart, well-cut gowns. The men were easy of manner and perfectly groomed. The dinner was quietly and efficiently served by perfect servants—hors d'oeuvre, clear soup, fowl and wild rice.

After dinner Lanny and Olive were presented for the amusement of their guests a novel and well-planned entertainment. They had written a little play in which all the members of the party had lines to read. The comedy was rehearsed, and then, on Lanny's own recording instrument in his apartment, the play was recorded. Later the guests heard themselves on the "playback" exactly as in a broadcast.

THAT is certainly sophisticated entertainment—and I use the adjective in its best and most inclusive sense. And all during that party Lanny was the suave, handsome, worldly host.

So now our young man has matured. How has this affected his career?

For five years Lanny has been on the Show Boat program. He began merely as the singer—the lad with the golden voice. At that time Winsinger was practically the master of ceremonies and ran the show. Lanny was the romantic member of the troupe.

But the Show Boat program has changed, too. Lanny is now master of ceremonies. Instead of merely singing the songs they tell him to sing, he is now a vital part in the production of the program. Monday morning he spends with the executives of the advertising agency in charge of he

(Continued on Page 18)
THANK your stars, or perhaps, your pa and ma, that you live in a land where radio is free and unweight-
ed by a mess of laws which spoil everything. That’s the trouble with European broadcasting—and that’s the story we’re telling you here. The story of a twenty-million-dollar boot-
leg radio business which grew up as a result of laws which attempted to do too much.

Every European country has laws which tell the broadcasters what to do and what not to do. But the countries are small, and up in the ether where radio waves travel, there are no police-
men, no soldiers. And so the programs scud across international borders, packed with words and music strictly against the law. This is the multi-
million-dollar business of smuggling, bootlegging and otherwise raiding the audiences of not less than ten coun-
tries. It’s no laughing matter, because these listeners become buyers—and so these raiders really do take money out of the countries where the bootleg pro-
grams are illegally heard.

To understand the situation abroad, you may think back to the time of our own liquor prohibition—if you are old enough to remember. Bootlegging of liquor started with the law which said the citizens must not drink. People still wanted their rum and rye—and thus the smugglers, the runners, the peddlers of illicit drink came into being and flourished.

Bootlegging of radio began when the European nations, in one way and another, passed laws against advertising. Advertising is revenue—for radio sta-
tions and for nations. Besides, advertisers have a way of building superior programs. Competition accounts for that. And the governments should have remembered these things. They shouldn’t have banned advertising.

England, for example, insisted that there should be no advertising whatever—and is still insisting. Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland said the same. Italy and Germany said okay to advertising on radio programs but it must be of products made in Italy or Germany by Italians or Ger-
mans. Norway said the same. Of all the important European countries, only France and Spain played their broadcasting the way we do here.

And so it came to pass that a slim, short, blond, clever Englishman looked the situation over and decided, “By Jove, here’s an opportunity to turn an honest shilling.” This was Captain Leonard Plugge, veteran with a war record of the finest sort.

He first went to Ireland, to the di-
rectors of the Athlone station. The Irish did not mind advertising on the air, it is true, but it had to be of Irish products. He had no success with his brilliant scheme.

Undiscouraged, Captain Plugge crossed the Channel to the little Duchy of Luxembourg—a country with a flag and an army—yet smaller than Rhode Island, where a little 5,000-watt sta-
tion was sputtering pint-size programs into the air. Said Plugge to the owners of the station: “Build a big station—a whooper of a big station. Build the biggest you can. And we’ll shoot our advertising across the frontiers whether they like it or not.”

Thus, in the fourth smallest nation of Europe, there arose a 200,000-watt transmitter, largest on the Continent, which ever since has been the bane and nightmare of the British broad-
casting officials—of the Dutch, Scandi-
navian, Belgian, Swiss and German governments. Captain Plugge, a thorough fellow, also went into France and tied up five of the largest French stations in behalf of his scheme.

With these stations under his con-
trol, Captain Plugge began about seven years ago to boom his advertising mes-
ges into the homes of citizens of all lands. The volume of bootleg business handled over his stations averages be-
tween ten and twenty million dollars a year. His own income is unknown, but you may call him very wealthy.

Just to show how much money he has, the story is told that last year in New York he decided to get married to an English girl. He brought over not only the bride, but a shipload of guests, with all expenses paid, as well.
brought them by the trick of a cablegram and the cash balance at his bank.

Interesting, all of this, isn’t it?” But what, you ask, has this to do with us, peaceful radio citizens of the United States of America? Simply this: that without Americans, there would be little or no radio raiding.

You see, most of the bootleg programs are American-sponsored. American products are advertised. Automobiles, cosmetics, foods. What is more, many of them are advertised by American stars on American-made phonograph records.

THERE is Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, for instance. “Buckaroos” means nothing to the English, so it has been changed to “and his Pioneers.” Serials and thrillers, such as The Enos Crime Clue, are popular, and they love orchestras of all sorts, but mostly dreamy melody-makers like Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman and Abe Lyman. Swing and hot-cha are accepted, but only as novelties. Crooners, such as Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee and Jerry Cooper, and all manner of singers of old American ballads, go over big. And there are dozens of variations on the type of thing done by “Singin’ Sam.”

These programs are almost all electrical transcriptions, but folks over there do not seem to object to them. They are more steadfast listeners, more faithful to the programs they like, and there are more listeners per set. Captain Plugge estimates the number at five to the set, as compared to 36 in this country. American advertisers abroad have found that typical gadget programs do not go—not even if they star Eddie Cantor, whom British audiences have come to know and like from his moving pictures. They take our songs and orchestrations almost as we hear them, but they change our serials and foreign audiences will not stand for three months waiting for the outcome of a Buck Rogers or an Amos ‘n’ Andy adventure. They take the story, boil it down to seven programs, tell it in seven successive evenings—and finish. Which, to our mind, is frequently a most laudable system.

In Europe there are no systematic surveys for listeners to determine the success or failure of programs. Neither are the listeners over there the kind that write letters. The sales record must tell the story, and it has—which you can take as evidence that bootlegging will continue.

What irks the victims of Captain Leonard Plugge’s radio raiders is that they can do nothing about it. There is no stunt known to science that will keep out the programs of near-by powerful stations. The only possible cure is for the native broadcasters to put on face of such quality that the listeners will not care about the outlaw programs. The British Broadcasting Company, in a recent effort to improve, has begun buying American program transcriptions—for the magnificent figure of twenty dollars each. Americans are glad to sell them, because they can tie in the names of the programs’ sponsors by advertising in the newspapers.

Radio Luxembourg’s claim to be the largest station in Europe is disputed by Soviet Russia, which claims one of greater range. The dispute will be settled shortly, as soon as Germany completes the building of a long-wave transmitter of 200,000 watts, together with a 100,000-watt short-wave sender. Hungary and Italy are also building stations equal in strength and sending power to Luxembourg’s.

But Captain Plugge will urge no changes. With Radio Luxembourg he reaches comfortably most of the British Isles, parts of Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and western Germany. And when there are dead spots, he supplements with broadcasts from Poste Parisien and Radio Nœumontrée.

It is a large European network and an effective one—that Captain Plugge has. It is quite sufficient for his immediate and for his future purposes. He is well satisfied with the existing situation.

Nor does he cast longing eyes at other territory where the advertiser is ready to pay well for time on the air. Harry Hoberg, general manager of Broadcasting, Ltd., told me that an increasing number of programs, American made, are leasing radio time in Cuba and in Argentina and other South American countries.

Tangee, for example, has a Cuban who gives a gossip broadcast from Hollywood. Not direct. He takes it on a record. The record is pressed on Monday, put on a plane, and is in Havana in time for transmission by Friday. The curious part about this broadcast is that Tangee gets more letters in response to it from Spanish people living in New York’s Harlem section than from all of the West Indies plus Central America.

ONLY a small percentage of the South American programs are bootleg; the others are strictly on the up-and-up. But Captain Plugge, as we said before, is not interested. Recently married, recently elected member of Parliament, recently awarded first prize as possessor of the most handsome custom-made automobile in Europe, owner of about a million dollars in pounds sterling, he is satisfied to go on as he has. Not even the complete departure of American business would stop him, for now Radio Luxembourg’s programs are crowded with programs put on by wide- awake British firms.

Give the Captain credit. It was through him that Luxembourg—which by its freedom from governmental supervision, might have become the scandal of Europe—was kept clean. Programs from this station contain nothing to shock even the most sensitive. But more important: Captain Plugge also kept clear of political reefs.

He insisted that Luxembourg remains neutral, carry no political propaganda. Propaganda in Europe is more dangerous than a gun in a maniac’s hands.

So there you have the story—one of the most dramatic in radio today—of how programs are smuggled and nicked across frontiers. It proves that you can no more govern the listening habits of a people than you can control their drinking habits. Prohibition showed us the futility of the law. Captain Plugge has made a fortune demonstrating the first.

Bringing programs which present American talent to European listeners has become a vastly profitable venture. It has presented to millions of listeners the finest of American programs—the greatest of American stars. It has brought to the coffers of a distinguished World War veteran a veritable mint. Captain Leonard Plugge thought of an idea and made it real—and put it into practice. And—with truly remarkable results.

And the reason why he has been able to do so has been the European attitude which limited or prohibited advertising on the air.

LUXEMBURG is a very small country—very unimportant in the political scheme of things in Europe. But now—that due to Captain Plugge—it has assumed new significance. It is the location of the Radio Luxembourg’s powerful 200,000-watt transmitter. But—and as never before—millions of listeners on the Continent of Europe are hearing about American products—are hearing, too, the programs which have become popular first across the sea—in America. Europe’s millions—limited by the narrow boundaries of comparatively small nations—are acquiring a new perspective, a new vision of the world they live in.

Perhaps out of Captain Plugge’s purely commercial venture a new spirit of good will, of understanding, will begin to emerge in strife-ridden Europe. Perhaps a comprehension of the world friendship that would lead to world peace will appear. Perhaps Captain Plugge’s broadcasting is known only as radio raiding.
WRITING IS HER JOB—AND SHE'LL KEEP ON WRITING!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

SOMETIMES I could take my job and give it a good swift kick in the pants. I'm sure that doesn't make me unique. But when I get good and disgusted, it is infuriating to have someone say, "My, how interesting your work must be. You meet so many fascinating people."

Of course, I meet glamorous people. I meet movie stars and radio stars, artists' models and psychologists, opera stars and astrologers. And I meet some extremely dull people. But those who drool about the fascinating people I meet fail to consider that unless these "fascinating" people eventually become my real friends, as so often happens, I'm not meeting them as individuals. They are a part of my job. I don't call upon them merely for a pleasant chat. My livelihood depends upon what they say to me. If they make interesting and pertinent remarks and I can write what they say — well, then I'm doing a good job and will get paid for it.

If, on the other hand, what they say is dull and average or if they just don't say anything at all, then I've got to make them talk. I've got to get a good story whether I'm interviewing a chatterbox or a clam. You can walk away from the clams.

Some stars are a delight to interview. I'm sure I've written upwards of a hundred stories about Norma Shearer. Almost always the first ten words she says to me, after greetings are over, constitute the "lead" of my story. I feel guilty taking money for a Shearer interview. As for Joan Crawford—well, we've been intimate friends for so long that I can't even count her as part of my job. Harriet Hilliard is another cinch.

But these easy ones are the exception. As an example of the other type I'll give you a girl with a lovely voice who became a radio "sensation." Assigned to interview her, I made an appointment, rang her door bell and was admitted to a tasteless room by a dumplike thing in a sweater.

THIS could not, I hoped, be the new sensation. But I was wrong.

What she thought interviews were supposed to be: I'll never know. I asked her to tell me how she conquered the microphone. "Oh, the usual way," she said, "just sang and worked and had auditions, and here I am."

With editors screaming at me for anecdotes, incidents, human interest and color, this was a big help. I asked her to tell me about her childhood, her early hopes and ambitions. Her childhood, she confided, was "just the usual childhood."

I stayed an hour. I dug and I prodded, talked about everything, hoping to kindle some faint interest. I managed to get rather a spotty biography.

Now you could have checked this girl off your list. But not I. I had to write a story.

Do you wonder I want to kick my job in the pants? I worked longer on atmosphere of a big broadcasting studio. The only way to get a good interview is to sit down quietly in a pleasant room, talk about irrelevant subjects until natural and trusting and then bring the conversation round to the subject desired.

This can't be done in a broadcasting studio. Yet it was in such an atmosphere that I first interviewed Gladys Swarthout. She was charming and as helpful as possible, but the minute I was getting something said the director of the show would call, "Okay, Miss Swarthout, let's try this now." Or one of the boys from the control room would stop to pass the time of day. Or a script-writer would interrupt to ask about certain changes. And even at the best interviews, even when the atmosphere is right, the star intelligent and willing to tell me what I want to know, I must be on the alert every minute, for I must remember what is said.

YOU, who simply chat with "fascinating" people, don't have to remember a note while I am interviewing. It makes the star uncomfortable, stops her from saying anything personal, destroys the intimacy.

And, once the interview is obtained, there is the writing of the story. Everyone who has ever pounded a typewriter, in no matter how small a creative way, knows the agony of the first few lines. Beginning a story, no

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SOME days—particularly on days like this—I could give my job a good swift kick in the pants. I have just come back from Chicago, where my husband, Dr. Kenneth Kelly, is working. Yes, my husband, whom I adore, lives in Chicago and I must live in New York because I work there.

Shortly after we were married I furnished an apartment in New York. I had a marvelous time doing it—picking out lovely bronzes, choosing just the right draperies, trying to combine the best modern pieces with antiques, hoping to make my home both lovely and livable. My husband, Ken, has been in that apartment just once!

Other married women have the joy of being with their husbands every day, discussing small problems, entertaining mutual friends in a charming atmosphere to their tastes.

Merely for a "career" I'm robbed of the normal, happy home life so many thousands enjoy. I see my husband only every other week when I go to Chicago for four wonderful, magic days—yet days which I know will come to an end so soon.

I tell you, when I go back to New York from Chicago I'm so blue and depressed I could scarcely be allowed to have a career and make money—so I can't. Besides, it's training today. Did I hear you say, "But what's that got to do with your job?"

SINGING MAY BE HARD WORK
—BUT IT'S GREAT FUN, TOO!

BY BENAY VENUTA

JOBS

I had to go to rehearsal and I wanted to wear my old tweed coat—in which I feel so comfortable—and an old hat. Now any girl should be allowed to wear an old tweed coat in the rain. You can. But not I. You see, I was rehearsing for a show, and up at NBC there was a pretty good chance of my seeing someone important to my career. I couldn't afford to look dowdy.

Honestly, that's one of the worst things about my little task. If I were more important a real producer could tell me what to wear! I could wear what I please and do what I please, but at this stage of my career I'm hoping for the future I cannot relax a minute.

WELL, so I got myself all dressed up today and braved the rain. I had planned a number for the new show that I very much wanted to sing. It was a show I would be allowed a chance to sing. It was a show I would brighten the day for me. But when I put the music in front of the pianist and began to rehearse, the new number was left out of the show hurried over to me. "Sorry, Benay," he said, "you can't sing that. There's another girl in the show who does that type of thing. We can't have two slow numbers. You'll have to do something else."

Honestly, I could have cried. The next best thing was to raise a row. So I took the sharpie mallet of the piano—Ken's favorite—and started re-
BY KATHERINE ALBERT

I WOULDN'T TRADE JOBS

(Continued from Page 6)

matter how inconsequential, is like diving into an ice-cold pool in January. You make all sorts of excuses. Smoke just one cigarette. Drink a glass of water slowly. Call to inquire about a sick friend. Do anything to postpone that evil hour known as "beginning a story." Once started it isn't too bad, but even when the story is finished (in spite of everything you can do to stop its completion) you cannot breathe freely. The editor has to be pleased.

I know one editor who, in giving me an assignment, tells me exactly what he wants. He practically writes my lead for me, verbally.

THEN I bring the story in. "No, no, Miss Albert," he thunders at me, "you've got it wrong!"

Now what should I do? Tell him firmly to go jump in the lake, which is what I want to do? Should I, when that editor buys about a thousand dollars' worth of stories a year from me? No, I can't afford to do that.

Here's something else peculiar to my type of routine. I'm a freelance writer. I write for many different magazines, suggesting ideas to the editors of various magazines. This means, naturally, that I do not work from nine to five in an office. And many's the time, since I gave up my regular job to free-lance, I have wished I did.

I have a small room in my home which I call my office. People who would not dream of calling up a regular place of business to chat for an hour, will drop in to see me. They come to use the phone and to write to me. They always answer such letters—what person with ego could resist it?

It is not myself who helps. I am a simplefied—everyone needs a confessor. Stars know I'll never divulge their secrets—to whom would I tell them?

How does this make me feel? Why, I wouldn't take anything in the world for it. For I can say to myself that in a very, very small way my work is doing some good in the world.

And in spite of the fact that I complain of my strange working hours, I am my own boss, which is a fine thing! No, all in all, I'm crazy about my job. It's a swell job and one for which I am temperamentally suited. I couldn't take some of the things Benay Venuta has taken in spite of the compensations she describes. I wouldn't trade jobs with her.

I wouldn't trade jobs with anybody!

(Continued from Page 7)

that it is pure, unadulterated ego. I think it must be that I like the sound of the words, "The Benay Venuta program." And if I like picking up a magazine devoted to the stage and finding myself mentioned with favor. I like seeing my name in the papers. That must be why anyone is foolish enough to go into show business.

It honestly isn't the money. I'm being perfectly frank about that. There was a time when mink coats and ermine meant a great deal to me. They don't any more. I really tell to write my old tweed. And there are businesses in which I could make just as much money and not be forced to spend half of it.

So IT must be ego, don't you think? And yet—"it's more than that and I know it. Ego might have made me go into it at first, but surely that ego has been satisfied now. For my age and experience I've done pretty well, I think. I could stop now and still be able to say to my grandchildren, "Darlings, Nannie was a radio star." So it must be more than ego which keeps me at this miserable job. There is something more which I'll try to explain.

Ken is a strangely silent man. He has never once interfered in my career in any way, and sometimes I don't really know whether I like my work or not. But my friends in Chicago tell me that when anyone praises me my eyes shine with pride. And there is a little newswoman outside the hospital who once said, "I know how to make a fellow happy to go to the hospital. All I have to do is tell him I heard you last night and that you were grand."

Is that ego again? Perhaps. But I think not. To feel a glow of satisfaction when you love appreciates you is, I believe, more than ego. And then there is excitement to my work. And wonderful memories. In two years of residence she's had a lifetime of thrills. Once I sang in the morning in Los Angeles, took a plane and was back that same night in New York. It was a public performance, but so mad and crazy that I loved it. I've had to pinch-hit for people on shows and rush up to the dress circle last minute. And I've met grand, stimulating people that otherwise I would never have met. I can't say that for all its problems, my job has never bored me—and that's great.

Then there was the thrill of opening night on Broadway in "Anything Goes." That backstage hustle and bustle was deliciously exciting, and when the show got good notices and ran for six months—well, you have to be in show business to appreciate an event like that. Another great thrill came when I appeared on the Jolson and Whitman programs as guest artist. The fact that those two fine entertainers actually wanted me made me almost burst with pride.

Although I've spoken affectionately about routine, I could never stand it. I'm not the type. I've got to have change and excitement. The hustle and noise and seeming importance of the studios is still as thrilling to me as the sea.

But—and this is greatest of all—I love to sing. There is no form of self-expression that I enjoy as much as singing. Other musicians must have mechanical instruments through which to sift their feelings, but my instrument right in my throat.

AND to sing before a microphone with the knowledge that your voice is going out over the airwaves and into thousands and thousands of homes (I hope!), to know that perhaps people all over the country are hearing your voice—that's something!

When I'm home, Ken is in one city and I in another. Yet my voice reaches out to him. My voice comes right to me and I hope—into his heart. When I sing I'm letting Ken know I love him.

It's when I come home from the microphone that I rumble and mutter about my jobs. It's when other things happen that I get the chance to toss my career in the lake. But when I stand before that microphone and sing songs I like, songs I've brooded over, songs which others, perhaps, are going to like—ah, then I wouldn't trade jobs with anybody in the world.

I couldn't do what Katherine Albert does. I'm not the type at all to put up with her daily routine. No—radio is a real love. Radio is young and new, exciting and stimulating and I feel as if I must go along with it, or be left behind. And I come right to the point and say that my little program has made them forget their troubles for a few minutes. They've been cheered and amused by what I've worked so hard to give them—well, then I can stand the separation from Ken.

I'm expressing myself in the best way I know, and by that expression I'm bringing something—some people anybody—a little pleasure.

I guess I'll keep my job for a while. Because I'm crazy about it.

Benay Venuta may be heard on Saturday nights or on CBS networks at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).
MUSICAL "OF THE MASTERS"

BY CARLETON SMITH

These surely are great days for opera. It's as if "Elektra," "King David," and an act of "Parsifal" scheduled from Carnegie Hall and an opera house or two in the Metropolitan every other week, became the cherished delight of the New York audience when it heard that a French opera was being performed. And, since the beginning of the spring season, the radio audience was privileged to hear something else than the usual fare. Mozart's "Idomeneo," Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," and Verdi's "Rigoletto" have been heard over the radio, and the opera in-English fans are clamoring for "The Bartered Bride" and "Carmen," the French and Italian operas, respectively.

The revivals are split, some claiming the future, some becoming more than meets the eye. Richard Strauss has been granted an extension of his leave of absence from the Scala. His request was flatly refused and the Italian authorities have decided to proceed with the production. Frau Flagstad cannot continue to sing in three opera houses in seven days, both of which facts recently added to her incomparable record.

Several songsbirds have already flown to other climes. Undoubtedly, however, we should have heard more of the literature of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Les Coq d'Or" even though we cannot see Lily Pons dance and Ezio Pinza act up and down the platform. Those of us who do want to miss the Mozart "Don Giovanni," when, as, and if it is presented next week, are out of luck.

AOTHER newcomer to make a niche for himself at the Metropolitan is Bidu Sayo, the Brazilian soprano, whose debut as "Manon" and "Carmen" was greeted with approval. The record of the "Lady of the Camelias" the radio audience was privileged to hear is ravishing. The singing of Madame Cigna has been granted an extension of her leave of absence from the Scala. Her request was flatly refused and the Italian authorities have decided to proceed with the production. Frau Flagstad cannot continue to sing in three opera houses in seven days, both of which facts recently added to her incomparable record.

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PLUMS AND PRUNES
BY EVANS PLUMMER

CHICAGO — The other day a mis-
man poured forth a personal and
profane crack about how the local
announcer's break-in started the day
and the start of a serial. The mike was alive
and the crack went out! So did the
poor fellow. . . . Another mikesman has
been having trouble with that "red
network" designation. It's always "the
network" to him—and worst of all, the
other announcers are catching the
disease . . . The Vic and Sade sponsor
will own NBC if this keeps up! Be-
sides the new night version, new sta-
tions are being added to the V & S
day performers. Barlin is also
being taken over by the same
soaper on March 29, will have a re-
peat showing in the late afternoons
over eastern stations . . . And Jimmie
Fisher carries his humor, too.

Romance Corner: Duane Thompson,
pretty blond radiadactress heard as the

Edwin C. Hill concentrates
— he's "Editing the News!"

telephone operator on "Hollywood Ho-
et," became the wife of Script-Writer
Bill Johnson this week. "First Night-
ers" Barbara Luddy was maid of honor.
National Barn Dancers Verne Hassel and Lavelle Carter will
go to the altar, March 24.

Postponed because of program con-
flct, Gene Arnold's new NBC min-
strals will start March 31 over the
NBC-Blue net. Meantime Gene has
turned out a new ditty, "I Lost My
Love in the Ohio Flood," a simple
waltz melody inspired by the recent
disaster . . . Road-trouping with the
"Follies" are Fannie Bree and Jane
Pickett. After a Milwaukee stop
early this week, they'll show in In-
dianapolis as you read this. Other
cities to be played will be Des Moines,
St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City,
Mo., and Detroit. Also the West Coast
probably . . . Mikesman Charlie Lyon
is taking a month's leave with Holly-
wood as his objective. If he shares a
Coast-to-Coaster there, he will stay
He may, if the flucker scouts are
right, have the company of Vivian
Della Chiara, Les Tremayne and Tem-
pleton Fox. . . . Houston's Hot Shots are
due back this week-end from posing
with Martina Bay and Burns in Paramout's
"Mountain Music."

She ain't big, but younger Lucy
Gilmah, of CBS "Junior Nurse Corps,"
was observed rating only this the
other morning. Tomato juice, boil of
oatmeal, corned beef hash with two

 Kosovo Chatter: It is reported that Jack Benny has no contract calls for a salary over a $2,000 per week, but he is expected to get a new contract with NBC, seen at the recently acquired "Texas," a New York Hotel. It will originate later in the week.

By MARTIN LEWIS

KEN MURRAY and "Oh Yeah! Os-
ald will be back on the air March 31 instead of April 7 as
previously announced. This is the spot
now occupied by Burns and Allen who go to work for another sponsor. Shir-
ley Ross has been added to the Mur-
ray program to do the warbling and some script-reading as a stooge.

When Burns and Allen shift sponsors and networks, starting either April 5 or 7, they will be heard on Monday nights in the spot now occupied by an
other popular man-and-wife comic team, Fibber McGee and Molly, who
will do their broadcast over the same
net later on Monday evenings in com-
petition with the first half of the CBS
Radio Theater show, heard from Hol-
lywood.

There's a new show in the works slated to originate from the various
movie-studio sound-stages. It will be
heard five or six days a week and will
tie in with nine major studios.

Parkyarkarkia will remain on the Al
Johnson program for at least the next
fifteen weeks. He replaces Sid Silvers. With Parky in that spot, the program is certain to become good to hear.

Kenny Baker will be absent from
this Sunday night's (14th) Jack Ben-
ny broadcast because he had to hurry
back to Hollywood to keep a theater
engagement. Abe Lyman's band will
again supply the music, and Sam
Hearn may be on as Schlepperman.
There was some talk of having Don
Bestor do the musical job, but Don
couldn't get away from the Nether-
land Plaza hotel in Cincinnati, where
he and his boys are now playing.

Stopper! WLW, "The Nation's Sta-
tion," is now making plans to open its
own broadcasting studios in New York,
from where the station will originate
some outstanding programs.

Countess Olga Albani remains per-
manently on the Rex Chandler "Uni-
versal Rhythm" show on NBC. Inci-
dently, her audition was as a paid
guest on the show—something seldom
done in radio, but a plan, we believe,
which should be followed more closely
by other sponsors. It is much easier
to judge an artist if that artist appears
on the actual show rather than just in
a private audition when—in nine cases
out of ten—the performers are too
nervous to do their best.

INSIDE STUFF

Dorothy Warner, 7, high-
est guest of "We, the People,"

program April 14 . . . Jack Ockie may
exist from the airplanes for the Summer
months, the sponsor planning a new
type of show for the hot-weather sea-
son—"The Pecos River Band," "Lone
Wanderer, " "Desert Drifter," and Jacki Coogan fold their air show on March 23.

Behind the "Scents": The Commu-
nity Sing program got off to a good
start in Hollywood, Berle entertaining the audience before and after the
show with gags that made the audi-
ence howl, but some of those jokes
would have made a few ears buzz
even louder.

The fellow who has been wishing
Jack Benny and his company a "Hap-
pny New Year" every Sunday since the
first of the year is none other than
Harry Baldwin, Jack's secretary and
right-hand man. And in case you did
not know, "Beele," who keeps haunt-
ing Phil Baker, is Ward Wilson, ex-
NBC announcer, engineer and mimic.

I'm not supposed to know it and
neither are you, but Professor Quiz of
Community Sing is Dr. Earle, who's about 35 years old, stocky, medium height, has a
spiked, waxed mustache, wears winged
collars and glasses.

Muriel Wilson, NBC soprano who
used to be "Shaw Boat's" Mary Lou,
has broken her new contract to Fred
Huntsmith, NBC tenor. The announce-
ment of the engagement was made in
September of 1934.
BABY MARY ANN is the little girl—just three years old—who presented her on his program. The Hammertime program followed.

Altogether, Mary Ann knows hundreds and hundreds of answers. She can recite the capital of every state in the Union, and every foreign country in the world. She can name the rulers of every country in the world. The rest of us mortals can't be expected to equal that, but you might be interested in trying a few on yourself.

Get out your watch, and a pencil, and time yourself on half a dozen questions. Wait till the second-hand comes around to 60. Ready?

1. What is the largest ship about today?
2. Who was the builder of the Panama Canal?
3. Who is the King of Norway?
4. Who is the Pope at the present time?
5. What is the capital of Greece?
6. Who wrote the music to The Star Spangled Banner?

... How long did it take you?

Mary Ann can answer that list in ten seconds. She could probably do it even faster, but she speaks with a slight lisp and has trouble with the longer words. The correct answers, in order, are: Washington, Goethals, Haakon, Pius XI, Athens, and Smith. (Francis Scott Key wrote only the words to The Star Spangled Banner.)

Equally as amazing as her superhuman memory is Mary Ann’s poise. She is a sweet child; a cucumber. After her last radio appearance she was besieged by autograph hunters. Naturally, she can’t write—there’s a limit to what anybody can do at the age of three! But she faced her fans with a disarming smile. "What can I make?" she asked, as she took their books. "A cat or a dog?"

She was even quicker-witted during a personal appearance at a theater, when someone in the audience called out: "What nationality are you?" It was the one thing which, taking it for granted, her parents had never taught her. She didn’t bat an eye. "I’m little Miss America from my head to my toes," she lipied.

On another occasion someone asked her, "What’s the capital of Dublin?" She regarded him with withering scorn. Turning to her father, she said: "Why did you ask that? That’s not a country." For good measure she added, "He’s terrible."

THE trouble with precociousness of any kind in tots is that it sets them apart from other children. Their playmates, as a rule, are quick to detect it and quicker to resent it. Trouble of this sort, Mary Ann may have ahead of her. When she begins to go to school, and is always the first in the class to hold up her hand, the others aren’t going to like it very well! But to date, she is a happy baby, perfectly normal, with the baking of endless meals given her as her favorite occupation. Her father and mother see to it that she stays normal, for which they are to be praised.

Not only is she a happy child, but she is a sweet child; too young to be spoiled; and really unselfish. Her mother takes her window-shopping and she points to things in the window and says she wants to buy this for Mama, that for Papa—nothing for Mary Ann, except dolls. She has golden curls and rosy cheeks, and she is chock-full of laughter. She loves to play. In every respect but her prodigious memory, she is an ordinary child. But considering that remarkable memory of hers, she’s radio’s Baby Einstein!

Mary Ann Mullica at the microphone
GUESTS, SPECIAL EVENTS & PREMIERES

THURSDAY, March 11
"Son Maple," the story of Harry Steebock's life. 2 p.m. EST (1 CST), NBC. Men Who Made History Series.
Folk Music from Berlin. 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST), NBC. Show Band with Chorus. Subject: "Music Through the Ages." Mary Anderson. 2:30 p.m. EST (1:30 CST), NBC. Urdu Opera Club.
Senator Guglielmo Marconi from Rome. 5 p.m. EST (4 CST), NBC. "Significance of Modernity." Mary Boland, Hamilton College Choir, Edgar Bergen. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. Rudy Vallee Victory Hour.
Helen Morgan, Dale Carnegie. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. Show Band with Chorus. Subject: "What Makes a Leader." Sen. Gerald P. Nye, Newton D. Baker. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC. Edition of "Firstly." FRIDAY, March 12
Rudolph Ganz, concert pianist. 3 p.m. EST (2 CST), NBC. Cincinnati Symphony guest. Jan and Henry, March Twins in "Perpetual and Sam," and Burns and Allen. 9 p.m. EST (8:00 CST), NBC. Jack Benny show.
Walter B. Pitkin. 9 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC. Speaker with Philadelphia Orchestra.
Chicago Symphony. 11 p.m. EST (10 CST), NBC. Second week.
SATURDAY, March 13
Cheerio Tenth Anniversary. 8:30 a.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC. All our stars, all the bands.
Gene and Arnold the Ranch Boys. 11:45 a.m. EST (10:45 CST), NBC. Metropolitan Opera Matinee.
Pittsburgh-Washington Debate. 2 p.m. EST (1 CST), NBC. University students on the subject: "Resolved: That Congress be empowered to regulate commerce between the states and the District of Columbia." Colegate University Men's Glee Club. 2:30 p.m. EST (1:30 CST), NBC. Metropolitan Opera Matinee.
Carlos Salzedo, harpist. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. NBC Symphony Orchestra.
Sheila Barrett. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. "What Is Music?" NBC Symphony Orchestra.
NBC Symphony Orchestra exchange broadcast. 11 p.m. EST (10 CST), NBC. For half-hour, interesting the lives of representatives of Danish composers.
SUNDAY, March 14
Georges Enesco, Helen Jepson, Dudley Briggs. 8 a.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. "The Magic Flute." Michael Bara, violinist, NBC. CBS, Guest, National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.
Abe Lyman's Orchestra. 7 p.m. EST (6 CST), NBC. Replaces Phil Harris' band for "Jack Benny." Splits Second. 7 p.m. EST (6 CST), NBC. Columbia Workshop dramatization.
Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, Fritz Reiner, conductor. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
MONDAY, March 15
Caroline Wells, author. 11 a.m. EST (10 CST), CBS. "The House of Drums." Robert W. Horton, "Senate Judiciary Committee Reports." 1:30 p.m. EST (12:30 CST), CBS. Monday through Friday.
"To Have and to Hold." Mary Johnston. 4 p.m. EST (3 CST), CBS. Treasure Next Door Hour.
Swarthmore College Glee Club. 4:15 p.m. EST (3:15 CST), CBS.
Congressman Fred A. Hartley, Jr., of New Jersey. 7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST), NBC.
Ford Players. 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC. Guest conductor, Virgil Fox. "The Snow Bird." 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. Warden Loves Drama.
Marcha 14. 9:15 p.m. EST (8:15 CST), NBC. Marshall in "De- nire." 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), CBS. Lux Radio Theatre.
Dinner at Nine. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. Furness Hall, Madison Ford, Sidney Lenz and Eric Schine, special guests. Dr. James B. Conant. 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), NBC. Children's Hour, special concert.
TUESDAY, March 16
Poetry Chair, 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST). CBS. American School of the Air. Four Centurians of Polish Music, 2:30 p.m. EST (1:30 CST), NBC. Music Guild.
Johnny McChord Symphony Orchestra. 3 p.m. EST (2 CST), Tuesdays Jamboree.
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST), NBC. Children's Concert.
Parkavon. 7:15 p.m. EST (6:15 CST), NBC. Replaces Sid Silvers on Al Jolson Show.
Margaret Raynor, Jack Griffe, Connie Gates. 5 p.m. EST (4 CST), CBS. Hammedi." Gertrude Berg and Connie Boswell. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. Ben Bernie's guests.
Alice Lyman. 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS. Oskar Coley, guests.
STATE EXECUTIONS, 12:30 a.m. EST (11:30 CST), NBC. Lights Out drama.
THURSDAY, March 18
Folk Music from Hymusian. 2:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST), NBC. American School of the Air. Educational Ministry of the Salvation Army, 3:15 p.m. EST (2:15 CST), NBC. Paul White and June Bronson, hosts.
University of Pennsylvania Choral Association, 5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear." University of Pennsylvania Choral Association, 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
George Harris. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Mary Margaret Welsh, soprano, Duke Ellington and His Orchestra. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
SPEAKERS, 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Basil Rathbone. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC. Guest, Crosby's Music Hall.
Florence George, soprano. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Description of the Grand National Steeplechase from Aintree, England. 10 a.m. EST (9 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Mrs. Herbert Heuer, "Girl Scouts." 11 a.m. EST (10 CST), CBS. Guest, Magazine of the Air.
Elmer College Women's Glee Club. 3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST), NBC.
San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. 5:45 p.m. EST (4:45 CST), NBC. Pierre Monteux, conductor.
"Perfectly Adorable." 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Hugh Herbert, Doris Nolan and George Murphy in "Top of the Town" and Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer and Ella Logan. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST), CBS. Hollywood Hotel guests.
Jack Pearl as Baron Munchhausen. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear.
Louisiana State University, 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC. Guest, Poinsettia Club.
Doug Fairbanks, Jr. 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST), NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear." SATURDAY, March 19
Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Alexander Von Kreisler. 11 a.m. EST (10 CST), CBS. "The Man of Yesteryear."
Cincinnati Conservatory. 12 noon EST (11 CST), 12 noon EST (11 CST). NBC. "The Man of Yesteryear." "Faust" by Gordon with Helen Jepson, Richard Cross and Edie Pinza. 1:15 p.m. EST (12:15 CST), NBC. Opera program.
Virginia Verrill. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC. Ed Wynn's guests.
Margot Graham, actress. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST), CBS. Guest, Your Hit Parade.

HELEN MORGAN ON SHOW BOAT

Helen Morgan, who has demonstrated an outstanding talent for getting along well with people, and Dale Carnegie, who made himself famous by writing a book of advice on that subject, will find themselves face to face across the microphone Thursday night when they appear as guest stars on the Show Boat program.

Lanny Ross will direct proceedings, as usual, when the old Show Boat drops its mythical anchor into some mythical mud off Galveston, Texas.

Miss Morgan, who put the term "touch tone phone" in the English language, will sing them, some of them will be broadcast daily through Friday, when she'll sing them atop a piano, in the pose that is her trademark.

Al Goodman's orchestra, the Modern Chair, and Miss Morgan's "Sunday Morning" will be on hand as usual.

THURSDAY, March 11
8 p.m. EST (8 CST) NBC

Grand National Is Aired From Britain

The Grand National! Right up there with the Derby itself in the estimation of the horse-loving English people is the great steeple- chase held annually at Aintree.

The race will be broadcast to the United States this year in its entirety, an article talent for getting along will be announced to the broadcast world on Friday through Monday, by Robert W. Horton, Washington correspondent for the New York Times.

Beginning Monday, March 15, the, vitally important Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on President Roosevelt's proposed court reform bill will be broadcast nightly through Friday by Robert W. Horton, Washington correspondent for the New York Times.

Thursday, March 18
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST) NBC

Singer, Writer Co-Star On Program

Florence George, coloratura soprano who will be heard as guest soloist on the NBC Jamboree Thursday, March 18, has just been placed under option by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Florence George, the product of a well-known family whose specialty was singing student honor. and now sings in four languages, is an accomplished pianist.

Thursday, March 18
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST) NBC

Swarthmore Will Sing 'Mignon' Saturday

Gladys Swarthout, whose beauty and modernity has been perhaps more important than any other factor in breaking down the traditionally indifferent attitude of the American public toward grand opera, will bring Thomas' "Mignon" to the air Saturday afternoon as the center of the Metropolitan series of broadcasts nears its conclusion.

There will be only two more broadcasts after "Mignon."

Swarthout, who with Marion Talley, Lily Pons, and Helen Jepson, convinced America that opera stars can be beautiful of face and figure as well as in voice, began her colorful career was given by the Chicago Opera contract soon after, now sings in four languages, is an accomplished pianist.

Thursday, March 18
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST) NBC
Elisabeth Rethberg Sings Sunday

Our CBS

Elisabeth Rethberg, brilliant soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be guest soloist with the Ford Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, directed by Fritz Reiner, for the regular broadcast March 14. Born in a little village in the mountains between Saxony and Bohemia, Mme Rethberg studied music from early childhood. Her talent developed so rapidly that her first opera contract, with the Dresden Opera, had to be signed by her father, because Elisabeth was not yet of legal age. She won immediate success. Her fame spread to the Vienna Imperial Opera, and the directors of that institution demanded her services so insistently that she was persuaded to ask for leave of absence from Dresden in order to sing in Vienna. Next, she left opera for a time, to sing in concerts in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia.

The Metropolitan, always alert to new talent, brought Mme Rethberg to America some seasons ago. Since then she has been a permanent member of the company, although she is far from forgotten in Europe. She returns almost every year, to tour in London, Rome, Milan, and in Holland and Germany.

Critics pronounce Mme. Rethberg's voice one of the most perfect in musical history.

Sunday, March 14
9 p.m. EST (8 CST) CBS

Jimmie Fidler Gets New Sponsor Tuesday

Jimmie Fidler, ace Hollywood columnist and newspaper broadcaster, will be on the air for a new sponsor beginning March 16.

There will be no time change in the program.

Fidler's frank and fearless news of the screen colony, his authentic news notes, his historical notes from the Little Black Book and his previews of the latest films constitute one of the most successful shows of its kind on the air.

He was an actor, reporter, press agent and magazine publisher before turning to radio.

Tuesday, March 16
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST) NBC

Norris To Broadcast

Sen. George W. Norris of Nebraska, veteran liberal, will be heard over NBC Thursday night, when his speech opening the National Conference on Constitutional Amendment is heard from Washington.

Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York City will introduce Sen. Norris.

Thursday, March 18
8 p.m. EST (7 CST) CBS

De Valera Speaks March 17

Eamon De Valera, President of the Irish Free State, will deliver a St. Patrick's Day address over the nation-wide NBC-CBS network Wednesday afternoon.

The St. Patrick's Day address by the President of the Irish Free State has become an annual event with CBS since 1913. The network has made the address.

Undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of Irish-Americans will be listening eagerly when President De Valera broadcasts to the American public.

Wednesday, March 17
4:15 p.m. EST (3:15 CST) CBS

Pretty Prima Donna!

Gladys Swarthout, lovely star of opera, screen and radio, will sing a new role—Mignon—for the Metropolitan Saturday

Your Next Romance May Be Put On The Air By Arnold and Ranch Boys!

May I have the next romance? That's what Gene Arnold, will be asking the radio audience beginning Saturday, March 13, when he inaugurates a new program to be known as Fitch Romances over the NBC-Red network.

With Arnold on the new show, which promises to be startlingly different from almost anything new on the air, will be The Ranch Boys—they've been with Arnold before—and a salon trio featuring an odd combination of instruments, organ, harp and violin. Larry Larsen, organist; Rusty Mangleo, violinist; and Edward Vito, harpist, will make up the trio.

Idea behind it all is this: Listeners will be asked to contribute accounts of their own romances to be used as material for narrative or dramatic presentations. For example, they may be a story of a New York baker, for instance, who never thought about toasting bread until he married his wife.

Just by way of a final touch, Gene Arnold will read poetry to fill in moments on the show.

Saturday, March 13
11:45 a.m. EST (10:45 CST) NBC

Farms and Homesteads

Aired From College

For the second time this year, the National Farm and Home Hour broadcast will originate on an agricultural college campus Wednesday when the program goes on the air from the Washington State campus at Pullman, Wash.

How the land-grant college aids in meeting changing conditions on the farm and in the home will be told by the president of the college, the governor of Washington, and the deans of the various divisions during the program.

Musical portions of the broadcast will feature the Washington State College glee club and band.

Wednesday, March 17
12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 a.m. CST) NBC

Salzedo, Harpist, Wynn's Guest Saturday

Carlos Salzedo, one of the world's greatest harpists, will give his own composition, "Whirlwind," when he appears as Ed Wynn's guest Saturday, March 13. The harp virtuoso will accompany his host in a selection by Mr. Wynn's regular quartet.

"Whirlwind," a brief, racy divertissement calculated to display the greatest possible versatility of his instrument and calling for the utmost in skill from the performer, was inspired, according to its composer, by a windstorm he encountered on an American tour. Proceeding the original number Salzedo will play an early 18th century composition for the harp.

Ed Wynn will again display his versatility as an amateur musician by playing the violin, alone and with Salzedo.

In France, Carlos Salzedo was brought to America in 1909 by the late Gatti-Casazza to assume the position of solo harpist at the Metropolitan Opera, under Arturo Toscanini. He has since become an American citizen.

Saturday, March 13
8 p.m. EST (7 CST) NBC

Farley, Smith, Speak in Honor of St. Pat

They may be on opposite sides of the political fence, but Postmaster General James A. Farley and Alfred E. Smith never forget that they're Irishmen. Both are expected to speak during a broadcast from the scene of the 154th anniversary dinner of the Society of St. Patricks at the Hotel Astor in New York Wednesday night.

Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S. J., president of Fordham University, also will speak.

Wednesday, March 17
10 p.m. EST (9 CST) NBC, MBS

Gertrude Berg To Star With Bernie

Gertrude Berg, famous author-star of the radio show "Fibber McGee and Molly," will be guest of honor on Ben Bernie's program Tuesday night.

Connie Boswell, currently in Hollywood as St. Patrick's Hour's "Star of the Month," will be a guest on the same program. Miss Boswell will appear in a scene from "The Great Waltz" this week and her performance has been highlighted on "Bob Burns' Old Time Hour." Gertrude Berg will be on the program Wednesday when she is a guest on Ben Bernie's program.

Monday, March 15
9 p.m. EST (8 CST) NBC

'Sun Magic' Story of Steenbock's Life

If you drank irradiated milk today, or used an X-ray machine for a skin burn, you were taking advantage of one of the 200 or more new contributions to the science of health preservation, and you owe it to Harry Steenbok, University of Wisconsin professor, whose researches in this fascinating field have been the inspiration for the story of Steenbok's life. The title "Sun Magic" has been chosen for the story in which the Men Who Made America program on Thursday, March 11.

Thursday, March 11
2 p.m. EST (1 CST) NBC
A CALLING ALL CARS STORY — BY ARTHUR KENT

A

RT we down-hearted? NO-O-O!" The roar of a thousand throats rumbled the wind-pipes up and down Philadelphia's Broad Street. It was Monday, January 2, in that terrible year of 1933. But Depression or no, Philadelphia's historic New Year's Day parade of the Mummers had to be held—although postponed one day by Pennsylvania's busy because New Year's Day had fallen on a Sunday.

And so the Mummers—also called "New Year's shooters"—capered in their costumes and shivered in silks and spangles and shouted their defiance of Depression, while over 200,000 Philadelphians filled the windows and lined the sidewalks of Broad Street to laugh and cheer and applaud.

There were clowns and jockeys and hoboes and tar-babies. There were fe-

male impersonators and Popeye-the-

Sailors and piccaninnies and robots. One man trailed a black cape. It was satined, satined and edged with maribou—and it was held up by sixty-

five little page-boys with golden slippers.

"Oh-h-h-h, them golden slippers!" yowled the Mummers, and the crowd took up the old song. And behind the train and its retinue the "shooters" shrieked and pranced and stalked and screamed and—occasionally—took to the icy pavement.

It was a gigantic pagan rite, a bizarre spectacle which proved that King Carnival sometimes comes to life even in frigid and formal surroundings.

H

O, HUM!" yawned Radio Patrolman Quinn, when it was over. Night had fallen. "We got three more hours' duty. "Twasn't such a big parade this year."

"But orderly," said Quinn's buddy, Patrolman Brady. "And look, there are some of the boys goin' home now."

A big man with a blackened face stood at the curb. Beside him was a "lady" with an enormous hat and a bustle.

"Happy New Year!" roared the female impersonator in a hoarse bari-

tone, as the police car drew abreast. Quinn and Brady grinned Irish grins.

"That one looks as if he finds it hard to stand," said Brady.

"So long as he does stand," said Quinn, "and behaves himself. A brave show they put on this day."

The minutes passed peacefully. Once the two officers got a radio call to be on the lookout for a list of stolen cars. The night deepened. Nothing happened. Just a few routine calls. And then it came:

"Calling Car 101 . . . Car 101 . . . Investi-

igate a disturbance at the corner of 28th and Simon Streets . . . 28th and Simon Streets . . . A group of corner loungers are making too much noise . . . Car 101 . . ."

A

READY! Brady and Quinn, in Car 101, were heading to obey.

"Just a bunch of the boys with a drop too much," said Quinn.

"If they're not too loud," said Brady, "we'll send 'em home."

But the "bunch of the boys" were too bad.

"Here's the—coppers!" howled a tough and drunken male voice as Brady and Quinn, siren up, slid to the curb. And at once a group of seven or eight noisy young men scat-

tered. Two of them ran up the steps of a vacant house. Brady and Quinn dashed after them.

"Look out!" Brady suddenly yelled. "They're stealin' the car!"

POLICE CAR GETAWAY

JUST A PRANK? MAYBE. BUT WHEN PRANKSTERS STEAL POLICE CARS—THEY LOSE AMATEUR STANDING!

Turning around. "They're stealin' the car!" And he jumped down the steps again.

The red radio car was pulling away from the curb. Two of the noisy young men had doubled back, leap ed in the tax-

Quinn pulled out his gun. Then he grumbled something under his breath and put it back in the holster.

To shoot at one of their own shiny red radio cars, pride of the force, would be unthinkable except in direst and the most grave emergency!

"Hey, you!" Brady suddenly ran out in the road, waving his hands as a large sedan pulled up. Quinn leaped out beside him, and they both tumbled into the sedan.

"Follow that police car!" roared the outraged officers in concert. And the astonished citizen hastened to obey.

And now followed a strange situa-

tion. For apparently the same irate householder who had first summoned the police, in resentiment of the noise which had put an end to his peace, was looking out of his window. He saw the two young revelers as they performed their miscalcul—amounting virtually to theft. As Quinn and Brady commandeered the second automobile, this unknown soldier of law and order because police never reveal the names of those who assist them—ran again to the tele-

phone:

"Those fellows have stolen the po-

lice car you sent!" he cried. "They're head-

ing . . ."

M

EANWHILE, the fast police car gave promise of completely out-

stripping the slower automobile which Brady and Quinn had taken over. It curved and swung around a corner.

And suddenly the two officers, dog-

dally urging their helpful citizen as-

sistant to greater speed—turned and looked at each other with wrath-dark-

ening their strong faces.

For the miscreants in the car ahead had actually forgotten the sirens! This was the last straw. The ultimate in-

sult. That the siren which should have cleared the way for society's cham-

pions was being employed to aid in an escape!

But a stranger thing was to follow. Over the Passyunk Bridge, across the Schuykill River wound the chase. Inch by inch the radio car was gaining—growing smaller and smaller in the eyes of the boiling, broiling, wrathful Quinn and Brady.

At the end of the bridge was a horse and carriage in which five of the "shooters" were going home from the big parade.

At this moment, out through the ether went a police flash:

"Calling all cars . . . All cars . . . two men have stolen Radio Car 101 from the corner of 28th and Simon Streets . . . Calling all cars . . ."

Now here was a message for police-

men. But the policemen most vitally con-

cerned—Brady and Quinn—couldn't hear it. For their own radio loud-

speaker was in the possession of the very wrongdoers.

It was all over in a jiffy, then. As the two glowing policemen pulled up, they heard yells and blows sound-

ing in a little knot of men. The two "borrowers" of the police car—Joseph Ursavvias and John L. Ulenouz—

were in the middle of that knot, in more ways than one. The "shooters" were belaboring them lustily. But it took only a few minutes to straighten things out. Two of the "shooters" were taken to the hospital, to be treated for bruises. The unfortunate horse was put out of his suffering by a merciful bullet. And the two lads who had stolen the police car were taken where police radio would not cramp their driving-style for some time to come.
**Not Enough Vitamin D**

SOFT, POORLY FORMED TEETH may result from a shortage of Vitamin D—the important BONE VITAMIN. Growing children, especially, need plenty of Vitamin D to help in the formation of strong, attractive teeth. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast provides a rich supply of this BONE VITAMIN. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

**SHORTAGE OF VITAMIN B**

A SAGGING stomach (see picture above), weakened intestines and bowels can all come from an undersupply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN.

**AMPLE VITAMIN B**

A STRONG, healthy stomach (see above), active bowels and intestinal tract, and the normal functioning of nerves need a rich supply of this NERVE VITAMIN. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily, you can increase your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest known natural food sources of Vitamin B.

**GEORGIA COLEMAN'S glowing vitality, strength and perfect nerve control show this famous diving champion gets an ample supply of these 4 necessary vitamins—A, B, D and G.**

**Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth**

WEAK, undernourished children are often inadequately supplied with Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A generous supply of this vitamin is needed to aid in the proper development of body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

**Increased Susceptibility to Colds**

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS and a lowered resistance to infections can occur if your diet does not provide enough Vitamin A. Fleischmann's Yeast eaten daily will help to increase your supply of Vitamin A.

VITAL PARTS of your body can be partly starved unless you get enough of these 4 important vitamins, A, B, D and G, each day.

Yet—our ordinary meals may be deficient in one or more of these necessary food elements. By adding one food to your daily diet, you can be sure of a regular EXTRA supply of each of these 4 health-building vitamins.

That one food is FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST. No other one natural food gives you such a rich supply of these 4 vitamins combined.

Just eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about 3/4 hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Order two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox. Start eating it today. Let this famous tonic food help to increase your vitamin supply!
THE AIR'S ALGER BOY
BY JAMES H. STREET

FRANK MUNN'S favorite poem is "The Village Blacksmith." He learned it in school, he says, sometime during his seventh grade. He knows the whole thing—his fourteenth year of broadcasting—as the model man of radio.

Frank Munn is almost too good to be true, but he is genuine, kind and talented—a right honorable guy who is never one of those holier-than-thou oases—good for the sake of publicity, and bad for the sake of pleasure. He seems to have stepped from paragraph two, page three, of an Alger book.

Really, it's regrettable that Horatio Alger, Jr., never knew Frank Munn. He's a character, Horatio could have gone to town with—made to order, poured, molded and set up by pattern. If Horatio were doing a story about our hero, he would probably prime his quill and dash off a piece about "Munn, the Mike-Mann of this—"

Frank was born in the Bronx, of poor but proud parents. Our hero emerged early that idleness is the devil's workshop, so he went to work running a loom in an embroidery factory and before long he was doing "Lavender and Old Lace" on a radio program, embroidering sentiment and getting rich on the stitches.

The story of Frank Munn could have happened nowhere except in the movies, on the radio, or in an Alger book.

His father was a cop. That means something in New York. The son of a policeman has a chance among his fellows—a certain responsibility.

Frank lost his mother while he was still a baby. His father was in the Army, and he was sent to live with his grandfather. His father died before Frank's baby-buggy days had passed.

THERE is nothing uncommon about being an orphan in New York. There are thousands of them. Some never learn to wash their necks and are graduated from the fifth of the gutters to the slime of the slums. Others climb to the curbs and keep right on climbing. That's what our hero did.

Frank was never a studious fellow in school. (Horatio wouldn't have liked that.) He was pretty good at reading and muddling at mathematics, but he just couldn't make his words fit when he tried to write. But when it came to reciting poetry, Frank was just about the best reciter in the Bronx. He was a hefty lad and his pals delighted in calling him "Ox."

Ox always got a big kick out of doing that "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" thing and for an story he would give his schoolmates a chance at that. "Listen, my children, and you shall hear.

Money was scarce at his grandmother's home and he got his job tending the loom at an age when social workers say a boy should be improving his mind at games—such games as

FROM LOOM-BOY TO MACHINIST TO ENGINEER TO RADIO! FRANK MUNN IS AN ORPHAN WHO SAVED HIS MONEY, STUDIED HARD AND BECAME A GREAT SENSATION!

Whether it's rehearsal or broadcast, Frank Munn works intensely

marbles, kite-flying and postoffice. The job paid him $3 a week.

Ox wanted to be a engineer in those days, or maybe a cop like his father had been. Instead, he became an embroidery boy. It seems funny for our hero to be an embroidery worker—"Ox, the embroidery boy!"

THE hum of the looms fascinated him and he began keeping time to their rhythm. The bobbins buzzed and so did Ox. He had a nice voice—mellow and childish—and he ran the wheel while his looms wove the patterns. There have been some strange stories of the kind in the patterns of men's lives, of the warp that was spun by the Master Shuttle, but perhaps none is as strange as the story of our hero.

Ox got his first pair of long pants while in the embroidery plant and promptly ruined them by trying to jump over a fence to take a short cut. It taught Ox—never take short cuts.

He left the looms and became a machinist, wielding a wicked monkey-wrench. He always loved motors—loved to hear them hum. Maybe that's why our hero really is a musical motor now. All radio has to do is wind him up, and the music simply rolls out.

By the time the war came along, he was an expert machinist and went about the country building turbines.

HE was popular wherever he went, for he had a rich tenor voice and would sing at any request.

His voice then was a bit raw, however—sort of rough around the edges. Then, when he had saved money, his friends prevailed upon him to study voice. So he went to Dudley Buck and studied. He held his regular job at the same time, but he managed to get in many hours of study and practice.

(Alger would have liked that.) He would sing at the drop of a hat—in choirs and at amateur theatricals. By then Ox was grown, a big man—weighing 200 pounds. He could put a lot of pressure behind those notes. A jolly fellow he was—with hair as black as machine oil and eyes blacker. He heard about that Ox could sing and the Brunswick company heard of him. Radio was more or less a gadget in those days and the big money was in recording. Gustav Haenschien, musical director of a phonograph recording concern, heard Ox and was impressed by the young man's unaffected voice. So he gave him $300 for his first recording.

It's a long jump from $3 a week as an embroidery boy to $300 per record as a tenor.

Ox quit his job in the machine shop and started singing for his supper. He did fairly well. Then in 1915, Haenschien suggested that he try radio. 1923 in radio history is rather like 1066 in British history—sort of the beginning of a new order.

Ox walked into a New Jersey studio in December, 1923, and asked for a job. One of the bosses looked over his 200 pounds of brawn and asked what he did—movie pianos?

"I sing," said Ox. "I sing tenor."

"Let's hear you," said the man.

Ox sang "Little Mother o' Mine."

"Come back tonight," the hiring man said. "The job's yours."

Ox's first broadcast was "Little Mother o' Mine."

And he's never missed a week of work from that day to this. He's always on time—always cheerful.

He has a natural manner—simple, unaffected. He still insists on using the old-fashioned type of mike, the kind you can grab and sing into.

"There's something about them," says Ox. The fact of the matter is, Munn likes slightly old-fashioned things—even songs. A very conservative dresser, he takes life easily but never seeks the short cuts. His tastes for food and entertainment are simple. Broadly scarcely knows him.

He never forgot that Haenschien gave him his first break and the two have been business and personal friends ever since. Ox made his first broadcast. His ballads became nationally known when he was "Paul Oliver" on a program with "Oliver Palmer," and he became one of the few singers who could sing the same song in New York, London and never wear out his welcome.

He has sung "Forgotten" over one hundred times, but he also is partial to Farrar, Scotti, Tito Rufo, Rosa Ponselle, Lily Pons, Louise Homer and Caruso. He's a man's voice to any woman. His voice is better than the average and he owns two identical sets of clubs. He also is a big fan of fisherman.

He's not a deep reader or a student of life, but he enjoys living. Until he married, he lived in the Bronx. Recently he took a home on Long Island and there he can be found most every night, playing with his dog, tinkering with machines, or cooking goulash.

As a lad, he collected stamps, but now he collects brass spoons.

"I believe," he said, "that the Bible and Ida Tarbell's 'Life of Lincoln' are the greatest books ever written."

(Alger would have liked that.)

HIS only reckless expenditures of money were nickels he blew as a boy to see William S. Hart. Now he'll blow away dollars to see Clark Gable and Norma Shearer.

"But on the stage," he said, "I think George M. Cohan and Helen Hayes are the tops."

He's one of the easiest men in the world to talk to, because he doesn't like to talk about himself, answers questions in simple words and never beats around the bush. The rose is his favorite flower. He likes diamonds.

All of his songs are the tuneful ballads about mother and baby and roses. His "Lavender and Old Lace" program began at Columbia and was one of the most consistently popular broadcasts in radio history. The public just doesn't tire of Munn. His latest job is over NBC in a half-hour program, "The Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung."

Yes, Alger could have done a lot with a character like Ox. But he would have had to do a lot about our hero—he hates to go to bed and he hates to get up.

(Many Alger wouldn't like that, but I do.)

Frank Munn may be heard Tuesdays on "Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung" over an NBC network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).
More Winners of Radio Guide's Big Slogan Contest

In accordance with its policy of printing the names of ALL the winners in the contests held from time to time for the readers of this publication, Radio Guide is publishing a complete list of the winners in its great Handwriting-Slogan Dual Contest recently completed. During the preceding weeks, we have listed the winners in the weekly handwriting competitions, the winners of the grand prizes in the slogan contest, and the many winners of lessor prizes. This week the list of 200 winners of 55 prizes is concluded. Next week, Radio Guide will begin the publication of the names of the 500 winners of 42 prizes in the slogan contest. Look for these winning names. Yours may be there!

Five Prize Winners

Mr. Norman M. Hempell, 707-8 Avenue S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Harry L. Calverley, Logangville, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles L. Nott, 2800 N. 1st Ave., West Palm Beach, Florida; Mr. David A. Hulbert, Fairlawn, N. J.; Mr. Charles R. C. Garrett, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Clara B. Jones, Punta Gorda, Fla.; Mrs. Charles G. J. Thompson, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Donald H. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Edward S. Turner, 21487 S. C St., Lima, Ohio; Mr. W. A. Kearsley, 3331 Columbus Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tailored to Chicago's Taste

By John Gordon

Tailedored" is a word seldom used in connection with a radio broadcast, but it's the word that best describes the "Fireside Theater" of each Wednesday from 9:30 to 10 p.m. on WGN.

The "Fireside Theater" has also been called "the show with the community" because there's always a topic for that, too.

In the twenty-eight minutes after nine, announcer Dick Wells appears on WGN's main studio stage and starts in an informal manner by suggesting that the audience use the last minute before the show to get the stored-up coughs out of their systems. To do, if they feel the urge, do a little whistling to their neighbor. But, he continues—after the show is on, to say the least—that these are for fun, except by applying one hand upon the other with resounding force (that's applauding, you).

One, in a once-moment, Dick in claps his hands in the air, probably in an effort to break the silence during the broadcast—and a guest tries to say that he's automized only half of the story, and to say that the guest was astounded. The announcer gives an usher an image by the other half.

But—on with the show!

The green light over the production area is put on and the "Fireside Theater" portion of the "Man-in-the-Front-Row" takes over, to ninety-three, Production Man Buckingham signals and the "Fireside Theater" is on the air.

Dick Wells—he's the "Dapper Dick" to a wide circle of friends—makes the opening announcement and introduces "Man-in-the-Front-Row" portion of the show, which then acts as master of ceremonies while "Dapper Dick"—famous for his personality—introduces unusual performers for the day. When "Dapper Dick" is not performing, he of course is the gentleman this program-touted, quiet: "as two-dollar-leica camera outfit.

As the figuratively masked master of ceremonies, the "Man-in-the-Front-Row" takes over the show, Adrian, the "Fireside Theater" maestro, steps onto the stage and tunes up his orchestra.

This orchestra is an impeccably suave figure in white tie, tail and an ever-present practiced personality, performing with a precision peppered with a perfect touch in the special splendor providing a perfect foil for the "Man-in-the-Front-Row," who introduced the last word in men's fashion, a maroon tie with his dinner coat. Adrian lifts his baton, and the orchestra is into a familiar overture—featuring an unusual arrangement of the well-known "Fireside" theme; but notice.

This maestro Adrian is as interesting as his music. He was born in Athens, Greece, and came to Milwaukee to settle, with his family, thirty years ago. When he was ten years old he was playing clarinet in a Milwaukee community band. The band's leader, a violinist, inspired Adrian to take up the study of that instrument. He studied under Harry Diamond for five years, giving recitals for the money the time he was twelve years old.

He was found, soon, at the Tivoli Theater in his first "big" job—playing his violin; the opening of the Chicago Theater. Adrian found him doing the same thing.

Since that time he has been in Chi cago, in music, and in his capacity as concert master, to conductor, finally to his present position as musical director of the Chicago Theater.

During his work at the Chicago, Adrian has been called on to conduct the orchestra, stage, screen and radio personalities as guest conductor, when the Chicago theater has featured its "Fireside Theater" personality, by Robert W. Melton, Chicago Tribune reporter, Chicago Defender, 233 Ashland Ave. Chicago Party, Mrs. Grace E. Youse, 225 S. Chalmers St., East Chicago, Ind.; Mr. Robert T. Hart, 11211 S. 1st Ave., Forest Park, Ill.; Mr. George F. Pellegrino, Foreman R. D., West Chicago, Ill.; Mr. William M. Hyman, 215 N. March Ave., Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. Robert F. Michaud, 825 Georgiana St., Santa Monica, Calif.

Look for more winners of cash prizes in the great Radio Guide Slogan Contest—next week!

Maestro Adrian: He carries a magnet instead of a rabbit's foot.

Summer home in the district because, as he explains it, "the fish don't treat me right—they're always about an inch too short when I land 'em."

The Greeks have a word for it, but Adrian claims the magnet he carries in his pocket, the word 'magnet', is more effective against a fish that may arise.

Adrian varies the size of his orchestra for the "Fireside Theater," with the number of men he depends upon the type of music he is performing on that particular show.

And, considering the "Fireside Theater" itself, it's a show by Chicagoans, it gives talented actors, actresses, singers, and songwriters a chance they've never had before.

Among the choral societies and groups which already have been heard on the program are: the Notre Dame Glee Club, the Swedish Chorale, the Hamilton Club, Appolo Club and Chicago Mendelssohn Club choruses; the Pauil Choir and the Chicago Blind Chorale group.

The droma bill is filled (every third week) by outstanding theatrical groups from Chicago. Those who have been on the show include: the Goodman Theater, the Junior League Children's Theatre, the Allen York Players of Oak Park, the Jewish People's Institute Players and the Players' Theater.

That Chicago has taken the "Fireside Theater" and made it its own is evidenced by the fact that the sponsor has received permission to run the show for another 13 weeks, at the same time, on WGN.
LANNY ROSS: HIS CRISIS

(Continued from Page 3)

programs. At these "hash meetings," as they are called, Lanny's voice is as loud as a noise machine. He helps pick the guest stars, he who suggests many changes.

In fact, so loud is Lanny's voice at these meetings that he now dares to disagree with the cases. In fact, Lanny once asked, "Is Dick Powell's. He was the pet of all, the lad every girl in the country wanted to have as her "date." Before he and Joan Blondell were executed, Joan was not (as Dick), they consulted their boss at Warner Brothers. Dick did not know they had sought execution counsel. But she did ask, "Will it make any difference in Dick's career, and I may add, his happiness?" The executive did not hesitate a moment. "None at all," he answered. And there was a rumor that the agency had broken the contract.

All of which is more proof that our lad Lanny is on his own. Yet while this was going on, someone high in radio remember American's popular has waned since his marriage. He was wrong to marry. Romantic girls want to think of him as eligible for themselves. Romantic mothers would like him to be "the world's greatest lover." That bears thinking about. And yet it's my guess that it is hardly true. At this move, attitude toward Lanny is changing. It is my belief that Lanny is merely a great triumph—radio's Great Lover of 1937.

Certainly the Duke of Windsor, past forty, in love with an American girl, is a more exciting character (romantically speaking), is much more the Great Lover type than was the Prince of Wales, often rumored engaged.

Or, if you wish to turn to more American examples, take the case of the movie star who ten years ago in Hollywood it was the pet stunt of producers to hire their leading men to keep a higher marriage to keep their careers secret. In many cases love stories, even marriage was written into the contracts of matinee idols.

IF YOU can remember back that far, consider the history of Francis X. Bushman. He was the greatest of all matinee idols. A wave of feminine hysteria followed his every personal appearance. Robert Taylor, in all his present-day glory, does not rival the Bushman adulation. Unbeknownst to his fans, he was married when he first went into pictures, and a father besides. Then he and his co-star, Beverly Bayne, fell in love and wanted to marry. This announcement was made simultaneously with the announcement of the necessary divorce. A week before that announcement, no less than five secretaries struggled through Lanny's office, but all were defeated by enormous sarcasm. One week afterward it took one secretary only a few hours to answer his mail. His manager toured the country to see if the situation was as bad as he thought. He returned to tell Fran- cis, "It's over. Get married. Marriage devastated Bushman's career. It was not until many years later that his personal life came back—"in Ben Hur." But the years went by. Hollywood today reveals a different story. Clark Gable, when he made that stage play, "Ben Hur," to an older woman at that. Rhea was his second wife. His first wife, Josephine Dillon, also older than Clark, was not kept in the background. To- day he is separated from Rhea. His popularity has not waned.

But perhaps an example more nearly parallel is the case of Lanny. "Is Dick Powell's. He was the pet of all, the lad every girl in the country wanted to have as her "date." Before he and Joan Blondell were executed, Joan was not (as Dick), they consulted their boss at Warner Brothers. Dick did not know they had sought execution counsel. But she did ask, "Will it make any difference in Dick's career, and I may add, his happiness?" The executive did not hesitate a moment. "None at all," he answered. And there was a rumor that the agency had broken the contract.

Olive White was most distressed by all this. Together she and Lanny talked over the crisis. (As undoubtedly King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson had discussed the "constitutional crisis," Lanny was quite in on conferences, continued making suggestions—and so persistent, so businesslike, so adult a thing was he in his reasoning that the two factions, agency and artist, reached an amicable agreement. Now Lanny has a long-term contract.

THAT'S the "movie attitude." In radio? Well, you have the case of Lanny Ross—the once romantic lad who is now an adult, a worldly minded married man. Even his professional activities outside radio have been changed. Last week he gave a benefit concert at Town Hall. It was a serious concert by a serious artist and Lanny Ross brought much better presence than the musical critics usually accord the wading bird the band. Time and Lanny's own intelligence have brought about the change. No man married at thirty what he was at twenty-five. Our hopes, our goals, our ideals change with the years. Growing older, we laugh at the desires we had seventeen. We want to be lavish at twenty juvenile. The things we tried to teach our mother to do, we now scorn that teaching—we teach our children. But we progress, we grow. Lanny has left those carefree youth, days behind him. Lanny, twenty-five, is a much finer, more charming, more exciting person than the boy that he once was.

If he is handled properly on the Show Boat project, if he is allowed to reach maturity in a dignified manner, both personally and professionally, he has the chance of becoming one of the great romantic figures of radio. The problems and emotions of a famous young married man are much more fascinating than those of a kid in the throngs of his first puppy-love.

But, as always, the final word in this case will be left to the public. Public opinion, that public, must recognize that Lanny Ross, the boy, is gone. In his place there is a man. Do you like him better now than you did then? Perhaps, if he has grown in personal ways, not only in performance, does he present your enjoyment of his radio work? Have you grown up with Lanny? Do you think he has grown up for the Great Lover of 1937?

Just as the finale of the feature, Lanny Ross, the advertising agency, the Maxwell House coffee sponsors and your humble reporter leave it up to you.

Lanny Ross may be heard Thursday evenings on the NBC network at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MDT; 6 PDT) and later for the West Coast at 8:30 p.m. (PST) (9:30 MDT).
STAR OF STARS STANDINGS

Following are the leaders in the Star of Stars election now in progress. You will find a ballot for your vote on page 2 of this issue.

STAR OF STARS

5. Red Skelton 10. Ford Sympathy

MUSICAL PROGRAMS

1. Open House 6. Six Hours Hotel
2. Show Boat 7. Valley's Varieties
3. Your Hit Parade 8. WLS Barn Dance
5. Lady Esther Hour 10. Ford Symphony

DRAMATIC PROGRAMS

1. Lassie 6. Mrs. Livingston's
2. One Man's Family 7. Today's Children
3. First Nighter 8. Follow the Moon
5. Mary Martin 10. Grand Hotel

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

1. Singing Lady 5. Popeye
2. Orphan Annie 6. Jack Armstrong
4. Coast-to-Coast on a Bus 8. Little Ranger
5. Benny Goodman 9. Dicky Tracy

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

1. Wayne King 6. Al Goodman
2. Guy Lombardo 7. Connie Hackett
4. Lawrence Welk 9. Red Nichols
5. Benny Goodman 10. Annette Hanshaw

POPULAR SINGERS

2. Lanny Ross 7. Jack Ross
3. Benny Baker 8. Tony Martin
4. Frank Parker 9. Rudy Vallee
5. Rudy Vallee 10. Ralph Kirby

FEMALE POPULAR SINGERS

1. Frances Langford 6. Gale Page
2. Kate Smith 7. Helen Humes
5. Dolly Dwan 10. Annette Hanshaw

OPERETT & CLASSICAL SINGERS

2. Jessica Dragunette 7. Lawrence Tibbett
3. Lanny Ross 8. Richard Crooks
5. Grace Moore 10. Gladys Swarthout

COMEDIANS OR COMEDY ACTS

2. Eddy Carter 7. Mickey and Abner
3. Fred Allen 8. Pick and Pat

ANNOUNCERS

1. Don Wilson 6. Harry Von Zell

SPORTS ANOUNCERS

2. Bob Elliott 7. Lawrence Newhall
5. Tom Manning 10. Hol Totten

COMMENTATORS

2. Lowell Thomas 7. John B. Kennedy
5. Paul Sullivan 10. H. V. Kalltenborn

ACTORS

5. Lanny Ross 10. Bing Crosby

ACTRESSES

1. Helen Hayes 6. Irene Rich
2. Greta Garbo 7. Bette Davis
3. Jeanette MacDonald 8. Mary Livingstone
4. Ethel Merman 9. Elise Seymour
5. Rosaline Green 10. Betty Winkler

PROMISING NEW STARS

1. Deanna Durbin 6. Martha Raye
2. Bobby Brown 7. Helen Kane
3. Lucille Mannies 8. Bessie Walker
5. Fred MacMurray 10. Tony Martin

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

The "Voice of the Listener" letterbox is a regular feature in Radio Guide each week. These columns are of interest to the readers of the paper as they express their views and opinions about radio.

This week, we will pay prizes for fine letters as follows: $10 for the best letter each week; $5 for the next best, and $1 for others.

Voice down right now and tell us what you think of the program on your radio this minute. It'll be interesting to others—and perhaps profitable to you.

RADIO ROMEO

(25 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: Why not have Shakespeare on the radio? We already have the best the musical world can offer—opera, symphony, all the great artists of the concert stage. Why doesn't NBC, noted for its non-commercial programs, devote a whole network program to the tragedy and comedies of the world's greatest poet?

Give us Gielgud's "Hamlet"—get the finest of the Shakespearean actors, many of whom are without employment at the present time (page Ben Greet and Coulbourn!)—and how eagerly the world would listen! The big way "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" went over with the general movie public proves this. And don't tell me that the public is not eager, perhaps he does, who knows?—he'd be the first to approve—Mrs. Herbert Johnson.

COURT CONTROVERSY

($5 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: When highly commercialized subjects are presented over the radio, why don't the networks present both sides at the same time? This year I listened to a very prejudiced talk on the Supreme Court issue. Anyone who was interested in the issue was purposely left out of the program. I do think, however, that there must be another side to the question. If the network could have presented another commentator immediately after, or at least announced the time when the other side would be discussed, it would not have been unfair to the radio audience to use the radio as an instrument of propaganda. —Miriam Kline, Vale Ave., D. C.

BUWTSJASTS

VOL: This is to inform you that I am founding an organization to be known as "the Be Unkind to People who Say That Swing and Jazz Are the Same Thing Society." The rules are as simple as our enemies. Each member will be required to tell at least one lie a day and say that jazz is just as good as swing.

CONSTRUCTIVE PHIL LORD

Voice of the Listener: I am sure they are not alone in saying that Lord Phil's Gang Busters is the most constructive program on the air. It is a wonderful show that makes people feel good. The program brings them just the right amount of jazz music that jazz music can do. —Mr. J. M. Harris, Boston, Tex.

RADIANT BOLDEST

Voice of the Listener: I am sure there are not another show that is so popular in the United States as Gang Busters. It is a program that has never been surpassed. —Mrs. M. J. Harris, Boston, Tex.

"Bless you one and all."

We could never do without your wonderful Radio Guide in our home. It has given us something that we have been waiting for. —Mrs. W. E. Bowers, Philadelphia, Pa.
EVENING reception from European stations is the best ever heard this week, in the spring of the D11 (11.77) of volunteers, Germany, that signals are as strong as those noted last December during the Olympic games. TPA4 (11.714), Pontoforte, France, is the loudest ever recorded, at 11:21 G.S.T. (10.26 S.T.), and signal is very clear. Daventry, England, returned to transmission five, heard daily from 6 to 8 p.m. G.S.T. (5 to 7 C.S.T.), on Sunday, February 28, a change usually not taking place before March. Lisbon, Portugal, is on 11.04 megs just before sign-off at 6 p.m. EST (5:00 CST). Just before PUP (11:10) Bandong, Java, leaves the air, the early morning setting of the rotators are heard. ORLA-9 (9.55), Prague, Czechoslovakia, is steadily growing stronger. Transmissions from North America, Australia, Brazil, Argentina, are on 7.70 P.M. (7:30 CST). At 9:00 p.m. EST (8:00 CST) the program is shifted to ORLA2 on 6.01 megs.

The call of the new Guayaquil, Ecuador, station on 9.441 megs announcing as "Radio Alas" and signing on at 10:15 P.M. (9:15 CST) might be it was previously as HCRA and HCSEA.

BY CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ERS' ALLIANCE

In live with its aim to be the most complete program medium, this week Rasto Gunea gives the educational programs of 10 ESTL, Boston, C. M. (Features in Parentheses Are Macropoe)
We Applaud

RADIO GUIDE BOWS TO THESE STARS WHO ADD TO THE BRILLIANCE OF RADIO ENTERTAINMENT!

Above: Fred Allen is being decent to autograph-hunters—and that's worth our applause any old day!

Left: Helen Hayes brings real life into her drama, but our praise is for the way she's lived herself!

Above: Shep Fields, for introducing his "Rippling Rhythm" to a world beleaguered by "swing," gets the cheers of a nation's listeners!

Margaret Speaks is praised for the classic beauty of her songs on the "Voice of Firestone"—but more for her new classic hair-dol!
Radio Guide

Watches THE FUN GO BY

WITH AL PEARCE'S GANG AS
GAGS, LAUGHS, PUNCH LINES
BOUNCE OVER THE AIRWAVES!

(1) Al Pearce enters the studio—
(2) steps to mike

Right: "Tizzie Lish" (Bill
Comstock) adds subtle fun!

At right: Arlene
Harris is stump-
ed—but not long!

(3) Al starts a
laugh and (4)—
puts it across!
Above: Ariene Harris acts her part: She's known as Al's "Human Chatterbox"

Right: Larry Marsh, Al's maestro, pleads with his boys—for fun!

Far right: Betty Garde and Al get together, put two gags over!
A message from the wife of the lighthouse keeper on Farallon Island

"Your programs mean everything to us... We are 30 miles outside the Golden Gate, isolated from the outside world. Once a week, weather permitting, we have a boat to deliver us groceries and mail. We have no church. But through your broadcasts I am able to hear the best talks and sermons. This summer we were in touch with the Presidential campaign. We get the news several times a day. I have learned how songs come to be written; how an opera comes to life. I keep in touch with what is in the markets... Every hour of every day I enjoy the programs that come to us over the National Broadcasting Company."

Yours very truly,
Mrs. O. R. Berg
Groceries
once a week
...weather permitting

NBC PROGRAMS
EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY

Though Farallon Island can get groceries and mail only once a week, weather permitting, it is as close to the world’s front door as New York. For NBC reaches every corner, every outpost of the nation. NBC programs influence people’s lives wherever there are people.

One hundred and seventeen stations linked by 19,000 miles of wire lines and RCA short wave facilities serve great cities and the most remote points in America. A thousand hours of programs a month present entertainment and information to more than 24,000,000 radio homes. The National Broadcasting Company’s networks and programs are dedicated to “the public interest, convenience and necessity.”

RCA presents the Metropolitan Opera every Saturday afternoon. And “Magic Key of RCA” every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T. Both on NBC Blue Network.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE
"Just by luck," Fred MacMurray sang and played saxophone in the "Roberta" musical comedy orchestra—and he was "lucky enough" to be signed by Paramount and made a star overnight. Then—
"by chance"—Fred became master of ceremonies of "Hollywood Hotel"—anyway, that's his story!
FRED MACMURRAY—AND A LOVELY LADY

In "Champagne Waltz," Fred swept Gladys Swarthout into his arms and danced—and beautifully! As new master of ceremonies of "Hollywood Hotel," Fred startled listeners when he proved he could sing. To new listeners, he's a star full of surprises!

Recently the greatest question in radio was "After Powell—what?" Now Fred MacMurray has taken over "Hollywood Hotel" and made a hit. And he has a new Paramount show, "Swing High, Swing Low," with Carole Lombard, coming soon, too!

Gladys Swarthout abandons song, and Fred MacMurray forgets comedy, as they interpret the "Champagne Waltz" for their movie "HOLLYWOOD HOTEL'S" MASTER OF CEREMONIES BOWS, GLADYS SWARTHOUT SMILES, AND FOR A MILLION EAGER EYES, "CHAMPAGNE WALTZ" COMES VIBRANTLY TO LIFE!
MILE-A-MINUTE DAYS with FLOYD GIBBONS

FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS HE'S HUNTED HEADLINES, COVERED EVERY IMPORTANT NEWS-FRONT, EVERY MAJOR WAR. AND HE'S AN ACE AIR REPORTER, TOO!

Exciting memories flood Floyd's few idle moments—memories of Pancho Villa, of the torpedoed Laconia, of blood, war, hate—news!

On the air, Floyd always wears a turned-down hat, an open collar, a tense expression. He lives the stories he tells and those he writes about—makes them live for us!

In a corner of his den, Floyd works on his scripts, on his syndicated newspaper column, on his extensive private correspondence—and sometimes, on his hasty lunch!
SUNDAY, MARCH 14

WHAS 720, 9:00 a.m. Western Junior League. 10:00 a.m. Muriel Dickson, soprano. 11:00 a.m. Dorothy Dreslin, sopra.

WDYK 1370, 7:15 a.m. Red Ravens, 8:00 a.m. Depression Department. 8:15 a.m. MBS. 9:00 a.m. MBS.

WHYR 1390, 7:00 a.m. Symphony of the Air. 12:00 noon, 1:00 p.m. Piano Recital. 2:00 p.m. Evening of Art.

WHO 1370, 9:00 a.m. Schellinger. 11:00 a.m. School of Music, University of Chicago, with organist Macht, following江手.""

WBBM 780, 9:00 a.m. Symphony Orchestra of the Air. 10:00 a.m. Harry Leidbetter. 11:00 a.m. Harry Haskel. 12:00 noon. 1:00 p.m. Piano Recital. 2:00 p.m. Evening of Art. 3:00 p.m. "Ladies and Gentlemen show the Choir."

WBAA 1500, 9:00 a.m. "What Do the Books Say About the World?" 10:00 a.m. "Ask Mr. Sausage." 11:00 a.m. "Ask the Professor." 12:00 noon, 1:00 p.m. "Ask the Professor." 2:00 p.m. "Ask Mr. Sausage." 3:00 p.m. "Ask Mr. Sausage."
Monday
March 15

8:00 a.m. CST
NBA-Breakfast Club: WCBF
CBS-Metropolitan Parade: WFM
WBBM - Town Meeting: WWB

9:15
NRC-Olympic Women's
WFB-Dirty Dick Chappelle: KLOV
NRC-Bachelor's Children: WGN

9:30
NRC-Today's Children, sketch (Phillybro): WMQ WISE

9:45
NRC-Tomorrow's Women, sketch: WGN

10:45
NRC-This Big Sister, sketch: WMQ

11:00
NRC-Betty & Bob, sketch (Goldbug): WWB

12:00
NBA-Dick Cover, WTAQ

12:15
NRC-Dick Cover, WTAQ

12:30
NRC-Mrs. Wiggs: WMQ

12:45
NRC-Man's First Word: WMBD

1:00
NRC-Edward Macauley, the
Novelist, sketch: WGN

1:15
NRC-Mrs. Wiggins of the Cabbage Patch, sketch: WWB

1:30
NRC-Joe, sketch: WMQ

1:45
NRC-Guest: WMQ

2:00
NRC-News: WMQ

2:15
NRC-Mrs. Kitts, sketch: WOC

2:30
NRC-Mark Marlin, sketch: WHA

2:45
NRC-Mr. Hopper, sketch: WHA

3:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

3:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

3:30
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

3:45
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

4:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

4:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

4:30
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

4:45
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

5:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

5:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

5:30
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

5:45
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

6:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

6:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

6:30
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

6:45
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

7:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

7:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

7:30
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

7:45
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

8:00
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO

8:15
NRC-Home of all Churches: WHO
CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SUNDAY
4:30 p.m. EST (5:30 CST), NBC network. Music on the Air. Musical comedy and operetta in broadcast form. The People, the persons selected as the people which is entertaining and of interest to all. NBC network.

Monday
12 noon EST (11 a.m. CST), NBC network. The Monday News Roundup.特写: Frank Edward's information on trail and types. The People, the persons selected as the people which is entertaining and of interest to all. NBC network.

Tuesday
11 a.m. EST (10 a.m. CST), NBC network. The Tuesday News Roundup.特写: Frank Edward's information on trail and types. The People, the persons selected as the people which is entertaining and of interest to all. NBC network.

Wednesday
11:30 a.m. EST (10:30 CST), NBC network. The Wednesday News Roundup.特写: Frank Edward's information on trail and types. The People, the persons selected as the people which is entertaining and of interest to all. NBC network.
**MORNING**

7:00 a.m. CST

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**Wednesday, March 16, 1949**

**TUESDAY**

**MORNING**

7:00 a.m. CST

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**AFTERNOON**

12:00 p.m. CST

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**Wednesday, March 16, 1949**

**TUESDAY**
**WIBA** - The Bulletin  
**WMAQ - The Microphone**  
**WGN - The Great Voice**  
**WLS - The Voice of the New West**  
**WIBA - The Bullfrog**  
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**WIBA - The Bullfrog**  
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WFAM - Dick
C escorted I by a train, and then...
**Thursday**

March 18

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**NIGHT**

**4:15** NBC Aired at 8 p.m., time: WIRE WBOW

**4:20** "In Search of the Moon" (WCCO - CBS)

**4:30** NBC News, 8 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

**4:40** WTAD Behind the Microphone

**5:00** WTAD-Bruce Cartier, 60s

**7:00** Have YOU been VET in the big Star of Stars election? If so, call us now and tell us how you voted for the contest which appears on your program each week.

**7:05** WNBC Radio, 8:15 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

**7:15** NBC and ABC "Andy (Pep) Dodds" (WABC - CBS); NBC and ABC "Andy (Pep) Dodds" (WABC - CBS) w/ Burl Ives

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**12:15** "Panelist's Choice: Variety" (WCCO - CBS)

**12:20** "Panelist's Choice: Variety" (WCCO - CBS)

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**3:20** "The O'Neill's, Sketches" (WCCO - CBS)

**3:30** "The O'Neill's, Sketches" (WCCO - CBS)

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**5:45** NBC Radio, 7 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

**6:00** NBC Radio, 7:15 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

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**8:20** NBC Radio, 8:20 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

**8:30** NBC Radio, 8:30 p.m., time: WIRE WBOS

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**Through the Eyes of Radio**

*CBS Radio* - Jim Leavitt

*WCCO* - Jack Moulton

*WBOW* - Dick Johnson

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**40**

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**Betty Winkler**

11:45 a.m.
FRIDAY NIGHT! LUCILE MANNERS

Heard this triumphant new star with the celebrated CBS "Red Circle" reviews of Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. A thrilling performance every Friday at 8 p.m., E.S.T.

1. "A Sparrow's Song"
2. "In the Land of the Nightingale"
3. "Redquel the Redbreast"
4. "Auld Lang Syne"
5. "My Heart's in the Highlands"
6. "The Tumultuous Years"
7. "The Faraway Tree"
8. "The Bluebirds of Happiness"
9. "Sweet as Rose Petals"
10. "The Blue Goose"

LUCILE MANNERS

ANNOUNCER: LUCILE MANNERS, speaking to her millions of radio friends,

LUCILE MANNERS: "Thank you, folks, for tuning in to "Friday Night! LUCILE MANNERS," and for writing in the letters regarding the music selected for the next program. As musical director, I am always interested in your suggestions, so please continue to write in your letters."

LUCILE MANNERS: "Tonight, we have a special selection. I have chosen a beautiful arrangement of "The Tumultuous Years," which is a favorite of mine."

LUCILE MANNERS: "In the second selection, we will hear "The Bluebirds of Happiness," which is always popular."

LUCILE MANNERS: "For the third selection, I have chosen "Sweet as Rose Petals," a lovely piece that always elicits a warm response from our listeners."

LUCILE MANNERS: "And for the final selection, we will hear "The Blue Goose," which is sure to be enjoyed by all."

LUCILE MANNERS: "Thank you for joining us tonight. Tune in next week for more beautiful music from "Friday Night! LUCILE MANNERS.""

ANNOUNCER: "Thank you, LUCILE MANNERS. We will see you next week.

FRIDAY NIGHT! LUCILE MANNERS"

ANNOUNCER: "Thank you for joining us tonight. Tune in next week for more beautiful music from "Friday Night! LUCILE MANNERS.""
They Have been TEMPTED!

Movie stars, telling of their great temptations, reveal secret chapters in their glamorous lives!

D id you ever desperately want to do something you shouldn't do?
Has there ever been a time when your imagination deviled your desires until it seemed humbly impossible for you to turn away from the imagined delights?

Have you ever been a slave to some urge, with your will-power paralyzed and your conscience no more than an irritating voice?

The answers to those questions is yes, I'm sure. For no one lives who hasn't been tempted. Money, love, ambition, admiration for the stars, for these things the more frequent and intense your temptation is bound to be.

It was the greatest temptation they ever have known that I asked the stars to tell me about. That was how I came into possession of the exciting and the human and the daring stories I have to tell here. That was how I came to know how the stars, like the rest of us, haven't always been strong enough to resist the temptation that has come their way.

Dick Powell, on the surface, seemed

To find out what happened to Dick Powell, Joan Bennett and Glenda Farrell, read the rest of this story in SCREEN Guide!

It's New!  It's Different!  It is Sensational!

PHOTOPARADE
See it in SCREEN GUIDE

Other Smash Features:

Clark Gable
Science chooses the perfect mate for him. What does she look like?

Sonja Henie
Learn what this new star really is like. Who is her heart interest?

Ginger Rogers
In Giant-Glare. It's a beautiful picture of a beautiful girl.

Go to your news stand today and buy that big ten cents' worth—

Screen Guide

March 20

NBC-Vass Family: KSD WMAQ
WFOH (wz-15.33)
KFOX-Vass Family Parents; Ju-
Facebook: WIBA WMT
KMOX-Minnesota Review
WBBM-Shopper's Review
WMC-Morning Musical
WHA International Scene
WIND-Grand Union Tunes
WIRE Mary Baker
WISU-Beggar
WHO On the Mall
WITL Six Children's picture
WITL-Less & Luther, Old Song
10:30

CBS-let's Get Serious! Children's Prgm.: WFOH WMC WBBM (wz-
21.52)
KMOX-Hunters; Dance Ork.
WIBA: WITL On This Morning: Time
WITL-Happiness: Time

WFOH-Children's series: WIBA	
WBBM-WMC-Adams Review
WITL-BOSSA REVIEW
WITL-BOSSA REVIEW
WMT-Children's picture:
WBBM-WMC-Koko

March 28

Sidney Toler
The Force

Ralph Waldo Emerson

February 28

March 27

March 26

March 25

March 24

March 23

March 22

March 21

March 20

March 19

March 18

March 17

March 16

March 15

March 14

March 13

March 12

March 11

March 10

March 9

March 8

March 7

March 6

March 5

March 4

March 3

March 2

March 1
Saturday
March 20

LISTEN LAUGH and LEARN how to win over 1000 rich prizes

PROF. QUIZ
Every Sat. Night at 8:00 P.M., E. T. COLUMBIA NETWORK for KELVINATOR

Be a RADIO EXPERT

Learm at Home to Make $30.95, $50.75 a WEEK

Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting a drama serial, enrolling people in a club, or giving advice in a new field will get you a high income. You could make hundreds of dollars a week if you learned about this.

Learn to broadcast by sending in the application blank. For details, write: PRINCIPAL, Radio Institute, Institute of Modern Radio, Department 10, Detroit, Michigan.

Make $5, $10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

You don’t have to study hard. You can do all your learning while you are away from home. You may receive a weekly check for as much as $5.00 or $10.00.

Learn at Home, Home Study... No School, No Classroom

Know all about the modern radio business, and you will be able to make money for yourself. You can make the biggest amount of money by selling advertising space.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

You can learn radio business. You can learn to teach others. You can learn to make friends. You can learn to make money. You can learn to make a name for yourself.

Many know, only a few excel.

Radio Institute, Detroit, Michigan

NAME: ___________________________________________
ADDRESS: _______________________________________
CITY: _______________ STATE: _______________

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LOG OF ALL AMERICAN STATIONS ARRANGED BY CALL LETTERS

(Continued from Page 10)

"Positively no connection," NBC Bandleader Phil Levant assures us, "exists between my new novelty song entitled 'My Poor Prune,' and what I hope you think of it!

Podium Potholes: The smart ones would have realized that Paul Whiteman's musical crew will take over Chicago's Drake Hotel spot if no radio commercial offers them in New York. "Old Left Hander" Joe Sanders takes over the Red Norvo spot in the Windy City and its MBS schedules March 13. Now blowing his sax from Philadelphia's William Penn is Dick Stabile. Young Dickie March 19 will be the dance floor Prager leaves the Chi College Inn, with CBS-plexi sound. "Loving Nickles" jam band will replace him.

"I haven't even started to live yet," stated NBC Jamboree's Tony Martin last week in vigorous denial of press association stories from San Francisco stating he had died.

Dramatically Speaking: Don't get mad, girls, but Jack Carabase reported to have spent hundred thousand dollars on her Easter wardrobe to learn to change his voice properly, so Ruth ("Girl Alone") Baine last week took a couple of scenes from Sonja Henie. Now you may catch up on what has happened here in "Today's Children's Hour," sponsor has just published the story to date in book form containing sketches of the principals. Ex-Hollywood Comedienne Ann Stone, in Chicago a month, has permanent roles in "Dan Harding's Wife" and "Mary Martin," and has appeared several in "Grand Hotel," "Your Health" and "Young Hickory." Discouraged Hollywood extras, please note. Connie Peebles, of the "Ace Williams" serial, made his sixteenth birthday as a mile stone by buying himself a razor.

The weener vendor heard recently with Lumm's "Abner" was their secretary, Velma McCall.

PLUMS AND PRUNES

BEGINNING this week, the most complete and up-to-date listing of all broadcasting stations in North America available anywhere is presented. The stations are arranged for easy reference in the alphabetical order of their call letters. The small figure given in parentheses, at the beginning of the station's name is an indication of the power. The stations marked thus contain hundreds of watts, while those marked thus have less than 250 watts power. Thus the figure 1/4 means 250 watts; 1/2 in 500 watts; 1 in 1000 watts, etc. Part II of this log will also contain those stations for your copy now.* In addition to Canada stations, the stations on this log will entertain Mexico.

*Canada stations states are given, but we need your prayers so that in a short time we may be able to arrange the complete broadcast for all the Canada states.
You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

The stars of radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.