Thrill to the Photo-Story of Rudy Vallee's Life — a Picture Scoop!
Radio's Thrills and Entertainment—Yours in 18 Pages of Programs!
OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is __________
My favorite Musical Program is __________
My favorite Dramatic Program is __________
My favorite Actor is __________
My favorite Actress is __________
My favorite Children's Program is __________
My favorite Dance Orchestra is __________
My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is __________
My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is __________
My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is __________
My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is __________
My favorite Announcer is __________
My favorite Sports Announcer is __________
My favorite Commentator is __________
My favorite promising new star is __________
My name is __________
My address is __________


IT'S UP TO YOU!

Today's radio is based on a get-together of those who, on the one hand, care enough about their radio fare to let others know of it, and those who, on the other side of the bargain, want to please the greatest number of people.

This listener-sponsor get-together is accomplished by radio polls and elections. One way these polls are handled is for the radio editors to tell their own opinions. Such polls, soliciting votes from radio editors only, are the New York World-Telegram and the Hearst Editors' polls. The other way is more troublesome, but more effective: it is to go to the listeners themselves, learning their preferences, their desires. And the greatest poll of this sort is the annual Radio Guide Star of Stars Election.

The 255 editors who voted in the most recent World-Telegram poll think tomorrow's radio will drift away from participation in the program by the studio audience; toward a greater appreciation of classical music. They think Jack Benny the greatest star on the air; Guy Lombardo the best light orchestra conductor; Kate Smith the finest female popular singer; Nelson Eddy the greatest male classical singer. But the listeners themselves are not in agreement in every case. They have shown that in the early voting in the Star of Stars election, perhaps you do not agree with these radio editors at all.

If you don't, your opportunity to do something about it is here—now! The way to do it is to vote in the greatest listener-poll ever conducted—the Radio Guide Star of Stars Election. That will be your contribution to the radio of the future. Vote today—for greater enjoyment tomorrow!
Kinks and Queens

BY GLADYS OAKS

DO YOU have those blue nights when you lie awake hour after hour, wondering why you acted like a fool at just the time you wanted to make a hit? Do you look enviously at girls not a bit prettier or smarter than yourself, and have to watch them grabbing off the prizes you never win? Lady, have you a "kink"?

Well, if you have some personality failing, you're in distinguished company. The first four up-and-coming radio stars we queried each confessed she'd had just such a self-handicap to overcome before she could get her stride. And here's their testimony:

If you have a mother or sister or aunt who's the most popular woman for miles around, it's easy to want to be like her. If you put in your time imitating her, instead of trying to "be yourself," the tale of Lucy Monroe should show you a lesson.

Lucy is the daughter of a famous actress, Anna Laughlin, one of the most famous soubrettes of America's last generation. Lucy is a tall girl, her pose and serenity crowned with red-gold hair. But when she was younger, her loveliness never satisfied her, because she was always comparing it with her mother's quick, gay, brunt beauty. When she was quite young, singing lessons developed a resilient, sweet soprano that made her teachers talk of concert and opera. But Lucy didn't listen. She'd always dreamed of a success in musical comedy—like her mother's. So she went after a job in Ziegfield's "Follies," and for a year was a glorified chorus girl.

Anna wasn't satisfied. She knew Lucy had unusual talent, and with all her heart she wanted to help her. "I'll write the managers I know," she said. "Pull always helps!"

But in this case pull was a boomerang. "If you've anyone famous in your family, don't take his introductions to prospective bosses," advises Lucy. "They hate to see you because you're sent by someone to whom they're obligated. They decide beforehand you must be no good!"

Still, Lucy was so pretty and her voice so appealing that she landed several small parts in musical shows. Fred Stabe heard her, and asked her to try out for "Criss Cross." When—

ever she had a chance like that, Lucy would spur herself on by conjuring up visions of Anna in her heyday. She knows now that was why she got small parts instead of big parts.

Lucy is a cheerful girl, but during those years in musical comedy she wasn't herself. She was unhappy because of that.

The day she heard "Criss Cross" was going to close, she came home blue as indigo. There'd be tryouts again, waiting around in managers' offices, letters of introduction.

Her mother came in from shopping, her arms full of bundles. There was something unusual-looking about the girl sitting by the window.

"I met your old singing teacher on the street. He told Lucy, dropping things anywhere. "He says it's a shame you're wasting yourself in musical comedy!"

So began the talk that has changed the whole course of Lucy Monroe's life. "I've thought and thought about it," said Anna. "You've gone about your work the wrong way. You must stop trying to be like I was. I must never give you another letter. You must never tell another soul in the profession you're my daughter."

"And she was right," Lucy told me. "To try to be like another person is to stand convicted of inferiority in your own eyes."

So from then on, Lucy tried only for serious engagements. And because she was being herself, the way ahead wasn't long. In 1933 she was starred in popular classics at the Hippodrome as "Marguerite" and "Juliet" and "Nedda." Then radio! Now she is so well established that her old kink has ceased to be painful.

Dolly Dawn, who sounds so gay when you hear her with George Hall's orchestra, was once all crippled up with a kink that's even more common than Lucy Monroe's. If the very mention of looking for a job sends a shiver coursing down your spine, there's real psychological treasure for you in this tale of a girl who got over that fear.

"People told me I was silly to be scared of applying for jobs," said Dolly. "They'd say that the boss needed me as much as I did him. But it was pretty hard for me to believe."

But there is a way to gain poise when you face a potential boss. George Hall showed it to Dolly.

Dolly is a little Italian girl, born in Newark, and christened Theresa Ana Maria Stabile. Singing and dancing (Continued on Page 18)
WHEN you feel like calling an Arkansan a hillbilly—smile. Then play it safe and call him a mountaineer instead.

The folks from high in the Ozarks and the Ouachitas don't relish the hillybilly name.

Chester ("Chet") Lauck and Norris ("Toughy") Goff (Lum and Abner of the Coast-to-Coast airlines) know all about the singular sensitiveness of citizens in the commonwealth of Arkansas. They have a keen insight into the philosophy that lies behind it. They know what it means, from personal experience, to be held up to national ridicule. They don't want to ridicule anybody at any time.

Much of the success of one of radio's permanent hit programs you can readily trace to this deep-rooted understanding of the genuine Arkansas character and philosophy—with which the program deals for fifteen minutes, five nights a week.

"We just don't think it's a square-shotting to cudge a national chuckle at the expense of somebody's feelings down in Arkansas," remarks tall, lanky Chet Lauck, running a thin hand through jet-black hair which curls a bit wildly despite meticulous brushing. "When it comes to picture our Arkansas friends as nitwits or oafs just wouldn't be authentic.

"We're willing to sacrifice a bit of humor any day for a bit of realism. We try to make our program amusing through the situations we build up, rather than through the ignorance or obtuseness of any character. That's how we started building five years ago—and—we glean a little when we recall how we stuck to it."

A bit of gloating is pardonable. In the five-year radio life of the Lum and Abner show, the boys have proved their point. Nowadays people are laughing with them instead of at them. They are riding high. Proof: They have just been handed a contract renewal, calling for an additional year and a half under present sponsorship, which will net them a joint salary that makes the income-tax collectors lie awake at night.

THE native of Arkansas is a dumbbell," you are earnestly informed by half-pint-sized Toughy Goff. One look at his jutting jaw explains his nickname, and his shoulders are broad enough to carry his full share of the burden of authoring and acting in the skit.

"Northerners dropping into Pine Ridge may consider the native illiterate," says Toughy. "And comparatively speaking, he may be. But he knows everything he needs to know. He's entirely contented. He can tell when and where the hunting is best. He knows how to care for his game when he gets it. He never goes hungry. If he must dig a well, he knows where to start digging.

"He may not be sure who occupies the White House just now, and he may cast a vote for Lum for president—as Lum hoped some would after the "campaign" we had last Fall. But in dickering for a swap, he'll probably skin a northerner seventeen ways from Sunday."

"We're willing to sacrifice a bit of humor any day for a bit of realism. We try to make our program amusing through the situations we build up, rather than through the ignorance or obtuseness of any character. That's how we started building five years ago—and—we glean a little when we recall how we stuck to it."
pertinently inquire, could anyone else make their characterizations true to Arkansas?

"They're friendly people down our way, honest and sincere, and they give a stranger a right hearty welcome," Toughy explains. "But they just don't open up and act natural before 'foreigners.' A New York author, for instance, might spend months down there and come away with a definite slant on the folks. But it wouldn't be ours, and it wouldn't be right."

DO THEY overdraw their characters—make them more amusing or unique than they are in real life?

"Huh, we have to underdraw them," laughs Chet. "If we pictured them true to life in every instance, folks would think we were kidding them. Even the Pine RIDgers wouldn't recognize some of their own antics.

"Take Grandpappy Sours. He's one of the few characters whose real names we use. Well, we got him to come into Pine Ridge for his first visit when they had a celebration changing the town's name. If we put on the air the bewildered remarks he made when he got into and out of the hotel elevator—well, with some difficulty—he listeners would say it was strictly the old hokum.

"They are busy young men, Lum and Abner. Broadcasting and rebroadcasting five nights a week; making personal stage appearances through the winter week-ends; considering movie offers.

Abner has a fourteen-acre estate in San Fernando Valley and Lum's home is in Beverly Hills.

But when the chance presents itself, they lie themselves down to the Ouachita Mountains and mingle with the folks. It's good fun, and it enables them to keep their story in the right vein. And it is this very mania for authenticity which assures them a royal home-coming welcome.

Toughy Goff recently returned from one such excursion. He hobnobbed with Dick and Grandpappy and the others on a hunting trip. He eschewed "store clothes," lest the home folks think him uppish. He came back with a state-published tourist brochure and proudly pointed out this paragraph:

"Ellert Hubbard once accused Opie Reed of advertising Arkansas 'by the left hand,' and closed the subject with 'Oh, Pie, Opie! While we Arkansans bitterly resent Opie Reed's 'Arkansas Hill Billy' stories, we listen to the dramatization of our mountaineer characters by Lum and Abner with amused interest and appreciation."

Chet and Toughy are sure nothing is so sweet as appreciation at home. Soon, they'll have all the money they want. Then, if the city virus hasn't got them, they reckon they'll go right back to Arkansas and just be folk.

Lum 'n' Abner may be heard Monday through Friday over an NBC network at 7:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 9:30 MST; 10:30 PST). And later for the West Coast at 8:15 p.m. PST (9:15 MST). Except Thursday.

BY

ELGAR BROWN

Norris "Abner" Goff (on step), Mrs. Goff and Mrs. Lauck (left to right) and Chester "Lum" Lauck, entrench for Hollywood to consider movie offers.

their hair to stand up and argue. But we knew if we didn't put it across with the original idea we were sunk.

What we had to have—but found so hard to get—was a long-enough engagement to show listeners what we were trying to do.

"Why, one criticism was that we didn't have any women characters. Without a sex angle, the experts told us, shaking their heads—"

"Yeah," Toughy Goff interrupts, decisively, "and try to get some women into our Pine Ridge routine. We were almost sold on that suggestion ourselves. For a solid week we aud-

was a town named Waters until local pride, fostered by the Lum and Abner programs, changed it to conform to the script.

"Huddleston in real life, just like in our broadcasts, is a genial, lovable conundrum of everybody in the community. He has a little more 'learnin' than the average citizen. So, among other duties, he reads the paper to a group of cronies in his store each evening. And he writes an occasional letter for a grateful friend."

Toughy breaks in again.

"Sometimes," he grins, "Dick is asked to write an order to a mail order house for one of his own customers, calling for some article which he may have right on his shelves. He does it willingly, for he understands that these people love to get packages by mail. Makes 'em feel important.'"

Well, the boys get an idea, and Lum writes it down. Maybe it's a one-night incident, offering it blossoms into material for a week or two. But they never work far ahead in preparing the script. And they never even considered hiring an author. How, they
Simultaneously I found that the one thing I wanted to do in the world was sing, and if I wanted to sing I must take up a course in Europe, which I couldn't afford.

I thought there was no hope.

Then our family went back to Massillon to visit and, walking down the street one afternoon, I bumped into my old principal from the high school there, Dr. Gorrell. He remembered me and we passed the time of day. "By the way, Rose," he asked me, "are you still interested in singing?"

"More than anything else in the world," I answered fervently.

"In that case," he told me, "you should find out about the Curtis Institute. Marcella Sembrich is a teacher there, and if you could possibly get to study with her, that would be the greatest thing in your life."

That was the first time I had ever heard that we had any great music schools in America. Possibly this is the first time you have heard of it, too. If it is, take heart right now, for we have some of the finest music schools in the world right here in our own United States. I'm giving you a list of them up above.

I'm picking the Curtis Institute to talk about, myself, simply because it's the one I know most about.

"Would they take me?" I wondered. "Marcella Sembrich is there. Could it really give me as good a musical education as I could get in Italy?" There was only one thing to do—find out.

By accident I learned that Horatio Connell, who was also teaching at Curtis, had classes at Chautauqua, New York, during the summer. Chautauqua was within my reach. It was only sixty miles from Buffalo. I wrote a letter to Mr. Connell, asking him if he would give me an audition, and my brother and my mother drove down with me.

When we got there I had another of my stage-fright panics. I didn't want to sing. Why should I? I had failed in everything, and I would only fail again. What was the use? I felt like jumping into the lake. But my mother had a lengthy talk with me, and finally we knocked on the door of his studio.

Mr. Connell looked at me and was so kindly and gentle with me from the start, so sweet in his approach and so understanding of all that I was going through, that I managed to sing "The Star," by James Rogers, for him. When I finished he asked me:

"What was your idea in coming to me for an audition?"

"I'd like to go to the Curtis Institute, if they'll have me," I said earnestly.

He didn't say that I had a magnificent voice, or the most marvelous voice in the world. Only when he had found out that I knew I needed more study and was willing to work did he say, "Your voice has fine possibilities. You have good quality and you have musicianship." Never was I so grateful for the family background which was responsible for that "musicianship!" He said he would accept me.

We drove back to Buffalo, and I packed my clothes, went back to Chautauqua and found myself a room. If you don't know about it, a whole colony of people meet at Chautauqua, New York, every summer to study. There are lecture courses, dance groups, classes in writing and painting, orchestras—everything. I found a nice room in a boarding-house and there I was—alone for the first time in my life, and so homesick I didn't know what to do! Two things to which you must become accustomed if you want to become a singer: loneliness and hard work. There were two lonely studies up on a hill. They were just shacks. I used to practice there many times I would stand at the window and cry and cry. I had to learn everything all over again, without a teacher. I had to begin singing exercises once more. Right in the middle of them, often, I would burst into tears.

I practiced three solid hours a day—a lot, for a singer—doing nothing but vocalizing. The rest of the time I worked as a cashier in the hotel to try to earn enough to pay for my lessons. Only at the end of six weeks did Mr. Connell let me sing a song for him; a German lieder.

Then I asked him the fateful question: "Do you think I have enough talent to make it worth while for me to go on with my studying?"

"Yes, I do," Mr. Connell said kindly.
I sent in my application to the Curtis Institute at once.

In just a moment I shall describe my audition there and what you must expect if you have one. But I want to pause here to point out a very important fact which you must remember. These advanced schools are for students who have already studied music, not for beginners, and they can accept only thirty or forty newcomers at a time. Just as I did, partly in my earlier work and partly at Chautauqua, you must prepare yourself for a school before you go there.

How? Will it cost you a lot of money? Where will you go to do it? Those are the questions you will want me to answer. I shall try to do that.

FIRST, you must have a musical background. The best way to get it is to come from a musical family, so that you absorb it through your pores, as it were, without ever having to think of it. But not everyone comes of a musical family. Then the only thing for you to do is to get it through study. Under a heading in this study come several things. Your musical history, your biographies of great musicians and singers you can get at your local library. Read everything you can find.

Musical theory, sight reading, composition, an instrument (you should

AMERICAN SINGER'S

learn to play the piano if nothing else) you can get at your school, if you are still young enough to be in school, or at night school otherwise. If the high school in your city does not give evening classes, there must be a WPA artists' project somewhere near you, with music teachers attached to it. Enroll in one of those classes.

Finally, you will want a teacher of your own. Do not be afraid that the lessons will cost too much. Any music teacher worth having will take you at a price you can afford, if you tell him honestly what that price is and if he thinks you are worth teaching. (If you should become famous, he would make a fortune, because other students will flock to him!) Perhaps the high school music teacher nearest you will give you lessons. Preferably you would prefer the WPA music teacher. Or you may want to find someone else.

TO DO that do not merely ask your friends to recommend someone, but listen to a couple of the teacher's pupils. You can judge by results. If their voices are terrible you certainly don't want to. If the other hand they are good, it is logical to assume that the teacher is good.

How are you to judge? In this day of radio, when all we need to do is turn a switch to hear the most glorious voices of our time flood into our homes, your taste ought to be as good as any- one's. You learn to hear beautiful voices by hearing singers sing.

You shouldn't begin to sing until you have had years old. You should go on with your regular schoolwork. I feel, and get a good cultural background as well as a musical background. I add this by way of caution. After all, you will never become a great singer unless you become a great person as well. Too much specialization at too early an age is fatal. Your aim is to become a great person, a great interpreter; and you will never reach your goal unless you have a well-rounded experience of life.

Is it possible to learn to sing without a teacher, without instruction of any kind? No. There are breathing exercises and vocalizing exercises which you can run through by yourself, and in my final article I shall tell you some of which have proved of value to me, but you must find a teacher. One near you will be good enough for a beginning.

Study with that teacher until the teacher thinks, and you think, and your friends think you are ready to go on to advanced work. Then—and until then will it be wise for you to do it—you may write to the Curtis Institute or the Juilliard School or the Eastman School or any of the others and ask for an audition.

Just so that you'll know what it will feel like when you finally get ready for your audition, here is a description of mine, as I remember it. I had written to the Institute, and a letter came from Philadelphia saying that I might come and sing. My whole family turned out—my father, this mother, as well as my mother and brother—and drove me to Philadelphia. I didn't know how we'd be feeling on our way home, and I suspected the worst, so I insisted that we enjoy ourselves and have as much fun as we could on the way down from Buffalo. None of us had ever seen Philadelphia, and that made it exciting. Finally we got there—and this time it was my dad, not Rose, who got stage fright! All of a sudden he decided he did not want his darling daughter to become a painted woman of the stage. So my brother had to keep him downstairs in the lobby of the hotel while Mother and I slipped out and went to the audition.

A NOTHER young unknown, whose name happened to be Conrad Thi- bault, waited in the anteroom with me. "Oh, it really won't be so bad," he kept saying to encourage me, but I noticed that he kept pacing up and down and drinking an awful lot of water. Finally he went in. After a while he came out, looking a little pale but still insisting that it really wasn't so bad, and it was my turn. Helen Jepson, whom I had met at Chautauqua, led me up the stairs. It was all I could do to see the judges—De Groos, Marcella Sembrich, Harriet Van Emde and some others I didn't know at the time. I was trembling inside, and I never sang worse in my life. I sang something from Brahms. They thanked me and I went out—in tears—to wait.

My mother asked me, "How did it go?" I really didn't know. Conrad Thibault was waiting too, and after a minute someone came out and spoke to him and he said, "I made it! A half-hour went by. I think it was the longest half-hour I have ever known—and it will be your longest half-hour, I assure you! But at last the door opened again and I had my word. I was to be accepted as a pupil along with Conrad. They asked me whom I wanted for a teacher and I said I should like Mr. Connell. My original thought had been to ask for Sembrich, but I felt that Mr. Connell knew my voice and so I asked for him.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel my father had found out that Mother and I weren't in our room and guessed where we had gone. He came storming in, saying he didn't want his daughter to be a singer. But Miss Shortford, the dean of women, wrapped him around her little finger and in a few minutes he was beaming—as happy as we were.

Next week, Rose Bampton tells what to expect from your music teacher—what she learned from hers! Follow her life to its grand climax of fame and success—next week in your Radio Guide!
MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY, TO SUCCESS—THAT WAS THE STORY OF LANDT TRIO & WHITE UNTIL—

sing on the corner to entertain anybody, or on front porches to entertain the girls. They sang those hum-hum songs. Like "Honey." They thought they were pretty good. So did the home folks. At parties the boys always harmonized. Death was far away then.

That was in 1928—the year of money magic and financial voodooism. 1928! Herbert Hoover had just been elected president! A new deal meant just another card game. It was the age of gulf and giddiness. Prosperity was everyone's bedfellow, and poverty was a horrid word. America was doped with false wealth, duped by false prophets and was dancing drunkenly to the hypnotic beats of tom-toms.

Dan Landt was 27. Karl Landt was 21. Jack was 16. Dan, a serious fellow, painted houses for a living. Karl taught chemistry. Jack studied chemistry. Just three run-of-the-mill brothers, loving and laughing, quarreling and singing—and fighting among themselves as all brothers will do until some common enemy comes, and then they fight together. "All for one and one for all." Yes, they were just ordinary brothers.

But they could sing and plunk a ukelele. You remember the type—there are brothers like that in every town—plunk-plunking a ukelele and singing those hum-hum "Honey" songs at all the socials—kissing in the dark and singing in the light.

Howard White sang the type, played in minor keys by ear—made the Landt Trio four.

Howard White: He played in minor keys by ear—made the Landt Trio four.

Howard White: He played in minor keys by ear—made the Landt Trio four. Makes me feel clean. You know what I mean?

He had a Negro friend who battered an old piano in a roadhouse and the Negro taught Howard to play. "Just put yo' hands heash and push on de keys," coached the Negro.

Howard put his hands there and pushed. Music came. He was a natural musician. He couldn't read a word of music. He played mostly in minor keys, improvising the bass notes as wizum and fancy directed.

"I hit the black keys most of the time."

And the way he hit the black keys and the music he coaxed out just fitted the hum-hum "Honey" melody of the Landt brothers.

So it started—three brothers, a house-painter, a chemist, a student—and a baker! Howard and the brothers were asked to sing over Scranton's stations WGBI and WQAM. Folk listened when they were on the air.

"That's the Landt Trio and White," folks in Scranton said as they tuned in. "Pretty good, eh?"

They had a way about them—they could do things to music. A boom-boom here, a hum-hum there—a patter between times and the boys lifted a ditty, made it a thing of joy. And all the time Howard was just hitting the black keys.

A few pennies were earned over the home-town stations and those few pennies put big ideas in the heads of the Four Musketeers. Why, they reasoned, they got paid for singing and always they had sung for fun! In-

T HIS is another tale of two cities and four Musketeers—all for one and one for all!—three brothers and a comrade who traveled together as wandering minstrels up the highroad to fame, although death pointed to detours and fate dug enough pits to have crushed the spirits of less valiant men.

And finally when they reached the peak of the highroad and found the world was beating a pathway to their door, it was death that rapped the loudest at their portals.

Death was the only thing the Landt brothers and Howard White couldn't lick.

This tale of two cities and the wandering balladeers, the musical Musketeers, begins around the hearth of a home in Scranton, Pa. There are many houses in Scranton like it. There is a porch and vines in the Summer-time. But this house really was different. The Landt boys lived there. Everybody in town knew the Landt boys. There were Dan and Karl and Jack. They used to sit around the fire and sing just to entertain themselves and their parents. Or they would
We'll show 'em. And we'll say 'em!"

So they went around and shook hands with their townsfolk, walked down Main Street, got on a train, went away.

That closed the first part of this tale of two cities. For the Landt Trio and White were coming to the Big Town! To New York!

Hurry up, old train—we're going to Broadway—up the highroad together. There was music in their hearts.

Death seemed so far away then. But a lot of things seemed far away in 1928.

The next day the tale of the big city began. Billboards in New York do not have porches and vines.

And musical young men can not very well hum-hum "Honey" on the corners to girls—without being told to shut up. Scranton and New York are in the same country, but they're not the same.

The boys didn't get a job the first day, or the second, or the third.

The old story—round after round of theatrical offices—the same old story.

"Sorry, nothing today!"

However, the Landt boys and Howard were not the kind to moan and grumble and just sit still until fortune beckoned.

"The devil with all these offices," said Dan, the house-painter. "Let's try something else!"

The St. Regis Hotel was being built.

A lot of things were being built in 1928. Vincent Lopez was to be master of ceremonies at the hotel's opening.

So the Four Musketeers troused right up to Lopez and asked for work.

"What's your act?" asked Vincent.

"We harmonize," said the minstrels.

When Vincent heard them, he asked quickly:

"How much do you want to sing for me?"

The Four Musketeers had $7 between them. Four men in New York in 1928 with only $7?

Vincent didn't know that.

The Musketeers talked it over among themselves.

"Let's ask for a lot," said Dan, the house-painter. "Don't let him think we're cheap."

They asked Vincent for $250 a week. The bandmaster blinked his eyes in amazement.

The boys feared they had asked too much. Vincent jumped at the chance—singers like that for $250 a week in New York in 1928!

Everything looked all right to the Musketeers, however, and then the ceiling fell in. Literally. The bottom had fallen out of business and now the roof of the hotel fell in. The boys got it both ways—from the bottom and the top. Naturally, the opening of the hotel was postponed.

"You boys should try radio," suggested Vincent. "Go down to NBC. Ask for an audition."

They got one. Howard White began pushing in the black keys and the Landt boys began hum-humming one of those pitter songs that make you feel good.

A commercial buyer of radio time just happened to be in the studio and heard them.

"What would they work for?" they were asked.

So surprised were the Four Musketeers that they stalled a bit. Then they did a very wise thing—they signed a contract with NBC, and five days later a cigarette sponsor bought the act.

It was a long way from the front porch at Scranton to the New York studios of NBC. The world was too good, almost. Sure, the depression had come. There were breadlines and hour's rehearsal. Never were they late. They were good craftsmen. The Four Musketeers, the kind of fellows you can depend on.

They rigged up a radio studio at home with microphones and a public address system with loudspeakers in every room. Nearly every afternoon, they rehearsed their songs. The Landts were the only audience.

Things moved along very well indeed.

Then one day Howard told the brothers he was going to be married. Far away. The blow staggered Howard. He kept right on pushing the black keys. But his heart was heavy. Two months later Dan's baby was born.

The Four Musketeers worked harder. Work is good for men who are sad. They had bitated their wagon is a star, and the star was shining brightly. The world had beaten a pathway to their door. And found crepe there. But their music hadn't changed. Maybe there was more tenderness in their hum-hum "Honey" harmony, but Howard still pushed down the black keys and the brothers hummed to millions.

A few weeks ago, the brothers missed rehearsal for the first time. For Howard White's heart, still heavy with tragedy, had failed. Death had taken him away too. And the Musketeers became three.

Yes, the brothers found another piano. And their music still is in great demand. Tragedy has made them mellow. Death has been their companion for two years.

They do not like to talk about Howard.

"His widow will never want," they said. "You know how it is. Howard was one of us. Of course, we'll keep on going. It'll still be 'all for one and one for all.'"

"So the Four Musketeers have become three," I said softly to them.
DUSOLINA GIANNINI

IF YOU happen to be in any Euro-
pean capital when she sings, you'll
find her name in the music papers ten times
as high as those announcing the opera,
and your publicist will send you notices
de serenading her apotheosis. No other
American singer today has that unerring
sincerity and appeal. Miss Giannini
is one of the rare great comediennes of
European opera circles—and that
is why, in her true role, she
is a woman and not
a singer. Miss
Giannini was born in
Philadelphia, and her name means
nothing in the musical idioms of Europe,
except that she is a native of the city
which produced the greatest American
singer, Carlen Smith.

Miss Giannini has been a
singer for many years, and has made a
name for herself in the music circles
of Europe. Her performances have
been highly praised, and she is
considered one of the greatest
singers of her generation. She
has made many recordings and has
performed in many of the world's
leading opera houses. Her voice
is clear and pure, and her delivery
is always charming. She is a
true artist, and her performances
are always highly anticipated.

She was born in
Philadelphia, and
her father was
the famous
composer, Carlen
Smith. She
began
her musical
career at
an early
date, and
has
attained
great
success.

Miss
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The Metropolitan Op

DAS RHEINGOLD

By Richard Wagner

April 3, 1:50 p.m. EST (12:50 CST) 11:50 a.m. MST; 10:50 PST

NBC Red Network

Conductor: Arturo Toscanini

Synopsis of

The Metropolitan Opera

Wotan
Denner
Friderich Schorr
Fricka
Maurice Sertoli
Siegfried
Tilla von Zell
Loge
Renee Hable
Loki
Edward Hamblin
Fasolt
Karl Lailerfett
Fafner
Emanuel List
Fricka
Kirsten Flagstad
Loge
Stella Andrea
Wagner
Iris Petri
Florshied
Doris Deans

In all of music, Richard Wagner's "Das Rheingold," with its opulent musical setting and richly
imagined world, has inspired countless performances and adaptations. The opera
is set in the land of the gods, where the Rhinegold, a treasure of incalculable value,
is hidden in the Rhine River. The gods' treasure is guarded by three giants, Fafner, Fasolt, and Fasold, who
are slain by the hero Siegfried. The opera's music is characterized by its rich orchestration,
complex harmony, and use of leitmotifs, which represent various characters and
themes throughout the work. "Das Rheingold" is a cornerstone of Wagner's music theatre and
remains a beloved work of the operatic repertoire.
CHICAGO—Jack Benny came back to his old home town, Chicago, last week and was treated to a Lindbergh reception. Why, even NBC was in a mood to let him know it. For the ball-baby of the two Jack Benny days, the City that never sleeps or other comedies would have grown jealous. Greeted, as the Century arrived, by a refrain of "Hi, Jack," the flying reporter, your motor caravane took Jack to the Lindy Chicago town, where everyone knocked off work and school pupils gaped at their illustrious alum. Parades, red fire, an elm planting, hospital visits, a Chamber of Commerce banquet and a last word on the card of fun for Waukegan—but to the highly nervy Jack it all must have seemed rather hysterical, for same Jack confided to me as we met at the hotel reception, "I'm not a native Chicagoan, "If I see a piece of bunting, I'll die"! Gleanings from Mary Livingstone's meat meal at their Sherman suite: "I haven't seen Baby Joe for five long weeks and I can hardly wait to get back to her...Yes, I guess we'll settle permanently in Hollywood. Do I look like I've been on a diet? The flu and overwork had me down. That diet overwork is a po- man's graph munchers—all coming to see the show, "Windy City" go on the air. Half Benti- trol was there...but now—time for the show to go on—and radio had done its part, now. What's that makes radio great!

In a week crammed full of big-time stars rushing the Windy City, up jumped Louis and Al from Hollywood. Struck out by the taxi strike, Louis rushed to the Paramount one-lin- uoine which greeted them at the sta- tion. Then the charf- new explained, "the car, their sponsor's, are on their com- mand.

Gertrude Nielsen had her troubles last week, when she made the Hollywood Hotel broadcast yet again but two nights at Chicago's Chez Pu- a where she is appearing. Head winds and cancelled fights made her a half-day late for rehearsals of her show. Her return flight was also delayed several times and grounded finally at St. Louis because of bad weather. There she and her father found the train and its boiler exploded! Finally they were under way again and Gertrude arrived at the Chez Paree just a quarter-hour before her scheduled floor appearance!

Scoop: Fred Allen is a very tired man, and what's more, he's been under a lot of stress. So much so that he's been up late and smoking cigars, no less, for the past three nights from Wednesday night, April 21... Another delay is Little Jack's return to "Murphy" on Saturday. It may be April 15 or later before the NBC Jamboree has his return to the show. Why? Because Miss Joan Blondell is out sick. Joan has been doing the show in place of Gene Arnold, so I'll only rejoin the net- work's promos until she's well, definitely, quite well. The program is scheduled for Wednesday night, April 21... another delay is Little Jack's return to "Murphy" on Saturday. It may be April 15 or later before the NBC Jamboree has his return to the show. Why? Because Miss Joan Blondell is out sick. Joan has been doing the show in place of Gene Arnold, so I'll only rejoin the net- work's promos until she's well, definitely, quite well. The program is scheduled for Wednesday night, April 21... another delay is Little Jack's return to "Murphy" on Saturday. It may be April 15 or later before the NBC Jamboree has his return to the show. Why? Because Miss Joan Blondell is out sick. Joan has been doing the show in place of Gene Arnold, so I'll only rejoin the net- work's promos until she's well, definitely, quite well. The program is scheduled for Wednesday night, April 21...

The networks are always ready and willing to give listeners something new and different. Thus, when Archibald MaLeish, Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry in 1922, submitted to CBS a poetic drama written espe- cially for radio, it was immediately accepted. Therefore, on Sunday night, April 11, if you're not listening to Jack Benny, you can tune in CBS and lis- ten to "The Fall of the City."

If you enjoy the game of baseball, you will certainly want to learn that Babe Ruth, the "Sultan of Swat," will step before a CBS microphone two weeks from Saturday, April 14, to give the listeners some comments in connection with his favorite sport. From that time on, he will intro- duce some of the leading players of the game and proceed to interview them. Moreover, there will be a weekly prize contest in which the listeners will be given the chance to forecast each week's winners of the 15 major league games.

Tim and Irene, Bunny Berigan's or- chestra and Del Shar- butt as master of ceremonies will make up the talent roster of a new show titled, "Fun In Swing Time" which makes its de- but over Mutual's Coast-to-Coast net- work on Sunday, April 18. You may recall "Tim and Irene" substituted for Jack Benny last summer while the air comic was vacationing.

Band Notes: Phil Harris opens at the swank Coconut Grove in Los Angeles on April 1, and it is a sure bet he will be re- newed. The program is simulcast on the CBS network, "Death Takes a Holiday." The network is now set for a new series of light operettas, its formula to a straight musical concert because of the limited field...Vinice Delia Chia- las, whose voice is one of the best on the kilowatt band, is planning a trip east for a few weeks, where NBC will give her the building she deserves. This girl is destined to be one of the big names on radio, mark my word... Pat Barnes and Nat Bruskoff's or- chestra took an audition for a chain of stores last week...Ed Lowry, who hosts the four-week series "In炉yer" over NBC, will be back on the air as emcee of a new Mutual show.

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The reports have it that Bobby Breen leaves the Eddie Cantor show at the end of the present series and will be replaced by another young singer now being heard on a West Coast airing...Ted Malone wins up his CBS se- ries Friday, April 2. Long, lean and lanky Tim Ruffner leaves his job in the East and will go west to take over for the Al Jolson, Joe Penrose and Milton Berle broadcasts from Hollywood...Ben Bernie found Flor- ida deserted and returns to Hollywood for his broadcast of April 13, when he will have Eddie Cantor as his guest.

The Jessica Dragnette show, which started out to present a series of light operettas, changed its formula to a straight musical concert because of the limited field...Vivina Delia Chi- las, whose voice is one of the best on the kilowatt band, is planning a trip east for a few weeks, where NBC will give her the building she deserves. This girl is destined to be one of the big names on radio, mark my word... Pat Barnes and Nat Bruskoff's or- chestra took an audition for a chain of stores last week...Ed Lowry, who hosts the four-week series "In炉yer" over NBC, will be back on the air as emcee of a new Mutual show.

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Despite the conclusion of the regular New York season, opera lovers throughout the country will have an opportunity to hear the Metropolitan presentations this Spring as a result of NBC's decision to broadcast the season.

First to be put on the air by the Metropolitan company from the Boston Opera House will be Richard Wagner's masterwork "Rheingold". This radio adaptation of the original Wagnerian "Ring des Nibelungen", two parts of which—"Das Walkure" and "Siegfried"—already have been presented during the New York season.

The Humperdinck opera, "Hansel and Gretel", traditionally given on Christmas Eve, is the only one to be repeated over the networks this season.

Saturday, April 3
2 p.m. EST (1 CST) NBC

Edgar Guest Starts
New Show On April 6
Replacing "Welcome Valley" at the same time and over the same stations, a new Edgar Guest program titled "It Can Be Done" will make its bow on Tuesday, April 6, over the NBC-Blue network.

Under the same sponsor as "Welcome Valley," "It Can Be Done" will bring to the microphone men and women who have succeeded in the face of great or unusual odds. Dramatizations of incidents met in overcoming these handicaps will be heard each week. Mr. Guest will continue in readings of original poems.

First success story on the new program will be that of Dr. F. Austin of Hanover, N. H., who originated the idea of placing an Englishman in a glass-walled booth for popular sale. Dr. Austin will tell his own story, and the account of some other unusual success will be presented in dramatic form.

Guest, "America's Poet Laureate," has been commuting between Detroit, his home, and Chicago, for some time, due to appearances on the Welcome Valley program. Known to millions of newspaper readers for his daily column of verse, his success on the air was immediate.

Tuesday, April 6
8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST) NBC
Grace Moore Takes
Over Speed Show
For Gibbons
Grace Moore again joins the select
company of ranking opera and screen
artists to be heard regularly on the
air when she assumes top spot in the
"Speed Show," Saturday, April 3, re-
placing Floyd Gibbons.
Vincent Lopez’ Orchestra, heard on
the program since its inception last
fall, will continue to provide the music.
A self-made star, Miss Moore first
determined to reach the heights after
a successful concert with Giovanni
Martinelli in Washington, D. C., at the
age of seventeen. Several years of trouping followed, with their ac-
companying lean times, but after hav-
ing succeeded in getting to Europe for
study, she was heard by Irving Berlin,
who signed her for his successful
"Music Box Revue.
Engagements followed not only at the
Metropolitan Opera, but with opera
companies abroad. Further recognition
came through radio work and a series
of successful films.
Saturday, April 3
9 p.m. EST (8 CST) CBS

Pearl Buck Guests
On ‘Treasures’ Show
Pearl Buck, noted writer and travel-
er, will be the first of a group of well-
known American authors to par-
ticipate in the Treasures Next Door program, in a new series begin-
ing Monday.
Idea behind the new show is to pro-
mote increased knowledge of, interest
in, American authors.
Her life in China and discussion of
her favorite books and authors will be
Miss Buck’s contribution to the pro-
gram.
Monday, April 5
4 p.m. EST (3 CST) CBS

Biggest Art Auction
Will Be Broadcast
Auction fans who hate to miss a sale,
no matter how small, will have an
opportunity to be present at one of
America’s biggest art auctions. Auc-
tion is important on Saturday, April 3, when an American Art
Auction association is put on the art lovers at the Anderson Gal-
leries in New York.
Furniture, oil paintings and mini-
atures are among the articles to go
under the hammer. The sale of many
rare historical pieces from the collec-
tion of Herbert Lawton of Boston will
be held during the broadcast.
Saturday, April 3
4:15 p.m. EST (315 CST) NBC

Woman Air Official
Gives Flying Hints
Helen Stanbury, only woman exec-
tutive in the American air transport
industry, will fill the guest pages of the
"Magazine of the Air" over the WABC-
Columbia network, April 5.
Miss Stanbury, who has flown 16,000
miles in the two months since she be-
came director of the women’s traffic
division of United Air Lines, will tel-
lisseners what to wear, etc., on fly-
ing trips, what they will enjoy eating,
and how they may entertain themselves
while in the air.
B. A. Rolfe’s instrumentalists, the
regular quartet and Rock Kennedy’s
baritone, will support the program, in
addition to the regular presentation of
"Trouble House.
Monday, April 5
11 a.m. EST (10 CST) CBS

Chicago CBS announcers challenged their New York colleagues to a duel on "The News on Air." Here’s your New York bunch drafting a reply to the challenge. Left to right, seated: Moore, Baruch, King, Millet.

Vanishing Art To Be Revived In East
As Smooth Shavers Show Their Stuff
It probably will never sweep the
country, but “Chin Golf” is to have its
day in the sun.
That day is Saturday, April 3, when
little shavers and big shavers from col-
lege all over the Eastern seaboard
will participate in the United States
Chin Golf Association’s Eastern Inter-
collegiate Championship Tournament
in New York.
As representatives of Yale, Har-
vard, Columbia, Fordham, New York
University, Brown, Williams, Amherst
and Dartmouth match strokes, the
microphone will pick up the gentle
grumble of the razor and the tick
of the clock as contestants race against
time.
Grantland Rice, who has been in-
vited to act as head judge for the
finale of the entrants.
Penalties will be meted out according
to the number of “wicks” administered
and the stretches of “rough” allowed
to remain. President Harford Povel
of the association will read the rules.
Quoting from the official book of
rules, the purpose of the game is:
“... to promote skill and success
in shaving of the face; to transform
this morning task from its present
status of profane drudgery into a sport
worthy of participation by civilized
man, and for that purpose (1) to award
prizes to players of outstanding
ability, (2) to preserve and publicize
their scores and (3) to establish the game
of Chin Golf as a major sport in inter-
collegiate competition, in club athletic
programs, and in the Olympic games.”

Jack and Jennett To Face the Mike!
Easy winner of nomination as
This Week’s Oddlet is NBC’s plan
to broadcast a special program
from “the biggest street mile
market in the world” at Columbia,
Ten, on Monday.
More than 1,500 miles, jack
and jennets will parade before
NBC microphones manned by An-
ouncer Everett Mitchell and Wil-
ley E. Drija, NBC agricultural
director.
Among the speakers will be L. R.
Gibbons, superintendent of the U.
S. Jack and Jennett Nursery Farm.
Monday, April 5
12:30 p.m. “U” (11:30 a.m. CST) NBC

Mills Brothers Are
Coming Back Again!
The Mills Brothers, one of radio’s
most successful harmony teams, will
return to the air as guests of Ed Wynn
Saturday, April 3.
A majority of the numbers that mark-
ed their rise to fame will be offered
by the quartet.
The Mills Brothers retired from the
air last year soon after the death of
one of their number, John, Jr., who
was the baritone and whoimitated the
tuba and third trumpet. His place was
taken by John Mills, Sr., who origi-
nally taught the sons their unique harmony
and imitations for the entertainment
of customers in his Bellefontaine, Ohio,
barber shop. Since then they have
broadcast irregularly, made a European
tour and have made occasional ap-
pearances in motion pictures.
Saturday, April 3
8 p.m. (EST) (7 CST) NBC

CBS Plans Special
Show—For Just
One Listener!
Did you ever hear of a “guest listener”?
No? Well, you will! Because on
Sunday, April 4, the Columbia Broad-
casting System will present a special
program for one man—the “guest star”
who will have the CBS network alone
in the Air Circle and he’s one of the most isolated
radio listeners in the world.
Mr. Bennett, a member of the Canadian
Royal Mounted Police, was discovered
by CBS through a letter he wrote from
his isolated station to tell how Colum-
bia programs lighten his dreary days
in the frozen North.
He wrote the message at Christmas
to his wife, also a Canadian blazing a
trail to Nila Biber, wife of a Royal
Arms
Bennett, the producer of the “Sunday
Morning at Aunt Susie’s” program, one
of his favorites. He wrote to Mrs. Biber
and a half-month’s trip by dog sled, horseback,
steamer, train and airplane, the letter
has just been delivered. In order to
find out what kind of program Bennett
would like, Columbia organized a special network of amateurs to com-
minate with him.
Only once in forty years has Bennett
been away from his lonely post. That
was during World War I, when he
went to England and enlisted in the
Royal Air Force. He became an ace,
put down by the enemy, wound-
ed, decorated by the government.
Years later, he returned to Herschel
Island, where he is in charge of a
customs house that passes but one
ship a year. He has been there ever
since.
Sunday, April 4
9 a.m. EST (8 CST) CBS

Launch Peace Move
Over NBC April 6
With Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Dr.
Harry Emerson Fosdick at the micro-
phone, a crusade to keep the United
States out of World War will be car-
rried into millions of homes when the
second, year of the 1937 Emer-
gency Peace Campaign is launched
over NBC networks on Tuesday, April
6. 200 United States communities
from Coast to Coast will gather to hear
the NBC broadcast, to listen as the aims of the “No Foreign
War” crusade are explained by the
three speakers.
Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd and
Dr. Fosdick are all closely identified
with the peace movement. Byrd’s de-
novation to it is the result of his volun-
tary exile in the Antarctic seven
years ago. At that time he resolved to
dedicate his life “to the cause of
international peace.”
April 6 will mark the beginning of
the fourth cycle in a two-year plan.
Tuesday, April 6
10:30 p.m. EST (930 CST) NBC

In Organ-Harpischord Duet
Lady Jeans, wife of Sir James
Jeans, has given organ concerts of distinction
throughout the United States in
the United States on a concert tour.
Friday, April 2
3:30 p.m. (7 CST) NBC
WO thugs stayed in the car. They left the engine running. The other two went into the bookie's place. Each had a gun.

"All right, you guys—line up!"

Seven startled men jerked their eyes towards the door. Seven startled men slowly backed against the wall. For the end of a gun-barrel can look as big as the end of a rain-barrel, if it’s pointing at your stomach. An electric bulb, swinging on a cord, brought out lines and shades of taut cruelty on the faces of the two gag-wielders.

"Line up—fast!" The command was a whining snarl, plenty mean, and the snarling gunman raked his revolver—slashed the very air itself with his moving youth. Blood flowed, dripped—drip to the floor. Nobody noticed even the boy with the slashed wrist.

"Where’s the dough?"

The tight-faced bookie nodded towards a drawer. He didn’t gesture with his hand. He was careful not to do that.

One of the thugs yanked the drawer open. He stuffed bills into his pocket. The two of them started towards the door, then—

"Jeez, a copper!"

Both of them saw the policeman’s blue uniform approaching the front door. Both ran to the back door. Then, as the officer legged around to the rear, they doubled back, burst out the front door and leaped into the car. It ground away from the curb with clashing gears—and another Detroit hold-up had been pulled off.

AFTER it was all over, Radio Cop Maury Madden agreed it was one of the sweetest, screaming, shooting chases he had ever enjoyed. He knew just before it started, he was taking an awful kidding from his buddy and bosom pal, Radio Cop Bob Campbell.

"Of course, Officer Madden," Bob Campbell was jibing, just before the radio blared. "It’s a great honor for a small patrolman like me to be riding with a guy that gunned it out in a dark alley with a burglar and got a citation for blowing him to hell!"

"Sure it is," growled Madden, with a wry grin.

"Even," continued Campbell smoothly, "if that hero happens to be an Irish potato face."

"Which is more—" Madden started. Then: "Look out, Bob, that guy’s in a whale of a hurry!"

A sedan had just whizzed around the corner of Detroit’s Hayes Boulevard and Kelley Avenue. Radio Patrolman Campbell shoved with his foot—and the accelerated police car spurred, swerved around a car. Campbell could drive.

"As I was saying—" Campbell began, eyes alert for the road. But neither the patrolman nor the布拉格斯 was to have the last word in their good-natured tilt. That final word belonged to police radio, which at that moment snapped out a bulletin:

"Calling all cars... all cars... Two men in a large sedan just stuck up an establishment at 14431 Grand River... Believed to be one more in the car... Michigan license..."

Said Officer Campbell, suddenly:

"That’s a big sedan and there are three men in it."

Officer Madden said nothing. He yanked out his gun. The chase was on. The big sedan was going fast. Along Berkshire Avenue to Harper and into Chandler Park they tore, the police siren howling.

There was a flash of fire from the car ahead. A bullet struck the police car.

"So that’s what they want," growled Madden. Very calmly and swiftly he rolled down the right-hand window of the car. He leaned the upper part of his body out into the 80-mile-an-hour gale that the car’s speed was making. And coolly, a grim boredom on his "Irish potato face," he began firing at the car ahead.

"Swell!" roared Campbell, who loved to drive. For all of a sudden the sedan ahead just hadn’t any back window. It had been shattered to bits. "Empty!" shouted Madden, throwing his gun down on the seat. And, driving with one hand at 80 miles an hour, Campbell passed his loaded gun to his buddy. Whereupon the firing commenced again.

Once—twice—three times the car ahead swerved to escape by inches a crash with other cars. And twice the police car almost had to side-step to avoid piling up in the same way. Each time Death was not more than a hair’s breadth away.

Then the big sedan and the little, fleet police car approached Six Mile Road. The light blinked red—the sedan’s driver gunned his motor—and then the lid blew off. The green-light traffic already was in the intersection. Nothing could prevent a crash.

Though the sedan wailed, braked, squealing, there was a nerve-wrenching, clanging crash as it sidewise one of those green-light cars. Over it went. Campbell caught his breath. Some-how—only the patron saint of good drivers knows how—he managed by braking right, twisting and by sheer chilled-steele nerve to avoid that horrible crack-up. It was a superb piece of driving, but that wasn’t all Campbell could.

He was out of the police cruiser almost as fast as Madden. The two of them ran across that intersection, with the lights of a score of stopped cars playing upon them like so many spotlights.

"Wonder if any of those guys are still alive?" shouted Madden. And at once, he got his answer.

Out of the wreck of the sedan climbed a guy with black, bushy hair. In his right hand was a gun. He pointed his gun at the oncoming cops.

OFFICER CAMPBELL jerked up his revolver. He pulled the trigger. There was a tin, pathetic little cluck. Madden had forgotten, and who can blame him, that he had Madden’s gun as his gun Madden had emptied when he broke the back window of the fleeing sedan.

For an instant—in the middle of all that hectic action—the universe stood still for courageous Officer Campbell.

It isn’t much fun to face a thug with a loaded gun, when your own is empty and useless.

The bushy-haired guy’s gun went off. Then it stopped. But what happened, Officer Madden had leveled his revolver, pressed the trigger, even while he scurried casually. It was all in one smooth line of motion and—Officer Maury Madden’s revolver went off.

That probably saved Campbell’s life. The bushy-haired guy fell on his face—drilled through and through. He was dead when they got to him. Later, he was identified as Buck Miller, ex-convict and dead shot.

But that was later. Right now, two tortured, blood-stained men slid out of that wrecked sedan. And they had their hands in the air.

"Don’t shoot!" pleaded one of them, scared and trembling.

They took them, handcuffed, to the magistrate and police, learning that nobody had been hurt in the car the bandits had sideswiped. Two very droopy lads they were—Hymie Niskar, slim and with a fiddle-shaped face, Charlie Sanders, who was just a tight-lipped person without much chin. And later on police picked up a fourth—William Niskar, who, they believed, was in on the hold-up.

"Four of ‘em," said sardonic Bob Campbell. "The boys’ll be able to play bridge."

"That won’t be in the sentence," protested Maury Madden. "And say, you mug—what was that crack about an Irish potato face? I didn’t have an eye in me head—"

"Okay, okay," Campbell interrupted airily. "Even a potato’s got eyes."

And the two cops grinned at each other. Because cops don’t usually get sentimental about a little thing like saving each other’s lives in the course of duty. Especially radio cops.
Many People Don’t Know Whether They Are Getting All the Vitamins They Need in Their Regular Meals—Until Bad Health Shows It.

But—by Adding ONE FOOD to Your Diet EACH DAY, You Can Assure Yourself an EXTRA SUPPLY of these 4 Vitamins

NO ONE can keep strong and healthy without a good daily supply of vitamins A, B, D and G. FLEISCHMANN’S fresh YEAST is rich in these 4 vitamins.

Nutrition experts say that the average daily meals of many people may fail to provide enough of these vitamins to keep health up to par.

The addition of this one food to your regular diet assures you of a special EXTRA supply of these 4 essential vitamins combined.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is the only natural food that provides you with such a rich supply of all 4 of these vitamins at once.

Start today to keep yourself better supplied with these health-building vitamins. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast daily—one cake about 1/2 hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Order two or three days’ supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann’s Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox.
IT'S NEW!

IT'S A HIT!

RECENTLY, a man was discovered who had never seen a motion picture. Magazines published stories about him. He was a freak.

You go to the movies, of course. You are entertained, amused, relaxed. When you walk out of a theater, you leave that particular show behind you. But you don't escape the influence of Hollywood—and motion pictures.

Mother's Sunday dress is likely to follow a Hollywood-created fashion. Sister's hairdo probably is copied from the coiffure of her screen favorite. Little Brother finds his heroes among the "Tarzan"-Weissmullers and he-man Jack Hofs; the bulk of Father's money—when it is spent on entertainment—goes to the movie theater.

Hollywood influences the clothes you wear, the things you eat, the speech you use.

That is why Hollywood—and what is going on in Hollywood—is important to you. That is why you should know how motion pictures are made, and be familiar with the city from which they come.

The new SCREEN GUIDE reflects the Hollywood scene in the most revealing medium of all—in pictures. It is Hollywood, brought to you between the covers of a magazine. It will keep you informed of what is going on. It will amuse you. You can sit down and relax in the glamour-capital of the world. You can take a trip each month to the most fascinating city in America—vacation through pictures, just as surely as if you were there.

Probably you don't see all the new pictures. Very few people do. You don't have to wait for the shows you're interested in to play your neighborhood movie house—if you read SCREEN GUIDE.

The new SCREEN GUIDE brings Hollywood to you!

In the SCREEN GUIDE for May (now on sale) and in succeeding issues, you can—

Watch Claudette Colbert become a glamor-girl. Spend five years with Shirley Temple.

Tour the hall bedrooms of "Tarzan." Stand side by side with the stars on the sets! Go to their exclusive parties! Vacation with them, banquet with them! Elope with them!

Put Hollywood—the glamor-mecca of the world—on your parlor table! The stars, the studios, the feel of the entire industry is between its covers.

Read today's NEW magazine, today's HIT magazine! Buy—

NOW ON SALE AT
YOUR NEWS DEALER'S

PRICE 10 CENTS
GET IT TODAY!
More winners of Radio Guide's big Slogan Contest

In accordance with its policy of printing the names of all winners in its contests, Radio Guide is publishing a complete list of the winners in the Crime on the Air Dual Contest recently concluded. This week's contest is titled "How do you know you can't write?"

How do you know you can't write?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent instruction?

Or have you been sitting back as it is generally assumed, thinking that the day will come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer!"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, probably it is too late to write.

Lawyers must be law doctors. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. All we know that, in the end, the egg goes down before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. It is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the educational burrow. The day-to-day necessity of gathering material about which to write—developing plots, characters, their interactions and their confluence is also why.

That is why the Radio Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing the way newspapers write their own copy. Week by week you receive actual assignments which, so to speak, are like real writing assignments. A group of men, whose combined newspaper experience totals more than 200 years, are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own unique, distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it that never develops in the old way.

Many people who should be writing become awake-struck by fabulous stories about the "great writers" who have made their fortunes and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50, $100 and more that are earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, trends, politics, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether your aptitude for writing qualifies you for the quality necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon below, when used, gives you the right to take the test with no obligation.

Radio Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

Radio Guide's big Slogan Contest—next week!
KINKS AND QUEENS

(Continued from page 3)

were in her blood, and as she grew up she practiced every new dance fad and learned every word of every song. Every body who heard her told her it was a sign she would be famous. And right there she made a startling discovery. Why, this good-looking, nice-looking little poppin' girl was scared to death of Vera Brodsky, who wanted so much more from her than to like her.

But when Theresa thought of job-hunting, her whole body grew stiff with fear. "I can't!"
The Stabile family wasn't rich. "Never mind!" the orchestra leader told her. "Just work hard and you'll succeed." In the little Stabile parlor, he confronted the terrified Theresa. "Can't you forget the old job. Once, when he asked, "and think about me? I have a bit of influence in the entertainment world, and I want you to succeed. Yet you sit there entirely regardless of what you're doing or what you're making on me. You're concerned about yourself. You're a fool!"

His words were uncompromising, but his eyes were kind.

"I can't help it," Theresa wailed. "I just go all to pieces!

"How do I think about you this minute?"

Theresa had to consider. "That I could never make good with an audience," she said at last. "If I set like this now...! It wasn't a pleasant thought, but it crowded the white, sick fear from her.

"Now, put on some make-up and come along," said Hall. "When you get to the room, she'll look at the man you're going to sing for. Size him up. Think what will please him. Forget Theresa!"

She kept her control until they got to the stage. Then, when she opened the door, she started to stiffen with fright, she considered the man across the desk; instead of Theresa.

She's had to face many managers since then and she finds Hall's pre-

scription always works. "As soon as you begin to size up the man who has the job to give, you become calm," she told me, "and you make a swell im-
pression!"

Does your reputation for being seri-

ous or self-sufficient keep you from being popular?

Well, Vera Brodsky, the brown-haired, bright-blue-eyed queen we in-

terviewed next, knows all about the handicap and is too seri-

ous. For Vera was a child prodigy. She was a good actor, singer, dancer as she grew up this attitude toward her became a major disaster. How could she change, when she has to be set apart?

"One evening I went to a party, to de-

termine the impossible...she was chilling her youth. As usual, she was paragraph."

"I'm going to America in a few months," said Madame Bianco. "You'll live in Boston, I'll gamble on your future. You can pay me back by being a star, by being a singer."

"But all my money's gone," said Walla Walla.

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STAR OF STARS

STANDINGS

Following are the leaders in the Star of Stars Election now in progress. You will find this list useful for your vote on page 2 of this issue.

1. Jack Benny
2. Nelson Eddy
3. Louis Calhern
4. Lanny Ross
5. Bing Crosby

MUSICAL PROGRAMS

1. Eddy's Open House
2. Show Boat
3. Music Hall
4. Your Hit Parade
5. Hollywood Canteen

DRAMATIC PROGRAMS

1. Radio Theater
2. One Man's Family
3. First Nigher
4. Bambi
5. Gunsmoke

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

1. Singing Lady
2. Orlon Anne
3. Kraft places Kim
4. Jack Armstrong
5. Castle-Cast on NBC

BAMBI

6. Dick Tracy

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

1. Wayne King
2. Guy Lombardo
3. Shep Fields
4. Horace Hester
5. Al Goodman

MALE POPULAR SINGERS

1. Bing Crosby
2. Tony Martin
3. Kenji Baker
4. Nelson Eddy
5. Frank Parker

FEMALE POPULAR SINGERS

1. Frances Langford
2. Kate Smith
3. Jessica Dragnette
4. Morgan Shaw
5. Deanna Durbin

OPERATIC & CLASSICAL SINGERS

1. Nels Welch
2. Lanny Ross
3. Jessica Dragnette
4. Deanna Durbin
5. Grace Moore

ANNUCERS

1. Don Wilson
2. Ken Carpenter
3. Jimmy McLean
4. Tiny Ruffner
5. Milton Barber

SPORTS ANNOUNCERS

1. Ted Husing
2. Graham McNamara
3. Bob Olson
4. Clem McCarthy
5. Ed Thurnett

COMEDIANS OR COMEDY ACTS

1. Jack Benny
2. Eddie Cantor
3. Bob Hope
4. Lum and Abner
5. Bob Burns

ACTORS

1. Don Ameche
2. Nelson Eddy
3. Jack Benny
4. Lanny Ross
5. Clark Gable

ACTRESSES

1. Helen Hayes
2. Jeanette MacDonald
3. Judi Dench
4. Anne Seymour
5. Rosalind Russell

PROMISING NEW STARS

1. Deanna Durbin
2. Bobbey Breen
3. Martha Raye
4. Doris Kern
5. Nadine Connor

10. Charlie McCarthy

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

The "Voice of the Listener" letterbox is a regular feature of Guide each week, offered to the reader as a means for expressing and exchanging opinions about radio programs.

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

THE MULTITUDE'S CHEERS

($10 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: . . . Out of the big-showl-wearer there emerge many programs that perhaps don't get the load applause and attention of the multitude. But they are shows that make life longer and livelier. Let's not overlook them.

The Caribou Band is introduced by an irrequen lieud week: a distinctive and memorable weekly event. "Snow Village" is introduced in radio programs because of the wonderful human interest in these honey sketches . . . Each Sunday morning, before most of us are stirring, there is a fine musical program for children called "Pieces You Like to Hear." And lately, "The World Is Yours" dramatizes such normally dull subjects as oysters and germs. And Vic Mignogna and Helen Brodick do a series of delightful programs for children. So, I might write, a perfect set of thrillers, "Lights Out" and "Witches' Tales." Sometimes in the obscure radio feature we will find those gems that illumine the drab moments of life.

MRS. J. CHURCH, Kentucka, New York.

AMERICA—ON THE AIR

($5 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: . . . I have long thought that one of the difficulties which confront the American people in their enjoyment and enjoyment of radio is the inability of the programs and the functions and the long, illustrious history behind such functions.

Now, through the medium of radio, we are brought the best entertainment which we are offering. It is letting this golden opportunity of building up our national pride slip through our fingers. Why doesn't some worthy sponsor start a series of programs for the great Americans? Such a program could include portions of the history of the various branches of our government, human-interest stories about such branches; maybe introductions and short talks by the oldest and youngest members of each department or bureau—the field is inexhaustible! I'm sure the public would appreciate such a program—because it would give them a comprehensive study of the current misunderstandings and oftentimes unappreciated efforts of those who work under the youth of our country.

MRS. JOHN B. Kennedy

WISH GRATIFIED

Voice of the Listener: Has it ever occurred to sponsors that there are folks who like to listen to good programs during the evenings at 10 p.m.? There seems to be an erroneous idea that all people who enjoy fine classics in literature and music are "old fogies" with long faces, who go to bed with the chickens. "Moon River" is one of the few programs which appeal to soft, soothing music at the end of a long tiresome day. We need more programs of this type, preferably featuring pipe-organs, string or wooden instruments, together with symphonies.

THOMAS W. Perdue, Newton, Ill.

VALE OF TEARS

Voice of the Listener: A radio program, in my opinion, is presented to help people think about their entertainment, joy, and education. Under which of these headings does the "Betty and Bob" program broadcast March 16 rate?

It is supposed to be a true-life story of why must we let our children sleep exalted or do well in school anymore that program? This program reaches more mothers than any other because of the way it appears on the air. I think also, I might add, that the loss of a son or daughter is felt more strongly by a mother than by anyone else of a household—Mrs. Genevieve Denonport, Stanley, Wis.

VOL: I love my radio and get a lot of pleasure from it. But this morning it was not pleasure. Almost from its beginning I have followed the "Betty and Bob" program and enjoyed it. This morning on heard the death of little Bobby. I was going to shut it off, but could not believe it would end that way— I was sure I would get better.

Having become one of my own dear children, it brought it all back, and that heartache stayed all day. We have our radios for amusement, and thinking of something to cheer us when we are low-spirited, not to "tear us to pieces mentally. These serials are a chapter-a-day in a book, for those of us who have no time to read. . . . Mrs. Nora Powers, Akron Ohio.

IRRESISTIBLE

CURT CHALLENGE

Voice of the Listener: One of my friends almost pulled a fast one on me. Last night as we sat down to dinner, she asked, "Can you tell in a dozen words everything the radio does?"

I took time out for several minutes. During this interval a few thoughts came to my mind and hundreds of words rushed to my tongue. Finally I said, "The radio entertains, informs, interprets and sells. I wonder whether other readers of Radio Guide can answer bill in fewer words than I did?"—George Dobron, Chelsea, Mass.

Beemans AID'S DIGESTION...
**Short Waves**

*By Chas. A. Morrison, President, International DX'er's Alliance*

The most amazing feats of short-wave listening I have ever encountered, is recorded by Baso Cymmet, Mission Ranch, Phoenix, Ariz., who on Friday morning, Feb. 18, was tuned-in an unknown station on the European network, and states: "I heard everything as plain as a local for an hour and ten minutes. A girl, acting as the master of ceremonies, had about the worst Cockney accent I have ever heard. Although station announcements were made, a march selection was played for fifteen seconds between the various items on the program, which included a short piano recital. During this period, a fascinating talk was given on the radio, and a studio view show. Several facts, including frequent mention of the band as a substantial show, although it was early in the morning there was a considerable amount of interest in the broadcast, since it had originated in Great Britain, but please do not publish this unless you have someone in London in definitely check, same. The television supplement of the Radio Times this week, including February 26, supplies the answer to this thrilling mystery, beyond any doubt. The next advertisement logged in Arizona was the sound according, and for a listening television program from Alexandra Palace in London, which was being radiated on a frequency above 415, it was 415 [mHz]. The details included in Mr. Cymmet's log are definitely confirmed in the television listings for that day.

The much-discussed call letters of "Le Vice del Amor" Guayaquil, Ecuador, operating on 9.44 for me has been almost definitely identified as KCRG.

A verification received by R. B. Oxer, State College, Penn., from the new Venezuelan broadcaster VYR (5.5 MHz), states that beginning at Sabenta Larga, a suburb of Maracaibo, Venezuela, the singer "Carmen" makes announcements in Spanish and English every 15 minutes and operates from 4:30 to 9:30 a.m. (3:30 to 8:30 CST). Transmissions open and close with the "National Emblem March." The owner is Jose A. Higuera and reports should be sent to P.O. Box 247.

According to Short-wave Service of France, the Prague, Czechoslovakia, short-wave station has at last introduced a regular schedule of transmissions, which are as follows: Daily over ORÀRA (11.84), from 7:55 to 8:45 a.m. EST (6:55 to 8:45 CST); over ORÀRA (5.55), from 7:40 to 8:30 a.m. EST (6:40 to 8:30 CST) and on Mondays, and Thursdays, with the American broadcast, from 8 to 10 p.m. EST (7 to 9 CST). This program is continued from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. EST (8 to 7 CST) on various frequencies which are announced at the time.

The Chicago Short Wave Radio Club announces that YTC, Radio Belgrade, Yugoslavia, is being heard on the frequency of 11.775 mHz daily from 2:30 to 3 p.m. EST (1:30 to 4 p.m. CST) and from 4 to 8 p.m. EST (3 to 7 CST) after 4 p.m. EST (3 to 7 CST). The station sign, the "Mistress of the Slaves," TICIRC (6.55), San Jose, Costa Rica, is now operating Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 7 to 8 p.m. EST (5 to 6 CST) and Sundays from 3 to 5 p.m. EST (2 to 4 CST).

Important changes have been made in transmissions from Budapest, Hungary, as follows: over HASS (15.371), Sundays from 7 to 9 p.m. EST (6 to 7 CST), and over HAT4, recently heard on the frequency of 9.950 mHz. Sundays and Wednesdays from 7 to 8 p.m. EST (6 to 7 CST), and on Saturdays from 6 to 7 p.m. EST (5 to 6 CST).

Transmitting on its new frequency (11.96), HIN, of Trujillo City, Dominican Republic, is heard daily from 12 to 1:20 p.m. EST (11 to 1:20 CST). On Sunday morning, March 21, this station was heard transmitting an apparently endless list of words in some lottery. Tremendous applause would greet the announcement of such numbers, HIN (5.243), of Trujillo City, D. R., dedicates a special program Wednesday nights for dances. HIN was logged at 8:40 p.m. EST (7:40 CST). For those interested in the normal short-wave features on the air, don't miss the Monday night DX shows "Short Wave Line" (9.55), or "Stickers of the Week" (9.60). After the regular program is concluded at about 10:50 p.m. (9:50 CST), the mail-bag session, preceded over by witty and comical English Announcer Amanti, commences.

The General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y., is seeking permission from the Federal Communications Commission to build a new short-wave transmitter near Belmont, Calif.

Charles Gulberti, Paris, France, has opened a new station, "Plate Biertor," of Bizerte, Tunisia, Northern Africa, is being heard on 6.164 and 6.256 mHz, whichcommences at 2 p.m. EST (1 to 2 CST).

Akiusto Suito, Kumamoto, Japan, writes that the new radio circuit is situated between Japan and the Okinawa (Riò Kiu) Islands consists of transmitters JKI (4.365) and JKS (7.66) at Yoshino, Japan, with a receiving station at Taniyama, and transmitters JGC (4.385) and JCH (8.135) at Mawashi, Okinawa, with a receiving station at Taniyama. The amazing hearing was in concert with JKI each morning from 6:15 to 6:30 a.m. EST (7:15 to 7:45 CST), by California short-wave listeners.

Paul Dilg, Evanston, Ill., is still hearing HME (6.01), the J. S. Kanin Station, on a schedule regularly from 8 to 10 p.m. EST (7 to 9 CST) at which time the broadcast signal reaches the homes.

Sunday, April 4

2 a.m.-English programs from Siberia; H15V.
4:30 a.m.-Spiritual Church of the Air; CCC.
7:30 p.m.-Variety program; DJL.
7:55 a.m.-FOOTBALL; Belgium vs. Holland.
8:30 a.m.-Overseas hour for Australia; Z62 ZE.
9:00 a.m.-Vatican City services; HVV.
11:20 a.m.-FOOTBALL; Manchester vs. Blackpool.
1:25 p.m.-Czechoslovak variety programs; ORÀRA.
2:15 p.m.-Soviet foreign-land programs; SABR.
3:54 p.m.-Spring; Hawaii; DJD.
6:30 p.m.-Spring; Hawaii; DJD.
7:00 p.m.-Two hours with Cuba; COCO.
7:20 p.m.-Folksongs; DJB DJD.
8:00 p.m.-Jewish religious services; GSD GS.
8:45 p.m.-Jewish music broadcast; RAN.
9:00 p.m.-Nativc appreciation hour; HIN.
11:00 p.m.-Jazz; GSB GSD GS.
11:10 p.m.-Overseas hour (Pacific Crest); JZJ.

Key to Symbols Used: Daily...1; Weekdays...2; Monday...3; Wednesday...4; Thursday...5.

Monday, April 5

8:30 a.m.-New broadcast; ORÀRA.
8:40 a.m.-Overseas minute; ZW3 (525).
9:00 a.m.-Arthur Stanley's radio; GSD GS.
11:30 a.m.- Overseas hour for Mr. Preston; GSD GS.
3:00 p.m.-The Hour for East today on the extensive foreign functions interval; RNE.
1:35 p.m.-SOVERIGN; GSD GS.
4:00 p.m.-Argentina hour; LSN.
4:30 p.m.-Brazilian music; DJD.
5:35 p.m.-Dance Music; GSD GS.
6:00 p.m.-Catholic Radio of New York; VORH.
6:45 p.m. (ev. Sat.)-Junge Leopold; Spanish comic.
6:55 p.m.-General News; YV5.
6:00 p.m.-German Choral songs; YVSY.
6:30 p.m.-Mail broadcast; 2K03.
6:30 p.m.-Modern Radio Network; WX7.
8:00 p.m.-Special program for North America; ORÀRA.

Thursday, April 7

8:30 p.m.-BBC-Hong Kong.
10:45 p.m.-Fox.</raw_text>
Scoop and double scoop! No photographs, no studio audiences, no interviews—even his name has been kept secret! Here RADIO GUIDE presents the first published pictures of CHEERIO, NBC artist—and also reveals his name—Charles K. Fields.

CHEERIO works in the RKO building across the street from NBC and breakfasts in the Radio City drug store. Because his program is uniformly entertaining, and because he does his job without fanfare and hullabaloo, we applaud—CHEERIO!
Perhaps it's not as spacious as the old K-Bar ranch living-room in New Mexico, but the parlor of their home in Manhattan reflects the perfect taste of Louise Massey and her husband, Milt Mabie — THAT'S THE KEYNOTE TO THIS HOUSE IN MANHATTAN!

When she is not broadcasting, rehearsing "The Log Cabin Dude Ranch," or making guest appearances, Louise often is to be discovered serving "tea for two" at her home.

"Westerner" homework! Left to right: Louise Massey, Brother Dutt Massey, Husband Milt Mabie, Allen Massey (another brother) and Larry Wellington gather at Louise's for informal rehearsal. Many "Log Cabin" inspirations are born here.

Louise curls up in her bedroom with a good book, relaxing a bit after a hard day at the studios.

"Soup's on" in Manhattan, and the "Westerners" don't have to be called a second time when Louise Massey plays the role of "cookee"
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR! MITZI MAYFAIR, petite, vivacious dancer and singer in "The Show Is On" exclaims, "It's really marvelous the way a cup of Maxwell House refreshes you. It certainly helps me over the tough spots!"

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LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA! FRITZ LANG, distinguished director of the Walter Wanger picture "You Only Live Once" says, "I'm a real booster for Maxwell House. Its friendly stimulation has often saved the day for me! And I don't believe I've ever tasted such rich, full flavor in any other coffee."

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HELLO, AGAIN! JACK BENNY, star of Jell-O radio show and Paramount Pictures, enjoys a cup of his favorite coffee with MGM's Una Merkel. "You bet it's my favorite coffee!" says Jack. "That goes for me, too!" adds Una. "It's the 'tops' in flavor, all right. And Maxwell House is the only coffee I'm sure is always really and truly roasted-fresh!"

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
G O O D T O T H E L A S T D R O P
The house in which Rudy was born in 1901 at Island Pond, Vermont. It still stands—and the Vagabond Lover is very proud of his Green Mountain birthright.

Rudy's father has always been and still is a druggist. Here is the Vallee Pharmacy in Westbrook with a homecoming crowd milling around. Can you find Rudy?

Mr. Charles Vallee, Rudy began his first work by helping his father in the drug store. The now master showman then dished up ice cream at the soda fountain!

This is the Vallee family home in Westbrook, Maine—as it looks today! The residents of this home now are Rudy's father, Rudy's sister and his sister's husband.

A photographer takes an informal picture of Rudy's parents and his sister in front of their home. Rudy's mother, before her marriage, was Katherine Lynch.

It was during his early boyhood that Rudy Vallee first began to dream of music, of the theater.

Rudy at the age of one and a half years. His eyes had the same winning characteristics then that they have in 1937!
Rudy was only fifteen when this was snapped—but a fine saxophonist. They wore caps in those days!

To save carfare when he worked for the Star Theater in Westbrook, Rudy bicycled two-reel comedy films to Portland, six miles away, to be shipped to another theater—and then wearily pedalled home, 20 cents richer!

Eighteen and proud of his instruments! So proud he had his picture taken with a fake outdoor background.

Rudy's mother was always his best friend. Her death in 1931 was the greatest shock of his life.

Rudy and his brother William enjoy a game of pool. "Bill," Rudy's constant companion, is a writer.

Left to right: Rudy, his mother, his father, and his sister. They're welcoming him home.

The Star Theater, where Rudy polished brass and swept out peanut shells for $7 a week!

CONTINUED
Next Week
OUR OWN April

DO YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR FAVORITE STARS? THEIR

1. These eyes recently looked down on a “bundle from heaven.” Also they have glanced dreamily at you from the screen. Can you guess the name? She’s the wife of a popular band leader.

2. Lovely smile, isn’t it? To tell you the truth, the possessor of this smile has a voice as beautiful.

3. Here’s an easy one! If you wait until “the moon comes over the mountains,” and use a little imagination, you’ll recognize one of radio’s beloved songbirds.

4. Behind this dynamic pair of hands there is just as dynamic a personality. Their owner is an adventurer, newspaperman—and radio star. He talks interestingly, engagingly—and speedily!

5. These belong to an opera-movie-radio star. She is named after a beautiful and significant flower. You shouldn’t have trouble guessing the name—or studying the photo.

6. The owner of this instrument recently fiddled around quite a while before he played it. “To Bee or not to Bee,” that was his problem. He sank low, but not too low to play a solo!
9. One, two, three, do you see what we see? The "eyes" have it—and so does this popular singer, who's heard on a program originating in Hollywood. He's on Astaire's show—but not Fred!

10. "Why, little girl, what a big mouth you have!" "The better to entertain you, my dears!" Anyway, that could be the answer from this radio star.

11. These feet may look peculiar, but tune in their own some time. He's a man of many daughters, many proteges and millions of friends—everywhere!

12. The feet on the right would like to kick the ankles on the left, on the air, anyway. In private life they are married and have been for a long time. They're on the air on Wednesdays!
BIG MOMENTS WITH BIG TIMERS

RADIO BRINGS US THRILLS—BUT IT IS ADVENTURE TO THE STARS, TOO!

The clock's long hand reaches the hour—and the Shell Show is on the air! That's the big moment of the week for Ernie Watson, musical director. He's a veteran behind-the-scenes man.

Above: Andre Kostelanetz, the most genial of musical directors, in a happy moment on his CBS show. He's the man who took Frank Black's cue, played modern music in symphonic style!

Eddy Duchin, piano-playing society favorite, and Ben Grauer, most versatile of announcers, 'face each other and a microphone for the Shell Show. That's a thrill for them—and for you!

Orchestra Leader Ozzie Nelson "sitting one out" during a Bakers Broadcast rehearsal. Perhaps he's watching the little lady — Harriet Hilliard!

Gertrude Lawrence, the Britisher who introduced Johnny Green's "Body and Soul," appeared recently on the air with Rudy Vallee's Varieties.
**THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMS**

**Sunday, April 4**

**MORNING**

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<thead>
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Call Letters</th>
<th>Power</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>WBC - News</td>
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**AFTERNOON**

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<td>12:00</td>
<td>WSB - News</td>
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**Please Note:** Symbol in parentheses, such as (sw-9.53), appearing after a program listing indicates that this program may be heard by tuning in 9.53 megacycles frequency on your short-wave dial. For foreign short-wave programs, please see page 20.
**Sunday, April 4**

Sun 7:30 p.m.

**Deanna Durbin**

**Deanna Durbin**

**NEW YORK FOLLIES**

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**Notes:**

- WHB, WCB, WSB, WJR: King's Orch.
- WMAQ: Quartet, Flamingos Council, AV-1, Golden Voice Station, WMWQ
- WABC, WOR, WCT: Swing Band, ZWP, WWN
- WABC, WJZ, WTAM: Orchestra, WOR, WCT
- WTAD, WLS, WOC: Marching Bands, 5:15 p.m.
- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 7:15 p.m.
- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 9:15 p.m.
- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 11:15 p.m.
- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 1:15 a.m.

**Saturday Night**

**Deanna Durbin**

**Deanna Durbin**

**NEW YORK FOLLIES**

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**Notes:**

- WHB, WCB, WSB, WJR: King's Orch.
- WMAQ: Quartet, Flamingos Council, AV-1, Golden Voice Station, WMWQ
- WABC, WOR, WCT: Swing Band, ZWP, WWN
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- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 11:15 p.m.
- WLS, WOC, WBB: Swing Band, 1:15 a.m.


**Afternoon**

- **WIBA**
  - Jim Bohannon, host.
  - News
  - Gold Medalist, Olympic Trackstar, Henry Ford, director.

- **WBBM**
  - Jim Bohannon, host.
  - News
  - Gold Medalist, Olympic Trackstar, Henry Ford, director.

- **WLS**
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Wednesday, April 7

NIGHT

3:45 - NICKARD, Harry (Wheaton) - (5:00)

8:30 - NICKARD, Harry (Wheaton) - (5:00)

10:15 - NICKARD, Harry (Wheaton) - (5:00)

10:30 - NICKARD, Harry (Wheaton) - (5:00)

N.B.: The programs listed are subject to change.
PEGGY ALLEN

Sue Price in "David Harum"

Thursday

April 8

WTCN -Star Revue

(12:30 p.m. Continued)

WTAD -Federal Orch.

40

NATIONAL General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Market Reports: WIBW News

WIBW -ABC News: Children's Hour

Through Travelers' Eyes: WIBW

KSD -News: Rhythm Makers

WIBW -Biology in the News

WTAD -Field of Science

WSBT -Music: Musique de la Saison

Lively Markets: WIBA WLS

Who's Who: WIBA

WLW -Slang on the Street

WIBA -News; WIBA -Man on the Street

WBT -November News

WBOY -Night News

Stories -Purdue University

Exchange Club -American Rhythm

Hoosier Philosopher -Purdue the Conqueror Returns

Copenhagen C. WIRE

on Star Revue

1:15

Charles, pianist

WKBB in

Prgm.: WIRE

10

"David Harum"

Guild: WIRE

Continue)

NBC-AMOS

WJJD

NBC -Vic Steele

Sade, organist

Annette Adams, sketch

NBC -Dance Hour

Who's Who WTMJ (sw -9.53)

KSD -News; Studio of Music: WIBA -The Lone Cowboy

Friends, sketch; Jane Anness: WENR WTMJ (sw -11.87)

Sunday Review: WTTB WBBW

WTAD -Volunteer Orch.

CBK -Highlights

WBMB -Dave Adams

WIBA -The Lone Cowboy

WBBM -East Armes

WBBM -Rhythms of song

WBBM -School of Music:

WBOW -Schneid's Sketches

WBAM -Radio Harmonies

NBC -Kitty Scientia, sketch

WIBA -Bible Study Group

in light:

WBAM -Radio Orchestra

WBBM -Rusty's Orch.

FCW

KWK

KSD (sw -15.27)

WSUI -Daily Iowan

NBC -AMOS News

on the Crossroads

of Markets & Music:

Mae Perkins, sketch

WBBM -Women in Education

John Maxwell, talk show

Radio City: WIBA

on the Street

Ted, organist

of WSBT: WIBA -The Lone Cowboy

WBBM -Sports Review

WBAM -Radio Orchestra

WBBM -Studio of Music:

WBAM -Radio Harmonies

Annette Adams, sketch

3:45

NBC-AMOS

WJJD

NBC -Vic Steele

Sade, organist

Annette Adams, sketch

NBC -Dance Hour

Who's Who WTMJ (sw -9.53)

KSD -News; Studio of Music: WIBA -The Lone Cowboy
“A new and revolutionary religious teaching based entirely on the misunderstood meanings of the Galilean Carpenter and designed to show how we may find, understand and absorb the same identifying power which Jesus used in performing His so-called Miracles,” is attracting world-wide attention, according to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, noted psychologist, author and lecturer.

“Psychiana,” a new psychological religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, “to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Galilee ever did”—it believes and teaches that when He said, “the things that I do shall ye also do,” He meant what He said and meant it literally to all mankind, through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson in his written treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force “so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it”—how he learned to commune directly with the Living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him.

If you want to read this “highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth,” just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, 1114 W. 5th Street, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and post paid within the continental United States. Write the Doctor today. Copyrighted 1935, Dr. Frank B. Robinson—Advertisement.

MASTER MUSICIANS

TEACH YOU HOW TO "READ" MUSIC

BY MAILED COURSE

Basic, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet and other instruments. A course in "reading" music. A sure, quick way to learn. Write for free illustrated booklet giving all details.

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WANTED: NEW WRITERS

Earn while learning! Write for magazines, books, newspapers, etc. FREE literature! No obligation.

U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING

Dept. 35-1, 20 West 40th St. N.Y.C.

RELIABLE MAN

For New Office

Situation opens for large corporation to operate for double, standing room, through United States. Must own rate and pay $50.00 expense. Must own rates. Apply to the largest corporation in the world, 394 W. Randolph St., Dept. R-1, Chicago. Ideal location indeed.

1714 STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN

for sale by collector, price reasonable. Interested persons may write

Dr. N. Younkin, Decatur, Indiana

1780 STRENGTH

PANTS MATCHED TO ANY SUIT

DON'T DISCARD YOUR OLD SUIT

Get the most out of your old suit by having it altered and re-faced. Prices low. No extra charge for lengthening. We have the finest tailors in the city. Come in today and let us show you how.

70 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

WE PAID HER $500

FOR HER FIRST KID

that she thought was worthless

WE PAID Mrs. T.M. White, Wholesale, W. 13th & 14th Sts., New York City, $500 for a pigeon which Mrs. White believed to be sick and drooping. The pigeon was found to be a drake new to the breeding season and after care, later returned to health, and now thrives. Mrs. White instructed, in our office, that the pigeon was well cared for. We pay thousands of dollars yearly for birds of this nature. How can you get rid of an old bird? Bring it to us! We pay handsomely for them.

AMERICAN BIRD MANUFACTURERS

203 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

PIE SMOKE PIPE

Little cobs that fit in your pipe and addth the joy and health to smoking. Made with a special formula and in the form of a Faw Faw Pipe. We pay top prices for Faw Faw Pipe. Contains 33 tubes. Write today.

FREE)

PIE SMOKE PIPE

The only metal pipe, a dependable, sanitary smoke pipe. Light, compact, no smoke or ash. A Pipe for smoking. Best, most sanitary pipe smoker, offer closest June 1st, 1937.

GLOBUS STAMP CO.

215 4th Ave., New York, N.Y.
WOMEN THEMSELVES PROVE NEW KIND OF 15¢ SHADE LOOKS LIKE $1.50!

THOUSANDS NOW PREFER INEXPENSIVE CLOPAYS FOR EVERY ROOM

After Eye-Opening Test!

"We wouldn't have believed that a 15¢ window shade could actually look even better than a $1.50 cloth shade... until we saw them side by side and chose the 15¢ shade in preference!"...said women who made this test.

CLOPAY'S beautiful Lintone finish now gives these amazing 15¢ shades the luxurious appearance of window shades that sell at ten times their price! A saving of $1.35 on beautiful new shades for every window. You really get 10 gorgeous CLOPAY shades...for the price of one ordinary shade!

2 Years Wear and More!

Now, thanks to CLOPAYS, it costs you less than 7¢ a year to keep your windows in beautiful shades. For 15¢ CLOPAYS give 2 years wear and more! (And thousands of women report more than FIVE years wear!) And they look like new longer than ordinary shades... because their patented material doesn't crack, pinhole or fray! And hangs so beautifully! No tacks or tools to fuss with... CLOPAY'S patented gummed strip makes them easy to attach—in a few seconds. Anyone can do it. Millions are doing it.

Here's New Window Shade You Can SCRUB!

45¢ FABRAY

No more high prices for window shades you can wash... women are resolving! A new window shade creation... FABRAY... washes as easily as tile... with soap and water! Yet only 45¢ for the 36" x 6" size, complete on roller. Made on a patented base that gives them a wonderful silky texture. Wears amazingly... because FABRAY has no filler to fall out... doesn't crack, fray or pinhole. You'll see them in the finest homes... and on display in leading stores throughout the country.

NOTE: If new rollers are needed, CLOPAYS can be purchased already mounted as illustrated. Rollers only 10¢ additional.

NOW REPLACE ALL YOUR SHABBY WINDOW SHADES...BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

*HERE'S startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade, only four feet away, thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15¢ shades wear as well as most cloth shades. Now they look as well, too. A 15¢ LINTONE will not crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice.

It's not only inexpensive but also amazingly easy to change from costly old-fashioned shades to lovely new CLOPAYS. Use the same rollers. Rip off the old shade and apply CLOPAYS in a jiffy with patented gummed strip. No tacks or tools—no skill needed. As easy as changing pillow slips.

In addition to the new LINTONE shades, CLOPAYS are also available in a wide range of smartly styled patterns and modish solid colors. See them at leading "S" and "10" stores and most neighborhood stores. Write today for FREE SAMPLES of material. Address the CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1215 Dayton Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.