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Guide

That Guy With The
Frog In His Throat
By Hilda Cole

Emery Deutsch As His
Brother Sees Him
By Arnold R. Deutsch

Emery Deutsch



CAPTAIN DOBBSIE and His "SHIP OF JOY" by Holman Day

The SHIP of JOY

Captain Dobbsie Carries Millions on His Weekly Voyages Via Microphone

By Holman Day

tween my people and myself."

It is a part of the make-believe that the sun is always shining for the Happytimers. The sea is placid when the Ship of Joy is outward bound.

Captain Dobbsie is visualized as leaving the affairs of the

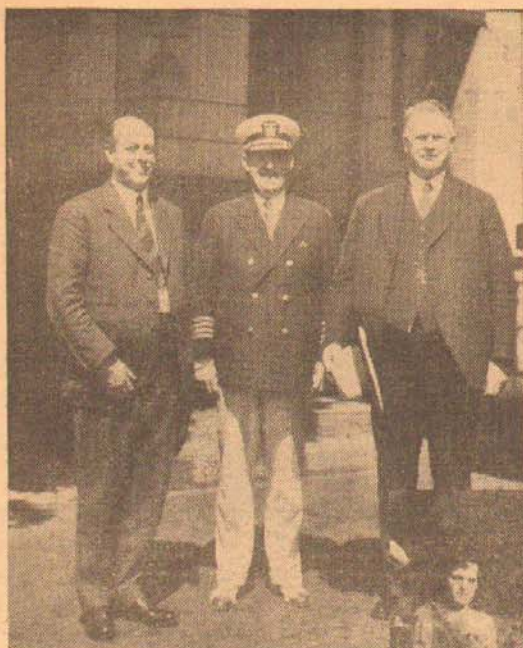
bridge in competent hands while he strolls here and there among the passengers—not merely passengers but shipmates. This idea suggests participation, and the idea is constantly encouraged by the Captain.

They who listen in their homes are considered as being in the staterooms of the ship. A letter establishes the status of everyone as a passenger. Good-natured fun is poked at those who have neglected to write; they are called stowaways.

By sending in helpful selections to be read over the air by the Captain, one becomes even more important in the ship's menage. The selections are accepted as fuel for the ship.

I was talking with Jules Lande one day. I quote him because he states so well the viewpoint of those who associate themselves with Dobbsie in the high service of the Happytime. The violinist has the sensitive qualities one associates with the masters of his art.

"Each week I bring to the Happytime a vivid consciousness of my responsibility to those who listen. It is my own Happytime. I feel a particular joy in rendering the service. I am not playing for ears of critics. I am giving my best to people who seem to understand so well. I have letters from cities, to be sure. But most of all I hear from the



Before the State House at Victoria, B. C.: left to right, The Hon. Clyde Burton, Mayor of Victoria, Captain Dobbsie and the Hon. Leslie Baldwin, Premier of British Columbia.



Captain Dobbsie (center) at his initiation into the Oregon Order of Cavemen.

A LITTLE over a month ago Hugh Barrett Dobbs sailed into the port of New York with his "Ship of Joy." He hailed from the Golden West where his mythical voyages had enjoyed a long period of success and prosperity. For over six years his cruises had prospered and so the National Broadcasting Company invited "Captain Dobbsie," as he is affectionately known on the radio, to transfer his port of sailing to the New York studios.

Quite recently he attracted wide attention when he broadcast his "Ship of Joy" program from the tower of the Empire State Building with the Hon. Alfred E. Smith as his guest passenger. Because of the discussion these broadcasts have aroused you may be interested in its history.

But, first, come on, let's go aboard the mystical, magical, make-believe Ship of Joy. But not at the cost of illusions which have been indulged for so long by listeners! I would not permit you to run the risk did I not feel certain that you will find Captain Dobbsie's visible personality matching up to what you expect him to be, having listened to him on the radio.

When Captain Dobbsie is on the job the studio is open to all who wish to enter. He considers that the Happytimers are his shipmates and as such are entitled to the privileges of the quarterdeck. He has repeatedly made his invitation plain. He warns that the accommodations are limited, but that all are welcome who can stow themselves in.

I have seen occasions when children have been obliged to give up their chairs to their elders. In such instances Captain Dobbsie has marshalled the little folk down front, close to the mike, and has seated them in groups on the floor. The soundproof carpet is nice and thick, and the youthful auditors are very comfortable. Furthermore, in the tenseness of their interest in what goes on, they make up a picture that stresses the characteristically human quality in all that Dobbsie does.

SO HERE we are, friends, all comfortable, and close to the works.

The big clock on the wall marks ten-thirty. Captain Dobbsie makes no dramatic entry before his invisible audience. Usually he is out in the studio bustling to and fro, making sure that his guests are at ease. The announcer makes the introduction. "We present The Ship of Joy—with Captain Dobbsie on the bridge."

And the Captain steps to the microphone. He is unassuming and wholesomely natural. His smile is radiant. Into that disk of metal he throws a voice that carries all the magnetism of his appealing personality.

Captain Dobbsie greets jovially with "Well! Well! Well! Good evening, Shipmates!" He is answered as cheerily by the studio auditors. "Good evening, Captain!"

He has confided to me that he is at this moment conscious of a similar hail from his vast radio audience. It is not merely a psychic consciousness—it is the awareness of sympathetic contact with his myriad friends, a contact built up by the letters he has received, veritably by the

You have seen what we may call the "mechanics" of the "Ship of Joy."

But perhaps, after all, it is the "make-believe" that has the greater appeal. At any rate, the preponderant bulk of Captain Dobbsie's following is made up of those who hear without seeing. Their letters reveal that they visualize the Ship of Joy each according to the impressions received over the ether. This mental picturing makes the Happytime a playtime, and that is what Captain Dobbsie aims to do. To appeal to the imagination. To provide a mental stimulus. To help listeners get away from the trammels of everyday life. To broaden horizons for them.

THE other day he and I were chatting about this phase of his work.

Said he, "I try to make my program a playtime. It is in a way a veiled rebuke to attempts to be over-sophisticated. Honestly, we mustn't allow a crust of that sort to form on our feelings. There is a wholesome and saving grace in the impulses which keep youth alive in the hearts of men and women. All of us like to feel that this spirit has not died in us. That person is unfortunate who is not able to respond wholeheartedly to the impulses which have made youth the blessed period in most lives. I do believe that all worthwhile people still possess the simple and honest tastes of the springtide of life. I'm sorry for them if they do not."

"That's the idea I had when I planned my playtime. The Ship of Joy is a great steamship—I call it a magical, mystical, make-believe ship. I welcome on board all my friends. I do my best to entertain them while they are there. I am assisted by approved artists. Most of all I am helped by the expressed appreciation of those who listen. My letters prove that my audience psychology is well founded. By taking them on board our ship we shift the scene for them, so to speak. They are given an opportunity to escape from humdrum realities. We hope that we widen the horizon of life, that we are able to tint the vistas with rosier hues, as one might say."

"When I close my program with the slogan 'Until we meet again, Happy Day,' I have the feeling that the words are in a sense a prediction that the days will be happy. My heart goes forth to my listeners when I speak the words, and I think they realize it. At any rate, the—what is it they call it—the *entente cordiale* has been established be-



The Captain, an ardent fisherman, has just landed the first salmon of the season on the Columbia River.

homes in the hills or on the far-flung ranches. I am touched by the pathos in some of these letters. My music has stirred old memories, has given new hope, has soothed the ache in hearts, the letters reveal. I never take up my bow in the Happytime without feeling the thrill of the service I am doing. I come to the studio with keen anticipation because I realize that the music I send out over the ether will bring to me a peculiar appreciation for which I am grateful. When I say this for myself I believe that I am speaking for my other co-workers."

"Make it short," said Captain Dobbsie when I asked him for facts about himself. He chuckled. "I suppose I must forgive natural human curiosity. People who listen to my voice every week have a right to know a few facts about me. I haven't anything sensational to disclose. I have been merely one of these average chaps—well satisfied to be just an American citizen."

The Happytime did not spring into its present state of being all at once. Its growth has been gradual. Its seed was healthy. The soil was fertile. The idea flourished because its roots go deep into a universal principle—none other than the true and tried Golden Rule. Too often is that principle hidden beneath the barren surface soil of selfishness and attempted sophistication. But it exists in every nature if one goes deep enough. In other words, it is simply human nature. The Happytime, as it exists today, makes its direct appeal to our human nature.

And it doesn't let us forget how to laugh.

About Emery Deutsch

THE noblest Roman of them all once remarked

that a man was no hero to his own family. His expression originated on the occasion preceding his departure for the Gallic invasions when having indulged in more 32 than he could reasonably carry, he raved on and on in manly boasts of his prowess, to all of which his wife and children chorused the belittling and proverbial "applause."

And it was exactly that exasperating word that I employed when Emery took his little fiddle out of its case and set himself up as a teacher to young hopefuls at the rate of one dollar a hope, away back in 1920. Now don't misunderstand me—it wasn't that I didn't think Emery to be one of the best violinists in the country, young as he was, or that he hadn't the ability to handle a veritable flock of future Kreislers, but when you grow up with a fellow, play hooky with him, hear him gargle, see him in his pajamas, and help him through his stomach aches—well, you know—you just couldn't help seeing Emery any other way.

But brother or not, I've almost learned to see him differently. No job is too big for Emery to handle, and I'll fight the man, woman or child who says "nay" to that. If this challenge were to get me into a fight, it wouldn't be necessary to call on Emery to help me out, which is what he sometimes had to do when we were kids. You see, Emery is two years older than I, and about three inches taller. Although I was always the more belligerent of the two, and I liked fights, in my enthusiasm I'd usually pick on a bigger kid than myself, and, inevitably finding myself in hot water, I'd have to yell for Emery to restore me to a vertical position.

"Emery, it's time for you to practice." Or "Emery, it's time for your lesson." were my words to him in those early days. Now it's "Emery, time for you to go on the air." Or "Emery, time for your overture." It's a long jump from teaching the violin to conducting the Paramount Theater Orchestra, but, and here, readers, I am letting you in on this deep secret. Emery got there by sheer hard work.

Our parents came over here from Budapest when he was one year old and for some reason I could never understand, took him back again a few months later. It was about that time that I appeared in the feature role of "blessed event," although this has no bearing whatsoever on the story.

EMERY was the favorite male relative of Aunt Roszika, who was then the Texas Guinan of Budapest. As a matter of fact she had a monopoly on the nocturnal palaces of wine, women and ooh-la-la. Emery used to dodge in and out between the tables and legs of the patrons, with a string of waiters in full flight formation behind them. On one of his raiding parties the violinist of the Gypsy Orchestra in a futile attempt to divert Emery's thoughts from the deeds of violence he was contemplating, gave him a miniature violin to play with. His true beginning cannot be ascribed to any one single incident. Music was in him. It was an inheritance from our mother, who was a singer in Vienna opera.

Emery was quite young when the Deutsch tribe came back to settle in Cleveland. He was no angel—much like any other normal boy of his age. Speaking for the two of us, if ever there were a couple of mischievous brats to plague the good citizenry of Cleveland, we were the couple. Things were far from golden in those days. But we were more than willing, even eager, to help keep the wolf from our door. And in those days, let me assure you, the wolf parked his tail on our threshold quite frequently. What with Emery having taken to his rather expensive violin lessons like a duck to water, and a fourth appendage to the Deutsch menage about to put in a cheery appearance, Emery and I were forced to do something. So, we sold The Cleveland Plain Dealer at two cents per copy.

It was my idea that we could sell more newspapers if we went to the saloons patronized by the steel mill workers, but being minors we never could get into them. One day I started out with some papers and Emery on his way to take a violin lesson, accompanied me part of the way. As we passed Delaney's Saloon on Southwaite Avenue, Emery stopped to listen to a native Gypsy folk song some millhands were singing. It was entertaining to me, but as for Emery, he was suddenly back in the Cafes of Budapest.

The Orchestra Leader Who Popularized Gypsy Music, As His Brother Sees Him

By Arnold R. Deutsch

stay out.

"Listen, mister," Emery pleaded. "They're not singing that song right."

"What song?" And Emery named it in Hungarian, pointing to his violin. A moment later we were making a triumphant entry into the heretofore forbidden saloon.

"Brothers," the Hungarian bellowed. "See what I bring you! A Gypsy violinist!"

Emery was greeted by loud shouts and set upon a table. The bow hung limply in his right hand as he looked quietly out at the hard, grimy faces around him. The greatest violinist playing for all the royalty in the world, never played a more inspiring performance, nor was he given a greater



... And you ought to see him handle those tricky canoes ...

cial venture in Gypsy Music.

The family moved to University Avenue in the good old Bronx about 1918, so that Emery could study in the Damrosch Institute from which he emerged an honor student. Those were hectic days. While he didn't have as much time in his boyhood days to live the life of most children, he was unusual in that he missed nothing even though what play he got came in small doses. For between school and his violin, he was pretty much tied up. But he managed to get in a few good licks in athletics, holding all the scholastic broad and high jump records while attending Theodore Roosevelt High School. Emery has about 100 oddly assorted medals and trophies to show for it. An expression never divulged by Emery was written into his album upon graduation from grammar school by his high jump coach. "May you go through life as easily as you clear five feet two inches." I well remember every

"C'mon," he whispered, jerking my sleeve "let's try to get in."

"But they won't let us."

"C'mon! Make believe you want to sell some papers."

Well, to me business was always business, so we went in and came out even sooner with a not so kindly escort ordering us to

time he came home with another medal; our mother would say "Emery, why don't you bring home a medal for the violin?" Now, isn't that just like a mother, wanting a violin medal when she could have one for athletics?

Having organized his Royal Gypsy Ensemble in 1925, Emery was regularly heard from station WAHG, which is now WABC, when Walter J. Neff, one of radio's pion-



... He likes to swim ...

cers, was program manager, continuity writer and announcer all rolled into one. At that time Emery had one or two programs on the air a week. Now he has about thirty, going from coast to coast, and he estimates that he has been on the air approximately 10,000 times. Among his more popular programs were Dream Boat, Gypsy Trail, and Cafe Budapest, and I'm certain not many people know that this orchestra furnished the background music for David Ross' Poet's Gold and the famous Arabesque series.

One might never believe that with all his radio work, Emery's hobby remains radio. No matter where he is a radio must be there and going full blast—at home, automobile or party. His fan mail

... He is never happier than behind the wheel of a fast automobile ...

runs pretty high too—each last letter giving Emery just as big a kick as the first one did. A lot of the mail consists of requests from women for his photograph. Somehow, it seems, women have united on a broad front and conceived Emery to be short, fat and forty. I can't understand why. Certainly there's nothing short, fat and forty about the way he plays the violin. Girls, he stands six feet tall, slim and is twenty-eight. As for looks, well that's a most embarrassing subject for a brother to discuss—perhaps his pictures will help you. Those who are observant will see that Emery is in no way a retiring violet. He likes people and crowds and fun—all of which is to say he likes parties.

AM SURE that if Emery were writing this he would like his radio audience to know his ideas concerning Gypsy music. Actually Gypsy music as a layman understands it, does not exist. What we really hear according to Emery, who is acknowledged to be an authority on it, are old Hungarian folk airs. The Gypsy part lies in the style of playing—a certain fiery romantic manner of interpretation. Emery is conceded to have popularized this type of music here and he did it by taking a leaf from the notebook of Rudy Vallee, playing sheer melody. Where in the true Gypsy style a melody is usually buried beneath a mass of violin runs, Emery has omitted these highly technical and intricate runs to give emphasis to the melody.

Emery has really just hit his full stride. He wasn't destined to rise overnight, but through many successive steps on the ladder of fortune. Busy as he has been these last few years in radio, very few people have come to know his delightful personality. New York received a taste of it when he appeared at the New York Paramount Theater as guest conductor the week of June second. He was so outstanding a success that the management has retained him on a long term contract which began August 4.

WITH the possible exception of being a radio star, one of the toughest jobs in the world is interviewing radio stars. The first few are a cinch, but then you begin to run out of questions to ask them. Come to think of it, interviewing radio stars is actually tougher than being a radio star. Radio stars can have their script written for them, but I never knew anyone who made a business of interviewing radio stars who could afford a luxury like that.

This week it fell pleasantly to my lot to interview Ray Heatherton, the young singer who is heard weekly at 7:45 p. m. on Tuesdays over the WJZ-NBC network. I knew that this talented fellow, young in years, but a veteran of the networks, had come to radio from the famous Father Finn's Paulist Choir, with which he had been principal soloist. I seemed to recall that his first appearance in radio had been with the Old Gold program back in 1929; that he had been featured on the Herbert Blue-White Diamond, the Inauguration of the League of Women Voters, the Atwater Kent and the Hinds Honey and Almond Cream programs, and that he had been a winner of the Atwater Kent audition.

But that is all more or less cut-and-dried stuff. What his fans want is more intimate side-lights on his personality.

"These guys," I reflected, having in mind the National Broadcasting Company, "ought to know what questions will bring out just what there is to be known about a radio star."

So I filched one of the questionnaires used by the NBC for their artists' files and tried some of the questions on Ray Heatherton. And here is the result.

"What is your real name?" I asked. Of course, he did not know that I was stealing these questions from the questionnaire. If he had, he probably would have told me to run around the block, and informed me that he had answered the questions once already. So he replied very obligingly.

"Raymond Joseph Heatherton."

"And where is your home?"

"Twenty-two Holland avenue, Floral Park," he replied, and from his look of polite surprise I gathered that he was thinking here at last was an interviewer more goofy if possible than the average run.

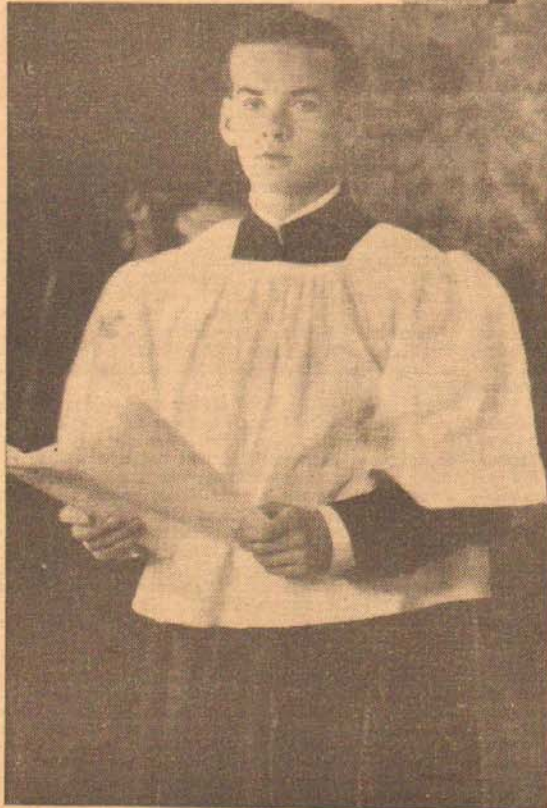
The next question I recalled read:

Talent (Contribution to radio—what do you do?)

I decided to skip that one altogether, for

RAY HEATHERTON

... when he was soloist with Father Finn's Paulist Choir ...



... as he appears today before NBC's microphone ...

their names, but after all, even an interviewer has to use judgment once in a while. So I let that one pass.

The next question revealed how this engaging young man had been soloist for three years with the Paulist Choir in church and concert work, and how he had toured the country as a member of the Mediaevists, a sextet expert in the rendition of polyphonic music. Later he became principal comic in the Garrick Gaieties, landed an RKO vaudeville engagement, and finally, plunk into an NBC contract.

THIS questionnaire so far was one grand little labor saving device.

The next question read "Do you live in the city or the country and why?"

But I remembered that he had already told me he lived in Floral Park, so I changed that one around to:

"And why do you live in the country?"

"Because I like to," he replied, and I had to admit that was a plausible answer.

"What do you do to amuse yourself?" I pursued, after a sly glance at the questions I had copied.

"Riding, swimming, tennis, boxing, and duck on the rock," he enlightened me.

"What do you recall as the outstanding

He SANG for \$4.27

Ray Heatherton Tells of Earning His First Money By Warbling in Bar Room

By Stanley Yates

obvious reasons.

A rapid fire of subsequent queries brought to light that Mr. Heatherton is 5 feet 7 inches tall; that he weighs 137 pounds; that his complexion is light (I could see that) and that his hair is brown (that too.)

"And your marital status, Mr. Heatherton," I continued, following closely the good old questionnaire. He replied that he was single. Some fellows have all the luck!

The next question had to do with the children and

incident of your childhood?" was the next tip from the questionnaire.

"The outstanding incident?" Heatherton repeated, and into his eye came a light of reflective satisfaction. "I think it was when I was a child of five, and my parents took me to Virginia by boat. After a while they missed me, and after a search of

the boat, they found me singing in the bar, where I had collected a total of \$4.27 which I successfully held out on them."

"And the most unusual incident in your life—what was that?"

"Say, listen. Never mind that," he warned. Later he told me privately what it had been, but it has no place here.

"All right, then," I agreed. "Perhaps you would tell me who is your favorite public personality. Your favorite artist."

"My favorite artist," he returned, with no hesitation whatever. "My favorite artist is James Melton. He's one of my best friends, too. He often takes me out on his yacht, and believe me, if you ever went along you'd agree he was your favorite artist, too. What that boy can do with frankfurters and beans! Say, I could eat 'em all day the way he fixes 'em. Why —"

BUT I interrupted. After all, the questionnaire had meant favorite radio artist, and culinary achievements had no place in the thing. This was getting out of hand.

"I suppose you receive a lot of unusual gifts from fans?" I asked. That wasn't exactly the way it read in the questionnaire, but I rather flattered myself that I had worded the question better than they had. And that's pretty good when you consider what a lot of experience they've had.

"I should say," he admitted. "Why I've gotten a pith helmet, a pair of long underdrawers, and a thumping goose."

(Later I could discover no reference in Websters Collegiate Dictionary to a "thumping goose" and I still do not know what it is. I hope it is a thing that is okay to appear in print.)

"And tell me, what is your favorite dish," I went on.

"Oh, spinach," he said firmly.

Again I was stumped. I was not sure whether he meant spinach was his favorite dish or whether he meant "Oh, spinach" in the way that you would say "Oh, baloney." Personally I would be inclined to presume it was the latter, because I could not imagine spinach really being anyone's favorite dish.

"What was the first job at which you earned any money?" I asked. "That is, after the singing in the boat bar."

"I guess that was as a choir boy," he said.

"And what did you do with that money?" was the next interrogation called for by the questionnaire.

I imagine the proper answer is that the questioner saved it toward his musical education. But Heatherton crossed 'em.

"I went to a night club with it," he said.

"And do you collect?" I inquired.

"Collect?" he answered. "Oh, yes indeed I collect. I collect soap wrappers, and as soon as I get 279 more, I can get a baseball suit."

"And what sort of women do you prefer—blonde, brunette, short or tall?" I asked, taking that one right from the questionnaire verbatim.

"Blonde, brunette, short, tall, plump and lean," he replied.

"Well tell me" I asked, recalled the next question, and mentally observing at the time that it was one that ought to be surefire, "tell me, do you keep any pests?"

"Keep 'em," he responded vigorously. "It's all I can do to keep away from 'em!"

I suspected something must have gone hay-wire from the tone of his reply, and I stole another surreptitious glance at my list. Sure enough, I had been wrong. The question referred to "pets" not "pests."

"Oh, my error," I hastened. "I really meant 'pets.'"

But when I looked up he had gone.

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THE reasons why Fred Waring has that haggard expression are Poley McClintock and Johnnie Davis, but little did I believe I too would dwindle into but a shadow of my former self under the strain of writing their biographies. Maybe you think it's simple to determine the origin of a frog baritone and a scat singer, but I hardly knew where to begin. Johnnie Davis is the skeeten-skatten boy who gives Fred Waring circles under the eyes, and Poley McClintock is the rasping smoothie who will one day drive the Pennsylvanians' maestro to a nervous breakdown.

In desperation, I turned to the dictionary, and looked up "scat." This is what I found. "SCAT, BE-GONE! AWAY! BE OFF! USED TO FRIGHTEN SMALL ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY CATS." Beneath this, I discovered "SCATOLOGY," and "SCATO-LOGIC." Now you may not agree with me, but I believe Johnnie studied scatology so he would have scat-logic. However, I assure you he hasn't time to go around frightening small animals, especially cats. Fred Waring is fond of animals and keeps Johnnie away from mischief baying with the Pennsylvanians instead.

Somewhat enlightened, I next turned to see whether it could be possible that Poley was a pollywog instead of a baby. Looking up "FROG," I glanced down a rather detailed explanation to find "AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL." Well, Poley is undoubtedly amphibious, for I saw a significant picture of him and the Lane Sisters on the beach at Atlantic City. Aha, I thought, read on Macduff, and you will pierce this mystery. Next, this phrase caught my eye. "THE FEET ARE COMPLETELY WEBBED, AND THE HIND LEGS ADAPTED FOR EXTENSIVE LEAPING." Nope, Poley doesn't live up to the definition. I know darn well he doesn't go in for extensive leaping, for even if he does have the necessary *joie de vivre* that definition would seem to imply, he'd rather ease his spirits less energetically, and you can't blame him. Well, I thought sympathetically, Poley's just a freak of nature, poor feller, neither fish nor fowl, and he'll have to make the best of it.

BEFORE I go deeper into the chronicle of Poley and Johnnie, here is an example of why Fred looks so haggard, and it is one of many such incidents. Poley and Johnnie are separated by the width of the bandstand—like two school cut-ups separated by the teacher, but in this case their segregation is due to band balance. However, despite the distance between them—things do happen. One fine day the Pennsylvanians were making a personal appearance in a well-known Baltimore theater. The curtain was going up in a few minutes to reveal the Pennsylvanians in full bloom, playing a soft introductory melody, and the audience had fallen into an expectant hush. However, behind the curtain maestro Waring was tapping his foot impatiently.

One of his men was missing from the bandstand—and that man was none other than the pulse of the orchestra—drummer Poley McClintock, who was still outside in the dressing room, apparently trying to find a collar button. Only one amongst the musicians was smiling like a Mona Lisa, and that was Scat Singer-Trumpeter Johnnie Davis. Finally Poley appeared from the wings, legging it across the stage, grinning sheepishly at Fred.

He clambered hastily upon the bandstand and sat down—then there was an muffled exclamation, a leap, a crash, and Poley fell off the bandstand backwards with all his googs, drums and accoutrements on top of him. The audience was startled. Fred was flabbergasted. The manager ran backstage to see what had happened. It was discovered that somebody, to this day unidentified, had placed a stray saxophone cap upon Poley's chair, and that his surprise, upon sitting on it, was understandable but unfortunate. Fred has never forgotten the mysterious Mona Lisa smile of Johnnie Davis on that occasion. Am I being subtle?

There was the memorable occasion on another appearance, this time in New York, when Churchill, the tall shy boy with the bell-like tenor voice, was singing "Ave Maria," and the spotlight was flashed first on Poley, then on Johnnie. The man manipulating it just couldn't seem to find Churchill, and Johnny and Poley just couldn't seem to stifle their laughter.

Fred will never forget the time Poley was singing a specialty, "It Doesn't Mean Much to You I Know, but It Means a Lot to an Esquimaux," and forgot the lyrics, so he kept repeating the lines until the audience felt like rising and replying "It DOES mean a lot to us, old man. There, there."

He Has a FROG In His THROAT

Poley McClintock Sounds Like a Croaking Amphibian When He 'Sings' on the Air
By Hilda Cole

Nor will he forget Johnnie coming late to a performance at Roxy Theater during which he was to sing "How'm I Doing?" Fred vamped through the piece, hoping Johnnie would arrive, and when he finally rushed on the stage and burst into a chorus of "How'm I Doing?" Fred muttered "Hey! Hey! Cut it out. Where've you been?"

Then there was the day the pulse of the band stopped altogether—but that wasn't precisely Poley's fault. It was during an audition from the Columbia studios. The aforementioned Churchill—the one with the bell-like voice—was supposed to strike the chimes during a selection, and inasmuch as his mallet was missing, he picked up a milk bottle full of varnish, standing in the studios which were being painted, struck the chimes, cracked the bottle, and placed it so that it accidentally spilled over Poley's drum,

baseball league. Johnnie pitches, and Poley catches, pitted against Fred Waring and his cohort, a fellow named Foster (don't ask us what he plays.)

Poley McClintock and Fred Waring were next door neighbors in their home town, Tyrone, Pa. It was in Tyrone that Poley developed his peculiar voice—yelling to Fred from one back yard to another. They were fast pals. When a town benefactor donated a drum corps equipment to the boy scouts, Poley was assigned to train the drummers, Fred Campbell (another Pennsylvanian) trained the fife contingent, and Fred Waring presided over them as strictly as he now presides over the Pennsylvanians.

Poley and Fred both fell in love with the same girl at the age of fourteen. She was called Micky Evans and had long blonde curls. Micky lived out of town. Poley had a bicycle. Fred hadn't. Poley—staunch crony—always rode Fred out on his handle bars to see Micky. Never a word was spoken, so neither of them knew how the other felt about Micky. Fred took her to the High School prom. Poley took her to the Senior play. They got over their First Love when they went off to college.

But it wasn't the last they heard of Micky. Some years later, when the Pennsylvanians were enlarging their orchestra, they added Fred Campbell, who had helped Fred train the fife and drum corps in Tyrone. And when he introduced Mrs. Fred Campbell to Fred and Poley—it was Micky.

THE year before they attended Penn State, Poley and Fred made some extra money driving milk trucks. It was good fun in the summer months, but during the winter, it was pretty tough work. The snow drifted deep in those days, and Poley and Fred often had to dig their way from the road to the barn to collect the milk cans.

As for Johnnie Davis—he was christened John Gus Davis twenty-three years ago in Brazil, Indiana—pronounced "Bray-zil" . . . by Johnnie. His father was a concert cornetist, and naturally when Johnnie showed his musical tendency by playing "America" on the cornet at the age of four in Sunday school, his father was determined to have him join the ranks of symphonic musicians. However, son Johnnie early showed signs of scatology, and sneaked out to buy jazz records, which he would practice on his cornet in his father's absence. His specialty was a number called "Don't Bring Me Posies for It's Shoeses that I Need," and, despite parental objection, he blossomed out as a musician in a jazz orchestra at the age of eleven and a half.

Johnnie spent five years playing with Jack O'Grady's Varsity Band. One evening, driving for an engagement, many miles from the town where he was due, his car turned over three times and he was driven to the night club by a minister who picked him up and delivered a sermon to him en route.

When he came East with a well-known maestro, he dropped by to see Fred Waring—and Fred was so taken with his abilities as a musician and a scat singer, that he was drawn into the ranks of the Pennsylvanians, where he met a kindred spirit, Poley McClintock—and that is why, as I started in to explain, Fred Waring often looks so haggard.

Poley, the Frog, and Johnny Davis, the Scat Singer



POLEY MCCLINTOCK
... One of the reasons Fred Waring has that haggard expression . . .

and it was so sticky that the pulse hesitated, and stopped altogether.

And where was Johnnie—I wonder—the night a fire alarm was mysteriously set off in a Washington hotel? Someone was monkeying with it and it accidentally—WELL.

By this time you gather that it is Johnny and Poley who always ride on merry-go-rounds pulling the rings whenever the band goes to Coney Island, who go roller skating between rehearsals, and who star in the inter-orchestra



DEAR Voice of Experience: Last night my wife walked home with a new hat. In every detail, it is a duplicate of the tin helmet worn by the boys in the trenches. It is worn cocked on one side. A band of material runs down below the jaw to keep it in place—a military regulation.

This hat started a nice little war of our own. I voiced my objections to her desire to be masculine in everything she does and wears. I told her she was as freakish in my eyes as are, in women's eyes, the men who prefer to be daintily feminine. But she cannot be cured by criticism. She is determined to sacrifice her most precious possession—femininity—to submerge it in a form that is unbecoming and detrimental. In fact, she and a number of her acquaintances are planning to rig themselves out in the trousers we hear about.

Experience, I have about determined to take to perfume, get a permanent wave, carry a lace handkerchief and have white, pearl buttons sewed onto my coats. Do you think this would be a good method to demonstrate to my wife how ridiculous she, in turn, is when she takes on the customs of the other sex?

A MAN'S MAN

ANSWER: I am afraid, Man's Man, that, instead of your plan making your wife realize how ridiculous you think she is in the garb that she is affecting, you would find yourself in for a boomerang, and would only make yourself ridiculous in her eyes and those of your friends.

You should know by this time how thoroughly the average woman is dominated by current styles and, fortunately for us, these styles change quite frequently.

Instead of bemoaning your fate, I think you should rather be thankful that most of these "fads" are short-lived. Just think what it would be if some of them had held over as the new ones are adopted and, all at the same time, our women were affecting the hoop skirts of the 60's and 70's, the bustles of the 80's, and the tutton sleeves of the 90's, those impossible hats of the early 1900's with the short skirts of the 1920's, etc.! Can you visualize what your wife would look like if all of these styles still predominated? This might have happened, and, even if it had, I doubt if she would look any more ridiculous in the eyes of strangers than you would, if you attempted to carry out your plan.

Better forget it, and pray for a change in style.

Dear Voice of Experience:

I am a woman past thirty and my life, like that of many others, has not been spent very brilliantly. I presume that I am not the only one that can say that and, besides, I like to forget about it.

I have had many friends who are now or were our mutual interests have waned so that I feel so alone much of the time.

Why would it not be a good thing if you suggested through your column and on the air that other lonely persons like me who have drab homes, get in touch with you, and you help us organize a club in each community so we could hold discussions and carry on social evenings.

If this were done through you, we would all feel that we had something in common. I am very much interested in hearing your reply.

HOPEFUL

ANSWER: I appreciate your inviting me to help you to form a club and I know that your intentions are the best. But I wonder if you realize that, without any responsibility of personal supervision, if I lent my efforts to such a movement, organizations would spring up in many different parts of the country as a result of my broadcasting such a plan and, consequently, there would be inevitably brought together many strangers who, for a little while, might prove compatible and harmonious; but, because of the cosmopolitan character of such groups, internal dissensions and many other unpleasanties would be bound to arise. This, to say nothing of disgruntled husbands and unhappy wives joining such circles with or without the knowledge of their mates, and the result of the discovery of their membership would heap all the blame upon my shoulders.

There are so many in the world with an "Alibi like" turn of mind that I would be inviting all kinds of worries, if I were to have a part in a program such as this.

I am not trying to discourage get-together and social gatherings. Far from it. I am simply trying to show you how impracticable it would be, from my standpoint, to help in their organization.

If you wish to attempt such an organization in your locality, all well and good, but it will have to be done without my assistance, not that I am not interested, but I want to keep the friendship of all the prospective members.

DEAR Voice of Experience:

We live on a farm, and cannot get along with our nearest neighbor a quarter-of-a-mile down the road. We have not spoken for ages. Week before last, another neighbor saw this man deliberately run over our dog with his automobile. "Spur" was just like a child in our home and the pet of my two children.

Lucky for him, my husband is away, but I am afraid of what will happen when my husband comes home, unless I do something to get even with him before my husband gets here.

I have a plan that will work, and our hired man wants to help me. I could make his killing our dog cost him plenty, but somehow there's something that just holds me back.

I know you believe in justice and it certainly would be just for me to get even, and I think lots better for everybody than to wait for my husband to do it.

What do you think?

FARMER'S WIFE

YOUR Problems SOLVED

By The Voice of Experience

ANSWER: My sympathy, my friend, over the loss of your dog. But had you ever stopped to think that the neighbor who reported the killing of your dog, might be mistaken and that your entire plan might be placed on a false premise?

I don't doubt that there are bad feelings between the two families. That happens many times between neighboring farmers. And maybe he did deliberately kill your dog, but I want to sound a warning against your "getting even," as you call it, through the methods that you have outlined. Suppose you and your hired hand did plan something that would be costly to this farmer, and your man put the plan into effect. Did you ever stop to realize that, some day, you might want to dispense with this man's services, and, instead of being a friend, he would be an enemy, and, by disclosing what he knew, cause you all kinds of trouble? On the other hand, do you not realize that many plans miscarry and that you might be caught in the act of vengeance and be subjected to public scandal and probably a fine or imprisonment?

This thing of "getting even" is a dangerous proposition.

Advice for Radio Guide Readers



Your Friend and Adviser
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

During the summer months, while *The Voice of Experience* is not on the air, **RADIO GUIDE** will be the only medium through which those desirous of his advice will be able to consult him.

Correspondents are assured that their letters will be held in the same confidence as those sent direct to *The Voice of Experience*. All mail addressed to *The Voice of Experience* is sent direct to him, unopened.

Just address your letter to *The Voice of Experience*, care of **RADIO GUIDE**, 112 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and your communication will be forwarded immediately to *The Voice of Experience*, who will give it the same personal attention which he gives to the thousands of communications he received each day from his vast radio audience.

and in organized society like ours, "taking the law into our hands" is always frowned upon by right thinking people.

Personally, I believe that there is a greater Power than any earthly tribunal that will eventually right the personal wrongs. That's the reason I never judge or condemn anyone who has confessed to me. It is one thing for me to say that an act is wrong; it is another thing to say that the perpetrator is guilty or innocent. I confine myself to an analysis of the actions. It is wiser and safer.

My advice to you is: Not only to be most careful about your own conduct, but, if possible, to persuade your husband against any outward manifestation of revenge. I commiserate you upon the loss of your dog, but I warn you that any plans you may formulate for wreaking vengeance, may boomerang with dire results to yourself and family. This advice is given in full friendship, I can assure you.

Dear Voice of Experience:

I am a married woman, twenty-three years old. Am married to a man ten years older than myself with whom I find myself very unhappy.

We married after a three-months' courtship because I did not have a home of my own, and on the spur of the moment I promised to marry him. Before we were married I realized my mistake, but felt that I should not go back on my word, so I lived up to my promise.

He is a very quiet type of person and I am the only girl friend he has ever had. He dislikes company and never cares to go any place. I think I'll go mad for lack of companionship since I am very inclined to be affectionate, long to have someone love me, and he is not much interested in affection.

I have lost weight until my doctor asked me to leave my husband for my health's sake. This I did, but returned to him for the sake of our child. Now I am terribly nervous and I feel sure that living with him is taking years away from my life.

Accept my thanks in advance for whatever advice you can give.

ADMIRER

ANSWER: Before giving a direct reply to your letter,

may I remind any other girl readers who are contemplating a marriage with an older man just because they happen to have "no home of their own" that the chances are ten to one that, just as in this case, so in theirs they will find that after marriage they have not secured a home of their own.

A man who is mature enough to be ten years older than a marriageable girl has, in all probability, had his youthful fling and contemplates marriage for the purpose of settling down. Whenever this type of man selects a girl of vivacious character either he is compelled to change his whole attitude toward life and forget his desire to settle down, or the girl must give up her friends, her desire for social life, and be enslaved in her home if there is to be any harmony.

Most of us, however, are so constructed as to want to do some things our own way at least occasionally, with the result that either one or both parties are made very unhappy or the young bride considers herself a victim of circumstances and feels warranted in seeking pleasures alone.

In any event, these marriages almost always result unhappily, as the office records of psychiatrists the country over will bear witness.

Physical inharmonious in any home, my friend, is a pitiable condition for any couple to have to face, but, in my opinion, it is not nearly as hurtful to the individuals involved as mental incompatibility. Your doctor was probably well advised in urging you to separate yourself from this man for your health's sake, and now you state that you returned for the baby's sake. But do you consider that you have done the best by your child in uniting with a man with whom there is nothing but discord—where the child will be compelled to grow up in an atmosphere that is anything but conducive to normalcy?

I do not wish to be misunderstood, for I never try to break up homes, but frankly I do not consider a house such as yours a home in the true sense of the word, and in all probability for the sake of all three the best move you could make would be to take your child and live to yourself. If your religion is against divorce certainly I would not advocate that means of relief for you. On the other hand, you are only twenty-three, the greater part of your life is ahead of you, and certainly for your sake and that of your child some steps should be taken to insure mental tranquility for both of you.

DEAR Voice of Experience: We have a girl sixteen years old. We have given her the best we could afford. She goes to school, has lots of good clothes, a good home and lots of friends, all of which she takes for granted and in return gives nothing but disobedience. She even refuses to help her sick mother with the house work.

Here is the problem: About a year ago she was asked to do the dishes after dinner. Her mother put the kettle on for the hot water, then went and laid down. I had some work in the garden. Instead of doing the dishes, she slipped out and when I came in some time later the kettle had boiled dry and she was nowhere to be found. The kettle was ruined.

My wife and I talked the matter over and decided that something must be done. My wife suggested that we had pampered her too much and because of my wife's constant sickness she had never been able to punish our daughter for any disobedience. So my wife suggested that I give her a good spanking even if she was sixteen years old.

When I went to her room she sat by her dresser and I could see that she was trembling. I told her I was sorry I had to do this, but she was going to get a good, old-fashioned spanking.

Then I put her across my knees and I gave her her first good spanking with the palm of my hand. When I got through she was a well spanked girl and for about a month we thought our difficulties were over, for she was good as gold.

Then she got careless again and disobeyed and in less than two months was as bad as ever. So I repeated the spanking.

Now here is something that has bothered me quite a little. I have spanked her a number of times in the last year, and the last two times I am of the opinion that she deliberately did things so as to get spanked. The last time I went up I had no intention of spanking her and she deliberately did things to make me spank her.

DISTRACTED FATHER AND MOTHER

ANSWER: My friends, I want to take a moment to advise you and any other parents against punishing any boy or girl in that manner after adolescence.

You asked me the question "Is it possible for anyone to desire to be whipped?"—and I must confess that their number is legion. We call them "masochists," and if you care to find out just exactly what you are doing to your daughter, I suggest you consult your doctor and ask him to explain to you what the masochist is and how masochism is caused by what you call spanking.

Such mental states frequently are caused by unthinking parents, and from your letter I should say that a continuation of this method of treatment would have a decidedly ill effect upon your daughter.

I have a pamphlet on discipline which I will be glad to send any parent who is interested.

A letter of request, with a 3c stamp or a stamped envelope, sent to me in care of **RADIO GUIDE**, will bring this pamphlet to any of my readers.

Your Friend and Adviser,
"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

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IT IS SO titivating to have this melliluous opportunity to talk, really talk, although in the printed rather than the spoken word, with you dear friends of poetry in the intimacy of the columns of RADIO GUIDO. Of course, I am so susceptible to the

My POETRY Is Such SWEET SORROW

urgings of the mighty Muse of Poesy that I feel attuned to your eyes even as they are reading this tribute, and the sweetest little couplets—or perhaps it's couplets—go throbbing through my brain, like, if you have blue eyes, "Eyes of blue, love me true," or "Eyes of brown, I tremble at your frown," or "Eyes of black—" well, anyhow, I mean that poetry just simply fills my life with sunshine, and as dear Mr. Ambrose J. Weems says, when I read him my epics on the KUKU program, it affects him in much the same way, and that he always feels like going out and filling his life with moonshine.

So many, many people who have heard me read my poetry have asked me how I can possibly think of such things, that I think it is due my great public to explain. First of all there is Life itself.

Ah, what a sensitive thing Life is! Life, the great alchemist, as I have dubbed it, stretches forth its magic fingers to touch a happy, crowing babe here and another there, making one an astrologist, and one a radio salesman, and one a Y. M. C. A. secretary, and one a bull fighter, and one a poet or poetess, as the case might be, and often is. As another great poetess (Sappho, I think, or was it Mrs. Browning King?) once said so wisely, "To thyself be true, all others strictly cash."

I was born early on one frosty morn in a little log cabin in the Bronx on the very spot where George Washington put down the Whiskey Rebellion. Of course, that was before I arrived, but I often heard the old Bronx patriarchs tell about it as we sat around the campfire in the evening, and I think it was the noble thoughts I thought at that time that guided my life into poetry and the KUKU program. The very first poem I ever wrote—and remember, I was only 32 years old at the time—was inspired by that glorious incident in the history of our great and glorious country, long may she wave. It came to me out of a clear sky; I was thinking of nothing in particular, just living a normal, happy life. Then one night, in the middle of the hours of deepest dark, when all the earth was shrouded in—well, anyhow, that's how I happened to write my first poem. It is included in my Collected Verse by Eugenia Skidmore, on which I am considering an offer of publication, but the publisher wants \$3,000 for what he calls "advance royalty" and will only give me 10 per cent of the gross receipts and I am holding out for 10 per cent of the net.

However, this seems a good chance to get it into print, so I am permitting the Editor of RADIO GUIDO to give this early gem to you dear lovers of poetry:

WHISKEY DOWNED BY GEORGE

The whiskey rebels were holding high carouse,
Up in the Bronx in what is now New York City one day,
There was no Eighteenth Amendment then, but they
Their income tax refused to pay—
Until along came George!

He was our first U. S. President, and he had sworn
The Constitution to uphold, not blasphemously,
So first he defeated the Redcoats at the Battle
Of Long Island which he won most famously—
And along came George!

Then with courage inspiring to behold he
Charged into the forests of the deadly Bronx
But the cruel whiskey rebels smelled him
Coming with their keen schnozzles which were then called conks—
So along came George!

So the leader said Look out our pistols are cocked,
And Gen. Washington said, "So's your ale man. So hail
To Liberty" and from that day to this
The brew has been called a Bronx cocked ale—
Since along came George!

After the plaster cast had been removed, I quickly grew up to be a big girl and learned many things about Life which I have imbedded in poetry for posterity. Before long I had quite a reputation around town and sensitive people were looking for me every day.

SEVERAL years later I returned to my old home—or, as I called it, Home, Sweet Home—and then came one of the big moments of my career, when one of my poems was adopted as the official poem of the Hell Gate Kiwanis Club, of which my father was president. *Mon pere* was proprietor of a delicatessen and restaurant and gave the Club luncheons at half price, and under his leadership, which was so inspirational that no member ever missed a meeting, the meeting was opened each day with the reading of the 37 verses of the Official Poem, as follows:

FELLOWSHIP FOREVER!

We hail the morning sunshine, roseate,
Prosper!
We hail the evening stars in heaven's bowl,
Skool!

*Dear Mr. Weems Thinks It High Time
For Me to Explain to My Dear Public
What Makes Me Write Such Nice Verse*

By Eugenia Skidmore

Poetess Lariat of NBC Cuckoo Hour

(Ed. Note—This poem is the damndest piece of writing we ever read, so we are sure Miss Skidmore will understand that we are omitting the remainder of it in the interests of international amity.)

Following the publication of several of my poems in Poesy—A Magazine of Worse, I was invited to give a reading to the ladies in the Women's Ward at Elmira, N. Y., and the heads of the movement were so impressed that they insisted that I remain there for a while, telling me that at last I had found my proper niche. Six months later I returned unostentatiously to New York, not desiring an official reception which had been hinted at.

I REMAINED incommunicado with my thoughts for some time, and as a result of this intensive thinking, I evolved what has since come to be the consuming ambition of my life, namely, to write an Epic Poem-Index to the Dictionary. Starting with the first word, "aardvark, a burrowing and ant-eating African animal," the poem proceeds like this:

Little aardvark,
You appear on Page One of the Funk & Wagnalls Desk Standard
Dictionary
But you would much
Rather be burrowing
And eating succulent ants
In Africa

And so on. I am sure my dear readers will appreciate the tremendous possibilities in this great idea of mine. I am planning to have the epic completed in time for the next Century of Progress Exposition.

Of course, one cannot stick to one's last interminably, so to speak, and for relaxation, I dash off three or four little efforts each day. The editor of the Journal of the Scavengers Union has printed several of these and he was particularly enthusiastic about the one called "Just Simply Love"—oh, that's a mistake—I mean, it is called just simply "Love."

LOVE

Love!
Ah! What is
Love?
Love is a passion, Cupid yclept;
Son of a mother who never slept;
Oh, lie, Love!

Love and I
Are just two pals,
For Love is dear
To pretty girls.*
Love
Like a dove
In Heav'n above;
Without you,
What would boys and girls do?
Ah!
Love!

*Poetic License No. 9,648,392,199.

These few examples of my work should enable you dear lovers of poetry to understand why my verses have caused such a sensation. People often ask me why—or rather, how I do it, but all I can say about that is that it is just a gift from the Gods of Valhalla. I

really don't know how I ever think up the things I do. I just sit down with papyrus and a golden quill, close my eyes and think of nothing—then I write, and I myself am often amazed to see what I produce. I have been that way since a child, and Mr. Ambrose J. Weems, the principal Cuckoo on our NBC programs, says that

nothing but arsenic will ever change me.

In fact, dear Mr. Weems, who has been looking over my shoulder as I have been writing this, has just suggested that we go out and have some arsenic together, but I must make the dear boy wait, for the Muse is upon me, and when the Muse is upon me, there is no stopping me, as my friends say. So I shall include just one more verse, one of my early works, because I know that after you have read it, you will carry away a beautiful thought—and that, after all, is poetry's mission.

HERE has been a question raised by jealous people as to whether or not poor little me actually wrote this verse, but then, I always remind them the same things were said about Shakespeare, the immortal bard, so really, after all, I'm rather flattered. Here it is:

METEMPSYCHOSIS

I adore sandwiches—
Rich white slabs
Tinged lightly with saffron,
Maive at the edges,
Bashful atom of meat,
Coy, modest,
Concealing itself from the
Vulgar.

I am a beautiful
Sandwich.

Dear Mr. Weems says that this is the best poem I ever wrote. He says of course I'm a sandwich and that some day—he hopes it's soon (I wonder what he means by that)—an ogre who doesn't appreciate my poetry is going to come along and chew me up into little pieces.

I wish that more understanding souls who love the Muses would write me their opinions of my poetry. I realize that, after all, I am only human and my poor little inspirations might possibly be better. Mr. Weems says that only minor poets would admit anything like that so possibly, I am just a minor poet. Isn't that sad?

THE KUKU POETESS.
*You wouldn't think,
would you, that such a
pretty girl could be
named Eugenia Skid-
more or that she could
write the kind of poetry
(?) that is one of the
most cuckoo features of
the Cuckoo program
over NBC networks?
Well, you're right—she
isn't and she doesn't.
She's really Mary Mc-
Coy, a talented young
singer and protege of
Schumann-Heink.*



Sunday, August 20 Features: Willard Robison 5:00 P.M. EDT Bert Lahr 8:00 P.M. EDT

LOG OF STATIONS

Table with columns: Call Letters, Kilo-Watts, Power, Location. Includes stations like KDKA, WAAB, WABC, etc.

8:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 a.m. EST NBC-Blue-Tone Pictures; George Blake, pianist; mixed quartet; Mary Meyer, soprano; Helen Jenke, contralto; Richard Maxwell, tenor; Curt Peterson, baritone; WJZ CBS-Morning Musicale; Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; Helen Board, soprano; WABC NBC-Red-Melody Hour; guest soloist; Grande Trio; WEAF WEAN-Dudley Radio Carollers WNAC-Dudley Radio Carollers

11:15 a.m. EDT ↔ 10:15 a.m. EST NBC-Red-Major Bowes' Capitol Family; Maria Silvera, soprano; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Four Minute Men, male quartet; Waldo Mayo, violinist; orchestra: WEAF WGY WTAG WOR-Jennie Gatoska, violinist

12:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 11:15 a.m. EST NBC-Blue-Radio City Concert; Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA NBC-Red-Seeing the Other America; Edward M. Tomlinson; WEAF WTAG WGSW WGY WAAB-String Orchestra and Soloists WEAN-Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ (CBS) WEEL-Sam Curtis' Radio Chat WOR-Edna White Trumpet Quartet

1:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 12:15 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Palmer House Concert Ensemble; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA 1:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 12:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-High Lights of the Bible; Dr. Frederick K. Stamm; mixed quartet and music: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA CBS-Compinsky String Trio; WABC WDRG WCAU WAAB NBC-Red-L'Heure Exquise; Fred Hufsmith, tenor; women's octet; WEAF WGY WGSW WEEI WAAB-The Italian Serenaders

2:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 1:15 p.m. EST CBS-The Playboys, piano trio: WABC WNAC WCAU WDRG WORC VEAN NBC-Red-Pop Concert direction Walter Logan; WEAF WGY WGSW WEEI WBZ-WBZA-Perkins Boys, skit 2:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 1:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Jan Garber's Orchestra; Virginia Hamilton, vocalist; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA CBS-Manhattan Moods; De Re Mi Trio; orchestra: WABC WDRG WNAC WCAU WEAN WORC 3:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-National Opera Concert, soloist and orchestra: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA CBS-Symphonic Hour; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Howard Barlow, conductor; WABC WNAC WCAU WDRG WEAN WORC NBC-Red-Wayne King's Orchestra; WEAF WGSW WGY WTAG WEEI 3:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:15 p.m. EST WOR-Pauline Alpert, whirlwind pianist 3:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:30 p.m. EST NBC-Red-The Radio Pulpit; Dr. Paul E. Scherer; music: WEAF WEEI WGSW WGY WOR-Dance Orchestra

For Your Album



JERRY FREEMAN

CBS maestro tooting it up from his bandstand at the Paradise on Broadway boasts that he is 100 per cent New Yorker . . . was born and raised in the big city, the youngest in a family of twelve . . . none of them have music in their fingers except Jerry . . . and he begged for violin lessons at a tender age . . . progressed to the point of conducting both grammar and high school orchestra . . . Started forth with his own small band at the bottom of the ladder to climb to the top . . . never played with any other maestro . . . with the exception of the time he was trombonist with the Navy Band in Washington during the war . . . music has been a steady diet with Jerry except when he took time out during a low ebb in orchestra work to become a salesman for hair goods, then for ladies' waists . . . made a reputation playing at private parties . . . innumerable New York debys have "come out" to the background of Jerry's music . . . many bandleaders served some time in his orchestra . . . Freddie Rich once his pianist . . . Jerry once conducted when B. A. was in the show business . . . was at one time the youngest musical director on the Keith circuit . . . played the Palms Royale before the time of Whiteman . . . spent several seasons in Helen Morgan's night club . . . accompanying the sad-voiced star with violin tears . . . played the famous National Casino in Victor Herbert operettas at old Academy of music on 14th Street . . . conducted for B. A. Rolfe Cuba . . . the Abbey Club, the Casanova, the Argonaut . . . east side, west side, all around the town . . . knows his Broadway . . . considers 2 a. m. the big spot in an evening's dancing . . . present band set-up is 15 pieces . . . Martin Skales, his pianist, is also his arranger.

4:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Gould and Scheffer, piano duo; WJZ KDKA CBS-Cathedral Hour; Cathedral Choir and Orchestra; Soloists: WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WCAU WORC NBC-Red-Fiddlers Three, instrumental and vocal trio; WEAF WTAG WGY WEEI WBZ-WBZA-Radio Nimble Wits; Everett Smith WGSW-Watch Tower Program WOR-"Stepping Along," orchestra 4:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:15 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Ennio Bolognini, cellist; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA NBC-Red-Vee Seal and Johnny Lawa-lurst, songs and patter; WEAF WTAG WEEI WGSW WGY WAAB-The Powers Brothers, vocal trio 4:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Dion Kennedy, organist; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC-Red-Temple of Song; Chicago A Capella Choir; WEAF WEEI WGSW WGY WOR-To be announced

WOR-Hendrik DeLeeuw, folk 4:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:45 p.m. EST WOR-Bert Lahr, song at the piano 5:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-The Friendly Hour; Dr. William Hiram Foulkes; male ensemble and music: WJZ WBZ WBZA CBS-Willard Robison's Syncopated Sermon; WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WCAU WORC NBC-Red-Paul Ash's Orchestra; WEAF WTAG WGY WGSW WEEI KDKA-Vesper Services WAAB-Francis J. Cronin, organist WOR-"Shady Lanes"; orchestra 5:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:15 p.m. EST CBS-Vera Van, contralto; WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WCAU WORC 5:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:30 p.m. EST CBS-Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson; WABC WAAB WDRG WEAN WCAU WORC NBC-Red-Dale Carnegie, "Facts About Well Known People"; WEAF WTAG WEEI WGSW WGY NBC-Blue-Eva Jessye Choir; WJZ WBZ WBZA WNAC-Strange Adventures In Strange Lands WOR-Newark String Trio 5:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:45 p.m. EST WNAC-Francis J. Cronin, organist 6:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Light Opera; Chorus and Soloists; WJZ WBZ WBZA CBS-Eddie Duchin's Orchestra; WABC WNAC WCAU WDRG WEAN WORC NBC-Red-Catholic Hour; WEAF WTAG WGSW WGY WEEI KDKA-Press News Reeler WAAB-Tom Anderson's Orchestra WOR-Red-Laquer and Jade; orchestra 6:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:15 p.m. EST KDKA-Weather and Sports WAAB-Baseball Scores; News; Weather WCAU-Young America 6:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:30 p.m. EST CBS-On the Air Tonight; WABC NBC-Red-Pollakoff Novelty Ensemble; WEAF WGY WTAG WGSW CBS-Chicago Knights; WAAB WDRG WEAN WORC KDKA-To be announced WBZ-WBZA-Sports Review, Bill Williams WCAU-Watch Tower Program WNAC-Baseball Scores; News Flashes; Weather Forecast WOR-Poetry Readings, Dion Kennedy, organist 6:35 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:35 p.m. EST CBS-Chicago Knights; WABC 6:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:45 p.m. EST WCAU-Chicago Knights (CBS) WNAC-Salon Gems, concert music WOR-To be announced WOR-Dance Marathon 7:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Jules Lande, troubadour of the violin; WJZ WBZ WBZA CBS-The Gauchos; Vincent Sorey's Orchestra; Tito Guizar, tenor; WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WCAU WORC NBC-Red-Olga, Countess Albani, soprano; WEAF WTAG WGSW WGY WEEI KDKA-Jack Pettis' Orchestra WAAB-Evening Service, Tremont Baptist Church WOR-Irving Aaronson's Orchestra 7:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:15 p.m. EST NBC-Red-Horse Sense Philophony, Andrew F. Kelly; WEAF WEEI WTAG WGSW WGY-Carmelo Cascio, pianist 7:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-"Wisdom of the Ages," dramatic sketch; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA CBS-John Henry, Black River Giant; negro dramatization; WABC WDRG WNAC WCAU WEAN WORC NBC-Red-Russian Symphony Choir; WEAF WTAG WGSW WGY WEEI-Garden Talk; News Dispatches WOR-Radio Revue; Roxanne and her Orchestra 7:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:45 p.m. EST CBS-Chicago Variety Program; WABC WNAC WDRG WCAU WEAN WORC WTIC-Dave Burrows' Five Sharps 7:50 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:50 p.m. EST WOR-WOR Spotlight; Merle Johnston, conductor 8:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-To be announced; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC-Red-Rubinoff's Orchestra; Bert Lahr, comedian; Lee Sims and Homay Bailey; WEAF WTIC WTAG WGSW WGY WEEI-The Jenney Concert WOR-Marilyn Mack, songs with orchestra 8:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:15 p.m. EST CBS-John Henry, Black River Giant; negro dramatization; WABC WCAU WDRG WORC WEAN WNAC WOR-To be announced

8:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:30 p.m. EST CBS-Philadelphia Summer Concerts Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; WABC WDRG WAAB WCAU KDKA-News of the Air WEAN-Walter Smith's Concert Band WNAC-Walter Smith's Concert Band WOR-Chor Invisible WORC-Walter Smith's Concert Band 8:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:45 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-To be announced; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA 9:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Headliners; Guest Star; Al Goodman's Orchestra; The Revelers, quartet; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC-Red-Manhattan Merry-Go-Round; Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town Quartet; WEAF WTIC WGY WGSW-Sears Roebuck Program WEEI-Fox Fur Program WOR-Marion Packard and Frederick Bristol, two pianos WTAG-Town Talk Quarter Hour 9:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:15 p.m. EST WOR-WOR Spotlight; vocalists and orchestra WTAG-The Buccaneers 9:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Crecho-Slovakian Day, World's Fair; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA NBC-Red-American Album of Familiar Music; WEAF WTAG WGY WGSW WEEI WCAU-Fox Fur Trappers WEAN-Beethoven Memorial Foundation WNAC-Beethoven Memorial Foundation Program WORC-Philadelphia Summer Concerts (CBS) WTIC-Walter Haggood on Sports 9:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:45 p.m. EST WCAU-Around the Conklor WOR-"Some Call It Luck," Rod Arkel WTIC-Fred Wade, tenor 10:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-To be announced; WJZ NBC-Red-Walter Trumbull's Interview of Col. Louis Howe, Secretary to President Roosevelt; WEAF WGSW WGY WTIC WTAG WEEI WBZ-WBZA-New England Vacationers WEAN-Joe Kline's Orchestra WNAC-Joe Kline's Orchestra WOR-Opera and Concert Hour-New York Opera Association 10:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:15 p.m. EST NBC-Red-Impressions of Italy; Ina de Martino, soprano; Giuseppe di Benedetto, tenor; orchestra: WEAF WTAG WTIC WGY WGSW WEEI 10:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:30 p.m. EST CBS-Freddie Rich Entertainers; WABC WEAN WDRG WCAU WORC WNAC NBC-Blue-Green Brothers' Novelty Orchestra; Major, Sharp and Minor, girls' trio; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA WAAB-Baseball Scores; News Flashes; Weather 10:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:45 p.m. EST NBC-Red-Seth Parker's Neighborhood; WEAF WGSW WGY WTAG WEEI WBZ-WBZA-Last Minute News Flashes WNAC-Baseball Scores; Weather Reports; News Flashes WTIC-Merry Madcaps, dance orchestra 11:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:00 p.m. EST CBS-Guy Lombardo's Orchestra; WABC WEAN WDRG WNAC NBC-Blue-Bertie and Betty, comedy sketch; WJZ KDKA-Sport Review WBZ-WBZA-Weather; Sports Review WCAU-Brooke Carter, talk WOR-Charles Hagleton's Orchestra 11:10 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:10 p.m. EST WTIC-Marine Forecast 11:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:15 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-The Four Horsemen, male quartet; WJZ WBZ WBZA NBC-Red-N. R. A. Talk; WEAF WGY WGSW WTIC KDKA-To be announced WCAU-Carlie and Landon, piano team WEEI-Last Minute News Flashes 11:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Dick Messner's Orchestra; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA CBS-Jerry Freeman's Orchestra; WABC WNAC WDRG WEAN WCAU WBZ WBZA NBC-Red-Orchestral Gems; WEAF WGY WGSW WTIC WOR-Bert Loun's Orchestra 12:00 MID. EDT ↔ 11:00 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Dance Nocturne; William Steers' Orchestra; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA CBS-Isam Jones' Orchestra; WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN NBC-Red-William Scott's Orchestra; WEAF WTIC WGY WOR-Anthony Trini's Orchestra 12:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 11:30 p.m. EST NBC-Blue-Carlos Molina's Orchestra; WJZ WBZ WBZA CBS-Ted Lewis' Orchestra; WABC WEAN WNAC WCAU NBC-Red-Bud Shay's Orchestra; WEAF WTIC

Georgia Day 4:15 P.M. EDT

Kate Smith 8:30 P.M. EDT

Ben Bernie 9:00 P.M. EDT

Lives at Stake 10:00 P.M. EDT

(TUESDAY CONTINUED)

1:00 p.m. EDT -> 12:00 Noon EST
NBC-Blue-Vic and Sade, comedy sketch
WJZ
CBS-Marie, the Little French Princess:
WABC WNAC WCAU
NBC-Red-Market and Weather Reports:
WEAF
KDKA-News-Reader
WAAB-The Circus Marathon
WBZ-WBZA-New England Agriculture
WDRS-Al White, Vagabond Pianist
WGY-Albany on Parade
WOR-Putnam Community Program
WTAG-News Reports; Weather
WTIC-Blue Room Echoes, orchestra
1:15 p.m. EDT -> 12:15 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Ralph Ginsberg's Ensemble:
KDKA
NBC-Blue-Weather Reports: WJZ
CBS-Harold Knight's Orchestra: WABC
WAAB WCAU WDRS WORC
NBC-Red-Popular Varieties: Erva Giles,
soprano; Joe White, tenor; Joe Blaviano,
accordion; Irving Miller, pianist: WEAF
WTAG WCHS WEEI
WEAN-Rhode Island Information Service;
Music; Shopping News
WNAC-Musical selections; shopping news
1:20 p.m. EDT -> 12:20 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Ralph Ginsberg's Concert En-
sembles: WJZ
1:30 p.m. EDT -> 12:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-National Farm and Home
WJZ, guest speaker; orchestra: WJZ
WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-George Scherban's Russian Gypsy
Orchestra: WABC WAAB WCAU WDRS
WORC
NBC-Red-Buddy Harmon's Orchestra:
WEAF WTAG WCHS WEEI WTIC
WEAN-Billy Lusser's Concert Ensemble
WGY-Farm Program
2:00 p.m. EDT -> 1:00 p.m. EST
CBS-Ann Leaf at the Organ: WABC
WCAU WEAN WDRS WNAC
NBC-Red-Merry Madcaps: Fred Wade,
tenor; guest orchestra: WEAF WTIC
WEEI WCHS WTAG
WAAB-Musical selections; shopping news
WGY-Miracle Esmond, soprano
WORC-Clinton Dance Marathon
2:15 p.m. EDT -> 1:15 p.m. EST
WGY-Household Chats
WORC-Ann Leaf at the Organ (CBS)
2:30 p.m. EDT -> 1:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Syncopators; dance orchestra:
WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS-Don Ross, baritone: WABC WNAC
WCAU
NBC-Red-The Harmonians, mixed trio:
WEAF WTAG WEEI WCHS WGY
KDKA-KDKA Home Forum
WDRS-Piano Melodies; Rachel Roberta
Moore
WEAN-To be announced
WTIC-Serenading Strings; Christiana
Kriens, director
2:45 p.m. EDT -> 1:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Happy Jack Turner, songs:
WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS-New World Salon Orchestra: WABC
WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC WNAC
NBC-Red-Guest Speaker: WEAF WGY
WCHS WEEI
WTIC-Studio Program
3:00 p.m. EDT -> 2:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Betty and Bob, dramatic
sketch: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
NBC-Red-Harold Stern's Orchestra:
WEAF WEEI WGY WTAG WTIC WCHS
WAAB-Weather Report; news flashes
3:15 p.m. EDT -> 2:15 p.m. EST
CBS-Artist Recital: Evan Evans, bar-
itone; Charlotte Harriman, contralto:
WABC WCAU
NBC-Blue-Words and Music; Harvey
Hays, narrator; Larry Larsen, organist;
Sara Ann McCabe, soprano; Robert
Royce, tenor: WJZ WBZ WBZA
KDKA-Smith's Play Bridge
WAAB-Piano Recital; Elizabeth Travis
Benike
WDRS-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. Pitts-
burgh
WEAN-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. Pitts-
burgh
WNAC-Baseball; Boston Braves vs.
Pittsburgh
WORC-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. Pitts-
burgh
3:30 p.m. EDT -> 2:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Jack Brooks, tenor; and orchestra:
WABC WCAU WAAB
NBC-Red-Woman's Radio Review, talk
and orchestra: WEAF WCHS WEEI
WGY
KDKA-Words and Music (NBC)
WBZ-WBZA-Home Forum Cooking School
WTIC-The Mixing Bowl
3:45 p.m. EDT -> 2:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Meredith Wilson's Orchestra:
WJZ
KDKA-Congress of Clubs Period
4:00 p.m. EDT -> 3:00 p.m. EST
CBS-U. S. Navy Band Patriotic Period:
WABC WAAB
NBC-Red-The Golden Treasury, poetry
readings: WEAF WCHS WGY

KDKA-Meredith Wilson's Orchestra
(NBC)
WBZ-WBZA-Variety Hour
WCAU-Dog Talk by Al Dlement
WEEI-News Despatches; Stock Exchange
Quotations
4:15 p.m. EDT -> 3:15 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Georgia Day, World's Fair:
WJZ KDKA
WCAU-U. S. Navy Band (CBS)
WEEI-The Golden Treasury (NBC)
4:30 p.m. EDT -> 3:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Fred Berrens' Orchestra: WABC
WCAU WAAB
NBC-Red-Ten Dossante: WEAF WCHS
WTAG WEEI WGY
KDKA-News; Markets
WBZ-WBZA-Through the Looking Glass,
beauty talk
WOR-Haunting Melodies, Florence Miner
and Paul Hendrix
4:45 p.m. EDT -> 3:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Talk by Harold Fields: WJZ
NBC-Red-Lady Next Door; Children's
show: WEAF WTAG WGY WCHS WEEI
KDKA-To be announced
WBZ-WBZA-Concert; Tillie Carroll, so-
prano; Lillian Bernstein, pianist
WCAU-Then the "Looking Glass," with
Frances Ingram
4:50 p.m. EDT -> 3:50 p.m. EST
WOR-The Story Behind the Picture;
Francis Healy
5:00 p.m. EDT -> 4:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Paul Ash's Orchestra: WJZ
CBS-Skippy, children's playlet: WABC
WEAN WCAU WDRS WAAB
NBC-Red-Melodic Thoughts; guest art-
ist; orchestra: WEAF WTAG WCHS
WEEI
WBZ-WBZA-Agricultural Markets; E. J.
Wynn
WGY-Stock Reports and Police notices
WORC-Prosperity Hour
5:15 p.m. EDT -> 4:15 p.m. EST
CBS-The Four Clubmen, male quartet:
WABC WDRS WEAN WNAC
KDKA-Tarzan of the Apes, sketch
WAAB-Idits and Entrees
WBZ-WBZA-Paul Ash's Orchestra (NBC)
WCAU-Sam Moore and Agnes Anderson
WGY-Melodic Thoughts, soloist; orches-
tra (NBC)
WOR-Bruce Fenn, soprano
5:30 p.m. EDT -> 4:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Lars Larsen, organist: WJZ
WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-Jack Armstrong, All American Boy:
WABC WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN
NBC-Red-Schirmer and Schmitt, piano
team: WEAF WEEI WGY WTAG
WCHS-Ogunquit Theater
WOR-Minutis Manners
5:35 p.m. EDT -> 4:35 p.m. EST
WOR-Indian Pow Wow; Lane Bear
5:45 p.m. EDT -> 4:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Little Orphan Annie: Child-
ren's playlet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-George Hays' Orchestra: WABC
WEAN WNAC WDRS
NBC-Red-Nursery Rhymes: Milton
Cross and Lewis James: WEAF WTAG
WEEI WGY
WCAU-Tarzan of the Apes, sketch
WCHS-Deering Theater Review
WOR-Tarzan of the Apes; sketch
6:00 p.m. EDT -> 5:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Dick Messner's Orchestra:
WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS-Reis and Dunn, comedy and songs:
WABC WORC WDRS
NBC-Red-Walter Lema's Viennese En-
semble: WEAF WTAG
KDKA-News; Piano Classique
WCAU-The Four G's
WCHS-Dance Marathon
WEAN-News Flashes, Baseball Scores,
Weather
WEEI-The Evening Tattler
WGY-Arm Chair Chats
WNAC-Baseball scores, news flashes,
weather reports
WOR-Uncle Ben
6:15 p.m. EDT -> 5:15 p.m. EST
CBS-Betty Barthel, songstress: WAAB
WDRS WEAN WORC
CBS-On the Air Tonight: WABC
KDKA-Sports: A Song
WBZ-WBZA-Happy Landings; drama
with Mitzi Green
WCAU-Tonight at WCAU
WCHS-Eastern Music Camps
WGY-News Items; baseball scores
WNAC-Tarzan of the Apes, skit
6:20 p.m. EDT -> 5:20 p.m. EST
CBS-Betty Barthel, songstress: WABC
WCAU-Sporting Page; Baseball Scores
6:30 p.m. EDT -> 5:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Kathryn Newman, coloratura
soprano: WJZ
CBS-Barney Rapp's Orchestra: WABC
WAAB WDRS WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Mid-week Hymn Sing: WEAF
WGY
KDKA-Pittsburgh Spotlights
WBZ-WBZA-Sports Review, Bill Williams
WCAU-Harold Knight's Orchestra
WCHS-Al Buck's Sport Review
WEEI-News Despatches
WNAC-The Merry Go Round
WOR-Mitzi Green; "Happy Landings"

WTAG-Baseball Scores; News Reports,
Weather
6:40 p.m. EDT -> 5:40 p.m. EST
WCHS-White Cross Nite Club
WEEI-Ten Flash
WGY-Bob Grant's Orchestra, with Helen
Morgan
WNAC-Racing Results; Moment Musicale
WOR-Al Woods, songs
WDRS-Clinton Dance Marathon
6:50 p.m. EDT -> 5:50 p.m. EST
WCAU-Barney Rapp's Orchestra (CBS)
WOR-Frances Hunt, songs
6:55 p.m. EDT -> 5:55 p.m. EST
WOR-Intimate Hollywood News
7:00 p.m. EDT -> 6:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Amos 'n' Andy: WJZ WEEI
WBZA KDKA
CBS-Gypsy Nina, songs: WABC WNAC
WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Rex Cole's Mountaineers:
WEAF WEEI WTAG
WAAB-Baseball scores, news flashes
WCHS-Interlude, news flashes
WOR-Ford Frick, sports resume
7:15 p.m. EDT -> 6:15 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-National Advisory Council:
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-Dance Time; Orchestra: WABC
WAAB WCAU WDRS WORC WEAN
NBC-Red-William Scott's Orchestra:
WEAF WTAG
WCHS-Mitzi Green, "Happy Landings"
WEEI-After Dinner Revue
WGY-Joe and Eddie, comedy sketch
WNAC-The Yankee Singers
WOR-Jerry Arlen, baritone; Bud Head-
den, piano
7:30 p.m. EDT -> 6:30 p.m. EST
CBS-The Road Reporter: WABC WNAC
WCAU
NBC-Red-Lum and Abner, skit: WEAF
WGY WEEI WCHS
WAAB-The Circus Marathon
WDRS-Alfred Keitelson, tenor
WEAN-Jimmy Crane's Hawaiians
WGY-To be announced
WOR-To be announced
7:45 p.m. EDT -> 6:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Ray Heatherton, baritone:
WJZ KDKA
CBS-Boake Carter; Newscasting: WABC
WCAU WNAC
NBC-Red-The Goldbergs; comedy
sketch: WEAF WTAG WEEI WCHS
WGY
WAAB-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA-Mini and Jerry
WDRS-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WEAN-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WOR-The Sars, comedy and music
WDRS-Carl Moore's Orchestra
7:50 p.m. EDT -> 6:50 p.m. EST
WORC-To be announced
8:00 p.m. EDT -> 7:00 p.m. EST
CBS-Love Songs, Gladys Rice and Chas.
Carble: WABC WDRS WCAU WNAC
WEAN WORC
NBC-Blue-Pastorale; Concert Orchestra:
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
NBC-Red-Julia Sanderson and Frank
Crumit, soloists: WEAF WEEI WGY
WTAG WCHS
WAAB-"Die Walkure," Wagner, soloists,
chorus and orchestra
8:15 p.m. EDT -> 7:15 p.m. EST
CBS-The Fur Trappers: WABC
CBS-Novelty Rhythm; Fred Berrens' Or-
chestra; Klon Boys, quartet: WDRS
WCAU WEAN WNAC WORC
WOR-Al and Lee Reiser, two pianos;
Hazel Arth, contralto
8:30 p.m. EDT -> 7:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Kate Smith; songs: WABC WCAU
NBC-Blue-Adventures in Health: WJZ
WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-John Kelvin, tenor: WSAC WEAN
WORC WDRS
NBC-Red-Wayne King's Orchestra:
WEAF WEEI WGY WCHS WTAG
WOR-Eddy Brown, violinist, and Mini-
ature Symphony Orchestra
8:45 p.m. EDT -> 7:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-To be announced: WJZ WBZ
WBZA KDKA
CBS-Poet's Gold; poetic readings by
David Ross: WABC WDRS WEAN
WCAU WNAC WORC
WAAB-Harry E. Rodgers at the Console
9:00 p.m. EDT -> 8:00 p.m. EST
CBS-Modern Male Chorus: WABC WNAC
WDRS WEAN WORC WCAU
NBC-Blue-Stadium Concert; Philhar-
monic Orchestra; Willem Van Hoog-
straten, conductor: WJZ KDKA
NBC-Red-Ben Bernie's Orchestra:
WEAF WEEI WTAG WCHS WGY
WBZ-WBZA-Barn Dance
WOR-Olman and Arden, piano duo; Ger-
don Graham, baritone
9:15 p.m. EDT -> 8:15 p.m. EST
CBS-Frank Westphal's Orchestra: WABC
WNAC WDRS WEAN WCAU WORC

WAAB-Jack Miles' Orchestra
WOR-The Grenadiers Revue
9:30 p.m. EDT -> 8:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Nino Martini, tenor; Columbia Sym-
phony Orchestra: WABC WDRS WEAN
WORC WNAC WCAU
NBC-Red-Taylor Holmes, comedian; Don
Voorhees' Band: WEAF WTAG WCHS
WGY WEEI
WBZ-WBZA-Stadium Concert (NBC)
WOR-Fotlight Echoes
WTIC-The Travellers Hour, Orchestra
9:45 p.m. EDT -> 8:45 p.m. EST
WAAB-Baseball scores, news flashes
10:00 p.m. EDT -> 9:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Musical Memories; Edgar A.
Guest, poet; vocalists: WJZ KDKA
WBZ WBZA
CBS-California Melodies: Raymond
Palig's Orchestra; Guest Stars: WABC
WAAB WEAN WDRS WCAU WORC
NBC-Red-Lives at Stake, musical pro-
gram, dramatic sketch: WEAF WTAG
WEEI WCHS WGY
WNAC-"As I See It" with Richard D.
Grant
WOR-Elsie Thompson, organist
10:15 p.m. EDT -> 9:15 p.m. EST
WNAC-Street of Dreams, songs
WOR-Harian Eugene Reed
10:30 p.m. EDT -> 9:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Miss Lilla; Southern drama-
tic sketch: WJZ KDKA
CBS-Ted Husing, Barbara Maurel, con-
tralto; orchestra: WABC WEAN WDRS
WCAU WNAC
NBC-Red-National Radio Forum: WEAF
WEEI WGY WTAG WCHS
WAAB-Charles Frederick Lindsay, read-
ings with organ
WBZ-WBZA-Herbert Marsh's Orchestra
WOR-National Radio Forum
10:45 p.m. EDT -> 9:45 p.m. EST
CBS-Light Opera Gems; Channon Col-
ings, conductor: WABC WAAB WDRS
WEAN WORC
WCAU-The Meistersinger
WNAC-Baseball Scores; weather report
11:00 p.m. EDT -> 10:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Baltimore Municipal Band:
WJZ

NBC-Red-Harold Stern's Orchestra:
WEAF WGY
KDKA-Sport Review
WBZ-WBZA-Weather and Sports Review
WCAU-Boake Carter, news
WCHS-Palace Ball Room Orchestra
WEEI-Weather, Road, Fishing Forecasts;
News Despatches
WNAC-Jack Miles' Orchestra
WOR-Ben Cutler's Orchestra
WTAG-New Bulletins, Weather Report
11:15 p.m. EDT -> 10:15 p.m. EST
CBS-Little Jack Little, vocal and piano:
WABC WNAC WDRS WEAN WORC
KDKA-Jack Pettis' Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA-Midnight Frolic
WCAU-Vincent Travers' Orchestra
WCHS-Harold Stern's Orchestra (NBC)
WEEI-Harold Stern's Orchestra (NBC)
WTAG-Harold Stern's Orchestra (NBC)
11:30 p.m. EDT -> 10:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Ernie Holst's Orchestra: WJZ
WBZ WBZA
CBS-Isahn Jones' Orchestra: WABC
WNAC WDRS WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Talkie Picture Time: WEAF
WCHS WTAG WEEI WGY
WOR-Emil Coleman's Orchestra
11:45 a.m. EDT -> 10:45 p.m. EST
KDKA-Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)
12:00 Mid. EDT -> 11:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Phil Harris' Orchestra: WJZ
KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS-Fredde Martin's Orchestra: WABC
WNAC WCAU WEAN
NBC-Red-Ralph Kirbery, baritone:
WEAF WTAG WGY
WOR-Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra
12:05 a.m. EDT -> 11:05 p.m. EST
NBC-Red-Reggie Child's Orchestra:
WEAF WGY
12:30 a.m. EDT -> 11:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Johnny Hamp's Orchestra: WABC
WEAN WNAC WCAU
NBC-Blue-Mark Fisher's Orchestra:
WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
NBC-Red-Lake George Village Orches-
tra: WEAF WGY
1:00 a.m. EDT -> 12:00 Mid. EST
CBS-Luis Russell's Orchestra: WABC

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Walter O'Keefe 8:00 P.M. EDT

Fred Allen 9:00 A.M. EDT

Bandstand and Baton

(FRIDAY CONTINUED)

3:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:15 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Words and Music; Harvey Hays, narrator; Ruth Lyon, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone; WJZ KDKA
CBS-Alex Semmler, concert pianist; WABC WCAU
NBC-Red-Shirley Howard, songs; WFAE WEEI WGY
WAAB-Piano Recital; Elizabeth Travis Bohne
WBZ-WBZA-Little Star, Joan Ruth
WCSH-Carol Atherton, soloist
WORC-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. St. Louis
WEAN-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. St. Louis
WNAC-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. St. Louis
WORC-Baseball; Boston Braves vs. St. Louis
3:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Red-Woman's Radio Review; Claudine MacDonald; orchestra: WFAE WTAG WEEI WGSJ WGY
CBS-Harrisburg Variety Program; WABC WAAB WCAU
WBZ-WBZA-Home Forum Cooking School
3:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 2:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Morin Sisters, harmony team; WJZ KDKA
4:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Gene Quaw's Orchestra; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS-The Great Big Variety Show; WABC WAAB WCAU
NBC-Red-May We Present; Marjorie Horton, soprano; WFAE WTAG WCSH WVIC
WEEI-News Dispatches; Stock Exchange Quotations
WGY-Floyd Haber, baritone; Paul Curtis, tenor
4:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:15 p.m. EST
WCSH-Margaret Whittier, soloist
WEEI-May We Present (NBC)
WGY-May We Present (NBC)
WTAG-Ed Boulay, concert pianist
4:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Arcadians, string ensemble; vocalists: WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS-U. S. Army Band; WABC WAAB WCAU
NBC-Red-South Sea Islanders, Hawaiian Music; WFAE WTAG WEEI WVIC WCSH WGY
KDKA-News and Markets
4:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:45 p.m. EST
KDKA-Arcadians (NBC)
WCAU-Sam Moore and Agnes Anderson
WGY-South Sea Islanders (NBC)
4:50 p.m. EDT ↔ 3:50 p.m. EST
WOR-Ioss Peardon, baritone
5:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Walter Lundell Interview; WJZ
CBS-Skippy, children's playlet; WABC WDRW WEAN WAAB WCAU
NBC-Red-Harold Stern's Orchestra; WFAE WTIC WCSH
KDKA-To be announced
WBZ-WBZA-Agricultural Markets; E. J. Rowell
WEEI-Health Forum; Dr. L. Burbank
WGY-Stock Reports and Police Notices
5:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:15 p.m. EST
CBS-John Kelvin, Irish tenor; WABC WORC WDRW WNAC WEAN
NBC-Blue-Paul Ash's Orchestra; WJZ WBZ WBZA
KDKA-Tarzan of the Apes
WAAB-Hits and Encores
WCAU-To be announced
WEEI-Harold Stern's Orchestra (NBC)
WGY-Harold Stern's Orchestra (NBC)
WOR-Shirley About New Jersey
5:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Larry Larsen, organist; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-Jack Armstrong, All American Boy; WABC WNAC WDRW WCAU WEAN
NBC-Red-Jack and Loretta Clemons, songs and guitar; WFAE WTAG WEEI WGY WCSH
WOR-Minute Manners
WORC-Melody Mart
WVIC-Walter Dawley, organist
5:35 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:35 p.m. EST
WOR-Jingle Belles, Ann Brae and Zella Ray
5:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Little Orphan Annie; children's skit; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-Jack Miller with Brunsell's Orchestra; WABC WDRW WEAN WNAC WORC
NBC-Red-Paul Wing, the story man; WFAE WGY WCSH
WCAU-Tarzan of the Apes, sketch
WEEI-Musical Wanderings (NBC)
WOR-Tarzan of the Apes; sketch
WTAG-Melodic Wanderings
6:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Henry King's Orchestra; WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS-"Stamp Adventurer's Club"; WABC WAAB WDRW WCAU WORC WEAN
NBC-Red-Walter Loran's Viennese Ensemble; WFAE WTAG

KDKA-Press News Reeler
WCSH-Dance Marathon
WEEI-The Evening Tattler, skit
WGY-Mrs. Frasier's Boarding House
WNAC-Baseball scores; sport flash
WOR-Uncle Don
WVIC-Wrightville Clarion
6:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:15 p.m. EST
CBS-George Hall's Orchestra; WDRW WORC WEAN
CBS-On the Air Tonight; WABC KDKA-Sports Review
WAAB-Hits and Encores
WCAU-Tonight at WCAU
WCSH-Old Orchard Program
WGY-News Items; Musical Interlude
WNAC-Tarzan of the Apes, skit
6:20 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:20 p.m. EST
CBS-George Hall's Orchestra; WABC WCAU-Sporting Page; Baseball Scores
6:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Major, Sharp and Minor, girls' vocal trio; WJZ
NBC-Red-Gould and Scheffer, piano duo; WFAE WVIC
KDKA-Pittsburgh Spotlights
WAAB-George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)
WBZ-WBZA-Sports Review, Bill Williams
WCAU-Patsy Daxling and the Knickerbockers
WCSH-Al Buck's Sport Review
WEAN-News and Baseball Scores
WEEI-News Dispatches; Farm News
WGY-Lake George Village Orchestra
WDRW-Detectives Black and Blue, skit
WOR-The Boys Club
WTAG-Baseball Scores; News Bulletin
6:40 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:40 p.m. EST
WEEI-The Golden Rod Girl
6:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Lowell Thomas; Today's News; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-George Scherban's Russian Gypsy Orchestra; WABC WAAB WDRW WCAU WEAN
NBC-Red-Just Relax, comedy sketches; WFAE WTAG WEEI
WCSH-Trace Interlude; News Flashes
WNAC-Racing Results; Hill Billy George
WOR-Al Woods, songs and patter
WDRW-Clinton Dance Marathon
WVIC-Walter Haggood, sports
6:50 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:50 p.m. EST
WOR-Frances Hunt, songs
6:55 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:55 p.m. EST
WOR-Intimate Hollywood News
7:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Amos 'n' Andy; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS-Motion Downey, tenor; WABC WNAC WDRW WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Lum and Abner's Sociable; WTAG WEEI WCSH
NBC-Red-Rex Cole's Mountaineers; WFAE WGY
WAAB-Baseball Scores; News Flashes
WCAU-Vincent Travers's Orchestra
WOR-Ford Erick, sports resume
WVIC-Studio Musical Variety Program
7:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:15 p.m. EST
NBC-Red-Red Davis, dramatic sketch; WFAE
WCSH-Dance Time; Orchestra; WAAB WDRW WCAU WORC
CBS-Scrappy Lambert, Jeannie Lang and Jack Denny's Orchestra; WABC
NBC-Blue-N. R. A. and You; Talk; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
WEAN-Billy Losser's Concert Ensemble
WGY-Johnny Albright, crooner
WNAC-The Yankee Singers
WOR-Dramatic Sketch
7:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Ernie Holst's Orchestra; WJZ KDKA
CBS-Dolph Martin's Orchestra; Travelers' Quartet; WABC WNAC WDRW WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Betty Boop Frolics; WFAE WGY
WAAB-The Circus Marathon
WBZ-WBZA-Grin and Bearit, songs and patter
WCSH-Dramatization
WEEI-After Dinner Revue
WOR-"The Count of Monte Cristo"
WVIC-Tarzan of the Apes; sketch
7:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Brooke Carter, newscaster; WABC WCAU WNAC
NBC-Red-The Goldbergs; comedy sketch; WFAE WTAG WEEI WCSH WGY
WAAB-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WBZ-WBZA-George Olsen's Orchestra (NBC)
WDRW-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WEAN-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WOR-Jack Arthur, baritone; orchestra
WVIC-Carl Moore's Orchestra
WTAG-Melody Moods; Frances Baldwin; Knights of Melody
8:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 p.m. EST
CBS-Mark Tiso, Joe Green's Orchestra; WABC WDRW WORC WNAC
NBC-Blue-Ethel Surtia, Walter O'Keefe, Don Bestor's Orchestra; WJZ KDKA
NBC-Red-Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cavaliers; WFAE WTIC WCSH WGY WTAG WEEI

WEAN-To be announced
WBZ-WBZA-"Famous Loves," dramatization
WOR-Detectives Black and Blue; drama
8:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:15 p.m. EST
CBS-The Four Trappers; WABC
CBS-The Columbian; Orchestra; WDRW WCAU WORC WNAC WAAB WDRW
WCAU-"The Front Page Speaks"
WOR-King Arthur and Arabian Knights; Don Voorhees' Orchestra
8:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:30 p.m. EST
CBS-Carson Robison's Buckaroos, hill-billy songs; WCAU WORC WDRW
NBC-Blue-Potash and Perlmutter; humorous sketch; WJZ KDKA
CBS-Julius Tannen, comedian; Phil Spitalny's Orchestra; WABC WEAN WORC
WAAB-Harry E. Rodgers at the Console
WBZ-WBZA-Berardi Ensemble
WGY-WGY Farm Forum
WNAC-"The Independent Minstrel"
8:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:45 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Rocking Chair Memories; WJZ KDKA
WBZ-WBZA-Joe Rines' Orchestra
WNAC-"The Front Page Speaks," drama
WOR-The Musical Gazette
9:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Phil Harris' Orchestra; Leah Ray, blues singer; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS-Irvin S. Cobb, humorist; Orchestra; WABC WNAC WDRW WCAU WEAN WORC
NBC-Red-Fred Allen, comedian; Ferde Groff's Orchestra; WFAE WTIC WGY WTAG WEEI WCSH
WAAB-Twentieth Century Ensemble
WOR-Bronx Marriage Bureau
9:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:15 p.m. EST
CBS-Vera Van, contralto; WABC WNAC WDRW WCAU WORC WAAB
NBC-Blue-The Independence Minstrel; WOR-Mary Gerard, soprano; Wee Willie Robyn, tenor; orchestra
9:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Phil Baker, the Jester; Harry McNaughton; orchestra; male quartet; harmony trio; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
CBS-The Country Club; Grantland Rice, sports commentator; Betty Borshell, vocalist; Mary McCoy, soprano; Double Quartet; Orchestra; WABC WDRW WCAU WEAN WNAC
NBC-Red-Vanity Fair, drama, with Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell, comedy team; Leo Wiley and Paul Small, singers; Victor Young's Orchestra; WFAE WTIC WTAG WCSH WGY
WAAB-Jack Miles' Orchestra
WEEI-Fox Fur Program
WOR-Sam Robbins' Orchestra
WOR-Dance Music
9:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:45 p.m. EST
WAAB-Baseball Scores; News Flashes; Weather
WORC-The Romany Rogue
10:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-First Nighter, drama; WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
CBS-Lou Holtz, comedian; Grace Moore, soprano; Leonard Hayten's Orchestra; WABC WCAU WDRW WEAN WNAC
NBC-Red-U. S. Navy Band; WFAE WEEI
WAAB-Dance Music
WCSH-The Travelers Hour; orchestra
WGY-WGY Players, drama
WOR-Elsie Thompson, organist
WORC-The Royal Americans, dance orchestra
WTAG-The Travelers Hour; orchestra
WVIC-Famous Favorites; orchestra
10:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:15 p.m. EST
WOR-Harlan Eugene Reed; news
10:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:30 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-Aldo Ricci's Phantom Strings; WJZ KDKA
CBS-Jane Froman, contralto; Jacques Renard's Orchestra; WABC WCAU WEAN WDRW WNAC
NBC-Red-Lum and Abner Sociable; WFAE WGY WTIC
WAAB-Charles Frederick Lindsley, readings with organ
WBZ-WBZA-Herbert Marsh's Orchestra
WOR-Men of WOR; orchestra; The Genadiers Quartet; Walter Ahrens, baritone; Harry Bruner, xylophonist Verna Osborne, soprano
WORC-To be announced
10:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:45 p.m. EST
CBS-Erwin C. Hill, "The Human Side of the News"; WABC WDRW WEAN WORC
NBC-Blue-Hill-billy Heart Throbs, dramatic sketch; WJZ
KDKA-E. Hall Downes
WCAU-Howard Lannin's Orchestra
WNAC-Baseball Scores; Weather Report; News Flashes
11:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:00 p.m. EST
NBC-Blue-The Three Jesters, male harmony trio; WJZ
CBS-The Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Howard Barlow, conductor; WABC WEAN WDRW WORC WNAC
NBC-Red-Meyer Davis' Orchestra; WFAE WCSH

STILL one of the biggest attractions on radio, dance orchestras are preparing to come back in to their own with the close of summer rapidly approaching. Don Bestor begins his new NBC commercial this week, Wayne King's cosmetic shows have added several outlets to an already large network. Jan Garber is waxing strong with his account, and the numerous auditions heralded by ambitious chains never fail to mention a prominent orchestral name.

Don Bestor has left the Lake George Village Inn for New York City and his commercial, with no definite spot as yet, but the probability of landing one soon. Duke Ellington returns from Europe and will occupy the Cotton Club again. These are but a few of the changes from more or less permanent summer spots for the majority of the maestros. Henry Busse has returned to the Hollywood Cafe, Galveston,

Texas, and KPRC's mike, where he will wind up the season for the spot that has featured Frankie Masters, Phil Harris and Earl Burtwell during the early summer.

BANDSTAND BITS: There will be a new King in Chicago shortly, if it hasn't arrived yet. The star is hovering over Wayne "Aragon" King's Winnetka home-stead, and should land any moment, while Wayne frets helplessly from his handstand. . . . Buddy Rogers winds up his commutating between New York and Chicago this week when the film he is starred in will be completed on Long Island. His frequent guest appearances at the Blue Ribbon Casino while Ben Bernie shifts to the College Inn has caused some slight confusion, but Rogers is to take over the Sherman spot when he settles again, and Bernie will remain one of the featured exhibits at the Fair. . . . Other Century of Progress pickups now include Jacques Villet's orchestra from the Streets of Paris, WBBM, Chicago; Herbie Mintz, one of Chicago's real old-timers, in the Manhattan Gardens and over KYW; Tom Gentry at the Casanova Cafe. . . . Down in Shreveport, Diane Yates may be heard over KTHS, where he has settled after a sudden descent from Cleveland. . . . Buddy Harmon now musics NBC from Cleveland in place of the touring Dick Fiddler. . . . Another new name for NBC's list is that of Bob Grant, who plays from the Piping Rock Club, Schenectady, aided by Helen Morgan.

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PLUMS and PRUNES + + +

By Evans Plummer

NOW that everything is going through a mild NIRA revolution, and while radio is sitting on its hands waiting for the fall and winter gold rush, why not clean house at the air-emporiums? For the benefit of General Johnson, we have compiled the following suggestions to be included in the broadcasting code:

1. Strive for better dramas. The trash now aired is either bought at from \$25 to \$150 top for a 30-minute play, or written by a staff back, an overworked lad or lassie who receives the tremendous salary of from \$40 to \$75 a week. By raising the ante to a minimum of \$200 per 30-minute play with no maximum, and a minimum of \$125 for a 15-minute sketch, listeners will be surprised at the results.
2. School announcers to be natural, easy and friendly. Don't these stilted lads give you the jitters, particularly when they are over-elocuting the broad claims of some super-super product?
3. Limit the generally inane children's programs to the hours of the day previous to 6 p. m. local time. The precocious darlings have the early morning, noon hour, and late afternoon. Let pa and ma have the evening. And bow about some decent dinner music between 6 and 7 p. m.!
4. In musical, comedy and dramatic programs, to quit shooting at the so-called moron mind of Americans, and be surprised by learning that most radio owners are fairly well versed in cultural subjects and reasonably intelligent. Babbit-minded sponsors may get quite a shock by receiving increased mail—and more important response—from better programs.
5. Have the Federal Radio Commission empower the Better Business Bureau to test the claims and merits of many air plugged products—particularly the propri-

etary accounts on local stations—and give indelible black marks to the broadcasters who accept the money of fraudulent or questionable advertisers.

6. Consider well and carefully the propaganda conveyed by the children's programs. Permit only the glorification of industry, good character and clean habits.

7. Make an honest effort to have at least ONE hour of GOOD music (and we don't mean dance or operetta tunes) on the air nightly between 6 and 11 p. m.

8. Make stations and networks pay artists and announcers livable wages for one or two programs, so that we won't be obliged to hear the same talent monotonously extolling the virtues of a half dozen (or more) products nightly.

9. Keep snoot and suggestion from the airlines—or at least until after 9 p. m. local time. Broadway is welcome to keep its "subtle" comics who have erected their towering monuments with sewers as foundations.

10. Have the Federal Radio Commission observe stations more closely and diminish the hours, power and other privileges (according to the existing radio law) of such stations as do not keep their standards high in the public interest. There would be ample wave lengths available, were the Federal Radio Commission to function as it is supposed to, and the cry of "not enough facilities" would never arise if standards were continually raised—as they should be.

Tooth for Tooth

INASMUCH as the Mexican government has shown itself unwilling to do anything about the American-owned, English-speaking stations just across the Rio Grande which are creating so much interference, here's an idea. Let the United States government erect du-

REFLECTIONS on t

PUBLIC taste in music has been revolutionized in England by broadcasting. Considering the lack of attention paid to serious music during and before the War, one might conclude justly that the English are a much more musical race than they were fifteen or twenty years ago.

The decision to make broadcasting a public service and supply a public need, and the determination by the management that the need was more inclusive than mere recreative entertainment, begins to bear fruit, pop concerts in London have a new lease of life. For many of them Queen's Hall could be sold out thrice over.

In music, as in other fields, the policy of the British Broadcasting Corporation has been to keep ahead of the present taste of the people. The officials have not entirely neglected the mail bag. Their "fan mail" of some 20,000 letters weekly cannot be compared with ours. But they are aware of the necessity of pleasing their listeners. They gauge the present taste by the exercise of "common sense" and through their personal contacts with callers, critics, public servants and others. Having decided what the public wants, they do not feel bound to cater to it, if that be to the general detriment. Radio in the British Isles is regarded definitely as an instrument of education, with a veritable cultural mission, as well as a new means of entertainment.

The officials of BBC are in the position of trustees. They protect what they believe to be the "best interests" of the public. But like good trustees, they refuse requests made by listeners, if in their opinion

the requests would be damaging to these "best interests." It is, in a smaller way, an example of the paternal attitude of the British Government toward its subjects.

Criticism

THERE is, naturally, criticism of this policy. Objections come from many sides. The public is not entirely pleased. Even BBC admits that. But it says the Briton is traditionally a grumbler, and that, grumbling or not, he listens.

Statistics of the increasing numbers of licensed listeners seem to support their contention. From 500,000 to 5,000,000 in ten years is an impressive growth. Only Denmark, of the countries employing a license system, has a higher percentage of listeners to population. Even in our own country, the census of sets discloses a percentage only slightly greater than the British. Of course, number of sets alone does not prove the success of the policy. It may be that the listener has no alternative entertainment, or he may buy a license for the purpose of tuning in continental stations. And a certain number are probably chiefly interested in the news bulletins.

The chief advantage of the British system is that large masses of the population have frequent access to the masterpieces of music, as well as other educative and cultural experiences. The Englishman who has ears to hear great music is not without the opportunity, whereas with us, the presentation of such programs is the exception rather than the rule. Our sponsored hours invariably present entertainment of a frivolous nature, and try to please

thing with their competitors rush to the front with similar appeals. It is evident that ours is not a balanced diet.

BBC Ideal

THE ideal toward which BBC works, within the evening or the week, is "something for everybody." This, note carefully, is not sought by making particular programs serve general purposes but rather by treating each as an artistic entity addressed to a definite class of listener. That, it seems to me, is a correct attitude, deserving emulation in our sustaining and, as far as possible, in our advertising programs.

From the listeners' standpoint, the American system undoubtedly offers more alternatives at any specific time. As he sits down by his dial, the English listener can seldom have more than two program choices from the BBC; though, during the week he can probably hear a wider range of program-material than we.

In America, I believe that we have more superlative performances. It may be that this is a disadvantageous season of the year, but it seemed to me that BBC was content to give standard performances of serious music, without seeking particularly the "inspired" performances we sometimes hear on our radio. No doubt, it is merely a matter of money. We pay more for our entertainers, and naturally attract the best.

of great performances. (It does not do so, in most of Europe today). Later, he modified that opinion and stated that musical education as yet had not reached the stage where listeners, even if the radio were a perfect medium, could recognize a perfect performance. It seems to me that in addition to the educative efforts (done so well in our country, for instance, by Walter Damrosch), there should be as many Toscanini's as can be found, broadcasting as often as possible. The increasing numbers with musical discrimination may not analyze the difference, but having enjoyed and become familiar with the best, they will not accept an inferior.

There is no substitute for genius.

NO DOUBT, the BBC makes up for what its performances lack in quality by the quantity of great music it offers. Let me point out, too, that BBC sets the standards of musical performances in the British Isles; and that its orchestra, while still young as an organization, is as good as any in the country. England today is not blessed with as many fine orchestras as we are, and certainly not with the number of distinguished conductors.

I have pondered the suggestion that our networks should be more aggressive in their attempts to elevate the public taste. The crux of the question lies in whether our

baseball team now has the Chicago pennant and is looking for new orchestras to slug out of the box.

What becomes of the old quartets? Morgan Eastman, NBC radio vet, set out to find the members of a male foursome he broadcast back in 1921 but which faded when jazz breaks became the thing. He found two of the men in Chicago, one in California, and the fourth, who wouldn't sing anything but classics, a down-and-out victim of the bottle.

Taglines

NOTES from the postcarding radiolights . . . Marge (Donna Damerel) Minter, who's doing a lot of personal appearances in and about Los Angeles: "Where did you get that stage fright baloney? Faint so. Going to stay out here until last minute" . . . Clarence L. Meuser, the dramatic production chief of NBC-Chicago, who's digging up some old English plays in London, tries to make us feel like two cents with, "Just to let you know I'm willing to spend a couple of English pennies on you any day to say hello" . . . Howard Neumiller, back from Europe, will return to CBS-WBBM shortly.

Pat Kennedy's beloved Connie Callaban is visiting the Windy City—or maybe Pat? . . . Don't be surprised if Bill Baar, your old friend Grandpa Burton of WBBM, becomes a New York CBS star and competitor to NBC's voice-changing Phil Cook . . . Clara and Lu's Em (Helen King), as predicted here, has received "Bubbles" as a name suggestion for her new sailboat, and Mrs. C. B. Saunders, of Peckham, Okla., is the guilty suggester . . . Irene Taylor, the Chicago warbler who hasn't been doing so well down East, is very much that way about Seger Ellis, who has big plans for her.

By Carleton Smith

public would respond to better music as readily as the English has. The type example given in England is the errand-boy in the country-town who now whistles his Bach theme. Might the same change occur in America?

One fundamental difference is that the English boy, for an hour and a half on some evenings, has heard nothing else from his local radio station but Bach. He may not like it at first, but with familiarity, he becomes reconciled, and eventually interested. The American boy, having a wide choice and preferring jazz in all probability would not listen.

The difficulties of improving musical taste in America are much greater, and the problems under our radio system much more complex. We can be grateful that we have begun the upward course. Our program builders could take some hints from BBC in the work of improving the musical taste at home. But the English system adopted as a whole, could never be successful in America.

WANTED RADIO TALENT PROGRAM IDEAS

Today's demands for NEW and ORIGINAL Radio Talent and Ideas never was better. "BUCK" O'HARE, nationally known Radio Star, has personally interested himself in giving you the benefit of his 14 years' experience in Broadcasting over the CBS and NBC Radio Stations through the "BUCK" O'HARE SCHOOL OF THE AIR. Valuable Information, Proven Suggestions, Advice for those with Radio Talent and Ideas for Radio Programs. Your chance of a lifetime. One of the smart ways of attaining your place in Radio. A short cut to Radio Success. \$1.00 (Money Order Only) brings you Radio Information and Details costing thousands of dollars that has taken 14 years to compile. "BUCK" O'HARE SCHOOL OF THE AIR, 3025 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, 24.

ALONG the AIRIALTO + + +

With Frank Luther
(Batting for Martin Lewis)

REVISED continuity for Airtalo (for broadcast over station Radio Guide, August 20-26.

SOUND EFFECT: Three sharp knocks on door.

ANNOUNCER: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, pal, Reverend, mom, judge, baby, my fellow-countrymen, stranger, Uncle Joe (check one). We are about to present a potpourri, melange or medley of the latest gossip and gags of the Manhattan radio studios, stars and stooges — (at least I'll do my darndest).

Well, NBC announcer Alois Havrilla scored a big success doing a "voice over" in the RKO picture "This is America," on Broadway this week. I'm told this is the first time an announcer has done a feature picture. Anyway, Alois is pretty happy about it.

Ferde Grofe, celebrated arranger of the Rhapsody in Blue, conductor starred currently with Fred Allen, Conrad Tibault and the paging bell-hop, and composer of "Mississippi Suite," "Grand Canyon Sketches" and "Tabloid," enthusiastically described to me tonight the new suite for orchestra he's working on, to be called "Madison Square Garden." It's to be in four movements: "Six Day Bike Race," "Field and Track," "Championship Fight" (in which two melodic themes, representing the palookas, will battle each other for six rounds, ending in a knockout for one of the tunes), closing with "Circus."

It'll have its premiere in the early fall in the huge Eighth Avenue Garden by an orchestra of a hundred musicians of Local 802, under Ferde's baton. You'll hear it soon thereafter on the air. I know who'll direct it, but I promised not to tell.

Ethel Park Richardson, who writes those swell scripts for Hill Billy Heart Throbs, has climbed up and down all those Ozark and Appalachian (how do you spell it?) mountain trails afoot and muleback, has failed again in a driver's license test. For the third time. Darn these new-fangled gas bugies anyway. (But she drove a Red Cross truck in France).

Here's one for Ripley: Rudy Vallee, who's music is almost the softest, and B. A. Rolfe, who plays the loudest, have adjoining offices in Steinway Hall.

Glorifiers

ONE of these days I'm gonna turn the tables on the NBC-CBS press writers who tell all (the best part, at least) about the ether favorites, and tell you about them.

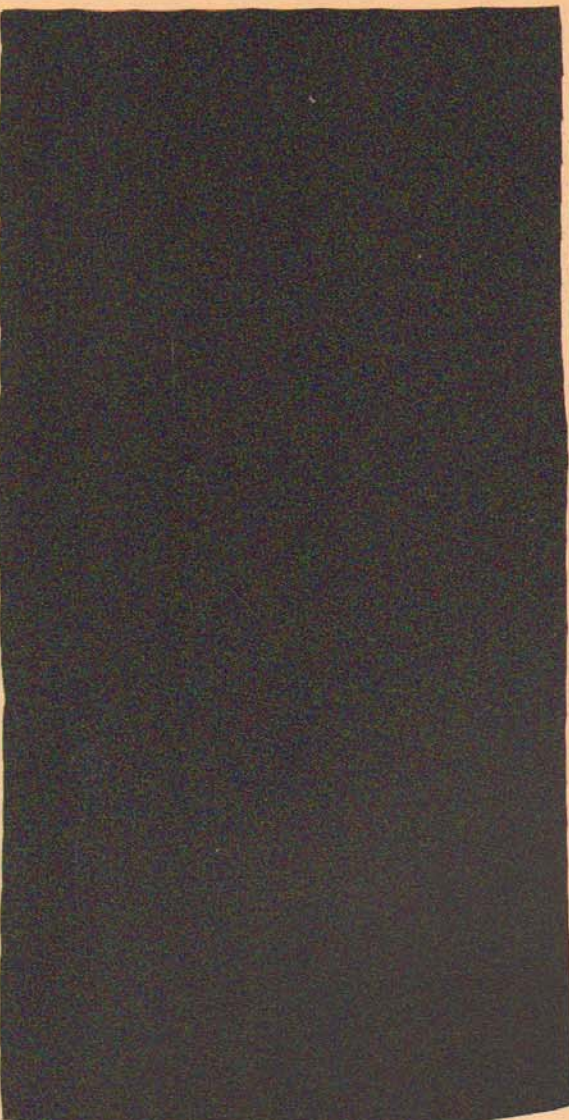
They're an interesting lot. Take Ed Ingle at NBC. You read a lot of his paragraphs everyday, though you may not know it. Ed's successively been a cub reporter, a sea-going Barnacle Bill, football star, a tenor (imagine!), manager of an Ohio Wesleyan Glee Club that toured Europe, writer of radio drayma, and now an astronomer of radio stars.

Incidentally, there's a great story waiting to be written about the recently developed and far-reaching news service just completed by each of the major chains, since radio and the press have sort of gone their different ways. Why don't one of you boys write it?

You'll soon see stunning photographs of a lot of your radio raves, snapped by Eugene Hutchinson, famed "now look at the birdie" artist, recently arrived from Chicago and pal of cartoonist Russ Patterson. (He makes you look like you'd like to—and that's genius).

Watching Stoopnagle

HOW do you like Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd? I watched them work recently and I don't mind telling you that the Colonel



fascinates me. He's even more at ease at the mike than Ed Whitney, and that's saying something. Tall, and a little portly, with a good looking red face that's always creased in a big smile, black hair parted in the middle and combed

back rather hot-cha. He's quite a guy. The boys stand up when they work, with the script on a high table something like an old-fashioned bookkeeper's desk with desk bells scattered here and there on it, and the mike directly over it. (I

had some notes about this guy someplace here but I can't find 'em).

Anyway, he went to school at Cornell, was vice-president of a brokerage house in Buffalo that went flooey on Black Friday, 1929. The Colonel writes the script, thinks up the gags and is the life of the party in general. Budd has a nice voice, though, and is a great contrast.

Many people 'round here think Vic Young is the white-haired boy among the young directors. Vic has a lot on the ball, that's sure. He's thirty-one; and as a kid in Chicago he played fiddle and made arrangements in Benny Krueger's band, and now Benny plays in Vic's band. Moral: Never hire a fiddle player. I like Vic a lot. One thing about him I can't resist is the way one corner of his mouth turns down and the other up, like the F holes in his violin. Good-natured, hard working—brainy. That's Vic.

Funny?

HERE, here, I've been serious as long as I can—longer. Greta Garbo saw Jack PEARLING an orange and says to him "ACES AMOS, go home"; ANDY said "CANTOR! nice gail like youse"; DENNY says: "You're MAC-NAME! stake baby," and goes on EITTING his orange. "Say, when DUEY eat?" "CALLOWAYter and tell in my ice cream is MELTON," says the blonde queen. "Sorry I SKIPPYng you're waiting," says the waiter, WYNN he finally arrived. The waiter's PICKENSomething off the floor and while he's STOOPNAGLASSstell on his bean and DOWNEY went. "It's ALLEN a day's work, I SPECHT," says the waiter. "But if it happens WONS more—" "Listen OLE SON, I don't like the language your HUSING!" says Jack, "why don't SHERLOCK where yer goin'?" The waiter says "What's MAJOR BOWES so grouchy this evening? You never acted so CROSBYfore. Are ya EL-LINGTONight?" "No, we're BOSWELL, thank you," says the leetle gal sweetly, tho she's BERNIEng up.

(If that's funny, I'm a LAHR).

Roy Atwell, the word-scrambler, is the only man on radio who never makes a mistake. He can't. I started to explain this, but maybe you don't care anyway.

You probably know that Rosa Ponselle won't stay in a room where anyone's smoking. Which brings up an old question:

"Does it hurt a singer to smoke?"

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

H. C. Richmond Hill, N. Y.—The Sunday 9 p. m. WEAF program "Manhattan Merry Go Round" is sponsored by R. L. Watkins Co., makers of Dr. Lyons Toothpowder and handled through the advertising agency of Blackett-Sample-Humert. "Evening in Paris," WABC, Monday at 9:30, is sponsored by the Bourjois Company. Crumit and Sanderson's "Blackstone Plantation" is handled by the B. B. D. & O. agency for Waitt & Bond, Inc. The new Ted Husing-Leon Belasco program is sponsored by Oldsmobile. General Foods sponsors Captain Diamond's Adventures and the agency in charge of this account is Benton and Bowles. Richfield Gasoline puts on the WABC Friday at 9:30 program with Grantland Rice and the Golden Country Club Orchestra. Paul Cornell Agency represents them.

F. C. B. Iowa City, Ia.—"Roses and Drums" is off the air for the summer. Will return in the fall.

A. B. Milwaukee, Wis.—Marge Minter is in Los Angeles on her vacation at present. She'll return to the air in the fall when "Myrt and Marge" continues its run. Betty Barthell broadcasts during the Country Club on CBS Fridays at 9:30 and has a sustaining spot of her own, Tuesdays at 6:15 p. m. over the same network.

J. V. Lewiston, Me.—Private addresses of stars are not available to fans. Address Rudy Vallee at his office, 111 West 57th Street, New York City. He is 32 years old.

Mrs. A. M., Blue Ash, O.—Harold Stokes' Orchestra played on the commercial program "Lives at

Stake." Will try to oblige with those pictures you requested.

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Mrs. W. H. Carson, West Point, Pa.—The Bob Brown whose picture appeared in Radio Guide of June

4-10 is not the NBC Chicago announcer of the same name, nor the one who produces "Myrt and Marge." This Bob Brown is a writer who lives in Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

W. L. M., Newark, N. J.—We have no information on the whereabouts of Julian Woodworth's Orchestra since he left the Palais D'Or.

C. B. H. Macomb, Ill.—Evans Plummer refuses to allow himself to be put on the spot via ether. So we'll put him on the spot here. He's this sort of a guy, if you really must know: 5 ft. 11 inches, 155 pounds, black hair and hazel eyes. Born Dec. 15, 1899 in Indianapolis, Ind. Is married and has two kiddets. Earned his first dollar rolling dice and got into his present job of poking personal and impertinent questions at people (which you love) through curiosity about other people, any other people. Is reputed to be an all right sort of guy.

Lots of yesses and noes, but it's never been settled. Anyway, almost all the men singers smoke and a lot of the girls, too; and I can't say I've ever noticed any particular difference.

Humanity

THE head page man at NBC who sits on a high-priest's throne in the lobby and lets you in or says, "Sorry, but you'll have to write for passes," told me today that 15,000 people daily pass his desk to the three elevators.

I wish I could write the drama of that stream of humanity. Young hearts beating high with hope of the big chance; the desperate resolve of the once-great to make a comeback; the pitiful hope of the hopelessly inadequate; the bored nonchalance of the "first-chair" orchestra men; the visiting dignitary trying to effect the pose he doesn't feel; the adoring feminine hearts about to see their dream-lover for the first time; the big executive trying to look like he knows the answers to all these perplexities.

Strange, that the door to all the Americas lies just above that lobby. Step through, and step into every home in Canada, the States and Mexico.

If they like you—unlimited success. That little microphone up there is the Holy Grail, the Golden Fleece, the End of the Rainbow, the goal of so many thousand hearts. I watch them go by, and deep in my heart I fervently wish them luck.

And my heart aches for those that don't make it.

Howard Petrie, NBC's blond giant, is the only bass in the world who doesn't know the words to "Asleep in the Deep" . . . Talking to Paul Whiteman the other night just before a broadcast. He was trying to find spots for Jack Fulton, Ramona, Peggy Healy and the Rhythm Boys. "Trouble is," Paul grumbled, "I've got more singers on this program than songs" . . . Columbia is one up on NBC. They have a restaurant on the street level. In the NBC building there's only a drugstore with a long soda fountain. The boys call it Promaine Alley. You should see the notables piled three deep ordering choc malts and sandwiches! . . . Morton Downey clown's all the time. He tried to pull one recently on Bert McMurtrie, Columbia executive. Steamed Bert up about a famous Viennese doctor visiting here. Got Bert to make an appointment with him (the doctor) at the office of one of Mort's doctor friends. Downey put on a white coat, long beard and glasses and made a swell fake doctor; but his voice gave him away.

I'm one of those people that never waste a minute—I always carry a brief case stuffed with books and music that I study in taxi cabs and odd moments in rehearsals. Sometimes I forget my hat, but never my brief case. One of the boys said the other day, "I saw Frank down at the beach last week diving into the surf with a life preserver in one hand and that darn brief case in the other."

Marvelous how radio gets down to fundamentals. When you face the mike, you're on your own; reputation, pull, putting up a front—none of 'em can help you then. It doesn't matter how you're dressed or what you look like—it's you who are inside that counts. I love that. The telephone's ringing—I'm eating an oyster stew with one hand and dictating these notes to you with the other, and in a minute I've got to rush to a broadcast, so when the announcer waves for

FRANK LUTHER.
I'll be there.

HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL

MONDAY, AUGUST 21—Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, "Wheat Farmers Look to the Future," CBS-WABC network at 11:30 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25—"NIRA and You," A Planned future for 120 Million People, Roscoe C. Edlund, Charles E. Stuart, NBC-WJZ network at 7:15 p. m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20—Bert Lahr, Homy Bailey and Lee Sims with Rubinoff, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m. George M. Cohan, Revelers, and Al Goodman's Orchestra, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m. Carol Deis, guest vocalist.
MONDAY, AUGUST 21—Minstrel Show, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.
Arthur Boran, Ohman and Arden, Conrad Thibault, Arlene Jackson, Songsmiths, Nightingales, Gus Haenschel's Orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 10:30 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 22—Ben Bernie and his Band, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
Taylor Holmes, "The Fire Chief's Uncle," Graham McNamee, Don Voorhees' band, NBC-WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23—Fannie Brice and George Olsen's music, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m. Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 24—Guest comedians with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m. Molasses 'n' January, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw and Muriel Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25—Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shutta and Don Bestor's orchestra, NBC-WJZ network at 8 p. m. Julius Tannen with Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p. m.
Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, Ferde Grofe's orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield's orchestra, NBC-WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony orchestra, CBS-WABC network at 3 p. m., also Monday at 10:45 p. m. and Wednesday and Friday at 11 p. m.

National Opera Concert, "Peter Ibbetson," Deems Taylor, narrator, NBC-WJZ network at 3 p. m.
Willard Robison's Syncopated Sermon, CBS-WABC network at 5 p. m., also Thursday at 10 p. m.
Light Opera: "Ruddigore," NBC-WJZ network at 6 p. m. Philadelphia Summer Concert from Robin Hood Dell, CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p. m., also Saturday.
MONDAY, AUGUST 21—Ferde Grofe's Orchestra; Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WEAF network at 8:45 p. m., also Wednesday at 9 p. m.
Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 22—Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Stadium Concert, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m., also Wednesday at 8:45 p. m.
Light Opera Gems, CBS-WABC network at 10:45 p. m. Baltimore Municipal Band of Seventy-five Pieces, NBC-WJZ network at 11 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23—Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 24—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Al Jolson, Deems Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton and others, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25—Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26—"Sous Les Ponts de Paris," musical from Canada, NBC-WEAF network at 8:30 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20—Wisdom of the Ages with Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndham, NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p. m.
John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WABC network at 7:30 p. m., second episode at 8:15 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 21—Radio Guild Drama, NBC-WJZ network at 4 p. m.
The Theater of Today, "Death on Gowdy Street," CBS-WABC network at 9 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 22—Lives at Stake, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
Miss Lilla, NBC-WJZ network at 10:30 p. m.
Talkie Picture Time, NBC-WEAF network at 11:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23—One Man's Family, NBC-WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 24—Columbia Dramatic Guild, de Maupassant's "Lille Lala," CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p. m.
Death Valley Days, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25—The First Nighter, NBC-WJZ network at 10 p. m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26—"The Optimistic Mrs. Jones" with George Frame Brown, NBC-WEAF network at 7:45 p. m.
Tales of the Titans, Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Merrie Men," NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.

VOCALISTS

GLADYS RICE—CBS-WABC network Thursday at 10:45 p. m.
GRACE MOORE—CBS-WABC network Friday at 10 p. m.
HELEN MORGAN—NBC-WEAF network Thursday at 11:30 p. m. and Friday at 12:05 a. m.
JANE FROMAN—CBS-WABC network Monday at 6:45 p. m. and Friday at 10:30 p. m.
JOHN FOGARTY—NBC-WJZ network Thursday at 8:30 p. m., Friday at 12:15 p. m. and Saturday at 11:15 p. m.
KATE SMITH—CBS-WABC network Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p. m.
MORTON DOWNEY—CBS-WABC network Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 p. m.
NINO MARTINI—CBS-WABC network Tuesday at 9:30 p. m.
OLGA, COUNTESS ALBANI—NBC-WEAF network Sunday at 7 p. m., and Thursday at 7:15 p. m.
PAT KENNEDY—NBC-WJZ network Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:45 p. m.
TITO GUIZAR—CBS-WABC network Sunday at 7 p. m., Wednesday at 8:45 p. m. and Saturday at 5:45 p. m.
VERA VAN—CBS-WABC network Sunday at 5:15 p. m.; Wednesday and Friday at 9:15 p. m.

NEWS

BOAKE CARTER—CBS-WABC network daily at 7:45 p. m., excepting Sunday and Saturday.
COL. LOUIS McHENRY HOWE—Interviewed on National Affairs by Walter Trumbull, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m. Sunday.
EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WABC network Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 p. m.
LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WJZ network daily at 6:45 p. m., excepting Sunday and Saturday.

SPORTS

MONDAY, AUGUST 21—Grantland Rice, NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p. m., Friday at 9:30 p. m. over CBS-WABC network.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 22—Ted Husing, CBS-WABC network at 10:30 p. m., also Thursday, Wednesday at 6:45 p. m.

REVIEWING RADIO *By Mike Porter*

KILOCYCLE KLOEUPS of, Guess Who! Not long ago this rather handsome lad was a top tenor with a radio rep that still hangs on, even though the commercials don't come through for him. He can't seem to understand that, for his tag is still a household word. The exploiters have tried everything—but one. They can't get him into the whirl of Broadway night life, which, though it saps one's energy, is vital to keeping his pan before the payroll fellows. He'd be willing to pay a huge sum to a manager who could stage a come-back; also he'd cheerfully pay plenty to discover what's wrong—and why his popularity is on the wane. I'm telling him now, free of charge: "You're benched old boy! Your frau expects you home too much. You're letting her kill your career because you're afraid of her temper. Stay out at night and go places; refresh the public's interest, and to make sure of your future, send the little woman abroad."

A band leader he is, but not what I'd call a good one. His forte is composition—and trick arrangements. He's getting along now and is basking in the radio spotlight with a couple of paid programs. But when the contracts are up, he's going right back to obscurity because he doesn't know how to keep friends, or how to make them respect him. When he's out of a job, he grovels, and he has his stooges beg for publicity. When he gets in the dough, his dome swells like a sponge. When the tough time comes, he threatens suicide, but it's only a pose to chase his irritating in-laws out of the house. He made the mistake of marrying his wife's entire family. Maybe that's what causes his brain storms.

What a blow to his pride if he knew that a famous editor, giving a party, said when it was suggested that this leader play at it, "I never heard of the man or of his work."

She's a cute trick, and sexy. She sings a mean blues song, not too well, but with those inflections that carry wicked suggestiveness. She's making a few hundred bucks

per on the radio, but how she sleeps at night with her conscience one must guess. A band leader gave her the big chance. She took it and went into an ascendancy. When she got up near the top, she made the acquaintance of a sponsor's big shot. She played up to him. He could come to see her on condition that he listened to a few things. She was sore at the orchestra lad who gave her the break, because he wouldn't give her the whole show. She liked another orchestra leader, and eventually, her influence with the big shot had the desired result.

The beneficent band leader was ousted, and her favorite batoneer installed. The funny part of it all is, the writing boys all know the story, and you seldom see her name in the public prints.

SHE came out of Chicago, this singing woman, previously having done a bit of obscure work on the coast. A maestro liked her voice, if not her looks, and figured her a swell mike-personality, which she was, as long as she remained with the maestro, who is a big maestro. But she couldn't hold back the temperment. She resented prettier and younger singers who joined the outfit at various times. Complimentary notices, many of which I gave her myself, because she really has a voice and a way with her singing, went to her head, and she pulled out on the baton-waver. She was going to make Kate Smith look little. She was going to show the maestro that she could work solo. So she went out on her own, and lost out on one network, and then joined the rival chain.

But they can't sell her. I wonder if sponsors have an instinct which warns them of trouble? Or maybe they heard of her way of hiring a representative, dishing him without a pay-off, and then hiring another slave. What she didn't count on was that the second slave was a pal of the first one, who just wouldn't take the job.

He's in clover, this songster, and believes that the security of wealth disposes of the necessity of ethics. Early

success before the footlights, with a crowd of his own people making up a claque, has given him the delusion that he's still good. His day was over before radio went for him, in desperate search of a big name. Maybe he realizes that he's on the way down, but you'd never guess it from his cockiness. Or maybe you might guess it from the way he resents any sort of hint to that effect, or any remark which he can twist as directed at him. He goes around with a belligerent attitude, and doesn't realize that radio technique is something he can never absorb. He'll sock you in the puss if he takes the notion, that is, if you're not on guard.

But if you want to scare him out of his pants, throw a hint that one of the tough guys with a gun, with an old score to settle, is in town, and next thing you know, the singing lad will be speeding to the other end of the continent.

The guiding hand in one of New York's most important radio outlets, a quiet, reserved chap, who never volunteers information but who gives it truthfully and conservatively when asked, a lovable figure along Broadway, is soon to pass out of the radio picture. He has, in the ten or eleven years of managing, building and perfecting the two stations, which lately have become one, served of ten as a philanthropist, especially where actors' funds were concerned. He won't announce it yet, because the papers aren't signed, but his station is virtually sold to a group of young millionaires, who want something to play with, and something for which, maybe, the newly organized Amalgamated System will be willing to pay more than the two millions put up by the youths now getting ready for business.

They've mentioned him as the possible successor to Ed Wynn in the Amalgamated presidency, but that's the booby. He's retiring from the picture, as who wouldn't with about a million bucks to the good? But I hate to see him go. He's been one of the swellest characters in the broadcasting racket.

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