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# Radio Guide



*Stories About*  
Olsen and Johnson  
Gene Arnold  
Phil Regan  
Alexander Woollcott  
*and*  
John L. Fogarty

Your Problems Solved  
By The Voice of Experience

Olsen and Johnson

The True Story of FRED WARING'S Romance by Mathilda Breckenridge

# CUPID *Victorious*

*Fred Waring Finds Two  
Can Really Live More  
Cheaply Than Just One*

By Mathilda Breckenridge

The Pennsylvanians, Evalyn would be unanimously elected the best cook they've ever known. Among The Pennsylvanians, you do not hear the boys talking about the cake that mother used to make. They talk about the pies that Evalyn used to bake.

Apparently it is true, that old axiom the course of true love never running smoothly. At any rate, it certainly proved true in the case of Fred and Evalyn.

For about a year after she joined The Pennsylvanians,

a most devoted daughter. But then she began to get restless. She didn't know just why, but she did know that somehow everything didn't seem exactly right. She gave nervous little starts when the telephone bell rang. Now let us skip across the continent to Tyrone, Pa., town of Fred Waring and The Pennsylvanians.

Fred and the band played an engagement there, and you can imagine the greeting Tyrone gave her favorite son! No conquering hero ever came home to a larger ovation.

No transatlantic flyer's progress up Broadway ever was more wildly acclaimed.

You would think Fred Waring would be thrilled to death, and that he would be so happy he just about couldn't ask for anything more, wouldn't you?

But that night, tired after a strenuous day, he paced the floor at his home, a puzzled frown on his face. He knew there was something missing to make the day's triumph complete, but for a long while, he couldn't think what it could be.

Suddenly his face cleared. He sat down by the telephone, and gave curt instructions to the long distance operator.

A telephone call from Tyrone to California is something of a rarity, but a telephone call from Tyrone to California that lasts for more than a half hour pretty swiftly becomes the talk of the town. You know how those things get about.

**B**UT at any rate, when Fred finished talking to Evalyn, he felt a whole lot better. So the next night he tried the same remedy, when he began feeling a little blue after the excitement of the night's show had subsided. And it worked again.

So those calls became nightly affairs and each night they lasted

longer.

You can figure out for yourself that even between such distant points as Pennsylvania and California, an \$1800 telephone bill is a pretty sizeable telephone bill, and that's what Fred's bill mounted to.

So one night, over the phone, he popped the question. Maybe someday, if he ever gets around to it, he can win a dollar in one of these contests newspapers run sometimes on "How I Proposed." I am sure his method was sufficiently unique to impress the judges.

Even after Evalyn haltingly said 'yes', there were still lengthy telephone conversations about just what was to be done next. Fred's engagements prevented him from going to California for the ceremony, and he just couldn't wait until Evalyn could come all the way to Pennsylvania, so he flew west to Chicago and she flew east to Chicago, and quietly, unostentatiously they slipped off to a parson and were married.

With a busy man like Fred Waring, a honeymoon is something you just can't find the time for, and that is that. So their wedding trip was the trip together back to New York, and what a welcome they got on their arrival from those boys in the orchestra.

They tell me the party the band gave the newlyweds—just a private party, all to themselves—was something that everyone present will remember and tell his grandchildren about.

Now you might suppose that a girl like Evalyn, talented, beautiful, brought up from girlhood in the atmosphere of the theater, would want to cling to her career and exact from it the full measure of all its brilliant promise after she was married, wouldn't you? And especially after she'd married so prominent a figure as Fred Waring.

But I'll let you in on a secret that I don't believe so very many people know.

She HATES the stage!

"You see", she explained, "I'd always been on the stage, and really I just never thought of doing anything else. But I never really liked it. And now all I want to do is just be a wife to Fred."



MRS. FRED WARING  
... all I want to do is just be a wife...

**I**F you don't believe that two can live more cheaply than one, or that absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder, just ask Fred Waring. He'll tell you. And he knows, too.

For now that Fred is married to the beautiful little brunette who until a few weeks ago was Evalyn Nair, he doesn't run up any more \$1800 telephone bills calling her every night out on the coast. And you can buy a lot of groceries with \$1800. And as for the absence part of it, if the petite Evalyn hadn't taken it into her bewitching little head to go to Eagle Rock, California, and visit her parents, it is doubtful if the dashing young maestro of The Pennsylvanians would have realized quite so soon what a lot he cared about her.

You see, Evalyn has been with Waring's orchestra for the past four years—since The Pennsylvanians opened with "Hello Yourself" in Baltimore in 1929. And from that time to this, the charming little danseuse has appeared in every stage engagement of the orchestra except the one Fred and his boys are playing this week in the Chicago Theater. This is the first time she has ever sat down in front and watched Fred from the other side of the footlights.

The romance of Fred and Evalyn is one of the prettiest of radio's love stories.

It began that day in Baltimore when the little brunette dancer tripped across the stage in the first rehearsal of "Hello Yourself." Of course, like many of the pranks Dan Cupid plays, the unsuspecting targets for his darts are often among the last to know the mischievous little fellow has singled them out.

And that's the way it happened with Fred and Evalyn.

They know now that when they first set eyes upon one another in that Baltimore theater in 1929 that they fell in love, but they hadn't the slightest idea of it then.

Even after "Hello Yourself" closed, ending a run of sixteen weeks, and Fred invited Evalyn to remain with the orchestra for a vaudeville engagement—even then they didn't know they were in love with one another. Evalyn thought Fred was one perfectly wonderful fellow—which he is—and he thought she was a beautiful and talented little dancer, and a darned sweet girl—which she is, too. But that was as far as they got.

Of course, some of the boys in the orchestra—and you know The Pennsylvanians are just a lot of grown-up kids at heart—some of the boys began to suspect Evalyn when she bought a little electric stove and took it on tour with the band. Every night, after the show, savory odors would seep from back stage, and then there would be a feast of delicious viands that the pretty little dancer had prepared with her own hands. True, all the rest of the boys shared those repasts; just try and keep 'em away. But just the same, Fred Waring was tacitly accepted as the guest of honor.

And as long as we're on that subject, I might as well tell you that if a vote were taken among the members of



... Fred with his bride, the former Evalyn Nair, at their wedding breakfast ...

Evalyn married a saxophone player in the band. However, they soon agreed to disagree, and after another year, they were divorced. He is no longer with the band. And a little while after that, Fred was divorced from Dorothy McAteer in Pittsburgh.

Now you would suppose that by that time, those two youngsters would have realized that they'd been just made for one another wouldn't you? But did they? They did not. Most emphatically not.

There isn't any use in trying to camouflage it—because radio fans everywhere know that there were rumors that Fred Waring would marry the glamorous Dorothy Lee, and then later that he was carrying the torch for the beautiful Lyda Roberti.

But Dan Cupid is a smart little fellow, and he had ideas of his own on the subject.

**T**HROUGH a year's engagement of the Pennsylvanians with "The New Yorkers" in which Evalyn was understudy to Ann Pennington during that show's long run, Fred and the pretty little dancer were constantly thrown together. That's the way love's little archer engineers those things, the wily fellow!

Last July Fred and The Pennsylvanians and the gorgeous little Evalyn concluded an engagement at the Paramount Theater.

And when the final curtain had rung down, over the coffee she had prepared on the little electric stove, Evalyn announced suddenly that she was going to California to visit her parents.

"I haven't been home for so long, and I think I'll just take a nice, long rest," she decided.

Fred and the rest of the boys were rather surprised, but of course, they all urged her to go ahead, and have a swell time. They went with her to the train, and gave her a royal send-off. To Evalyn, the long train ride seemed intolerably monotonous. She thought she'd never reach California.

Of course, the first few days with her dad and her mother were lovely, and the hours sped by, for she hadn't seen her parents for a long, long time, and she was always

I HAVE met Oley Olsen's brother. Next I am going to meet Gracie Allen's brother. And then I am going to write a paper for the International Brotherhood of Radio Engineers on Brothers I Have Met. Already I have gathered data that is of little apparent value. Oley Olsen's brother is named Oley Olsen. If I find later on that Gracie Allen's brother is named Gracie Allen, I think that will be as important as breaking an atom. Personally I could never see much sense in breaking an atom anyhow. They are such tiny things, they cannot put up much of a fight.

But to get back to the matter of Oley Olsen's brother. I had a date with Oley Olsen in the Sherman Hotel in Chicago, and I arrived better late than never. At least,



OLSEN (right) and JOHNSON  
... or 'Oley' and 'Chick'  
to you ...

I thought it was better late than never. Maybe Oley thought it would have been better never. I knocked on the door and was about to whisper "Plummer sent me", when I remembered that this wasn't the place Plummer sent me. That place was farther north, and I didn't think much of it anyhow.

When I went into Oley Olsen's suite, he was eating breakfast. I mean the man in there was eating breakfast. He said he was Oley Olsen's brother, but later on I learned he was Oley Olsen. That confused me considerably until I learned, still later, that Oley Olsen's brother also is named Oley Olsen. So the Oley Olsen I saw eating his breakfast was not Oley Olsen, but Olsen's brother. That is, I mean it WAS Oley Olsen who was eating his breakfast, but not Oley's brother. But here, here—we've had enough of this! Where were we? Oh, yes. Oley Ols—I mean a man named Olsen eating breakfast.

We have gotten ourselves into a terrible jam here, or rather, I have gotten myself into a terrible jam. You don't have to read this, but I have to write it. They wanted me to write them a piece about ONE Oley Olsen, and here I show up with a story about two Oley Olsens. I'd like to know where they can get another man like that for what they're paying me.

So when I learned that I had discovered the wrong Oley Olsen, I went across the street with a man named Douglas, and then we met a man named Gerber, or maybe it was Garver, or Wellington, or something like that. Later on in the afternoon, Gerber, Garver and Wellington having left, and been replaced by a Mr. Oliver and a fellow named Joe, we all decided to go to the world's fair. Douglas went to see two men about a Pomeranian.

The next day, I found the notes I had taken, and wrote this piece from them. The notes began like this: "19 yrs Chgo chick in vville Olsen had orch and quartet."

So, there it is. Nineteen years ago, playing small engagements in and about Chicago, Chick Johnson was in vaudeville, while Oley Olsen (the Oley Olsen they sent me out to find in the first place) had an orchestra. Olsen needed a piano player, and heard about Johnson. So he invited him out one night, to the old North American, which nineteen years ago was a very hotsy-totsy spot at

# Those Two New Comics

Olsen and Johnson,  
Veterans of the Stage,  
Bring Wit to the Air

By Lewis Y. Hagy

Monroe and State streets. Chick played four or five numbers and right then and there, was hatched the team of Olsen and Johnson, of which you have been hearing very favorably ever since. It was as simple as that.

Their first engagement of any note was six weeks with Balaban and Katz, playing the smaller theaters of that circuit.

Agents were not very encouraging in their estimates of the budding young team.

"You boys," they said, "you boys are okay for cafes, but you'll never make the grade in vaudeville."

Which proves that not only were the agents not very encouraging but also proves that the agents were not very correct.

The act was playing Milwaukee when the manager of the theater dashed off a wire to Pantages, boosting Olsen and Johnson so effectively that they soon found themselves on the coast, playing the Pantages circuit.

During that phase of their career, the boys invented the stooge. The stooge was not known then as the stooge. Just as the first few automobiles were not known as automobiles. They were called 'devil wagons.' And the first stooges were known as stage hands or sometimes property men. They were not only known as stage hands or property men. They were stage hands, or sometimes property men.

When Olsen and Johnson first started using them as stooges, they got a great kick out of it, and all their friends

not to trust anybody with their money; (b) gave them their first real experience outside the routine of their act; and (c) enriched the gentleman they had engaged to take care of the show's financial affairs to no inconsiderable extent.

The arrangement was a simple one. Olsen and Johnson were to watch out for things backstage, and this other gentleman was to watch

out for things in front of the house. Now there is positively no money coming into a theater backstage, while there is, sometimes, in the front of the house. That circumstance placed the gentleman they had engaged to watch out for the front of the house in a strategic position to go away from there very suddenly one night and not come back. Which left Olsen and Johnson in an embarrassing position.

To recoup their tangled finances, they disbanded the show, and settled down in San Francisco to try and book their act. They got in touch with the Orpheum circuit, whose officials, eating regularly, were not particularly interested in the monetary stringencies which faced Olsen and Johnson. So Chick and Oley found it difficult to get the kind of action they wanted, which summed up briefly, was quick action.

One day, making their forty-fourth telephone call to the Orpheum offices, a voice cut in on the wire.

"This is Bert Levy," the voice said. "Would you boys like to go to Australia?"

It seems that Mr. Levy had been booking acts for an Australian circuit, and right when he thought he had everything sitting pretty, a British Thespian upon whom he had counted to no small extent was taken suddenly with a severe case of gin and disappeared. So Mr. Levy bethought himself of Olsen and Johnson. That is how they came to go to Australia.

From what I have heard of their year and a half in the Antipodes, it was a swell break for Australia as well as for Olsen and Johnson.

And incidentally, a few days before their (Continued on Page 22)

... try and tie this, Miss Dietrich ...



... maybe a rose by any other name is just as sweet, but give it to Oley and Chick, and it becomes a prop. . .

came to the theater, often paying cash at the box office to get in and see them take part in an act. But then stage hands and property men on the circuit where Olsen and Johnson played began to get smart.

They wanted two bits or sometimes four bits to stooge. The first actual case of rebellion of a stage hand asked to do a little stooging took place in Cincinnati, and right there, stage hands and property men stopped being stooges, and resumed the even tenor of their ways.

CHICK and Oley then pressed into service as stooges other actors on the bills. Stooging at that time had not become such a highly specialized profession as it is today. Like the barbering business. There was a time when physicians also did barber work and leeching on the side, but you do not see very much of that any more.

Finally, the actors in the other acts took cues from the stage hands and property men, and for a while there was a shortage of stooges. It got so a good stooge was worth his weight in orchestra seats. Finally it got so Olsen and Johnson had to pay stooges.

As historians of the American drama put it, "things had come to a pretty pass."

Olsen and Johnson's first serious attempt to uplift the American drama had three important consequences. It was a musical show called "Monkey Business" which they put on themselves in Los Angeles, and the three things it did were, in the order of their importance; (a) taught them



**A** POPULAR discussion and one heard frequently concerns the fortunate singer upon whom will fall the mantle of the great John McCormack. You hear it at the Lambs Club, at the Players, and in the radio studios. Before McCormack came J. K. Emmet, Chauncey Olcott, Andrew Mack and other popular Irish minstrels. But no singer in history has built up the endearing popular and affectionate following of this great Irish-American troubadour. Still some young magical voice is certain to perpetuate the traditions and musical philosophy of Ireland's melody, beauty and romance which he typifies so well.

Every nationality and every race has made memorable contributions to our music, but the Emerald Isle has always given us the songs and singers that seem to have the most universal appeal. The always interesting Edwin C. Hill recently quoted William J. Henderson, the ranking dean of American musical critics, as saying: "It seems that the Greek God 'Pan' who had no business in Ireland at all, had gone there to play in the valleys on those little pipes of which he ran up and down his mouth making a scale of notes. And whenever 'Pan' played on those pipes, rabbits turned somersaults, and goats stood upon their hind legs, and all nature was filled with gay intoxication. All of which had no business in Ireland at all, at all. So up rose Angus Oge, the Irish God and said, 'What is this Greek wastrel doing here anyhow?' And Angus Oge went down through the valleys, with all the birds singing and all the streams sparkling and all the clouds going white and all the world going pure sweet and merry."

John McCormack's reign in this realm will no doubt continue until he himself calls it a day. But when the day of his retirement does come, which everyone sincerely hopes will be at some far distant day, some young brood of a lad of Celtic birth and inheritance will be chosen by the public: not to fill his niche in his affections, but to carry the song along to future generations.

Many of the young tenors of today have been mentioned in the discussions on this subject, and not a few speak of John Fogarty as his logical successor; as the one best qualified for this rare distinction. In radio columns Louis Reed, Ben Gross, Nick Kenny and others have suggested this idea in the past. And singularly enough during his recent tour of personal appearances which took Mr. Fogarty to New Haven, Brooklyn, Boston, Detroit and Philadelphia this same thought was expressed by musical critics and reviewers of these critics with amazing unanimity.

It is also interesting in studying this promising young singer to note how, by temperament, characteristics and habits John Fogarty recalls that other gifted Irish-American tenor of the last decade, the late Chauncey Olcott.

... He sticks to his childhood friendships—  
horses and dogs ...



# He Isn't Just One More Irish Tenor

*John Fogarty Considered as Possible Successor for John McCormack by Radio Critics*

By Mark A. Luescher

This beloved singer was held in high esteem because of his exemplary private life; because of a most ingratiating personality, and because of his delightful rendition of Irishfolk-lore and sentimental ballads. But Fogarty's likeness to Olcott is reflected most in the great enjoyment he finds in out door life—out in the open fields and forests.



JOHN FOGARTY

... An Irishman from the Wild West ...

Chauncey Olcott's happiest days were spent in hunting, riding and in fishing; at his camp in Thousand Islands or at some other remote place far from the activity of the city.

John Fogarty started out as a ranch hand on the cattle ranges of Montana when little more than a child. His life since indicates that he believes in starting early at whatever he undertakes.

He was born in Sioux Falls, South Dakota on August 19, 1901, fitted his legs around a cattle pony almost as soon as he had learned to walk, went to Great Falls, Montana where he spent his boyhood and developed there two great friendships of his childhood, horses and dogs.

The first horse he ever tried to mount promptly kicked him off, but, undaunted, John kept at his job—a trait which has stayed with him through the years—and finally he got aboard and stuck. Horses and dogs have remained his friends. He now lives in the city to be near the NBC studios, and naturally horses do not thrive in apartments, but he does have

dogs in his home. Nearby in Jersey he supports kennels and stables where he may enjoy both, and it has been said that he does his share toward the support of the racetracks as well.

As long as he can remember he has been singing. He was only nine years of age when he made his first public appearance at an Elks Club performance in the West in a buck and wing act. Even at that age he was emulating in song and dance his cousin, Frank Fogarty, famous minstrel of a few years back, and one of the most popular vaudevillians of his time.

John was barely out of school when he buckled down to real work. His initial pay envelope went for a fine Morgan saddle. The second was used for a grand pair of "chaps" which he still has, and which he numbers, or did until recently, as his most cherished possession.

The "chaps" now have to share honors with a ten-gallon hat, presented to him a little over a year ago by Governor Erickson of Montana, members of the Legislature and member friends in Montana. The hat is autographed by each of the donors and was presented to Mr. Fogarty in a special broadcast over an NBC network.

John Fogarty was only sixteen years of age when this country entered the World War, but he concealed his true age and enlisted in the 163rd Infantry and saw service in France, particularly in the battles of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. At the time of the Armistice he was a second lieutenant at an officers' training camp teaching other officers how to go over the top with their platoons.

**A**ND all the time the singing and the dancing had been going on, now for the entertainment of a few friends, again as a semi-professional engagement. His musical education did not get any further for some years after his return from the war. While still overseas he took part in several shows behind the lines and even the obligato of bursting shrapnel, bombs and rumbling guns did not make him stop singing. The highlight of his musical career abroad was an appearance on Christmas Eve 1917 during a program for English wounded at Lady Northcliffe's hospital in Winchester, England.

For several years after his return from the war he stayed in Great Falls, Montana working with a brother in a wholesale fruit business. But the young man was getting ideas, and was looking to the future. His theatrical work was still much a hit and miss proposition.

At last, in 1920, the horses and cattle and the glamour of the plains were all left behind and Fogarty came on to New York to study music. His first nearly ruined his voice he says, and then he turned to Louis Chartiere, now living in Montreal, Canada, whom John regards as the greatest living baritone. Their association lasted for several years and in 1925 John went into vaudeville, met with almost instant success, and soon attracted the officials of the National Broadcasting Company.

At first radio was to him an experiment, he frankly admits. His first broadcast was in 1930, since then his popularity has grown steadily. Radio is no longer an experiment but a vocation with a peculiarly strong appeal for Mr. Fogarty. Particularly does he like the feeling that he is singing to great masses of people whenever he faces the microphone.

He cannot relax; lie back and take life easy, this fellow. He must be always on the move—doing something, going places. There is something of that virility in the songs he sings.

Life for him must always move on at its swiftest pace. You sense that when you hear him. But his tireless energy carries him on; there is no task too difficult, no sport too strenuous for him to weary of it. He does not care greatly for the financial rewards fame has for those who woo her successfully. Money to him is just something that enables you to have and do the things you want; give him just enough for that, and he is content. And, as is usually the case with persons of that type, money comes to him easily.

John Fogarty is a hard worker, is not happy unless he is gainfully occupied during every moment, and he engages all manner of singing engagements in between his radio work. His personal appearances lately have established him as a headline attraction of great box office strength and he is constantly engaged whenever his broadcasts permit.

And when it is all over—when he is finally tired out—and he says that will be years hence, he is going into retirement back on a Montana ranch, surrounded by horses and dogs.

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**I**T OUGHT to be explained, as quickly as our cumbersome and notoriously infelicitous language will permit, that Alexander Woollcott is not really a McCoy. In fact it will be explained that Alexander Woollcott is not really a McCoy.\* In his tremulous youth, when he was a reporter sending in smoke signals for The New York Times, he had some pother with a famous feud, the Hatfield-McCoy V8 feud I think, and that may confuse you but I trust, deep down there in the well-springs of my heart, that it won't. Much, anyway. And speaking of well-springs, what are they? I know what wells are and I know what springs are (water variety, of course), but do you know what a well-spring is? That puts us both on a level, and when you are telling the story of Alexander Woollcott (that is when I am telling the story of Alexander Woollcott) it is best to be levelling. Much the best. So I'm levelling, pardner, I'm levelling.

Alexander Woollcott is the gentleman you see in a picture elsewhere on this glittering page. You see him gules behind a pretty snappy bow-tie, you see him couchant behind a fairly casual hand and you see him rampant behind the only pair of horn-rim glasses I ever saw in my life which looked reasonable. Before him, at a Murad angle, is a leather-bound book; one of his own, probably. Perhaps the very volume he is offering free to that lightning-brained admirer who submits to him the glossiest title for the forthcoming collection of his essays from "The New Yorker." Of this book, by the way, he said in offering it as a prize: "It will be morocco-bound, tooled for dear life and autographed to the hilt." That gives you an idea.

Woollcott is the special hero of a thousand plush legends, the friend of a thousand uncomfortably famous people, treasured chum of 100,000 rapt listeners-in. That wince, which will be registered on the Fordham and Mount Wilson seismographs as a violent earthquake centering 3,000 miles west of Fiji, would be Master Woollcott shuddering into his bow-tie when he encounters the word "chum" up there.

Anyway, he is what I said: Herc and friend, and whenever any celebrated wit is beginning to go threadbare and finds it high time he replenished his amusing small talk he contrives a Sunday morning breakfast at Wit's End, the Woollcott apartment in Manhattan. There, in the welter of coffee and grapefruit, he stokes up from that inexhaustible source: the Woollcott. He goes away, good for another sixty days of convulsing front parlors, of being the lobby wit at intermissions and the very spick and spandy jack-a-dandy at cocktail parties. It's all Woollcott wit, but most of the boys and girls steal it shamelessly.

No less, for example, than ten good First Night veterans still claim as their own that remorseless quip which fluttered idly from the Woollcott lips the night the Theater Guild unveiled its new temple of O'Neill and like glooms. Entering the great-hall, his eyes fell upon monstrous tapestries which loomed over the orchestra section like avenging spirits. Recoiling slightly, he braced himself and muttered: "The Gobelins'll get yuh if yuh don't watch out."

This is but one of hordes of such fripperies which tumble out of him at the slightest provocation. They are elegant fripperies, immortal fripperies and I, for one, wait from week to week for the new and shattering word-device. He is, probably, the most authentic word-knitter in modern journalism and, certainly, the most felicitous. His phrasing has a gallop of its own and he can, when put to it, turn out the prose which is the despair of his fellow craftsmen.

With his authentic yen for these elegancies of speech he combines an enormous and proud appetite for the horrendous folk tales of all nations but, particularly, the awful legends of our own country. He swallows them by the bucketful and cries aloud for more.

He gobbles up these matters without once crying for help or a change of wine. Murders, arsons, spirit-lore, high and skilled skullduggery, witchery, black magic and just plain foolishness all taste alike to him and that taste would be swell. He is at richest fettle when toying with the heinous fables of our simple peasants in the back-lands

\*The zaney wrote a head for this story: "Little Trudges to the Homes of the Real McCoy's" but it wouldn't fit.—Ed.



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

... behind the only pair of horn-rim eyeglasses I ever saw in my life that looked reasonable ...

## At WIT'S END

*In Which Our Ubiquitous and Facetious Philistine Does an Elbert Hubbard on Woollcott*

By Whitney Bolton

and can be counted upon practically to purr when confronted with something new—a matter faintly impossible since already he knows all the stories. The girl in the department store who meets the scarred elevator operator, the police dog which ate the baby, the thug who dressed like an old woman and solicited rides, the mother and daughter hived up in a Paris deadfall with bubonic plague ready to start one of the great horror legends of all times, these and many more swarm to him and he adores them.

**ONLY** recently, while crooning an especially horrendous legend into the microphone, he pleaded with his audience for more of the same and added that any stray morsel that came his way would be gobbled as satisfyingly as a full meal of dreadfulness. He shares, with thousands, a like for Master Edmund Pearson, that crisp retailer of murder stories, and you can win him for life if you furnish him with a thus far unpublished tale of homicide and awfulness.

This was to have been a story by Mr. Woollcott, in

person, signed with that fine-spun script which has made him something of a figurine from coast to coast. It was to have been and that, indeed, was the program of the editor of this magazine. How you doing, ed? I telephoned the Columbia Broadcasting System and, blithely, suggested that a piece by the nimble Woollcott, sprung fresh from his imagination, would be too ducky. They said they thought so too. So I said how about it, and they said you have been going to the same theater First Nights with that man for seven years, don't you know him by now? And I said no, just slightly, because every time I read his stuff I am so overwhelmed with awe and envy I cannot muster the courage to speak to him and they said get a muster plaster. Of all the fool things!

Anyway, darting here and there I discovered two things:

(a) Alexander Woollcott gets paid for everything he writes.

(b) Alexander Woollcott gets paid for everything he writes.

**W**ELL, with a set-up like that there isn't much to do. I certainly wasn't going to pay him and I couldn't find the editor of RADIO GUIDE. I'll tell you about that: The editor of RADIO GUIDE (all caps and a little soft music, Professor!) wrote a play, he not only wrote but he sold it—to a producer. He took sick, as they say in South Carolina, about the time it went into rehearsal and when he went to see it First Night it was another play. I got a wire from him, reading:

"Have gone to Canada hunting."

I wired back:

"Hunting what?"

And he replied, the toothless zaney:

"Hunting the play I wrote."

And so he did. Actually, it was I who found the play he wrote. It was playing a split-week in a waste-basket in a Boston hotel, but he was in Canada by that time and no wires could reach him. After a week up there nothing could reach him, not even the earnest pleas of a desolated family.

So that, in a sense, is why this piece isn't by Alexander Woollcott.

I don't blame Master Woollcott for holding up the bank sack for his writings. I think he is unquestionably and exactly right about getting paid for everything he writes (are your ears afire, editor? ARE they afire?) and when he doesn't get paid then it's time for some one else to step in. And speaking of step-ins—well, we'll save that for our Nudist Number, which will be along the first hot week of next July. Until then let's get back to Mr. Woollcott.

When not tossing up wit or dabbling in the better cases of murder, he is sharpening his spear for the absurdities with which our vast nation decoys itself into the semblance of greatness. He is an ardent and inexorable foe of all cuteness in advertising, whether that be a full page of copy on a new cigar or a disturbing bit of coyness on the signboard over a hot-dog stand. One of his greatest battles was fought over a mild little article of swallow for tots at breakfast called to his vast nausea, "Bekky-Puddy."

Likewise, when not engaged with murder, cuteness or wit, he is hard at work on famous under-statements in our daily press. These he searches out with burning eyes and, when he finds one, he pounces upon it and pins it on a frame. His favorite under-statements have to do with murder or accidents. He can be put into good humor for days by reading the account of some dreadful accident, involving the loss of many precious if not particularly valuable lives, in which after the dead have been stacked like railroad ties, some victim, dying from a thousand wounds and injuries, says; "I found it disturbing." That, by any measure, is understatement.

Mr. Woollcott probably would enshrine any member of his audience who, in a single mail, sent him (a) new murder legend, (b) a coy sickener clipped from advertising and (c) some particularly delicious form of understatement.

All of these hobbies have grown beyond that shallow state and have become his life work. He passes whole days tracking down clues to a new variant of some old legend and, such is his restless and unquenchable thirst in these matters, he usually succeeds in pinning them down. Right now he is after the true

(Continued on Page 13)

**T**HE interview was in Phil Regan's shirt-sleeves. That is, Mr. Regan was in his shirt sleeves. I was in the control room at the Columbia Broadcasting System's Madison avenue studios. Mr. Regan was in the studio, surrounded by instrumentalists and their instruments. It was warm—exceedingly warm—where I was. It must have been much warmer where Mr. Regan was.

"There," said my guide from the publicity offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System, "is your man."

Following the line indicated by his pointed finger on the glass, I described a young man in shirt-sleeves wooing the microphone with what seemed to be a loving fervor. Honeyed tones dripped out of the loud-speaker in the control room—and, watching Mr. Regan and listening to the honeyed tones, I put two and two together.

Actually I put Mr. Regan and the honeyed tones together, and then, you must understand, Mr. Regan, even in his shirt-sleeves, became a romantic person.

That was before I had any inkling that he was anything but a young man with a pleasing voice. For the less you know about these people of the radio world, I've discovered, the more you find out about them.

I found out some startling things about Mr. Regan, finally. Things about the strange auspices that attended his birth, both physical and ethereal and that, for instance, he was featured at one time with George Burns and Gracie Allen.

It may be that the association of Mr. Regan with Burns and Allen is why this is being written this way. I once associated with Burns and Allen for half an hour, and it left an everlasting mark on me. It is bound to leave some kind of a mark on anybody. So I can't see why Mr. Regan should be an exception.

There must be some explanation of the remarkable adventures and diverting career of Mr. Regan, and for my part I am willing to blame it on Burns and Allen.

Mr. Regan came out of the studio, for the interview proper was to be in an ante-room. And then I noticed something different about the young man. He was no longer in his shirt-sleeves. He was, of course, but not so evidently and wholly and unashamedly as he had been when he was crooning dulcet words and music into the microphone.

Mr. Regan had put on his coat to be interviewed by me, and it was plain that this young idol of unseeing maidens is modest and not yet accustomed to the unimportance of being interviewed. I felt like suggesting that Mr. Regan not only remove his coat, but that I be permitted to do likewise. So much more comes out of a little informal chat, and such informality can develop in shirt-sleeves.

However, it was not a point to stress or make an issue of, so it was let pass. Mr. Regan sat down to be interviewed, but it was not to be as yet. For as soon as Mr. Regan sat down, a battery of photographing gents bustled in, started setting up lights and a camera, and the "art" had

# A Singing Cop

*Ever Hear of a Shy  
Policeman? Then  
Meet Phil Regan*

By Leo Fontaine

to be done first. It provided an opportunity to study Mr. Regan in repose, so to speak. As much in repose, I mean, as a person being interviewed and photographed at the same time can be expected to be.

He a very handsome young gentleman, and I am really not trying to be nice. Handsome and all the other words which fall quickly from the lips of admiring little girls and doting old men have lost their meaning. But applying the term handsome to Mr. Regan is to apply it in its original and unmodified meaning.

His hair is jet black, and he wears it smooth. His eyes are grey, but they give the impression of being black. Irish as the Blarney Stone, the press department had said I would find Mr. Regan, and the press department was correct. But the Gael I saw in him was rather that of the minstrel boy with his wild harp slung behind him, marching to some romantic adventure. The black in his hair and what I thought was the black in his eyes was Spanish. But then ever since the Armada was wrecked, there has been black in the hair of the Irish.

**C**ONSIDERING Mr. Regan, corporeally, I could not understand why he should be shy of anything, particularly an interview. I was soon to learn that very little does frighten Mr. Regan. But I was to learn, too, a fact which did not surprise me so much as if Mr. Regan had not put on his coat. That fact was that Mr. Regan's radio career nearly ended before it commenced—on account of microphone fright.

Mr. Regan—and now, at last, we come to the point of it all—is known professionally as a "singing cop." There have always been singing waiters and—yes, singing cops. But the idea of Mr. Regan's having been a cop somehow did not fit the picture I had of him. Or, rather, that I had just developed of him.

It is not too impossible, however, and the Columbia Broadcasting System had been at some preliminary pains to point out that Bing Crosby and Ozzie Nelson had gone

to law school. The implication was that association with the law is likely to result in crooning.

Mr. Regan was born in Brooklyn and does not hesitate to say so. Mr. Regan's hesitation about anything seems to vanish after the ice is broken. So Mr. Regan will tell you, as he told me, that he was born in Brooklyn on May 28, 1908. He had a brother Jim, it seems, and he and Jim looked so much alike that people had difficulty telling them apart.

That sort of arrangement invariably causes trouble, and Mr. Regan seems to have caused his brother Jim considerable trouble in their youth. Mr. Regan was always getting himself into scrapes.

At a very early age, Mr. Regan remembers crooning "My Wild Irish Rose," but with no idea of ever capitalizing on such a thing. By this time he estimates he has sung "My Wild Irish Rose" more than 2000 times. That is a great many times to sing "My Wild Irish Rose," even as well as Mr. Regan sings.

**H**OWEVER, Mr. Regan will sing "My Wild Irish Rose" at the drop of a hat, one gathers—which has built up a tradition at radio openings, where Little Jack Little accompanies Mr. Regan and amuses himself by playing tricks of discord with the background for Mr. Regan's "Wild Irish Rose."

Mr. Regan will start singing a number and will reach the third or fourth bar (musical not beery) when Little Jack begins playing something else altogether. Then they will stop, look at each other with apparent anger and start all over again.

The average person, seeing this performance for the first time, if he happens to know that Phil Regan really can sing and that Little Jack actually does know how to play the piano, immediately jumps to the conclusion that both of them are under the influence of—well, under the influence. But, in any case, they never finish the song and finally Phil goes back to his seat and Little Jack also abandons his place at the piano.

You who have not attended one of those strange affairs known as radio openings or radio parties and have never had the privilege of seeing and hearing Mr. Regan and Mr. Little in their performance may not be able to understand exactly why it is that the act always brings down the house. I have seen them do this stunt at least a dozen times and the last time that I saw it, I found it just as side-splitting as it was the first time.

I'd like to see them put on this act behind the footlights. It probably would be twice as funny in the more formal atmosphere of a theater as it is at radio parties.

Mr. Regan was raised on corned beef and cabbage and, in spite of the Wild Irish Rose in him, decided when he was just a parochial school boy that wanted to be a policeman when he grew up. He loved horses, and one day he brought home two horses he had unhitched from a dump truck, and tethered them outside the Regan home in Brooklyn.

All of which was excellent preparation for policing and radio crooning. All of which, too, reminds one of Burns and Allen.

Prior to his cop days, Mr. Regan developed an interest in firearms. Looking over a loaded gun with a school chum, he fired it accidentally and shot himself in the shoulder. He ran to a hospital and spent several months recovering.

But he would be a policeman, and, when he finally did, he captured a murderer. Mr. Regan was, though he did not know it, standing at that moment on the threshold of his career.

Professor John Hutchins heard Mr. Regan sing at an entertainment, called the attention of Ralph Wonders of the CBS artists' service to him, and last year Mr. Regan became that much-sought person, a radio "find."

He has been with Guy Lombardo's band and on the Robert Burns Panatella program and is at present featured on a sustaining program.

There you have him, Mr. Regan.

PHIL REGAN  
... that handsome  
young man ...



THEY told him he'd have to 'conform' if he was going to be a big-time radio announcer. He'd have to pep up his patter, speed up his spiel, electrify his audience; in short, put some action into it, even if it wasn't natural.

But Gene Arnold refused to listen. Born in Jasper County, Illinois, he was still, at heart, a country boy who talked in the slow, soft-voiced, unaffected manner of country boys the world over. That was his nature, and he didn't intend to try to change it. There must be a place in radio for individuality. Gene Arnold elected to stand on his own personality.

Was he right? Millions of radio listeners and four sponsors will join in and shout "Yes." He counts his fan mail by the thousands and his listeners by the millions. One of his sponsors heard him on another program, only once, then hopped a plane for Chicago and demanded his services. No one else would do. It had to be Gene Arnold.

How does he do it? Not by nickel-plated words, or high-pressure selling talk, or "pep". He's the same quiet, slow, unaffected Gene Arnold who broke into radio five years ago. His homely philosophy and his old-fashioned songs of home and mother have won him more listeners than he ever dreamed of. Without drive, without pep, without any affectation, he has become one of radioland's brightest stars. He's on nine programs a week, and he writes eight of them. One of his hardest tasks is turning down offers for personal appearances. He has so much work to do and so much fan mail in connection with his present programs that he had to rent a private office on the eleventh floor of the Merchandise Mart Building, which houses the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company.

"It's amazing, the number of letters I get from my listeners," exclaimed the genial Gene when interviewed in his private office. "I can't believe it, at times. See that stack of letters there? That's part of the response from one program. A couple of Sundays ago we asked the fans whether they'd prefer a half-hour program on Sunday afternoons, or only a quarter hour. Five hundred letters came in on the next mail, every one demanding a half an hour. Since then the total has mounted to the thousands, and every letter was a request for the longer program."

"What is my advice on breaking into radio? You know, I receive hundreds and hundreds of letters from people in every state, asking that same question. They want to know what the requirements are for a successful radio artist. Friends tell them they can sing. How can they break in?"

"Well, I surely don't set myself up as an oracle on radio. I guess I've just been fortunate. But if you want my private opinion, for whatever it's worth, here it is:

"Most of these folks who write me about getting into radio want to know whether they have to do a certain thing in a certain, fixed way. Of course, my answer is no. Plenty of my friends told me, when I was breaking in, that I'd have to learn to talk like the other announcers, put pep and speed into it, even though that wasn't natural for me. Well, I didn't. I stuck to my regular, old-fashioned way of talking, and though I had a hard time getting in that way, I finally did, and I've certainly never regretted it."

"No, I'd tell them to use their own personality, to be themselves, instead of trying to be somebody else. That's not saying that the only requirement is to be yourself. I think the greatest of them all is versatility. You know, there are plenty of folks who can talk, and do nothing else, and plenty who can sing, and that's all. But versatility is the real requirement. Lots of people never discover their versatility until they get into radio, and there are many more who never discover it."

"I know a young singer with a marvelous voice. But he can't do anything but sing, couldn't say a word in front of the microphone except the ones in his songs. The result is that he's usually looking for an engagement."

Gene ought to know considerable about this thing, versatility. He sings, talks, plays his own accompaniments on the Mar-o-oil program, is interlocutor in the Sinclair Minstrels, writes eight programs a week, composes songs and is the author of a new book of modern hymns, which has recently gone on the market.

But he forgot to mention one characteristic of his when talking about success in radio. That's sincerity. If Gene Arnold is anything, he is sincere. He believes in

# Be YOURSELF

*That's Gene Arnold's Suggestion to Those Seeking Radio Fame*

By William Ray

every product advertised on his four commercial programs. He uses every product. If he didn't believe in them, he wouldn't appear on their programs.

Only last week he turned down an offer for a new

the Chicago Musical College to study voice. He won a diamond medal for his singing the very first year. There also, his teacher, Vernon d'Arnalle, told him that his voice had a sympathetic quality. It is this sympathetic quality that has

endeared him to millions of radio listeners.

Like so many other ambitious young artists, Gene found he must earn a living in other ways after leaving college. He did it by clerking in a clothing store, but not for long. At the age of 21 he had launched himself on a stage career and two years later he was stage director for Montgomery and Stone, and often assumed roles himself.

His next engagement was with Henry W. Savage, acting as stage director and performer in the original companies that produced "The Red Mill", "The Merry Widow", "Algeria" and "Adele."

But Gene wasn't perfectly suited for stage performances, because his voice never was strong enough to carry to the last row. But for radio it was perfect, and in 1928 he decided to break into radio.

Coming to Chicago, he was introduced by a friend to Chuck Haynes and Ray Ferris. They, in turn, took him to old WOK, where he sang two songs one evening.

"Shall I come back," asked Gene at the end of the performance.

"Sure," replied the manager, and two days later Gene was engaged as a regular announcer, despite all dire predictions of failure because he refused to become one of the pep boys.

That same year he started his minstrels, now the famous Sinclair Greater Minstrels, nearing its 450th consecutive performance. Then he had only himself, with Haynes and Ferris for end men. Gene still has the continuity for that first minstrel show, which has now grown to one of the largest and most widely known programs in radio.

He stayed with WOK for only three months, then moved to WENR. He was with that station for three years before becoming an announcer for the National Broadcasting Company on March 1, 1931.

Since that time Gene has accumulated so many programs, with such numerous demands on his time, in consequence, that he no longer does straight announcing for NBC, confining his efforts to the four programs and nine weekly performances required by his commercial contracts.

Gene is happier in radio than at any other time in his life, he says, though he finds it very exacting.

He writes his programs in his Merchandise Mart office every day, overlooking the Chicago River and the towering skyscrapers of the Loop. He writes them all in longhand.

GENE ARNOLD

... still, at heart, just a country boy ...



... Gene Arnold, at the left, with MacCloud, lower left, and Cliff Soubier, during a Sinclair minstrel broadcast ...

commercial program, because he did not believe in the product. It was a reducing preparation, and its manufacturer failed to convince Gene that it would do what he claimed it would do, without injury.

Yes, Gene is sincere, but not sanctimonious. He's no preacher, but he believes that if you live so that your conscience is at rest, with no regrets, you're living all right.

But who is this fellow Arnold? Where does he come from? Did he have any previous training for his enormously popular work in radio?

He was born in Newton, Jasper County, Illinois. He comes by his singing naturally, for his mother, a school teacher and a singer, trained his voice from childhood. His earliest memories are of singing at his mother's knee, while she played the organ. Gene has written and sung many mother songs on the radio. They're all tributes to the mother who reared him down in Jasper County.

"She was the most wonderful mother in the world", said Gene, sadly, for she died in 1920.

His father was county superintendent of schools in his home district for twenty-seven years.

Gene showed unmistakable signs of vocal ability at an early age, and when he was nineteen, he was sent to



**C**ON ONE of my recent broadcasts I took occasion to champion the cause of President Roosevelt's NRA program. I tried on that occasion to show the lack of patriotism on the part of employers who were trying to interpret the codes of their industries in terms that would be profitable to themselves rather than in terms that would be profitable to the country in its slow climb to normalcy. I also stamped as most unpatriotic the numerous strikes on the part of employees at a time when the President is asking for unified action in the national fight against depression and unemployment.

In my plea on that occasion I suggested that there certainly were those in my audience who were willing to join forces with me in attempting to think out ways and means by which we could help the President and his associates in the gigantic task which Mr. Roosevelt has so courageously assumed.

Within less than three hours after I had made this plea I received the following wire from a fraternal organization with over 5,000 members:

"Your broadcast of tonight prompts me to wire you as follows: The Improved Order of Redmen, a distinctly American and patriotic fraternity, is probably better equipped to foster the movement of making the NRA plan successful than any other organization. It was founded for the purpose of perpetuating American ideals and American institutions, and to promote the welfare of its members. At its session held at Lockport the Great Council of New York State unanimously passed a resolution endorsing the policy of President Roosevelt's National Recovery act, and requested its members to lend their support and effort for the success of the plan. Over 500,000 Redmen throughout the United States pledged to loyalty to flag and country, are concerned about the future of our country and its people. Its problems are our problems. Its citizens are our brethren. Therefore, the Improved Order of Redmen is ready to cooperate with you in your endeavor to solidify the American people, to make better citizens of our foreign born, and to launch a vigorous energetic campaign for the ultimate success of the NRA plan. May we have a meeting in the near future with you to discuss plans?" (Signed) Albert Dammeyer, Great Sachem, Great Council of New York, Improved Order of Redmen.

I was certainly both surprised and pleased to have such an instantaneous response from the State head of New York Redmen, and I shall certainly meet with Mr. Dammeyer and any other representatives of this organization as early as I possibly can in order to join my humble forces with theirs.

In all probability there are readers of this column who have ideas worth considering but are afraid to submit them to Washington, D. C. Nobody need ever be afraid of submitting any idea to me, for no matter how theoretical and impractical the idea may be, I shall never be guilty of ridiculing either the idea or writer. But I do hope that many of my readers who are as interested as I am in assisting in any way possible the return of this country to normal prosperity will write me giving me any constructive ideas that they can think of. I will be glad not only to acknowledge receipt of these ideas but if found to be practical, will help get them across, giving full credit to the person from whom they came. Let's hear from you.

**DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:**

I am submitting my sister's problem to you at her request. Please, if possible, advise in RADIO GUIDE instead of over the air because I want her to see your reply herself. She cannot hear your broadcasts. She came to me first for advice, but it has always been my policy to keep hands off in my sister and brother's marital problems. I will try to give a fair, brief outline.

Before my sister's marriage she told me if she ever married again it would be only for a home, having had a previous disappointment. I advised against this, telling her she might regret it. She married a widower with two boys, the domineering kind of man who believes a husband should be lord and master, that wife and children should obey his every command. Sister now has seven children by him, having gone through this ordeal almost yearly. He is a good provider, is particular about the children's health and comforts. They have always kept a girl to help sister during the daytime until the last baby was born a few months ago. Then he decided to keep a 19-year old girl day and night. This girl has helped in the past with the children after school and on Saturdays, is a willing worker and trustworthy with the children.

By now I need hardly tell you the real problem is an affair between the husband and this girl.

Sister knows what is going on and has faced them with the facts which neither dares deny. When she threatened the girl she would tell her mother, the girl begged my sister not to do so. When she faced her husband, he had the audacity to alibi himself by saying that all husbands, when they reach his age, have their secret love affairs and she should be glad that he was more secret.

Surely my sister has suffered enough and would be justified in taking some drastic action for her own sake as well as the girl's. Is there anything that can be done with this type of man? A SISTER

**ANSWER:** First let me congratulate you upon having refused to interfere in the marital problems of your brother and sister. That is a wise attitude that few in-laws are willing to assume. But now that your sister has come to you for advice, she has opened the way for you to offer free counsel without that advice being construed as interference.

In the first place, your sister informed you before her

# YOUR Problems SOLVED

## By The Voice of Experience

marriage that her idea was not to marry for love but only for a home. From what you state in your letter she has received a wonderful home, a man who is looking after the welfare and comforts of his family and there is every possibility that although she may have proven herself to be a wife it has been under duress. There are so many little ways that a man or woman can determine whether or not that phase of marriage which we call love life is reciprocated. Perhaps your sister's husband has recognized the fact that his wife married him for the home and accepted the responsibilities of marriage only because they were necessary. In that event I would say that she invited the difficulties that she is now facing.

On the other hand, if she has really been a loyal, loving wife to her husband, and he has insulted that love with a liaison with this 19-year old servant, your sister has every right to fire the girl and this she should

## Advice for Radio Guide Readers



Your Friend and Adviser  
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

*The Voice of Experience, back on the air, continues to answer questions propounded by readers of RADIO GUIDE. The Voice's new broadcast schedule is as follows: Monday to Friday, 12 o'clock noon New York time; Tuesday 8:30 p. m. New York time with a repeat broadcast at 11:45 for Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain section; and Monday, 3:15 p. m. New York time.*

*Because of his large volume of mail, personal replies are impossible, but in cases where the Voice has at hand one of his pamphlets to fit any case, he will be glad to send a complimentary copy.*

*All communications addressed to the Voice of Experience in care of RADIO GUIDE for reply in this department, will be forwarded directly to the Voice, unopened.*

do. And in the event that she is dissatisfied with her home life and wants either separation or divorce, she has the grounds upon which to secure either.

If, however, you are asking me to give you advice as to how to change this man so that in the event that another girl comes to replace the one that is there, there will be no danger of a recurrence of what has already happened, I will have to admit that I am helpless. A man of your sister's husband's age is usually pretty well set in his ways, and if he is determined to be unfaithful there is but one of two alternatives for the wife: If she wishes to remain under his roof and he is the type that domineers, she is probably going to have to accept whatever standards he wishes to set for himself and make the best of a bad bargain. If she is able to be self-sustaining and reacts like the average normal woman should react, refusing to share the intimacies of life with another woman in the event the husband will not abide by a single standard, separation or divorce is the only out.

Your sister has come to you for advice. If I were in your place I would analyze the case thoroughly in the light of what I have just said, and then advise her accordingly.

**DEAR VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:**

The sound advice that you have given to others in answering their problems has led me to ask your advice in a matter that I cannot bring myself to discuss with others.

I am a college girl 19 years old. I have never had a "boy friend" or a date nor do I desire them. I have my girl friends, but I know no boys though I attend a university whose registration is mostly male. I always go about alone and am usually happiest when by myself.

Now that you have the background, here is my problem: I seem to have fallen in love with one of my instructors. He has shown me unusual attention, and I believe would return my affection. Marriage, however, is out of the question for me.

Should I change to another school where I couldn't secure such a good course, or should I just avoid him? I am miserable. This has wrecked my plans and made me lonely where before I was content.

Please answer me through RADIO GUIDE. If you have any pamphlets which would be of help, please mail them in the enclosed envelope which is addressed to a friend of mine.

ROSALIE.

**ANSWER:** In all kindness to you, let me say that

the problem which seems so dire to you right now, and which in your opinion demands drastic and immediate action, after a few more years have rolled over your head will lose much of its poignancy.

To put the matter bluntly, you are expressing yourself perfectly normally by becoming interested in one of your young teachers there in the college. The fact that you have never had any boy friends and that you have always been satisfied to be alone and lonely by no means demands that you should either avoid this teacher or that you should change your school.

It is one thing, Rosalie, however, to be attracted to a man as you are to this professor, and another to really love him. Don't misunderstand me: Love many times follows in the wake of attraction, but, to be quite frank with you, I would say that you are really not in love with this man at the present time.

**C**ONE statement you make puzzles me—you say, "marriage is out of the question for me". Do you not realize that many fast friendships are made at college between fellow students, (and for that matter between teachers and students), that in after years are held as choice memories? Why bring up the subject of marriage when you have never even had a date with the man?

It seems to me, Rosalie, that you are the victim of either self-consciousness or somewhat of an inferiority complex, and in all probability you are your own worst enemy. It might be that if you could refrain from wearing your feeling on your sleeve, so to speak, it would be a fine thing for you if he offered to take you to a dinner or a show and you accompanied him.

Probably he could do much toward helping you try to right your views and to find yourself. Certainly if I were you I would not attempt to avoid him, and I am sure that I would not go to an inferior school.

These suggestions on your part are what prompt me to believe that you may be suffering from an inferiority complex.

You asked that if I have any pamphlets which would be practical for you that I mail them to you in an enclosed envelope directed to a friend. The letters, coming as they do by the thousands every week and requiring a big staff to handle them, means that many times a letter and an enclosed envelope will become separated in the routine handling.

Where both the letter and the enclosed envelope carry the same name it is easy to reunite them, but in your case I am sorry to say the envelope to which you refer has inadvertently gotten away from the letter and, therefore, it is impossible for me to send the pamphlets which you request.

I have several pamphlets on the inferiority complex, on self-consciousness, on love, on methods of conduct for young men and young women in their days of courtship—in fact, there are a number of pamphlets that would be quite valuable to you, any of which would only require one 3c stamp.

I suggest, Rosalie, that you drop me another note and ask me for a list of the titles of these pamphlets, and the titles are self-expressive enough so that you may know just which ones will be applicable to you. Then you can select the ones that you want and order them.

If I were your big brother and you had come to me to solve this problem I would say to you, as my own sister, for you to remain where you are and not run away to another school.

If the young man in question is the kind of a fellow in whose company I would trust my sister, I would say to you to be friendly toward him, avoid making any advance, but if he in turn shows an interest in you sufficient to warrant his asking you for a date, accept that date and then after accepting it just be natural with him, neither bold nor fearful. Just be yourself.

Many girls have faced the same problem that you are now facing. Some of them have run away just as you are threatening to do.

**T**HEY are the kind that run away from all of life's problems later on. Others have "faced the music" as every normal girl must do if she is going to become part and parcel of a friendly society. I need not tell you that the happiest girls are always found in this latter group.

Dare I express the hope that your professor friend will ask you for a date and that you will accept? And that from this initial meeting a series of pleasant friendships will develop?

I am sufficiently interested in all you folks that I have tried to help to be desirous of hearing later on how things turn out, and so I will be glad to hear from you again.

Your Friend and Adviser,

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

(Copyright 1933 by Radio Guide, Inc.)



**A**LICE passed Whoozis after Whoozis who paid her no attention, even when she spoke to them. A few, a VERY few, to be exact, looked encouraging at first, then something sent them scuttling off, greatly perturbed and shaking their heads vigorously. And more and more she feared it must be her background.

Shortly afterwards, however, she had every reason to believe she had landed something which would belie this fear and justify her pilgrimage—injecting laughs into a supposed comedy serial whose nation-wide known heroines dully floundered about in a maze of kidnapers, guns and gangsters. But at the last minute, when she thought everything was settled, the despotic fifty-year-old Whoozis in charge spurned her offer to write two fifteen-minute episodes for future broadcast—to be paid for on acceptance—and insisted that she completely rewrite six old scripts that had already been broadcast as a sample of her work!

This was the most staggering exaction her pilgrimage had yielded so far.

"A SAMPLE?" she exclaimed, "With my twenty years of professional writing?"

"You'd better do them," the Whoozis thundered, "if you want to break into RADIO." He towered above her ominously.

All he needed, Alice decided, was a crown to complete his resemblance to the King in the court-room scene in Wonderland—the wretched Hatter trembled so at his bullying that he bit a piece out of his tea cup instead of his bread-and-butter, and actually shook off both his shoes! Of course she, having no teapot with her, as previously disclosed, also had no cup; and the laces of her shoes were tied tightly in a double knot, so even if she had trembled at the bluster of the Whoozis—which she did not because she happened to have been born without a bump of veneration and with a strong aversion to salaaming—the best he could have hoped to shake loose, with feminine apparel as scanty and form-fitting as it is, was a bobby pin from her short locks.

Not that his bluster left her unruffled. But her control just happened to be unusually good at that time.

"There's nothing I want more than to break into RADIO," she told him earnestly—and he promptly looked as if he smelled victory. "But," she continued firmly, "if I put all that effort into rewriting six scripts headed for the ash can, I couldn't break into a sanitarium—I'd land there feet first!"

The Whoozis snorted. And he seemed about to explode as she marched off coolly with her background.

Her encounter with this choleric old somebody lent no special encouragement to her project, but even his preposterous demand could not completely discourage her. Despite the none too flattering motive for her pilgrimage, she could not help thinking that, by some quirk of Fate, she had stumbled on Whoozes who were the exceptions rather than the general purveyors of RADIO routine; the conditions they set forth were too exaggerated, too unreasonable to be the MODUS OPERANDI of an entire industry with such far-reaching entertainment possibilities. She still believed there was a Whoozis who would provide not only an opportunity for her to create RADIO Dramas and an asylum where these mental offspring would have at least 'a Chinaman's chance' for survival in their original form, but would also agree to a plan of remuneration by which she would not be forced to assume all risks. So she again set out hopefully.

She was looking intently from one scurrying Whoozis to another, wondering which to approach next, when she heard the words 'RADIO Dramas' loudly spoken somewhere near her—not only once but several times—and shortly learned their source.

**A**LMOST in the middle of the thoroughfare, not over twenty feet ahead of her, three Whoozes were arguing, as she subsequently learned, about their status and ability as Dramatic producers. Not only that, they were flourishing the most astonishing things at one another. A piccolo. A book—the magnet which drew her towards them with more hope of writing for them than she otherwise would have had. And a handful of what turned out to be Theater programs.

"—and it's absurd—positively ridiculous for you two striplings to compare your status to mine!" the oldest, a sly looking fellow in his middle forties, was indignantly exclaiming as she stopped beside them, "especially when I'm recognized as RADIO'S ace producer!" He emphasized each word with the piccolo.

The other Whoozes paid no more attention to this noisy public argument than they had to the whirling of the pompous fellow with the soul of a dancer, but Alice could not help thinking

# Alice in Radioland

By Mildred Considine

CHAPTER THREE

*Editor's Note—Mildred Considine, the author of this satire, was a highly successful scenario writer for such stars as Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies and many others before a long illness interrupted her career. Recovering her health, Miss Considine again turned to writing and attempted to market some of her work in the radio field. She encountered a large number of radio executives and production men during her invasion of Radioland. So contemptuous were they of her background and so blind to the necessity of paying adequately for dramatic scripts that she conferred upon them the title of Whoozis. Finally deciding that radio script writing, under present conditions, was no field for a capable and experienced writer, Miss Considine set about writing the chronicle of her adventures in Radioland. She discovered that the only pattern into which this story could be*



THE AUTHOR

*fitted was that of Lewis Carroll's immortal ALICE IN WONDERLAND. ALICE IN RADIOLAND is the result. The editors of RADIO GUIDE feel that, by giving their readers this peek behind the scenes into those dark corners of Radioland where kilocycle dramas are born, they may contribute toward the eventual improvement of that important branch of radio entertainment. She continues her narrative this week.*

it a bit out of the ordinary—and that its participants looked for all the world like the squabbling Wonderland gardeners. Five, Seven and Two, flourishing their paint brushes.

While these poor creatures—the other Alice had to hide them in a flower pot to save them from execution—were hurriedly painting the white roses in the garden on the Queen's croquet ground RED, to cover their mistake in planting before she arrived, they splashed one another copiously with paint. And as the modern Alice soon realized, the cutting words flying back and forth between the Whoozes might as well have been paint from their unpleasant effect!

One of the Wonderland gardeners, Seven, flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust

things—"when his eye chanced to fall on the other Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly. The others looked around also then and all of them bowed low. Not

so the Whoozes with the modern Alice, however. They acted as if they were totally unaware that she was even alive as she stood there wondering if they ever would stop arguing—which at the moment looked highly improbable—so she could talk to them about writing RADIO Dramas.

Their grievances must have been of long standing for their antagonism to have reached its present pitch.

"Ace producer—you!" the Whoozis with the book sneered at the one who had just spoken, "I've never heard anything more absurd—or more ridiculous than that!" He was between twenty-five and thirty, thin-lipped and exceedingly—Alice could think only of the word prissy to describe his whole appearance. And she would have found little that was heartening in it had it not been for the gilt-edged book he flourished at the other, "I certainly don't see," he continued, "how you dare compare your capabilities to mine! In fact," including the third Whoozis in his contempt, "I don't see how EITHER of you dare!"

Alice marvelled at his having a book. It was the first she had seen since coming through the available opening—or for that matter, the first she had even heard mentioned, except derisively by that first Whoozis, the one whose English was so Gryphon-like. And while as yet she had no idea of what was between its elaborately tooled leather covers the mere fact that it was a book was tremendously encouraging.

**O**F COURSE there was also a discouraging side to seeing a lone book. It made her feel somewhat homesick, as if she were indeed wandering in a strange, strange realm; something, she supposed, as the other Alice must have felt when she found herself falling through the rabbit-hole and began worrying about coming out among people who walked with their heads downwards—the Antipathies, she called them to herself.

But there was little time for such reflections.

"Your claims are preposterous," the Whoozis with the Theater programs informed the other two, "utterly and absolutely preposterous!" Undoubtedly, he was the most elegant of all the extraordinary beings Alice had seen so far. And the most composed. Though probably no older in years than his prissy adversary, he had a man-of-the-worldish look about him that made him seem distinctly more mature. "As far as capabilities are concerned," he continued—and Alice had to admire his assurance, it was so complete, "My superiority is unassailable!"

His programs had a nostalgic effect on her too, but they contributed as well to the encouragement she derived from the presence of the book. As far back as she could remember, merely thinking about any phase of THE THEATER had thrilled her. And it was not at all unlikely, she thought with great elation, that these programs were harbingers of good luck to her—that finally she was on the brink of her first real opportunity to write RADIO Dramas!

Of course the nature of this three cornered argument did cause her to regard even such an opportunity with less zest than ordinarily. The Wonderful Duchess, she recollected, had a moral that could be suitably applied to it.

"Birds of a feather flock together," said this royal termagant, speaking of flamingoes and mustard and their tendency to bite.

"Only mustard isn't a bird," the other Alice remarked, "It's a mineral, I think."

"Of course it is," agreed the Duchess, "there's a large mineral mine near here. And the moral of that is, 'The more there is of MINE, the less there is of yours.' Which evidently is what was in the minds of the Whoozes concerning status and ability.

"Your superiority?" the middle-aged Whoozis flung at the elegant one, with increasing agitation. "Of all the insolence—" he had to stop and struggle for composure before he demanded, "Wasn't I 'The Panting Piccoloist' in vaudeville before you were even born? And a pioneer RADIO performer under that name too—while you were still at college? It that doesn't prove my superiority—"

Alice looked at him as if stunned. 'The Panting Piccoloist' banged through her thoughts—'The Panting Piccoloist'—

But her credulity was to undergo more strain. "How about this precious volume of plays I wrote and directed for a refined neighborhood group that loathes the horrid theatres and talks as much as I do?" the prissy Whoozis cried, whereupon she pinched herself to make sure she was there and actually had heard what he said.

"You're both forgetting I saw all the stage plays that came to A—while I attended college there," the elegant one said triumphantly, "these programs will

(Continued on Page 19)



"I believe you!" Alice declared, loudly.



Monday, Oct. 23

Tony Wons 10:30 A.M. CBS

Big Show 8:30 P.M. CBS

BIG PAY IN BROADCASTING



It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in broadcasting...

If you have talent—if you have a good speaking voice, famous radio can sing, act, write, direct...

Millions of dollars paid to trained talent every year. Men and women unknown to-day will be the high salaried Graham MacNamees, Kate Smiths and Floyd Gibbons...

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Positively Destroyed YOUR BEAUTY RESTORED ELECTROLYSIS is the only method indorsed by physicians...

MADAME STIVER Suite 1009 Marshall Field Annex 25 E. Washington St., Central 4639 ENCLOSE THIS AD FOR BOOKLET CHICAGO'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM RADIO GOSSIP CLUB 2 P. M.--W B B M

8:00 A.M. KYW—Musical Clock; variety program WAAF—Breakfast Express WBBM—The Play Boys, piano trio (CBS) WCFL—WCFM Kiddies' Aeroplane Club WGES—Bohemian Melodies WGN—Good Morning; Musical Program WIND—Polish Hour; John Roszkowski WJJD—Happy Go Lucky Time; Art Linick...

10:55 A.M. WIND—Gary Police Blotter WAAF—Radio Lite's Orchestra WJJD—Songs and Sermons 11:00 A.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Carnival WAAF—Bandstand WBBM—The Voice of Experience (CBS) WENR—Gene Arnold's Commodores (NBC) WGN—C. Wellner, organ WIND—Mood Indigo Torch Tunes WJJD—Movie Reporter talkie news WMAQ—Martha and Hal, comedy team (NBC)...

WAAF—Rhythm Kings WBBM—Hill Billies WCFL—Voice of the Air; Reviewing the Fair WGN—Maurie Sherman's Orchestra WIND—National Student Fed. Program (CBS) WLS—Maple City Four; John Brown, pianist WMAQ—Dan Russo's Orchestra 1:45 P.M. KYW—Prudence Penny, household hints WAAF—Markets and Weather WBBM—Organ Music WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organ recital WGN—Palmer House Ensemble WIND—Ann Leaf, organist (CBS) WJJD—Viennese Nights WLS—Studio Musical Program WMAQ—Words and Music (NBC)...

WENR—The Song Pilot (NBC) WGN—Afternoon Musicale WIND—Happiness Express WJJD—Reminiscences of Victor Herbert WMAQ—The Moaners; orchestra (NBC) 4:40 P.M. WBBM—News Service 4:45 P.M. KYW—Three Strings WAAF—Ray Waldron's Sports Review WBBM—Cowboy Tom and the Indian Chief (CBS) WENR—Musical Moments (NBC) WIND—Indiana String Trio WJJD—The Friendly Philosopher with Homer Griffith WMAQ—The Wizard of Oz (NBC)...

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

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NEW! The Scientific Aerial With the Dual Connection

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The DUAL CONNECTION a new feature exclusively our own gives better distance and positive performance on all electric radios (pat. pend.)...

NO OSCILLATING OR WHISTLING This DUAL type aerial uses a new scientific principle which completely eliminates this annoyance...

Try One 5 Days at Our Risk -- More Distance and Volume Enclosed find \$1.00 for Scientific Aerial prepaid, if not pleased will return after 5 day trial for refund... National Laboratories Dept. D., Fargo, N. Dak.





Wednesday, Oct. 25

John McCormack 8:30 P.M. NBC

Moran & Mack 9:00 P.M. CBS

8:00 A.M. KYW—Musical Clock; variety program
8:15 A.M. WBBM—Musical Time Saver
8:25 A.M. WLS—Bentley's News
8:30 A.M. WBBM—Metropolitan Parade (CBS)
8:45 A.M. WCFL—German Entertainment
9:00 A.M. KYW—Billy Allen Huff
9:15 A.M. KYW—Irene King, talk
9:25 A.M. WBBM—Dr. Royal S. Copeland, talk
9:30 A.M. KYW—Three Scamps, harmony team
9:35 A.M. WAAF—Ask Me Another
9:45 A.M. WBBM—Beauty Chat
9:55 A.M. WGES—Melody Parade

WGN—Board of Trade Market Reports
WIND—In the Luxembourg Gardens (CBS)
WMAQ—Tony Cabooch, monologist
9:35 A.M. WGN—Leonard Salvo, organist
9:45 A.M. KYW—Donald Novis, tenor
9:50 A.M. WGN—Weather Reports
10:00 A.M. KYW—Four Southern Singers (NBC)
10:15 A.M. WMAQ—Setting Up Exercises
10:20 A.M. WMAQ—Singing Strings (NBC)
10:25 A.M. WGN—Board of Trade Reports
10:30 A.M. KYW—U. S. Army Band (NBC)
10:40 A.M. WIND—Gary Police Blotter
10:45 A.M. WAAF—Songs of Yesterday
11:00 A.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Carnival
11:10 A.M. WGN—June Baker, home management
11:15 A.M. WBBM—Virginia Clark, Gene and Charlie
11:20 A.M. WMAQ—Wendell Hall, ukulele
11:30 A.M. KYW—National Farm and Home Hour
11:35 A.M. WBBM—Frank Wilson, soloist, and Jules Stein, pianist
11:45 A.M. WAAF—Variety
11:50 A.M. WBBM—Organ Recital
11:55 A.M. WLS—Bentley's News

12:00 Noon WAAF—Noontime Concert
12:15 P.M. WBBM—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra
12:30 P.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Orchestra
12:35 P.M. WGN—Ensemble Music
12:45 P.M. KYW—Smack Out, comedy duo (NBC)
1:00 P.M. KYW—Musical Originalities; vocalists (NBC)
1:05 P.M. WBBM—Chicago Hour
1:15 P.M. WAAF—Song of the Strings
1:20 P.M. WLS—Musical Program; Markets
1:25 P.M. WBBM—News Flashes
1:30 P.M. KYW—Babes in Hollywood; Arthur and Florence Lake (NBC)
1:45 P.M. KYW—Prudence Penny, economy talk
1:50 P.M. WBBM—Jerry Sullivan, songs
2:00 P.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Concert
2:15 P.M. WAAF—Magnus Schutz
2:30 P.M. KYW—Woman's Radio Review, talk, music (NBC)
2:45 P.M. WBBM—Avery and Steele

3:00 P.M. KYW—Lucky Seven
3:15 P.M. KYW—Dr. Herman Bundesen, talk
3:30 P.M. KYW—Two Doctors with Aces of the Air
3:35 P.M. WBBM—Jack Burnett and Organist
4:00 P.M. WAAF—Piano Novelties; Jimmy Kozak
4:15 P.M. WMAQ—Tea Dansant (NBC)
4:30 P.M. KYW—Earle Tanner, tenor
4:45 P.M. WBBM—News Flashes
4:55 P.M. KYW—Three Strings
5:00 P.M. KYW—Mel Stitzel at the Piano
5:15 P.M. KYW—Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)
5:30 P.M. KYW—Uncle Bob's Curb-Is-the-Limit Club
5:45 P.M. WBBM—Thru the Looking Glass; beauty talk

6:00 P.M. KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra
6:15 P.M. KYW—The Globe Trotter
6:25 P.M. KYW—Sports Reporter
6:30 P.M. KYW—Reggie Child's Orchestra (NBC)
6:35 P.M. WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra
6:45 P.M. KYW—Boyd Raeburn's Orchestra
7:00 P.M. WMAQ—Irene Rich (NBC)
7:10 P.M. WCFL—National Industrial Recovery Act News Flashes
7:15 P.M. WBBM—Pat Flanagan's Sportscaat
7:30 P.M. KYW—The Dancing Master
7:35 P.M. WBBM—WBBM Concert Orchestra
7:40 P.M. WIND—Musical Interlude
7:45 P.M. KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra
8:00 P.M. KYW—Detectives Black and Blue
8:15 P.M. KYW—Star Dust; studio gossip by Ulmar Turner
8:30 P.M. KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra
8:35 P.M. WBBM—Mario Fiorella, Soloist; Clarence Wheeler's Orchestra
8:45 P.M. KYW—Dr. Springer
8:55 P.M. WCF—Tony and Joe, drama

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Spalding

7:30 P.M. CBS

# Behind the Scenes in Chicago Studios By Rollin Wood

(WEDNESDAY CONTINUED)

- 9:00 P.M.**  
KYW—The Globe Trotter  
WBBM—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WENR—Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia (NBC)  
WGN—Fred Waring's Orchestra; Moran and Mack, comedians (CBS)  
WIND—Hungarian Music with Frank Kovach  
WMAQ—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
WSBC—Songs of Poland
- 9:15 P.M.**  
KYW—The Cadets, male quartet  
WBBM—News Service  
WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra
- 9:30 P.M.**  
KYW—National Radio Forum (NBC)  
WBBM—Five Star Revue, David Calvin, Melody Masters and Violinist  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WENR—Neil Sisters  
WGN—Tomorrow's News  
WIND—Alexander Woolcott, "Town Crier" (CBS)  
WMAQ—National Radio Forum (NBC)
- 9:45 P.M.**  
WBBM—Myrt and Marge (CBS)  
WCFL—Kobar  
WENR—Frank Luther's Allerkans  
WGN—Hal Kemp's Orchestra  
WIND—Italian Program; William Pozzo
- 10:00 P.M.**  
KYW—Sports Reporter  
WCFL—School Teachers' Program  
WENR—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)  
WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra  
WMAQ—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
- 10:05 P.M.**  
KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra
- 10:15 P.M.**  
WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk  
WENR—The King's Jesters  
WGN—Old Heidelberg; orchestra  
WIND—News (CBS)  
WMAQ—Joe Parsons, basso
- 10:30 P.M.**  
KYW—William Scott's Orchestra (NBC)  
WCFL—Gorde Birch's Orchestra  
WENR—Sports Reporter  
WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra  
WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
WMAQ—The Hoofinghams, sketch
- 10:35 P.M.**  
WENR—Correy Lynn's Orchestra
- 10:45 P.M.**  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WIND—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra (CBS)
- 10:50 P.M.**  
WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra
- 11:00 P.M.**  
KYW—Cab Calloway's Orchestra (NBC)  
WENR—Ralph Kirbery, baritone (NBC)  
WIND—Barney Rapp's Orchestra (CBS)  
WMAQ—Cab Calloway's Orchestra (NBC)  
WSBC—Midnight Review
- 11:05 P.M.**  
WENR—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra (NBC)
- 11:10 P.M.**  
WGN—Don Carlos' Orchestra
- 11:30 P.M.**  
KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra (NBC)  
WCFL—Gorde Birch's Orchestra  
WENR—Henry King's Orchestra (NBC)  
WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra  
WIND—Panco's Orchestra  
WMAQ—Carlos Molina's Orchestra
- 11:45 P.M.**  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
- 12:00 Mid.**  
WBBM—Late Dance Orchestras  
WENR—Earl Hines' Orchestra  
WGN—George Devron's Orchestra  
WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
WMAQ—Ted Weems' Orchestra
- 12:15 A.M.**  
WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra
- 12:30 A.M.**  
WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra  
WIND—International Melodies  
WMAQ—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra
- 1:00 A.M.**  
WIND—International Melodies
- 1:15 A.M.**  
WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra
- 1:30 A.M.**  
WIND—Milkman's Matinee; Bobby Griffin

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WIND, GARY, will soon lay down a much heavier signal throughout this area due to the new transmitter site and radical departure from the generally accepted method of transmission.

The new single tower mast rises 350 feet above the ground and serves, not as a support, but as a radiator itself. The tower is the latest in design, being only sixteen feet across the base. This is approximately equivalent in space to the compartment of an ordinary elevator. The tower itself is energized, not at its base but through a loading coil at the very top. This load coil gives the tower the effective length of the transmitted wavelength of 560 kilocycles. New and decidedly different in design, radio engineers and operators of stations throughout the country are watching the innovation closely.

A late model Western Electric transmitter will supply this system of radiation. Frank Falknor, consulting engineer, hopes to have everything ready for the operation by Sunday, October 22.

"Squaring the Triangle," a light romantic comedy by Doug Hope, skilled director of the Princess Pat Pageant, will be heard on that program over NBC-WENR at 9:30 p. m. Monday, October 23. The drama is based on the very funny situation of a young man falling in love with a married woman and seriously telling his troubles to her husband. The cast: Louise Strickland, Bernardine Flynn; her husband, Kenneth, Doug Hope; her admirer, Robert Boyd, Bill Karubam, and Agnes, by Irene Wicker.

Postcard size autographed reproductions of the cartoon sketches Nick Nichols makes of celebrities interviewed on the RADIO GUIDE program over WJJD are available merely for the postage required. To date, fourteen are available, and are: Jack and Joe, the Log Cabin Boys, Norm Sherr, Auriole Craven, Frank Prince, Billy Sunshine, Paul Ash, Myrtle Vail, Margie Minter, Art Linick, Emrie Lincoln, Dell Paul, Announcer Bob Brown of NBC and Lee Bennett.

Within a few days, the sketches of Princess Ahi, Bob Taplinger and Homer Griffith will be ready. Any eight sketches will be sent for a three-cent stamp, or for a two-cent stamp to readers living in Chicago. Over eight require two stamps for mailing.

Bill Vickland, famous for his outstanding portrayal of Abraham Lincoln in the "Prairie President" series, as the pastor of the "Little Brown Church of the Air", proprietor of the "Book Shop" and numerous other dramatic roles, is leaving WLS for free lance work and personal appearances. Vickland was



When Bob Taplinger staged his "Meet the Artist" CBS program from Chicago last Saturday, this array of talent, plus Olsen and Johnson who were cut in from a "remote" at their theater, was heard. Left to right, seated: Myrt and Marge; standing: Francis X. Bushman, Guy Lombardo, Mr. Taplinger, Vincent Lopez, Norm Sherr, Harry Richman and Tom Shirley. Fred Waring and Harry Sosnik also were there.

the discoverer of Cliff Soubier, famous character actor, and Doug Hope, director of the Princess Pat Pageant.

Talkie Picture Time, directed by Charles P. Hughes and sponsored by Luxor, heard over WMAQ, Sunday at 4:30 p. m., will present "Hills Beyond" this week. In the cast will be June Meredith, John Stanford, Jack Doty, Murray Forbes, and Gilbert Douglas. Rosemary Hughes, sister of Charles, the producer, will be featured as soloist.

Harry Richman received the coveted honor of being selected to fill the place of David Ross as announcer of the Old Gold, Fred Waring program broadcast from Chicago, Wednesday. Ross, ill with a cold, could not travel to Chicago.

"Today's Children," the only dramatic program originating at the NBC Chicago studios with its own production man, insists upon this feature because it is felt that only someone close to the pulse of the script is qualified to direct and obtain the finest shadings of portrayal. Walter Wicker, who also takes the role of Bob Crane in the sketch, is the producer of the Irma

Phillips program heard week mornings except Saturday at 10:15 over WENR.

Fifty-two stations in 32 states carried the "Round Table" discussion of the University of Chicago last Sunday morning at 11:30 a. m. You can pick the feature up every Sunday at the same time over WMAQ in Chicago.

A play-by-play description of the Michigan State-Marquette game will be broadcast by Al Buettner over WISN, Milwaukee, Saturday, October 21, at 1:45 p. m.

Probably the first appointment of this type ever made is the stationing of Dr. John W. Holland, assistant pastor of the Chicago Temple, at WLS by Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf.

Lawrence Salerno and Allan Grant of the WGN staff, pleased the audience at their recital last Sunday afternoon at Kimball Hall. Daily newspaper critics Edward Moore, Eugene Stinson and Herman Devries were enthusiastic over the performance of the radio baritone and his pianist.

Tony Carlo reports that since a switch to situation from gag humor, the "Two Hightalians" of WCFL, Tony and Joe, are drawing triple their previous mail. Tune in WCFL Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights at 8:45 o'clock.

The Log Cabin Boys, Freddie and Frankie, received a letter the other day addressed to the Log Cabin Boys. They are awaiting for one addressed to the Hog Cabin Boys, and then they say, they'll get mad.

Howard Neumiller, CBS-WBBM pianist, spent last weekend in New York mixing business with pleasure and gingerale with ice cubes.

Mimo Bonaldi, young Italian singer formerly heard on WBO, has a CBS spot, with WBBM outlet, Mondays at 3 p. m.

Peggy Forbes, girl vocalist with

Danny Russo's Oriental Gardens orchestra, has been appearing in pajamas for her first show and broadcast at 12:45 p. m. over WMAQ. Peggy has two reasons for appearing in the pajama attire. First, the noon hour is practically the middle of the night to her because she works so late and second, the practice is liable to start a comfortable new style for girl vocalists.

Herr Louie and der Weasel, heard nightly over WGN except on Saturday and Sunday, have been notified by the management of Old Heidelberg that they are to remain after the official closing of the Century of Progress, November 11.

Wanted—a good hillbilly bass-baritone who plays at least two instruments. Apply J. L. Frank, 2505 N. Racine, Chicago.

## FEAR GIRL WRITER'S PLANE HAS CRASHED

Gail Brewster Long Overdue in Flight to South Seas

MANILA, October 25.—A plane carrying Gail Brewster, well known New York newspaper feature writer, to the South Sea Islands, is reported as three days overdue. Authorities fear the plane has crashed in a typhoon. Miss Brewster was on her way to marry her fiancé, Duke Weyman, wealthy island copra planter, and to gather material for feature stories on life in the South Seas. For full details of this thrilling story

## Tune in on DANGEROUS PARADISE

Romantic Drama of Love and Adventure  
with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson  
WJZ and NBC Network  
Every Wednesday and Friday Night  
SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF  
**WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER**



Nick Nichols who sketches celebrities on the RADIO GUIDE programs over WJJD will himself be interviewed Tuesday, October 24, at 11:45 a. m. by Evans Plummer. The talented cartoonist will give his reactions to the stars he has sketched. He is also heard on weekdays at 2:30 p. m. over WJJD with his Cartoon School and evenings on WENR with the "Talking Pencil."





# IN SALZBURG + By Carleton Smith

THE spirit of Mozart still abides in Salzburg. Traditions live here, and the old town is as restful as ever. The roots of its culture lie deep in the ground and the Salzkammergut, and nothing has disturbed them.

I have been told that the secret of Salzburg's charm is in a blending of the old Italian spirit and the deeper German culture. Be that as it may, Mozart's music was born of the spirit of the place and his works are heard to advantage there.

The same *Bruno Walter*, whom you have been hearing the past few Sundays, conducts the symphonies and operas. Under his loving care, Mozart's audible sunshine glows brightly. Nor is it dimmed by the darkness on the evenings *Bernhard Paumgartner* directs a chamber orchestra by candle-light in the Residenz-court serenades. These hours with Mozart are always remembered the longest of the never-long-enough days in Salzburg.

This summer there is also the new experience of the *Max Reinhardt* production of "Faust" in the historic riding-school. The absence of curtains and theatrical impediments, and an atmosphere of naturalness added to the effectiveness of the drama. Despite the frequent rain, the audience was persistent and enthusiastic.

Salzburg visitors were allowed to view an attraction not printed on the Festival programs. *Marlene Dietrich* came often to the operas, sat in front, not far from the party



JOAN BLAINE  
She's the actress opposite Charles Lyon, NBC announcer, on the Sunday 6 p. m. Vincent Lopez program, with Alice Joy's songs, over NBC-KYW.

of *Olga Samaroff* and *Paul Cravath*, and was the center of a curious crowd wherever she moved. Although not in trousers, her presence was sufficient to divert considerable attention away from *Richard Strauss*, who was in attendance during his own operas, "The Egyptian Helena" and "The Woman Without a Shadow".

The latter opera, which is the more substantial, should have a hearing at the Met. So also, should some of the Salzburg singers. Especially, I liked the voices of *Viorica Ursuleac* (who created the title role in Strauss' latest opera, the tuneful "Arabella"), *Lotte Schone*, and *Franz Volker*. When the more recent Strauss works are brought to America, we shall undoubtedly hear these artists. After "Elektra" and the revival this winter of "Salome", it does seem that there will be considerable interest in hearing the later Strauss.

## Legends

AFTER Salzburg it is hard to be content with other places, unless perhaps you stay in Bavaria. I did — to contemplate the preparations for next summer's *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, and to feel again the expansiveness and warmth of Southern Germany's hospitality. Small shrines still dot the countryside... peasants carrying home their grain stop to kneel before them. There is peace in their hearts.

My path led across the Lake of Constance through the Black Forest to Freiburg and its Munster, where I spent an afternoon with its drowsy custodian above the belfry... looking down on the valley of the Rhine and back at the candy-like houses in the hills. Days to rest in Baden-Baden, most luxurious of European "cures," and time in the *Alt Heidelberg* castle... and then before saying "Auf Wiedersehen," a jaunt to Weimar and Eisenach, to visit the "cradle of German culture".

*Schiller* and *Goethe* are the names carved on two worn wooden boxes in the cemetery vault at Weimar. What images those names bring! The greatness of Germany still lives, and there is no better place to commune with it than here where it was born... another, to visit the halls where *Tannhauser* sang... walk down the slopes and across the fields where the oxen pull the plow... to meet a mother and her son with rakes on their shoulders, returning from work as the sun sinks below the horizon and the evening star rises in the east... to be touched by those invisible legends that are so real because they hold sorrow, beauty, romance... life!

## "Auf Wiedersehen"

LEGEND makes the Rhine trip all that it is... a journey down the deep stream of a great culture. The Rhine-maidens are there... the *Lorelei* call... and every castle hides a fantasy. The Rhine runs through all that is German, and is the most appropriate farewell for a visit to the "new" Germany, which is Germany still, notwithstanding political reports to the contrary.

Bruxelles... the War Zone... the inevitable nights in Paris... a smooth sea... the Statue of Liberty... and a befuddled brain trying to glimpse accurately NRA, AAA, CCC, NLB, RWA, XYZ and to decide why *Rudy Vallee* sings *Manrico's* airs from "Il Trovatore".

## Star Static Results

The Prize Winners in the "Star Static Game," conducted by *Radio Guide* recently, for which \$1,000 in cash prizes were offered, will be announced in the issue on sale Thursday, November 2, and dated, *Week Ending November 11*.

# Radio Gags — Boners

One dollar will be paid for each gag or boner published

October 3 — WCFL — Legion Parade, — 12:30 p. m. — Announcer: "I can't begin to describe you to these bands". — Mrs. Irvin Etter, Chicago, Ill.

October 2 — KDKA — Baby Rose Marie — 7:15 p. m. — Announcer: "Put your child on a cake of yeast daily". — Eleanor Turner, Princeton, Pa.

September 30 — WGN — Football game — Quin Ryan: "Don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow night Woodrow Wilson will be revived by means of a phonograph record". — Ed Burns, Joliet, Ill.

October 1 — NBC — Chase and Sanborn — 7:58 p. m. — Jimmy Durante: "I went into a cafe and asked the waiter if there was any soup on the menu. He said 'yes, but I just wiped it off!'". — Erwin Myers, Springfield, Ill.

September 30 — WGN — football game — 3:10 p. m. — Quin Ryan: "WGN will not broadcast a game next Saturday, because that game is being played today". — Raymond Maples, Sturgeon, Bay, Wis.

October 5 — WGN — 9:39 p. m. — Bob Elston: "Corn lower, off a dollar a bale". — Don Davison, Bloomington, Ill.

October 4 — WGY — 9:03 p. m. — Announcer: "This program is being presented from a net to net coastwork". — Virginia Alexander, Frankfort, Ind.

October 6 — WLS — 6:10 a. m. — Hal O'Halloran: "And these people at Rochester, Minn., will have a chance to hear the *Arkanchop Woodsawer*". — Harold S. Anderson, Geneva, Ill.

## NEWS from

# WJJD

MARY ALCOTT is back once more with the WJJD staff after a long rest which restored her to good health. Mary is one of those radio entertainers who never disappoints her admirers when she makes a public appearance, as you can judge from this photograph. Mary has many hobbies but her favorite one is outboard motorboat racing at which she was a champion.



Mary Alcott

Missed entering the recent regatta only because it was run off at the time she had radio programs. She is much in demand on programs requiring the feminine voice that expresses youth and health. She was the girl who sang as the bathing beauty on that swim-suit program and many others. Has sung for both networks, and more recently with CBS. Is exceedingly frank, hates the "gone-radio" attitude assumed by some stars, is tall and dark and single.

JEANETTE BARRINGTON, another beauty heard over WJJD, blond hair (it's natural) and big blue eyes. Her direction and portly of dramatic parts earns her the right to stardom.

She is the "Harriett," the racy New York showgirl in the new WJJD skit, "Maud and Elsie" heard at 3 p.m. Wednesdays. Jeanette, like Mary, has been in radio for a long time, but has concentrated her efforts on drama and direction. Capable, cool and patient is an apt description of Miss Barrington. She is much pursued by male listeners and has been proposed to by letter by men in almost every walk of life.

THE Mooseheart Children program changes its time with the resumption of school. These talented youngsters will now be heard from 3:30 to 4 p.m. each day except Saturdays and Sundays.

ONE of the most popular singers over WJJD is Bobby Dickson, the "Neighborhood Songster," heard every day except Sunday and Monday on the Neighborhood Stores program at 5 p.m.

BEN KANTER holds the distinction of being the losingest staff member. All year he lost money on baseball wagers and on the first Saturday football pool he finished lowest, eighteenth for booby prize... nothing awarded... *Fred Beck*, organist, plans reviving some of the musical comedy hits of former years on his programs... *Ruthie Pickard* rues the day she had her face peeled to rid same of freckles. Seems as though the medico left a long gash under her chin that is healing all too slowly to suit the peppy little star.



Jeanette Barrington

# WJJD

20,000 WATTS

1130 KILOCYCLES  
265.3 METERS

### (THURSDAY CONTINUED)

- 9:45 P.M.
- KYW—Echoes of the Palisades (NBC)
- WBBM—Myrt and Marge (CBS)
- WCFL—Kobar
- WENR—Frank Luther's Adlerikans
- WGN—Dream Ship; classical music
- WIND—East Chicago Community Program
- 10:00 P.M.
- KYW—Sports Reporter
- WCFL—School Teachers Talk
- WENR—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
- WGN—Columbia Symphony Orchestra (CBS)
- WMAQ—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
- 10:05 P.M.
- KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra
- 10:15 P.M.
- WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk
- WENR—To be announced
- WGN—Old Heidelberg
- WIND—World Wide News (CBS)
- WMAQ—The Hoofinghams
- 10:30 P.M.
- KYW—Jack Denny's Orchestra (NBC)
- WCFL—Dream Hour
- WENR—Sports Reporter
- WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra
- WIND—Norman Care's Orchestra
- WMAQ—The Hoofinghams
- 10:35 P.M.
- WENR—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra
- 10:45 P.M.
- WCFL—Dippy Johnson's Orchestra
- WIND—Isham Jones' Orchestra
- 10:50 P.M.
- WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra
- 11:00 P.M.
- KYW—Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)
- WCFL—WCFL Orchestra
- WENR—Phil Harris' Orchestra
- WIND—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra (CBS)
- WMAQ—Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)
- WSBC—A Night in Harlem
- 11:10 P.M.
- WGN—Don Carlos' Orchestra
- 11:15 P.M.
- KYW—Benny Meroff's Orchestra
- 11:30 P.M.
- KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra
- WENR—Dancing in Twin Cities (NBC)
- WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra
- WIND—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra (CBS)
- WMAQ—Carlos Molinas' Orchestra
- WSBC—Variety Program
- 12:00 Mid.
- WBBM—Late Dance Orchestras
- WENR—Earl Hines' Orchestra
- WGN—George Devron's Orchestra
- WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra
- WMAQ—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra
- 12:15 A.M.
- WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra
- 12:30 A.M.
- WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra
- WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra
- WIND—International Melodies
- WMAQ—Benny Meroff's Orchestra
- 12:45 A.M.
- WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra

Friday, Oct. 27 March of Time 7:30 P.M. CBS Phil Baker 8:30 P.M. NBC Harry Sosnik 9:00 P.M. CBS

8:00 A.M. KYW—Musical Clock; variety program WAAF—Breakfast Express WBBM—The Melodeers (CBS) WCFL—WCFL Kiddies' Aeroplane Club WGES—Bohemian Melodies WGN—Good Morning; musical program WJJD—Polish Hour; John Roszkowski WJJD—Happy Go Lucky Time; Art Link

11:00 A.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Carnival WAAF—Bandstand WBBM—The Voice of Experience (CBS) WENR—Eva Taylor (NBC) WGN—Allan Grant, concert pianist WJJD—Famous Dance Bands WMAQ—Gene Arnold's Commodores (NBC)



Clyde McCoy The popular McCoy, pictured with his favorite vice, returns to make music at the Drake Hotel and over WGN on Saturday, October 21.

WLS—Maple City Four; John Brown, pianist 1:40 P.M. WJJD—Cousin Paul, old songs 1:45 P.M. KYW—Prudence Penny, economy talk WAAF—Markets and Weather WBBM—Organ Interlude WCFL—Sonata Recital (NBC) WGN—Palmer House Ensemble WLS—Studio Musical Program 1:50 P.M. WBBM—Jerry Sullivan, songs 2:00 P.M. KYW—Rex Maupin's Concert WAAF—Echo of a Song WBBM—Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh, radio gossip WCFL—Red Hot and Low Down WGN—Music Weavers WJJD—Educational Feature (CBS) WJJD—Hillbilly time WLS—Homemakers' Hour; Martha Crane WMAQ—Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra (NBC) WSBC—Band Parade 2:15 P.M. WAAF—Estelle Barnes at the Piano WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra WGN—Maurie Sherman's Orchestra WJJD—Alex Semmler, pianist (CBS) WJJD—Famous Orchestra WSBC—Along the Blue Danube 2:30 P.M. KYW—Woman's Radio Review; talk, music (NBC) WAAF—Charlie Gill WBBM—Dr. Wynn, N. Y. Health Commissioner, talk WGN—The Story of Helen Trent WJJD—Harrisburg Varieties (CBS) WJJD—Nick Nichols, cartoonist of the air WSBC—Val's Vovvil 2:35 P.M. WBBM—Organ and Piano 2:45 P.M. WAAF—Health Talk by a Member of Illinois State Medical Society WBBM—Katherine Avery and Harry Steele WGN—Afternoon Musicale WJJD—Hal Kemp's Orchestra WMAQ—Widow and Angel (NBC) 3:00 P.M. KYW—Lucky Seven WAAF—Salon Concert WBBM—Betty Thomas WCFL—Afternoon Frolics WJJD—To be announced WJJD—Fred Beck, organist WLS—Betty and Bob; drama (NBC) WMBI—Home Hour WSBC—Polish Matinee 3:15 P.M. KYW—Dr. H. N. Bundesen, health talk WAAF—Salon Concert WLS—Roundup; Westerners; Joe Kelley 3:30 P.M. KYW—Two Doctors with Aces of the Air WAAF—Warren Gaylore WBBM—News Flashes WENR—California Ramblers (NBC) WJJD—Musical Interlude WJJD—Mooseheart Children WMBI—Gospel Message 3:35 P.M. WBBM—Grab Bag, variety show (CBS) WJJD—To be announced WAAF—Interlude 3:40 P.M. WAAF—World News WGN—U. S. Army Band (CBS) WJJD—Mooseheart Children 4:00 P.M. WAAF—Dramatization WBBM—Educational Forum; Junior League Sketch

WENR—To be announced WJJD—Mary Johnson, contralto WJJD—J. B. and Mae, comedy skit WMAQ—Norman Cloutier's Symphonic Dance Orchestra (NBC) 4:15 P.M. WAAF—Music in the Air WBBM—Jack Miller's Orchestra WCFL—James Copeland, baritone WENR—Jimmy Garrigan's Orchestra (NBC) WJJD—Vera Van, contralto (CBS) WJJD—Ruth Pickard, old time songs 4:30 P.M. KYW—Earle Tanner, tenor WAAF—Eve Lynn WBBM—Movie Chatter WCFL—Junior Federation Club WENR—The Song Pilot (NBC) WJJD—Youngster's Club; Uncle Frank WJJD—Ben Kanter, baritone WMAQ—The Moaners; orchestra (NBC) 4:40 P.M. WBBM—News Flashes 4:45 P.M. KYW—Three Strings WAAF—Ray Waldron's Sports Review WBBM—Cowboy Tom and Indian Chief (CBS) WENR—Musical Moments (NBC) WJJD—Ford and Glenn, harmony team WJJD—The Friendly Philosopher with Homer Griffith WMAQ—The Wizard of Oz (NBC) 5:00 P.M. KYW—Mel Stitzel at the piano WAAF—Bouquet of the Season's Hits WBBM—Skippy, children's skit (CBS) WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organ recital WENR—Henry King's Orchestra (NBC) WGES—Poland in Song WGN—Trainload of Tunes WJJD—Indiana String Trio WJJD—Bobbie Dickson, baritone WMAQ—Paul Ash's Orchestra 5:10 P.M. WAAF—Tonight's Radio Features 5:15 P.M. KYW—Henry King's Orchestra (NBC) WBBM—Open Sesame WCFL—John Maxwell, food talk WENR—Big Brother Club WGN—Maurie Sherman's Orchestra WJJD—Happiness Express WJJD—Red Hot Dance Tunes 5:30 P.M. KYW—Uncle Bob's Curb-is-the-Limit Club WBBM—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy (CBS) WCFL—Grace Wilson, Food Talk WENR—Variety Program WGN—The Singing Lady; jingles, songs, and stories WJJD—Memory Lane; Merrill Foland, pianist WJJD—Fred Beck, organist WMAQ—The Adventures of Tom Mix (NBC) 5:45 P.M. WBBM—Homer Griffith, Edward House, and Norm Sherr WCFL—Eddy Hanson; organ recital WENR—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet (NBC) WGN—Little Orphan Annie, children's playlet (NBC) WJJD—Enoch Light's Orchestra (CBS) WJJD—Sports Review, Johnny O'Hara WMAQ—Betty Boop Frolics (NBC) 6:00 P.M. KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra WBBM—Milti Green, "Happy Landing" WENR—What's the News? WGES—Popular Dinner Dance WGN—Uncle Quin, Donny Dreamer, Jean, and Wishbone; children's program WJJD—German Music with William Klein WJJD—The Pickard Family WMAQ—Charles Leland, comedian (NBC) 6:15 P.M. KYW—The Globe Trotter WBBM—Growin' Up; sketch WCFL—WCFL Orchestra WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra (NBC) WGES—Community Program WGN—Palmer House Ensemble WMAQ—News of the Air 6:25 P.M. KYW—Sports Reporter WENR—Sports Reporter 6:30 P.M. KYW—Jack and Loretta Clemens (NBC) WBBM—Rocky, the shoemaker WENR—Potash and Perimutter, comedy sketch (NBC) WGES—Polish Melodies WGN—To Be Announced WJJD—Polish Hour, John Roszkowski WJJD—Ozark Mountain Symphony WMAQ—Circus Days (NBC) 6:40 P.M. WMBI—Stories of Answered Prayer, Howard Hermanson 6:45 P.M. KYW—Boyd Raeburn's Orchestra WBBM—Boake Carter, news commentator (CBS)

WENR—The Goldbergs (NBC) WGN—The Sports Reporter WMAQ—Irene Rich (NBC) 7:00 P.M. KYW—Jessica Dragonette, soprano; Cavaliers quartet; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra; Grantland Rice, football talk (NBC) WBBM—Five Minutes Past Forty, Sketch WCFL—The Irish Minstrel WGES—Novak Jewish Players, drama WGN—Men About Town Trio; Joe Green's Orchestra (CBS) WJJD—Week-End Tour; Frank Morrow, guide WLS—Ethel Shutta, vocalist; Walter O'Keefe; Don Bestor's Orchestra (NBC) WMAQ—Concert Orchestra (NBC) 7:10 P.M. WCFL—National Industrial Recovery Act News Flashes 7:15 P.M. WBBM—Sports Review of the Day WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra WGN—Edwin C. Hill, news commentator (CBS) WJJD—Three Buddies; girls trio WMAQ—King's Jesters, harmony team (NBC) 7:30 P.M. WBBM—Goodrich program WCFL—Y. M. C. A. Educational Dept. WGN—March of Time; sketches (CBS) WJJD—"Hot Stove League"; Johnny O'Hara WLS—Dangerous Paradise, dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz (NBC) WMAQ—Mr. Twister, Jim Jordan 7:35 P.M. WBBM—WBBM Concert Orchestra 7:40 P.M. WJJD—Indiana String Trio 7:45 P.M. WBBM—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra WCFL—WCFL Orchestra WLS—Red Davis; drama (NBC) WMAQ—Bavarian Ensemble 8:00 P.M. KYW—Carlos Molina's Orchestra WBBM—Clarence Wheeler's Orchestra and Olga Vernon WGN—Clyde McCoy's Orchestra WJJD—Larry Hill's Orchestra WLS—Phil Harris' Orchestra; Leah Ray, blues singer (NBC) WMAQ—Fred Allen, comedian and Co.; Ferde Grofe's Orchestra (NBC) WSBC—Polish Varieties 8:15 P.M. KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra WCFL—Food Flashes WGN—Threads of Happiness (CBS) WSBC—Polish Varieties 8:30 P.M. KYW—Boyd Raeburn's Orchestra WBBM—All America Football Show (CBS) WCFL—Polish Program WENR—Phil Baker, jester; Harry McNaughton; Roy Shield's Orchestra; vocalists (NBC) WGN—Tom Dick and Harry, trio WJJD—Jackie Taylor's Orchestra WMAQ—Lee Wiley, vocalist; Vic Young's Orchestra (NBC) 8:45 P.M. KYW—Dr. Springer WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra WJJD—Ray Parker's Orchestra 9:00 P.M. KYW—Globe Trotter, news of the world WBBM—Olsen and Johnson, comedians; Harry Sosnik's Orchestra (CBS) WENR—U. S. Army Band (NBC) WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra WJJD—Hungarian Hour, Frank Kavach WMAQ—First Nighter (NBC) WSBC—Jewish Hour 9:15 P.M. KYW—The Cadets, male quartet WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra WGN—Rube Appleberry 9:30 P.M. KYW—Mario Cozi, baritone (NBC) WBBM—News Feature WCFL—Dippy Johnson's Orchestra WENR—To be announced WGN—Tomorrow's News WJJD—Alexander Woolcott, Town Crier (CBS) WMAQ—The Northerners 9:35 P.M. WGN—Headlines of Other Days 9:45 P.M. KYW—Floyd Gibbons, Headline Hunter (NBC) WBBM—Myrt and Marge (CBS) WCFL—WCFL Orchestra WGN—The Dream Ship, concert music WJJD—Michigan City Community Program 10:00 P.M. KYW—Sports Reporter WCFL—School Teachers Talk WENR—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC) WGN—Bridge Club of the Air WJJD—Michigan City Program WMAQ—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC) 10:05 P.M. KYW—Meyer Davis' Orchestra (NBC)

## REVIEWING RADIO

+ + +

By Mike Porter

RECENT comments herein concerning the trend of radio music, and the newer technique of variety presentation by adroit sponsors (if one is to judge by the reaction of intelligent correspondents) seem to have encompassed a brace of major problems. It is my thought that the solution of them will go a long way toward reviving popular interest, which, if we are to believe in recent surveys, has waned because of the monotony of many current features.

When one mentions songs, one seems bestir ninety percent of those who read. That, probably, is because most everyone, secretly or otherwise, regards himself as a potential song-composer. Whether that is true or not, nearly everybody is interested in the kind of songs to which we must listen. Last month, I was moved to deplore a tendency of Tin Pan Alley toward suggestiveness. In a particularly interesting letter, Mr. Milton Rubin's Tin Pan alley supplies another angle to the subject when he writes:

"I read your interesting and quite fair article on sexy song lyrics, and far be it from me to condone or approve any deliberate attempt by song writers to inject filth into their numbers, but I feel there is something to be said in Tin Pan Alley's defense.

"In the first place, the term suggestive is too often indefinite in its meaning to be applied to a popular ditty or any piece of writing. The degree of suggestiveness that a word or line possesses, is usually decided by the virility of the listener's, or reader's mind. Secondly, most of the songs against which you have been protesting, were written primarily for pictures. It's Hollywood that pays the tune

fashioners a fair salary for this work, and not Radio Row. If the film producers demand a certain type of material, it's the task of the song writers to comply. It is strictly a practical business proposition—no different from other competitive industries.

"The fact that these songs later receive much publicity and become part of the various radio programs does not justify the radio moguls saying that 'the songwriters are becoming downright dirty.' A song used in a movie with accompanying gestures by Mae West or Lyda Roberts may seem very risqué indeed, but that same number sung over the air by a 'straight' warbler will sound like something else again. Probably pretty mild.

"Surely, you are not convinced that the boys of Tin Pan Alley are trying to force filthy songs down the throats of the sheet-buying public! You ought to know that publishers plug only songs that are selling or give strong promise of making money. If the song is selling, that means it is finding its way

into many thousands of American homes.

"The popular song writers are not in the business for the love of the game alone. They also eat. They are not evil-minded. They are merely trying to supply a demand. The public, by its obvious preference for certain songs is calling for what you term 'pashy paeans' and I'm sure that if the song writers refused to turn out such stuff they would get very little credit anywhere for their virtuous restraint. Certainly not from the broadcasters. I think we can safely have faith in the basic cleanliness of the minds of those millions of Americans who regularly twist the dials.

## The Variety Trend

THERE comes from Lennen and Mitchell, Inc., whom you may recognize as the agency which handles the Old Gold show, a bit of official enlightenment regarding the trend of sponsors toward variety. It is a good sign. Says Arthur

Bergh, the director of the agency's radio department:

"Moran and Mack have been engaged, as you know, for four broadcasts on the Old Gold program starting October 25. This is in line with the definite policy of the sponsor to keep freshness, excitement and constantly new dramatic interest in the program as a supplement to the music of Fred Waring. It is our feeling that the old orthodox idea that radio stars must be signed up for a minimum of thirteen weeks will soon be as obsolete as the speakeasy.

"To get mass appeal on a radio program requires freshness and interest from week to week, and dramatic surprises. Even the cleverest warbler or wit may lose his lure after from four to eight broadcasts. Why should the sponsor, who is after all, primarily interested in large audiences, continue with a cold potato?"

"We believe in keeping a program

flexible enough to infuse fresh news interest in it as well as new entertainment value from time to time. As you know, Gulf Refining is following that principle in its Sunday night programs. Gulf had Will Rogers for ten weeks, Arthur Brisbane for four weeks, Walter Kelly for a few weeks, George M. Coban, then Fred Stone, and now Rogers will return. Vallee works to the same idea in his weekly change of bill on his varieties. He does his job superbly well. But if there is any flaw in the Vallee idea, it is that he doesn't get any kind of carry-over value out of the artists he puts on. The happy compromise it seems to us, is to have a popular foundation feature that remains fixed on the program. Waring is ideal for that purpose. With such a foundational feature it is smart radio generalship to bring on new supplemental feature acts, with no definite time limit. When a feature act seems to be letting down, be ready with a new act. Don't you think that is a sound theory of radio showmanship?"

## ALICE IN RADIOLAND + + + By Mildred Considine

(Continued from page 9)

substantiate that—there's at least a dozen here!"

A DOZEN! Alice was completely flabbergasted. If only there were some chance of those Whoozes not being serious!

"I've remembered all the plays I saw, too," the elegant Whoozes went on, "practically word for word. And if you don't believe me, I'll recite one of them for you."

With gestures of course, popped into Alice's mind, and through its disarray one thought broke clear—she must say something at once to stop him. For his own sake.

"I believe you!" she declared loudly.

For a wonder, she immediately got the attention of all three Whoozes. And six eyebrows shot up at the same time.

"By any chance," the elegant one said frigidly, "were you addressing me?"

Alice nodded. "I said I believe you—about remembering the plays." "You believe me?" This was like an icy blast.

"Yes, I thought you'd like to know—so you wouldn't have to go to all the trouble of reciting any of them," she hastened to explain, in a conciliatory tone. "And I DO believe you," she added ardently. "I believe you implicitly, Mr. Whoozis!"

His expression became, if possible, more glacial—ample proof that her assurance had struck no note of appreciation. "I wasn't speaking to you. And my name is NOT Mr. Whoozis—it's Duckbill."

Alice's pose almost deserted her. "Your name is—oh, I'm sorry, but I don't think I caught it—"

"If it's any of your affair, I said my name is Duckbill," the Whoozis told her stiffly. "Wilbur Duckbill."

Alice almost choked in an effort to keep from laughing outright. She needed a good laugh—it was the thing she had missed most since coming through the available opening, but evidently there was no such being as a 'laughing Whoozis'. (As far as that went, she had never heard of a 'laughing duckbill', either—perhaps the aquatic burrowing of that Australian mammal was no laughing matter.) At any rate, the three Whoozes with her now were regarding her so malevolently that she dared not display even the faintest sign of mirth, particularly as it was at the expense of one of them. But of all names, that of the elegant Whoozis would be Wilbur Duckbill.

It was a moment or so before

she could trust herself to speak soberly. "It's very—very DIFFERENT— isn't it?"

"I don't see anything so very different about it," its owner said acridly. "For years—I might even say, for centuries there's been a Duckbill in the midst of all important doings!"

"I don't doubt it," Alice responded, again finding it difficult to maintain a serious mien. Burrowed his way through, she thought. That's why it's so perfect," she continued, "I mean the way it suits you."

There was a slight suggestion of suspicion in his quick, questioning glance, but she met it with a warm, guileless and ADMIRING smile—a hangover from ingenuitous days that had eased her from many a tight corner, and it apparently disarmed him. She might have cemented its good effects if she could have remembered how to flutter her lashes at him without looking like a blinking old relic with eye trouble. But her defenses had to be erected in another manner. Before she could further felicitate him, the middle-aged Whoozis made a bid for her attention.

"What about me?" he demanded petulantly.

"If only I dared tell you!" Alice thought wryly. She knew he would not be easy to placate since even her failure to reply at once was increasing his agitation. "I can think of nothing more conducive to success, assuming what she hoped was convincing earnestness. "In fact, you and Mr. Duckbill are so equally equipped for your eminent positions that I swear I see no cause for argument between you, positively none at all. You should be fast friends—you're allies in a common cause, aren't you? Look what you've both done for RADIO!"

To RADIO is what she meant of course.

To her relief, he and Mr. Duckbill underwent a rapid change and beamed—not on her, but on each other. Which was just as well, she opined.

Unfortunately, trouble was brewing in another direction—she had entirely overlooked the prissy Whoozis! And his face was so squeezed together with disapproval that she doubted if anything could completely unwrinkle it. Certainly no warm, guileless smile from ingenuitous days would have any effect on him. Perhaps if she talked fast and eloquently—

"To think that you have actually written and directed a whole book

of such refined plays," she murmured, gazing at him intently and making her eyes as round as possible to give her attitude a touch of awe. "I don't mind telling you that I can hardly believe that!"

For all the impression she made on him she might as well have recited "How doth the little busy bee,"—backwards. She was glad she had to contend only with him at the moment, for she saw that the other two were bobbing up and down as they bowed low before each other like the Fish-Footman and Frog-Footman in Wonderland when these two ludicrous Long-haired creatures exchanged flattering messages from the Queen and the Duchess. Too bad, she thought, that the Whoozes weren't wearing their hair in long curls, too, so it could become entangled as the Footmen's had. This would have completed the picture for her.

"I must read your book some time—I really must," she persisted insiduously to the prissy Whoozis, "if you'll tell me where to get it." This had been used on other authors of his ilk effect a neat escape—and to tell the truth it did unwrinkle him a bit.

"It's not for sale," he snapped. "I had a few copies printed for close friends who share my opinion of the talkies and theaters." Mingled with Alice's relief was the thought that FEW copies were probably all he would ever need. "But you can read it now," he continued.

"Now?" Alice asked, with a sinking feeling.

"We'll read it together," he said, "and act out one of the plays right here—for them." He indicated his still bowing colleagues.

Alice looked at him blankly. "ACT?"

She hardly recognized her own voice.

"Certainly," the Whoozis replied. "I'll direct you in the heroine's part and play the hero and the rest of the cast myself—that's a good way to prove my superiority as a producer!"

"It's a good way to prove a great many things," Alice thought, most of which had better be left in an unproved state! Well, she had got herself into something now.

It was not the thought of act—that upset her, though it was years since she had donned makeup. Just before she began writing for the screen she had played the hard-boiled stenographer role in the Emma Bunting company of 'Help Wanted' for its now well-known author, Mr.

Jack Lait, and the lead in several George Ade comedies filmed at the then famous Essanay studios in Chicago. Before that there was a one-night stand season through Canada and the West as ingenue with the late Harry Frazee's 'A Knight For a Day' company, and roles in her own one-act vaudeville Dramas. But in view of past and present circumstances on this particular pilgrimage, she was hardly in the mood to play Juliette to any Romeo the prissy Whoozis might portray. Though his love-making—provided anything to which he could lend himself might thus be styled—undoubtedly would be done with mirrors.

"I'd love to do your play—especially as it's so refined," she said, racking her brains for an excuse to get her only clear of this mess but of all three Whoozes before they discovered her mission in their midst, "but I'm afraid that's quite impossible. You see—Her powers of invention were strained to the utmost, but to her chagrin they yielded nothing. And there was a challenging gleam in the eyes of the Whoozis that was anything but comforting. "You see," she repeated desperately—then all at once she had it! Funny she had failed to think of it sooner, it was so simple. "I left home without my glasses! Imagine anything so stupid, or so tragic, really—for of course I can't read a single line without them, no matter how much I might want to! Nice to have known you—and your boy friends—!" And wind or NO wind, she took it on the hop before the Whoozis had time to note the suspicious bulging of her handbag in which a brand new pair of Oxfords for state occasions vied for space with nice grandmotherly spectacles to be used for real utilitarian purposes. For she had come prepared to begin work at a moment's notice.

This episode almost ended her wayfaring among these showmen of the Air. Her frame of mind was not unlike that of the other Alice when she found she did not fit anywhere in Wonderland unless she changed her size every few minutes. "I almost wish I'd gone down that rabbit-hole," she thought unhappily. "And yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what can have happened to me! When I used to read fairy tales, I fancied this sort of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one!"

(To Be Continued)

## (FRIDAY CONTINUED)

## 10:15 P.M.

WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk  
WENR—Irma Glen's Lovable Music  
WGN—Old Heidelberg; orchestra  
WIND—World Wide News (CBS)  
WMAQ—Joe Parsons, basso

## 10:30 P.M.

KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WENR—Sports Reporter  
WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra  
WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
WMAQ—The Hoofinghams

## 10:35 P.M.

WENR—Buddy Rogers' Orchestra

## 10:45 P.M.

WCFL—Dippy Johnson's Orchestra  
WIND—Isham Jones' Orchestra (CBS)

## 10:50 P.M.

WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra

## 11:00 P.M.

KYW—Benny Meroff's Orchestra  
WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
WENR—Cab Calloway's Orchestra (NBC)  
WIND—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra  
WMAQ—Ralph Kirbery, Dream Singer (NBC)  
WSBC—Midnight Review

## 11:05 P.M.

WMAQ—Ted Weems' Orchestra (NBC)

## 11:10 P.M.

WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra

## 11:30 P.M.

KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra  
WENR—Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)  
WGN—Clyde McCoy's Orchestra  
WIND—Leon Belasco's Orchestra (CBS)  
WMAQ—Carlos Molina's Orchestra (NBC)

## 11:45 P.M.

WCFL—WCFL Orchestra

## 12:00 Mid.

WBBM—Late Dance Orchestras  
WENR—Earl Hines' Orchestra  
WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra  
WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
WMAQ—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
WMBI—Midnight Hour

## 12:15 A.M.

WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra

## 12:30 A.M.

WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra  
WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra  
WIND—International Melodies  
WMAQ—Benny Meroff's Orchestra

## 12:45 A.M.

WGN—Don Carlos' Orchestra

## 1:00 A.M.

WIND—International Melodies

## 1:15 A.M.

WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra

Saturday, Oct. 28

Jack Pearl 8:00 P.M. NBC

WLS Barn Dance 10:00 P.M. NBC

**8:00 A.M.**  
 KYW—Musical Clock; variety program  
 WAAF—Breakfast Express  
 WBBM—In the Luxembourg Gardens (CBS)  
 WCFL—WCFL Kiddies' Aeroplane Club  
 WGES—Bohemian Melodies  
 WGN—Good Morning, musical program  
 WIND—Polish Hour, John Roszkowski  
 WJJD—Happy Go Lucky Time, Art Linkick  
 WLS—Spencer's Fairy Tales  
 WMAQ—Charlie White's Gym of the Air  
 WSBC—Music of Poland  
**8:15 A.M.**  
 WCFL—Time Parade  
 WIND—Hungarian Music with Frank Kavach  
 WLS—Three Meals a Day; Martha Crane, recipes  
 WMAQ—Breakfast Club; orchestra (NBC)  
**8:25 A.M.**  
 WLS—Newscast; Julian Bentley  
**8:30 A.M.**  
 WCFL—Popular Dance Music  
 WIND—Last Night's Stars  
 WLS—Junior Roundup  
**8:45 A.M.**  
 WBBM—Rels and Dunn, comedy and songs (CBS)  
 WCFL—German Entertainment  
 WIND—Organ Melodies  
**9:00 A.M.**  
 KYW—Edward MacHugh, gospel singer (NBC)  
 WAAF—Live Stock Market Flashes  
 WBBM—Frank Winegar's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WGES—Songs of Germany  
 WGN—WGN Keep Fit Club  
 WIND—Morning Melodies  
 WLS—Jolly Joe's Pet Club  
 WMAQ—Setting Up Exercises  
**9:15 A.M.**  
 KYW—Irene King, talk  
 WCFL—Popular Music  
 WGN—Leonard Salvo's Mail Box  
 WIND—Housekeeping Chats; Virginia Bennett  
 WLS—Woodshed Theater  
 WMAQ—Program Preview  
**9:30 A.M.**  
 KYW—Morning Parade; variety (NBC)  
 WAAF—Organ Melodies  
 WBBM—Beauty Chat  
 WGES—Polish Program  
 WGN—Market Reports  
 WIND—Top of the Morning (CBS)  
 WLS—Daddy Hal  
 WMAQ—Happy Jack, songs (NBC)  
**9:35 A.M.**  
 WGN—Leonard Salvo, organist  
**9:45 A.M.**  
 WAAF—Songs of the Islands  
 WBBM—American Medical Ass'n Program  
 WCFL—Highlights of Music  
 WIND—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
 WMAQ—Board of Trade  
**9:50 A.M.**  
 WMAQ—Larry Larsen, organist (NBC)  
**10:00 A.M.**  
 KYW—The Vass Family (NBC)  
 WAAF—Memory Lane  
 WBBM—V. E. Meadows Beauty Talk  
 WCFL—Kobar  
 WGES—Polish Idyll  
 WGN—Movie Personalities  
 WIND—Adventures of Helen and Mary (CBS)  
 WJJD—University of Chicago home economics  
 WLS—Poultry and Livestock Markets  
 WMAQ—Galaxy of Stars (NBC)  
 WSBC—Bohemian Melodies

**10:15 A.M.**  
 KYW—The Story Singer (NBC)  
 WAAF—Piano Rambles featuring Estelle Barnes  
 WBBM—Organ Melodies  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
 WENR—Edna Odell, songstress  
 WMAQ—Rhythm Ramblers (NBC)  
**10:25 A.M.**  
 WGN—Board of Trade Reports  
**10:30 A.M.**  
 KYW—Rhythm Ramblers (NBC)  
 WAAF—Ballads  
 WBBM—Concert Miniatures (CBS)  
 WCFL—Popular Music  
 WENR—College Inn Comedy  
 WGES—Italian Shopper  
 WGN—Leonard Salvo, organist; Helen Ornstein, contralto  
 WIND—Hawaiian Serenade  
 WJJD—Illinois Medical Society; talk  
 WMAQ—Down Lovers' Lane (NBC)  
 WMBI—K. Y. B. Club; Miss Theresa Norman  
 WSBC—Forenoon Review  
**10:45 A.M.**  
 KYW—Miss Gay  
 WAAF—Salon Music  
 WCFL—Popular Musical  
 WENR—Hazel Flynn, columnist  
 WGN—Robert Ball, readings  
 WIND—Ben Bernie's Orchestra  
 WJJD—Songs and Sermons  
 WSBC—Timely Times  
**10:55 A.M.**  
 WIND—Gary Police Blotter  
**11:00 A.M.**  
 KYW—Rex Maupin's Carnival  
 WAAF—Ballads  
 WBBM—Vincent Travers' Orchestra (CBS)  
 WENR—Spanish Idylls (NBC)  
 WGN—Vincent Travers' Orchestra (CBS)  
 WIND—Mood Indigo; Torch Songs  
 WJJD—Famous Dance Bands  
 WMAQ—Gene Arnold and Commodors  
 WMBI—Church School Period  
**11:15 A.M.**  
 WAAF—World News Reports  
 WENR—Vic and Sade, sketch  
 WIND—Peggy Flannagan, pianist  
 WJJD—Bubb Pickard, hillbilly tunes  
 WMAQ—The Widow and the Angel (NBC)  
**11:30 A.M.**  
 KYW—Farmer's Union Program; talks; music (NBC)  
 WAAF—Variety Program  
 WBBM—News Flashes (CBS)  
 WCFL—Variety Program  
 WENR—Organ Melodies  
 WGN—Board of Trade  
 WIND—Modern Songs by Modern Singers  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
 WMAQ—On Wings of Song (NBC)  
 WMBI—Jewish Sabbath Service; Rev. Solomon Birnbaum  
**11:35 A.M.**  
 WBBM—Enoch Light's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WGN—Digest of the Day's News  
**11:45 A.M.**  
 WGN—Good Health and Training  
 WIND—Your Favorite Orchestras  
 WJJD—Radio Guide Program  
 WLS—Weather Report  
 WMAQ—Parent Teacher Talk  
**11:55 A.M.**  
 WLS—Bentley's News  
**12:00 Noon**  
 WAAF—Noontime Concert  
 WBBM—Harold Knight's Orchestra  
 WCFL—Luncheon Concert  
 WGN—Mid-day Services  
 WIND—Noon-day Meditations, Rev. Menzie  
 WJJD—Side Show; Chuck Lanphier, "barker"  
 WLS—Poultry Service Time  
 WMAQ—Ernie Holst's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WMBI—Studio Program  
**12:15 P.M.**  
 WIND—Harold Knight's Orchestra  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
**12:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Rex Maupin's Orchestra  
 WAAF—Symphonic Hour  
 WBBM—Local Market Reports  
 WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organist  
 WGN—Local Market Reports  
 WIND—Livestock Markets  
 WLS—Markets, Farm Topics  
 WMAQ—Berrie Brothers, harmony team  
**12:35 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Chicago Hour of Music and Variety  
 WGN—Palmer House Ensemble  
**12:45 P.M.**  
 KYW—Smack Out (NBC)  
 WCFL—Farm Talk  
 WGES—Johnny Van, the piano melody man  
 WGN—The Music Weavers  
 WIND—Mischa Radinsky's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WJJD—Music and Banter  
 WMAQ—Dan Russo's Orchestra  
**1:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Originalities (NBC)  
 WAAF—Hoosier Philosopher  
 WBBM—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra  
 WGN—Jimmy Garrigan's Orchestra

**1:10 P.M.**  
 WIND—Dancing Echoes (CBS)  
 WJJD—Fast and Furious  
 WMAQ—Roger Garston's Village Barn Orchestra (NBC)  
**1:15 P.M.**  
 WMBI—Music and Bible Reading  
 WBBM—Kentucky Hillbillies  
**1:25 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Song of the Strings  
 WCFL—Modern Contract, Otilie Holstein  
 WGN—Palmer House Ensemble  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
 WLS—Tom and Don, harmony  
 WMBI—Bible Reading  
**1:30 P.M.**  
 WBBM—News Bulletin  
 KYW—Mel Stitzel at the piano  
 WAAF—Rhythm Kings  
 WBBM—Jerry Sullivan, Songs  
 WCFL—Voice of the Air; Reviewing the Fair  
 WGN—Maurie Sherman's Orchestra  
 WIND—Waxing warm with Ellington  
 WJJD—Bubb Pickard, hillbilly songs  
 WLS—Maple City Four; John Brown, pianist  
**1:40 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Flanagans Short Hunches  
**1:45 P.M.**  
 KYW—Football; Chicago vs. Michigan  
 WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organ recital  
 WGN—Football, Wisconsin vs. Purdue  
 WIND—Football Game (CBS)  
 WJJD—Football; Chicago vs. Michigan  
 WLS—World's Fair Concert  
 WMAQ—Football Game, N.W. vs. Ohio State (NBC)  
**1:55 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Pittsburgh at Notre Dame, Football  
**2:00 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Chicago on Parade  
 WCFL—Red Hot and Low Down with Bob Hawk  
 WLS—Merry Go-Round; variety  
 WMBI—"Mother Ruth," Mrs. McCord  
 WSBC—Poland's Music  
**2:15 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Jimmie Kozak at the Piano  
**2:20 P.M.**  
 WMBI—Young Peoples Hour; Rev. J. Guy Jordan  
**2:30 P.M.**  
 WAAF—The Answer Man  
**2:45 P.M.**  
 WAAF—A Mood in Blue  
**3:00 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Frank Baker, the Bookworm  
 WCFL—Afternoon Frolics  
 WLS—Smilin' Thru; Elsie Mae Emerson  
 WMBI—Gospel Music  
 WSBC—The Concert Hall  
**3:15 P.M.**  
 WLS—Roundup; Westerners; Joe Kelley  
 WMBI—Radio School of the Bible, Mr. Loveless  
**3:30 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Jane Lee  
 WENR—Sports Reporter  
 WIND—Musical Interlude  
 WMBI—Plain Talks  
**3:35 P.M.**  
 WIND—Saturday Syncopators (CBS)  
 WENR—Concert Favorite (NBC)  
**3:45 P.M.**  
 WAAF—World News  
 WMBI—Musical Program  
**4:00 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Piano Novelties, Jimmy Kozak  
 WENR—Jimmy Garrigan's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WGN—Afternoon Musicale  
 WIND—Louis Pancho's Orchestra (CBS)  
**4:15 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Music in the Air  
 WBBM—Pat Flanagan's Football Summary  
 WCFL—Gems of the Opera  
 WJJD—Judy Talbot, personality girl  
**4:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—The Old Apothecary  
 WAAF—Novelties  
 WBBM—Organ and Piano due  
 WCFL—Junior Federation Club  
 WENR—Neil Sisters (NBC)  
 WIND—Youngsters Club; Uncle Frank  
 WJJD—Ben Kanter, baritone  
 WMAQ—Neil Sisters (NBC)  
**4:40 P.M.**  
 WBBM—News Flashes  
**4:45 P.M.**  
 KYW—Personalities in Paint  
 WAAF—Ray Waldron's Sports Review  
 WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra  
 WENR—Musical Moments (NBC)  
 WGN—Spanish Serenade (CBS)  
 WJJD—The Friendly Philosopher with Homer Griffith  
**5:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Richard Humber's Ensemble (NBC)  
 WAAF—Waltzes  
 WBBM—Kentucky Hillbillies  
 WCFL—Eddy Hanson, organ recital  
 WENR—Tea Dance  
 WGES—Ukrainian Folk Song  
 WGN—Trainload of Tunes  
 WIND—Vocal Varieties

**5:10 P.M.**  
 WMAQ—Paul Ash's Orchestra  
**5:15 P.M.**  
 WAAF—Tonight's Radio Features  
 WBBM—Harry Steele and Katherine Avery  
 WENR—Big Brother Club  
 WGN—George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WIND—Happiness Express  
 WJJD—Red Hot Dance Tunes  
**5:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Uncle Bob's Curb-is-the-limit Club  
 WBBM—Jack Armstrong, All-American Boy (CBS)  
 WCFL—Organ Melodies  
 WENR—O'Leary's Irish Minstrels (NBC)  
 WGN—Century of Progress Orchestra  
 WIND—Memory Lane; Merrill Foland, pianist  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
 WMAQ—Henry King's Hotel Pierce Orchestra  
**5:45 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Tito Guizar, Mexican tenor (CBS)  
 WENR—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet (NBC)  
 WGN—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet (NBC)  
 WIND—A Song at Eventide  
 WJJD—Sports Review, Johnny O'Hara  
**6:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra  
 WBBM—Frederic William Wile; The Political Situation in Washington Tonight (CBS)  
 WENR—What's the News  
 WGES—Poland In Song  
 WGN—Uncle Quin, Jean, Donny Dreamer, and Wishbone; children's program  
 WIND—German Hour, William Klein  
 WJJD—Fred Beck, organist  
 WMAQ—Meyer Davis' Orchestra (NBC)  
**6:15 P.M.**  
 KYW—Globe Trotter; news of the world  
 WBBM—Mildred Bailey, songstress (CBS)  
 WCFL—Italian program  
 WENR—Century of Progress Orchestra (NBC)  
 WGN—Palmer House Ensemble  
 WMAQ—News of the Air  
**6:25 P.M.**  
 KYW—Sports Reporter  
 WENR—Sports Reporter  
**6:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Century of Progress; Concert Orchestra  
 WBBM—Husk O'Hare's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
 WENR—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, comedy  
 WGN—Concert Orchestra  
 WIND—Polish Hour, John Roszkowski  
 WJJD—Ozark Mountain Symphony  
 WMAQ—Circus Days (NBC)  
**6:45 P.M.**  
 KYW—Boyd Raeburn's Orchestra  
 WGN—The Sports Reporter  
 WMAQ—Buddy Roger's Orchestra  
**6:55 P.M.**  
 WBBM—U. S. School of Music  
**7:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Three Strings  
 WBBM—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Labor Union Insurance Talk  
 WGN—Elmer Everett Yess, comedian (CBS)  
 WIND—Uncle Joe and his Pumpkin Dusters  
 WLS—Phil Harris' Orchestra  
 WMAQ—K Seven, drama (NBC)  
**7:10 P.M.**  
 WCFL—National Industrial Recovery Act News Flashes  
**7:15 P.M.**  
 KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra  
 WBBM—Sport Review  
 WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra  
 WGN—The Old Favorites  
**7:25 P.M.**  
 WLS—Sports Reporter  
**7:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Under the Bridges of Paris (NBC)  
 WBBM—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Women's High School Teachers Federation  
 WGN—Hal Kemp's Orchestra  
 WIND—Sports Review; Johnny O'Hara  
 WLS—Reliance Program  
 WMAQ—Antobal's Cubans (NBC)  
**7:40 P.M.**  
 WIND—Nora Zeigler, contralto  
**7:45 P.M.**  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
 WGN—Don Carlos' Orchestra  
**8:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Jamboree; variety (NBC)  
 WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Salon Recital  
 WGN—Clyde McCoy's Orchestra  
 WIND—Triple Bar X Days and Nights (CBS)  
 WLS—Barn Dance  
 WMAQ—Jack Pearl, the Baron; Cliff Hall, "Sharlie"; Al Goodman's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WSBC—In Gay Napoli

**8:15 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Kentucky Hill Billies  
 WCFL—Circus Children  
 WGN—Concert Orchestra  
 WLS—Variety Program  
**8:30 P.M.**  
 WBBM—Ace Brigade's Orchestra  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
 WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra  
 WIND—Jackie Taylor's Orchestra  
 WLS—The Westerners  
 WMAQ—Leo Reisman's Orchestra; Yacht Club Boys; Vivian Ruth (NBC)  
 WSBC—Polish Variety Hour  
**8:45 P.M.**  
 KYW—Dr. Springer  
 WCFL—Tony and Joe, drama  
 WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra  
 WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
**9:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Globe Trotter; news of the world  
 WBBM—Columbia Public Affairs Institute (CBS)  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
 WGN—Lewis White, soloist  
 WIND—Columbia Public Affairs Institute (CBS)  
 WLS—Grace Wilson, contralto; Lou Klatt, accordionist  
 WMAQ—B. A. Rolfe's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WSBC—Slovak Review  
**9:15 P.M.**  
 KYW—Eddie Niebauer's Orchestra  
 WBBM—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra  
 WCFL—Al Handler's Orchestra  
 WIND—Ann Leaf at the Organ (CBS)  
 WLS—Mac and Bob, old time tunes  
**9:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Cuckoo Program, comedy (NBC)  
 WBBM—News Flashes  
 WCFL—Dippy Johnson's Orchestra  
 WGN—Tomorrow's News  
 WIND—George Jessel (CBS)  
 WLS—Geppert Studios Program  
**9:35 P.M.**  
 WGN—Headlines of Other Days  
**9:45 P.M.**  
 WBBM—George Jessel (CBS)  
 WCFL—Kobar  
 WGN—The Dream Ship  
 WLS—"Song Stories," Ralph and Elsie Mae Emerson  
**10:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Sports Reporter  
 WCFL—School Teachers Union; talk  
 WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra  
 WIND—Isham Jones Orchestra (CBS)  
 WLS—Barn Dance (NBC)  
 WMAQ—One Man's Family, drama (NBC)  
**10:05 P.M.**  
 KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra  
**10:15 P.M.**  
 WCFL—Barrett O'Hara, talk  
 WGN—Old Heidelberg  
 WIND—World Wide News (CBS)  
**10:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Benny Meroff's Orchestra  
 WCFL—Gorde Birch's Orchestra  
 WGN—Wayne King's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WMAQ—Hollywood on the Air (NBC)  
**10:45 P.M.**  
 WCFL—Dippy Johnson's Orchestra  
**10:50 P.M.**  
 WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra  
**11:00 P.M.**  
 KYW—Reggie Child's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
 WGES—Jimmy Grier's Orchestra  
 WIND—Barney Rapp's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WMAQ—Carefree Carnival, variety (NBC)  
 WSBC—Midnight Review  
**11:10 P.M.**  
 WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra  
**11:30 P.M.**  
 KYW—Harry Sosnik's Orchestra (NBC)  
 WCFL—Gorde Birch's Orchestra  
 WGES—Future Stars  
 WGN—Ted Fiorito's Orchestra (CBS)  
 WIND—Larry Hill's Orchestra  
**11:45 P.M.**  
 WCFL—WCFL Orchestra  
**12:00 Mid.**  
 WBBM—Late Dance Orchestras  
 WENR—Earl Hines' Orchestra  
 WGES—Owl Car  
 WGN—Jan Garber's Orchestra  
 WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
 WMAQ—Ted Weems' Orchestra  
**12:15 A.M.**  
 WGN—Richard Cole's Orchestra  
**12:30 A.M.**  
 WENR—Dan Russo's Orchestra  
 WGES—Drama  
 WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra  
 WIND—International Melodies  
 WMAQ—Benny Meroff's Orchestra  
**12:45 A.M.**  
 WGES—Johnny Van, the Melody Man  
 WGN—Don Carlos' Orchestra  
**1:00 A.M.**  
 WGES—Owl Car  
 WGN—Bernie Cummins' Orchestra  
**1:15 A.M.**  
 WIND—Ray Parker's Orchestra  
**1:30 A.M.**  
 WIND—Milkman's Matinee, Bob Griffin

**Tonight!**

**Big NATIONAL BARN DANCE**

*The Nation's Greatest Saturday Night Program*

Tonight you can hear the famous WLS National Barn Dance. More than 40 radio artists will make the "old hay-loft" ring with mirth and melody. Old fashioned singing and dancing, hill-billy bands, quartettes, snappy songs, old time tunes, fancy fiddling, cross-roads comedy. A whole hour of fun for old and young.

**Don't Miss It!** A real show—staged in a real theatre—before a real audience. On the air 8 years—over 5,000,000 listeners. Now brought to you each Saturday night, direct from Chicago, over station—

**WLS**

**10:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M.**

# PLUMS AND PRUNES + + + +

By Evans Plummer

TOO bad about that airliner exploding on its flight from New York to Chicago, but it provided alert managers and press agents of radio folk many columns based on the always good yarn that so-and-so was all set to take that plane, but didn't.

One reliable Windy City program chronicler fell for the tale of Boswell manager, Harry Leedy in a big way. Harry's story was that the Boswells missed the ship by a whim—the whim that Connie didn't want to fly, or something. A check up proves that Mr. Leedy was very imaginative, as the Boswells couldn't possibly have taken the ship.

To date, an hundred odd name stars on the air seem to have missed the ship by a hair or two. The only reason the *Baron Jack Pearl* didn't even try to miss it, according to *Sbarlie*, was that he was east bound, instead of west, and anyway, he already was in New York. Of such is the kingdom of ballyhoo—but here is a real story about *George Jessel* which is related closely to the air disaster.

Jessel, hearing *Norma Talmadge* was ill on the west coast, completed his program a week ago last Saturday night and boarded a plane for Los Angeles. The trip was a tough one. He was airsick and sore. He saw *Norma*. And he was due back Wednesday of last week in Philadelphia to join *Kate Smith* in raising funds for *Leopold Stokowski's* Philadelphia Orchestra. To make the benefit date, he would have to fly back.

Then the airliner exploded. So George wired CBS to alibi

him out of the Philadelphia benefit. He was coming home by train, and couldn't make the date.

And we don't blame him!

## Plums and Prunes

HAVE you tuned in the new (premiere Oct. 8) Hoover Sentinels show, Sundays at 4:30 p. m.? Try it. If you enjoy unique vocal effects, you'll find this bill extremely to your liking. *Noble Cam* has a 70-voice a capella choir which, with the support of *Josef Koestner's* 28-piece symphonic orchestra, provides extraordinary musical effects. *Harvey Hays* as narrator, *Jean Paul King* as announcer and *Edward Davies* as vocal soloist, round out this very plumful presentation which is different from the usual.

This week's full cargo of withered, moldy prunes is dispatched with some satisfaction to the parties responsible for that awful "Elmer Everett Yess" yiping. Of all the so-called radio programs launched this season, this effort is undoubtedly the worst. Tune in, if you want to be bored, nauseated and overcome with excessive product ballyhoo. Please, Mr. Chrysler, do something about Elmer.

Leo Reisman for Phillip Morris, October 11. Sales patter some of the best we've ever heard. Page boy, paging product name is clever idea, but to counterbalance the plums for the smart hooey and the music of Reisman and his vocalist *Art Wright*, we have a basket of prunes for the sponsor's use of the



GEORGE JESSEL

Georgie's new show is spotted over CBS-KMOX each Saturday at 9:30 p. m. But . . . he doesn't care for airplanes, no sir!

theme song, "That's Why Little Boy Blue Was Blue." Just because they liked the theme of *Harriet Cruise*, who has used it a half dozen years on the air, is no excuse for the lifting. . . Yeah, we know *Harriet* was sponsored last year for a while by this outfit—and she still should be—but why take the theme

without *La Cruise*? A prune to Reisman's mike cracking, also.

Poor old *Al Jolson* said goodbye to *Paul Whiteman* on the Thursday night revue of *Columbus Day*. We feel sorry for *Al*, because we know he TRIED his best to make good, but he just hasn't clicked. Singin' *Sam*, we think you'll agree, has more ether personality than *Jolson* will ever have.

Before we forget it, *John McCormack's* premiere, Wednesday (11), was a surprise. Informal, pleasant and friendly. Here is a pattern for other programs to emulate. *Plums*, *John*. . . And now to Friday, October 13, and its hoodoos. *March of Time* marched on the stage for a great premiere and plums are duly awarded. We thought the editors might have dramatized the "curtain" for Chicago's public enemy, *Gus Winkler*, but nothing doing. Nevertheless, *NRA* received quite a play, and the impersonations, as in past years, were voice perfect. *Remington Rand's* brief credit expanded from two to a dozen words—but that's still something for other advertisers to shoot at. . . *Fred Allen* very funny with his "Bedlam Sanatorium" routine, particularly the broadcast of a tonsil clipping with testimonials! . . . *Phil Baker* good, but not as good as we have heard.

## What's What

WE SEE by the newspapers (*Aircaster* speaking) that the public is tiring of jokes on the air. One paper headed the column

"Wants Jokes Banished From Air." To which we ask, what jokes? . . . They can't take off the air what they don't have on it. . . Funny about *Irene Rich*, the screen luminary whose name has been built up for years by many films. In two short weeks on the air, *Irene*, who is plugging a certain brand of grape juice, has lost her identity. Everyone, even her show's production man, insists upon calling her *Irene Welch*. . . For a time, when *Harry Sosnik's* great 17-piece band opened at the *Edgewater Beach Hotel*, Chicago, with an *NBC* pickup, it looked like trouble ahead. Rumors were—because *Sosnik* does the music for the *CBS Olsen and Johnson* commercial—that *NBC* announcers were introduced NOT to mention *Sosnik's* name. But *NBC* certainly wouldn't be that small. The two vocalists with the new unit are *Phil Shubin* and *Bob Hanon*. Like them?

A Chicago *NBC* warbler came back from a trip through the South with a quart of corn concealed in what she thought was a shoe box, but upon investigation the label revealed "One Plastering Trowel" . . . Pick 'em up and lay 'em down!

At the moment, *Sylvia Slavik*, head of the *Joe Sanders* fan club, wonders if band fans really would like to have *Joe* and his new orchestra back at a Chicago spot. She feels *Joe* won't return unless he knows that he is desired (not a bad example for other bands to follow) and she'd like to hear from you. Address 912 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

# Help Improve Radio--Win \$50 Weekly!

## Enter This Contest Today

RADIO GUIDE wants the honest opinions of listeners everywhere about the entertainment value of important sponsored programs on the networks. Fan mail is an uncertain guide because, with few exceptions, the people who do not like a program do not write to the sponsors or the stations. The sponsors and the broadcasting companies are doing their best to give you the kind of programs that you want but, in many cases, they are shooting in the dark because they do not know what you prefer in the way of entertainment.

RADIO GUIDE is now launching a campaign to improve radio programs by obtaining first-hand information for sponsors about your reactions to their presentations. You have a very definite opinion about every program to which you listen regularly. You have expressed it many times to your own family and friends. But the editors of RADIO GUIDE cannot meet you in your living room and talk it over with you. They must depend upon you to sit down and write your honest opinion about a certain sponsored network program each week—why you like or dislike it and your suggestion for improving its entertainment value.

Each week, RADIO GUIDE will select a sponsored network program upon which you will be asked to comment. In an adjoining column, you will find the rules of the contest and a summary of the weekly prizes which you can win.

Remember, literary ability will not influence the decisions of the editors, who will act as judges in the contest. Not the manner in which you express yourself but THE VALUE OF YOUR IDEAS is the important thing. TELL YOUR FRIENDS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY TO ENTER THE CONTEST, TOO. The more, the merrier.

The program upon which you are asked to comment this week is:

## National Barn Dance

NBC-WJZ network Saturday, 11:00 P.M. EST; 10:00 P.M. CST.

### WEEKLY PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE \$25  
SECOND PRIZE \$10

and three prizes of \$5 each

### CONTEST RULES

1. Letters must be written in ink or typewriter on one side of the paper only and must not exceed 200 words in length.
2. Everyone is eligible except employees of Radio Guide and members of their families.
3. Each letter must be accompanied by the entry blank printed below or your tracing of the same.
4. You may consult copies of Radio Guide at the offices of this publication or at public libraries. You do not have to purchase Radio Guide to enter the contest.
5. The editors of Radio Guide shall be the judges in each weekly contest and their decision shall be final in each instance.
6. All letters regarding "NATIONAL BARN DANCE" program must be in the office of Radio Guide on or before Saturday, November 4, to be eligible. Awards will be announced in the issue of November 19 to 25, on sale November 16.
7. Address all entries to BETTER RADIO CONTEST, Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.
8. Radio Guide reserves the right to publish any or all letters submitted.
9. We cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this contest and no manuscript can be returned.

(Pin or Paste this blank, properly filled out, to your letter)



UNCLE EZRA

## ENTRY BLANK Better Radio Contest RADIO GUIDE

I have read the rules of this contest and agree to abide by them.

NAME .....

STREET and NO. ....

CITY ..... STATE .....



## ALONG the AIRIALTO + + +

With Martin Lewis

IN THE October 14 issue of RADIO GUIDE, the Voice of Experience, in his page, quoted a letter from a mother who asked the Voice's assistance in trying to locate her daughter whom she has not seen for almost seventeen years. For the benefit of those who may not have read the letter, I am re-printing it.

"Dear Voice of Experience:

I have daughter out in this wide world somewhere whom I would like to find. When she was five years old she was placed out from the County Home with a family by the name of Alexander McKelvey, at that time living in South Manchester, Connecticut. Mr. McKelvey was working for Cheney Brothers on their farm. They moved from there to Newington, Connecticut, and from there it seems as if they vanished. I have done everything I could. The last Field Agent I saw agreed to do all she could but it is going on two years and I haven't heard anything. I am an aged woman now, the mother of nine children and this daughter is the only one that is not where I can see her. She is now twenty-one years old. Her name is Helen Lois Walsh.

MRS. CHARLES S. CROSS, 16 Mitchell St., New Britain, Conn. P. F. O'Brien, of Peacedale, Rhode Island, read the letter in RADIO GUIDE and recognized the name immediately as that of a girl he has known since childhood. He immediately communicated with police headquarters in New Britain, Conn., who in turn communicated with the mother. Mrs. Cross and a son drove to Peacedale where arrangements had been made for the reunion. Here's hoping they live happily ever after.

## Rudy Wows 'Em

THE other night I was among those present at one of the biggest openings to take place Along the Aerialto in years. Everybody who is anybody seemed to be at the Hollywood Restaurant that night to pay homage to Rudy Vallee. From letters I receive I know I have a great many readers who worship the ground Rudy stands on.

To them I say it would have done your hearts good if you were present to hear the tremendous ovation given this masterful showman when he was introduced by the Master of Ceremonies. For fully five minutes Vallee had to stand silently but smilingly in the beaming spotlight until the thunderous applause ceased. After thanking the onlookers he proceeded to entertain, which made me realize more than ever why Rudy Vallee is number-one man of the air.

He did excellent imitations of Bing Crosby and Maurice Chevalier. He sang while the Yankees played all the old-time favorites with which he and his orchestra have been identified, such as the "Stein Song," "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" and many others. Several times Rudy tried to bow out graciously but each

time the crowd yelled, "We want Vallee, We want Vallee."

It was a grand tribute to a really remarkable fellow. Incidentally, Rudy has been signed up by his sponsors to continue his Thursday night Variety Show, for the entire year of 1934.

Leaving the place in the early dawn, I stopped to talk to Walter Winchell, who was standing at the door. Our conversation was interrupted by a telephone call for him. He answered it and the voice on the other end inquired as to who was there. Walter answered, "Oh just a bunch of celebrities and smellebrities including Marty Lewis."

I don't know in what category he placed me, but don't you think he should have told the caller that there were also a few Broadway columnNuts in the place?

## Studio Chatter

MATTHEW CROWLEY, who originated the role of "Buck Rogers," left the cast the day before the series resumed on CBS, and now it's Curtiss Arnall who has stepped into his shoes to play the part of the adventurous Buck. That Little Italy series on CBS seems to be another Rise of the Goldbergs in its success as well as its general theme. Himan Brown, author-director and lead of the sketches, had much to do with the launching of "The Goldbergs." He's also the producer of Marie, the Little French Princess. . . . They say that the ageless Edna Wallace Hopper will be back on CBS before long. That will insure plenty of rapid chatter on the kilocycles this season, with Lulu McConnell, Elmer Everett Yess, (if his wind lasts) and Ted Husing all rattling off their swift syllables. . . . Howard Barlow, who has been taking a rest-cure, came back from his sick-bed for the first time to direct the music for "The March of Time" in its debut on Friday the 13th. . . . Tyrone, Pennsylvania, Fred Waring's home town, will meet Mrs. Fred Waring for the first time when the maestro and his bride stop off there on their way to New York from Chicago where the Pennsylvanians have been appearing this part week in vaudeville. The Pennsy Railroad will detail a special engine to take Fred and his bride to Harrisburg to meet the flyer which will take them back to New York in time for their rehearsal.

Kate Smith sang with the Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by Leopold Stokowski, at the dinner in Philadelphia last week to raise funds for the orchestra. At the



The Baron, Jack Pearl, turned this Redcap's face white when he related a Hollywood adventure upon his arrival back in New York. Tune in NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m. Saturday and try one yourself.

request of the management, Kate asked for contributions to the fund after singing an operatic aria Within five minutes \$1500 in cash contributions was piled up on the piano in front of the singer!

Nino Martini is a crack horseman, and can be seen daily cantering through Central Park to keep himself in trim. Nino rides the peppiest horse at the riding academy, whereby hangs a tale. The first time he appeared there he asked for the most spirited mount available. The request was granted, but as Martini was a newcomer there, the management insisted that for his safety's sake he be accompanied by a groom. The handsome tenor smiled and assented, and he and the groom set off together. But as soon as they started down the bridle path Martini put the spurs to his horse and left the groom open-mouthed and far behind. The groom came in with a face full of defeat and apprehension long after Martini had gone home grinning!

## Good and Bad

THOSE who heard the auditions predict that Ethel ("Stormy Weather") Waters, who starts a new CBS series next Sunday, will be the singing sensation of the season. She auditioned for one hour and left

the listeners limp. . . . A program that will prove anything but sensational is the new Elmer Everett Yess series heard over CBS. It sounded like a lot of unnecessary noise and left me jittery and slightly nervous. Which prompts me to second Jimmy (Radio Editor of New York World-Telegram) Cannon's nomination for Elmer Everett Yess as radio's first bore.

## Low Downs

WILL ROGERS replaces Fred Stone and his family on next Sunday's program. . . . Up until 7:30 last Wednesday evening, it was undecided whether or not Conrad Thibault would be able to make his 8:30 WABC program, on which he is featured with Albert Spalding. Conrad, apparently recovered from an attack of la grippe, had attended the rehearsal during the afternoon, but had to go back to bed following it, as the strain sent his temperature up to 103. Swathed in blankets, and bundled into a taxicab, Thibault sped over to Columbia headquarters and proceeded to do his usual masterful job on the program. He missed the Maxwell House program the following night, however. . . . There's script trouble in the Jack Pearl camp, with the sponsor being plenty peeved at the actions of Billy K. Wells, Pearl's

## SHORT WAVE-DX By Melvin Spiegel

BAYONE, New Jersey, has just inaugurated a new two-way ultra-short wave radio telephone service with its police cars and police stations.

This town was the first to be granted a license to operate a system of this kind by the Federal Radio Commission. Ultra short waves are used entirely. The main transmitter, which is located at headquarters, uses only twenty-five watts and broadcasts on 34,000 kilocycles or 8.6 meters. The police cars that are patrolling the city transmit with only 4.5 watts on the same frequency as the station at headquarters.

WOR, at Newark, N. J. has just re-broadcast a demonstration of how this new system works, and it has stimulated a great deal of interest with the radio audience as well as the police departments in other cities. Vincent J. Doyle, a former WOR engineer, was drafted by Public Safety Director Jerome J. Brady and Deputy Chief of

Police Daniel J. Kilduff to take over the radio department of his home town's police force. Doyle has found that steel structures, such as bridges, elevated railways and street cars, provide considerable trouble on the 2,400-kilocycle band (the channel used by the average police department), but there is none at all on the ultra short wave frequency range.

In this recent WOR broadcast, cars talked with headquarters while in motion in various parts of the city. Without any doubt, this system quickens the capture of law breakers.

The Federal Radio Commission has just announced a few changes the call letters of a few stations. WMED, of Florence, Ala., will now be known as WNRA (Editor's Note: Wonder if this has anything to do with the NRA?). WMIL of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be known as WCNW, and KIGY,

Lowell, Arizona, will be changed to KSUN.

The business show, now running in New York, is demonstrating an electrically operated typewriter, which transmits the impulses of each letter by ultra short wave, to any other similar typewriter. This new typewriter employs wave lengths in the vicinity of five meters. The radiotype, as it is called, has already transmitted letters successfully for several miles. The ultimate range depends on the power used and the height of the transmitting point. The channel required by this system is so narrow that an innumerable number of such machines could be operated at the same time without interference.

Secrecy is assured by the type of impulse employed. An eavesdropper would detect only a succession of meaningless dots. Any experienced typist can use the machine and its speed is limited only by the proficiency of the user.

ace line maker, whose first script offered for Pearl's new series was rejected. Gene Conrad, who writes for Burns and Allen has the assignment for a while and Wells may be brought back if he concentrates. . . . Those Amos 'n' Andy sponsors heard a lot of stuff but not one of the singers has drawn the assignment to date.

The contracts of Jimmy Durante and Ruth Etting have been renewed for two more weeks, making eight in all, and they may be held over another week before Eddie Cantor is returned to that Sunday night spot which is tentatively set for November 5.

Johnny Marvin, the lonesome singer, built a yodeling trio while he was in vaudeville and is expected to introduce it on the air soon. . . . Frank Black will have a full symphony orchestra of 55 men behind Egon Petri when the noted pianist starts his series over NBC on Sunday. . . . It actually happened Monday night, however strange it sounds. It was in the NBC studio at Radio City, with Anthony Frome, the "Poet Prince," and Dick Leiber, his accompanist, as the stellar players in the scene. Old debbil Microphone, was the villain. It seems that there's a standing mike through which Frome sings, and another atop Dick's organ, and just as the program got under way, Frome's microphone went dead. This control man finger-waved a message to the "Poet Prince," who "got" it immediately, and jumped atop the organ, singing his song sonnets in a highly unromantic pose. That's the reason for the forty-five second "break" you might have wondered about.

Jerry Wald, who used to write a gossip column for RADIO GUIDE is out on the coast writing a radio story for Warner Brothers. If the picture turns out to be as funny as the idea it should prove to be a big hit.

## DRY HumAIR

A WRITER brought what he thought was a comic play to Eddie and Ralph, Sisters of the Skillet. As they read it he told them how hard he had worked to produce it, how he'd slaved each night until his fingers were worn out. "Ah," said Eddie, as he passed the manuscript back, "all work and NO play!" Catch on?—Frank Black, NBC's musical director, has a friend who insists that Black should use his influence in trying to have some chess games broadcast. Black finally said he'd help arrange such a broadcast if the friend, a musician, would write an opera to broadcast between moves.

Portland Hoffa: "What's the quickest way to get to the cemetery from here?"

Fred Allen: "Well, about the quickest way I can think of is to go over to an east side delicatessen and yell 'Three cheers for Hitler!'"



RUTH ETTING

...on coffee hour two more weeks...



JOHNNY MARVIN

...He has a yodeling trio now...

# HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

## NEW PROGRAMS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22—Ethel Waters, the colored songstress and George Beatty, a new discovery among radio comics, will start a new series for American Oil over CBS-WAPC, Sundays at 6 p. m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23—Planned Recovery—this is a series of talks by members of President Roosevelt's cabinet. Each cabinet officer will discuss what his department is doing in connection with Planned Recovery. The first speaker in the series will be Cordell Hull, Secretary of State. NBC-KYW for fifteen minutes, each Monday at 9:45 p. m., except October 30, when the program will be heard for this date only at 7:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25—Dangerous Paradise—dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson of Magic Voice fame. NBC-WLS for fifteen minutes each Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Moran and Mack, famous blackface comedians, start their four-week engagement on the Old Gold program with Waring's Pennsylvanians, Wednesdays 9 p. m. over CBS-WGN.

## COMEDY

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22—Joe "Wanna Buy a Duck" Penner and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, with Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, over NBC-WLS at 6:30 p. m. Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and Ruth Etting, Rubino and his orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.

Fred Stone and Family, Revelers, and Al Goodman's orchestra, NBC-WGAR at 8 p. m.

Jack Benny, assisted by Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker and Frank Black's orchestra over NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23—Smack Out, comedy with Marion and Jim Jordan at 12:45 p. m. over NBC-KYW, also Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Charles Leland, comedian, and a male quartet, NBC-WMAQ, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at 6 p. m.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24—"Easy Aces," over CBS-WBBM at 12:30 p. m., also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Eddie and Ralph, Don Voorhees' band, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25—Bert Lahr and George Olsen's music, NBC-WLS at 7 p. m.

Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, CBS-WGN at 8:30 p. m.

Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, The Songsmiths, Ferde Grofe's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shields' orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.

"Ole" Olsen and "Chick" Johnson, assisted by Harry Sosnik and his orchestra, CBS-WBBM at 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28—Baron "Jack Pearl" Munchausen assisted by Cliff "Charlie" Hall, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

Georgie Jessel at 9:30 p. m. over CBS-WIND

## MUSIC

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22—"Gems of Melody," featuring Muriel Wilson, Fred Hufsmith and John Herrick, Harold Sanford's orchestra over NBC-WMAQ at 1:45 p. m., and NBC-WENR on Wednesday at 6:15 p. m.

The Sentinels, Edward Davies, baritone, Josef Koestner's orchestra, over NBC-WMAQ at 3:30 p. m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23—Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24—United States Navy Band presenting a patriotic group of songs. CBS-WBBM at 3 p. m.

Howard Barlow's New World Symphony Orchestra, CBS-WIND at 10 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25—Albert Spalding, violin virtuoso, and Conrad Thibault, baritone, with Don Voorhee's orchestra, CBS-WGN at 7:30 p. m.

Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WENR at 9:00 p. m.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26—Curtis Symphony Orchestra under direction of Fritz Reiner returns for fifth consecutive season at 3 p. m. over CBS-WBBM.

Willard Robinson, Evangelist of Rhythm, over CBS-WBBM at 9 p. m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27—"Music Appreciation Hour," Walter Damrosch, conductor, NBC-KYW at 10 a. m.

Concert Program, NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.

Threads of Happiness; Tommy McLaughlin, baritone; David Ross, dramatic reader, and Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra, CBS-WGN at 8:15 p. m.

## PLAYS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22—Dream Drama, NBC-WENR network at 4 p. m.

Roses and Drums; dramatization of Civil War days with noted stage stars as guest artists, CBS-WBBM at 4 p. m.

"Talkie Picture Time;" drama, starring June Meredith in original plays based on Hollywood activities. A Charles P. Hughes production. NBC-WMAQ at 4:30 p. m.

## Next Week in RADIO GUIDE

*George Olsen, the lucky husband of the charming Ethel Shutta, is the subject of a revealing story by Willard Quayle in next week's issue of Radio Guide. All of the details of his sudden jump into prominence, his romance with the present Mrs. Olsen and other incidents of his crowded life are included in this fascinating story.*

*There is an interesting article by Ruth Cornwall, who writes the scripts for "Death Valley Days," about the strange desert characters whose lives are portrayed in this popular series.*

*Julius Tannen, that popular master of patter, provides Hilda Cole with an opportunity to write one of her entertaining stories about a new radio personality. Major, Sharp and Minor, the three girls whose harmony has captured a great army of listeners, and the Landt Trio and White, who greet early risers on an NBC network every morning, are also among the stars of the air discussed in next week's issue.*

6:45 p. m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23—"Betty and Bob," NBC-WLS, Monday to Friday inclusive at 3 p. m.

Today's Children, Monday through Friday at 10:15 a. m. NBC-WENR

Vic and Sade; the serial sketch of an American family in a small town, NBC-WENR, Monday to Friday inclusive at 11:15 a. m.

Radio Guild Drama, "The Wild Duck," NBC-WMAQ at 2 p. m.

Adventures of Tom Mix; dramatic program for boys, based on the life of the famous film star, NBC-WMAQ network at 5:30 p. m., also Wednesday and Friday

Princess Pat love drama, "Squaring the Triangle," light romantic comedy, with Bernardine Flynn, Doug Hope, Bill Farnham and Irene Wicker over NBC-WENR at 9:30 p. m.

Myrt and Marge, CBS-WBBM, Monday through Friday at 9:45 p. m.

Just Plain Bill; the experiences of a small town barber, Bill Davidson, Monday through Friday at 6:15 p. m. over CBS-CKLW

Red Davis Sketches; adventures in the life of an 18-year-old boy in an average American small town, NBC-WLS at 7:45 p. m., also Wednesday and Friday.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24—"Painted Dreams," WGN Tuesdays through Fridays at 10:45 a. m.

Crime Clues, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m. also Wednesday

Legend of America, a cavalcade of American history, CBS-WBBM at 9 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25—Warden Lawes in Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing, over NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

Irene Rich, in "Behind the Screen," dramatization of "Father's Son;" also Friday, Oct. 27, dramatization of filming of "Lost Lady." Both programs at 6:45 p. m. over NBC-WMAQ

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26—Death Valley Days, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27—March of Time, CBS-WGN at 7:30 p. m.

"Circus Days," NBC-WMAQ at 6:30 p. m. also Saturday.

"The First Nighter," drama, with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Carleton Bricket and Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

## VOCALISTS

MILDRED BAILEY, Sunday at 7 p. m. over CBS-WIND Saturday at 6:15 p. m. over CBS-WBBM.

HELEN MORGAN—CBS-WBBM, Sunday at 1 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—CBS-WGN, Tuesday at 8:30 p. m.

JOHNNY MARVIN—NBC-WMAQ, Monday at 11:15 a. m. BING CROSBY—CBS-WGN, Monday at 7:30 p. m.

BIG FREDDY MILLER—CBS-WBBM, Tuesday and Friday at 10:15 a. m.

CONNIE GATES—CBS-WIND at 11:15 a. m., Thursdays

KATE SMITH—CBS-WIND, Tuesday at 7:45 p. m., also Monday at 8:15 p. m.

IRENE BEASLEY—NBC-WENR, Wednesday at 5:30 p. m.

JOHN McCORMACK, Irish tenor, NBC-WENR, Wednesday at 8:30 p. m.

## VARIETY

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22—The Seven Star Revue, with Nino Martini, tenor; Jane Froman, contralto, Ted Husing, master of ceremonies; Erno Rapee's orchestra and Julius Tannen, CBS-WBBM at 8 p. m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23—Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh's Radio Gossip Club; news and interviews with celebrities from their own Chicago Theater studio, WBBM every weekday at 2 p. m. (new time).

"The Big Show," with Lulu McConnell, Gertrude Niesen and Isham Jones' orchestra Paul Douglas, master of ceremonies, CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28—Leo Reisman and his orchestra, the Yacht Club Boys and Vivian Ruth, singing popular ballads over NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

Carefree Carnival, a full hour variety show from the Pacific coast with Ned Tollinger as master of ceremonies and Meredith Wilson's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 11 p. m.

## NEWS

BOAKE CARTER—CBS-WBBM daily at 6:45 p. m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WGN Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:15 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS, Headline Hunter—NBC-WMAQ Monday at 7:30 p. m. and Friday over NBC-KYW at 9:45 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WLW daily at 5:45 p. m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

WALTER WINCHELL—NBC-WENR Sunday at 8:30 p. m.

## SPORTS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27—"All American Football Show," with Christy Walsh and a prominent football coach as guest artist, CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28—Army-Yale football game being played at Yale Bowl, New Haven, Connecticut. The game will be aired over CBS-WIND at 1:45 p. m.

Northwestern playing Ohio at Columbus, Ohio. To be broadcast over NBC-WMAQ at 1:45 p. m.



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