WILL ROOSEVELT RULE WITH RADIO?

ED WYNN'S NEW CHAIN PLAN

"This'll kill you..."

"My friends..."

— they gamble for her

IS RADIO RUINING YOUR CHILD?

"I KNEW JANE FROHMAN WHEN..."

Including PROGRAM FINDER Feature
Fred Waring calls them THE SECOND EDITION

Because Priscilla and Rosemary Lane are younger sisters of Lola Lane, screen star, Fred Waring dubbed them "The Second Edition." The youngsters, still in their teens, are on their way to success with Waring's Pennsylvanians on the Old Gold program. They came to New York from Indianola, Iowa. Neither had had a bit of stage or radio experience before Fred discovered them, quite by accident. Now, wherever the maestro takes them dancing, the girls have a way of deciding which gets Fred. Before each dance they match for him!
SLIPPING and GRIPPING

WE HATE TO SAY IT—Ed Wynn, Texaco's Fire Chief on National stations, is on the slide—an opinion that is handed down with keen regret. No one has enjoyed Ed on stage and radio more than we have, and occasionally he still seems to have some of the old sparkle. But most of his jokes are getting older and older, and it is obvious that he and Graham McMonee are having to work harder than ever for the laughs. In fact, far too often during the last few programs we heard, Ed and Graham did all the laughing at some of the gags, the studio audience apparently being some cold. Many listeners seem to enjoy it, but we have never cared for Ed kidding the advertising, nor for Graham doing the quick switch from feeder to commercial announcer. Ed's automotive jokes always seem dragged in by the ears, and rarely funny.

The whole program would be better if Ed's part of it were shorter and not so mixed up with the other parts. The pattern of the show should be varied, although admittedly this is difficult to do on a half hour program. Any change would, to be sure, require a better orchestra. Don Voorhees is now waving the wand over a brass band which would pull a bit in large doses. (Perhaps there isn't much left in the sponsor's budget after the star is paid.)

We understand Ed plans to stay on the air right through the summer, which takes courage. Our guess is that now is nearly the right time for him to take the holiday from radio that he has certainly earned many times over. But we should want the good old Fire Chief back after his vacation, by all means... with fresher material, better music, and a new program routine. His program has had a truly phenomenal run, but it should not continue so long at a stretch that the public will not thrill to the announcement of any new programs by Mr. Wynn.

GRAND BAND WORK—The first few Old Gold programs over Columbia, with “Waring’s Pennsylvanians” and John Medbury, got off to a bad start. The trouble seemed to be that Mr. Medbury was not the right kind of funny-man for radio. His material, which he wrote, was a little too subtle. It needed one of the definitely accepted humorous types to put it over. Now the program has not one, but two of these types, both tolerably amusing. One is a Negro mammy, Mandy Lou; the other is George Givot, well-known dialectician of Broadway shows, known as “The Greek Ambassador Of Good Will.”

Mr. Medbury still writes the gags and his humor sounds newer than most of the stuff on the air. The points of many of the jokes are apparent before they are sprung, but even if you won't get any belly laughs out of the Old Gold program, you are fairly sure to chuckle frequently, unless you're a non-chuckler. The sponsors may be deliberately avoiding hilarity, for they keep telling you how smooth their show and their product is.

Fred Waring, whose “Pennsylvanians” are our favorite stage band, does a grand job with the music. He not only keeps it as smooth as an O—G— but he also works in some comedy stuff that is even funnier than most c-g-r-t-e advertising. Some of Mr. Waring's vocal arrangements are a bit confusing for radio work, especially when he uses counter melodies. On the stage, the trickier his arrangements the more interesting they are, because your eyes follow the changes with ease.

On second thought, however, with the howling need for something “different” in radio, perhaps Mr. Waring should be allowed to be as novel as he pleases. At any rate, his part of the show is excellent and the whole program is now definitely on the upgrade.
OLD STUFF—Chase and Sanborn's Tea Hour on National stations is somewhat disappointing because that excellent stage comedienne, Fannie Brice, is handicapped by stale material. Also, she doesn't yet seem to be completely at ease before the mike. Miss Brice really needs to be seen if her personality is to register; her singing voice and her accent are not quite enough. In radio work she is best, we think, in comedy songs and in her Mrs. Cohen sketches. We liked her when she sang the amusing "Every Night He Brings Me Violets." But in the same program she sang a sickening hokum song called "Old Fashioned Mother," and, believe it or not, she told these three (along with others equally ancient): "I want to give you a book." "I've got a book" "Ten thousand sea gulls starved to death following a Scotch steamer" and "Mother, am I related to monkeys?" "Only on your father's side."

Maybe the fans like 'em old and certainly anyone to whom those three are new will like Fannie. The music on the program is supplied by George Olsen's highly efficient orchestra. George is likeable in his short spels, and the commercial announcer is inoffensive...which is our sneering way of paying a compliment.

15 MINUTES OF YAWNS—"Just Plain Bill," the Kollynos program over Columbia stations, is supposed to be a big success, according to the fan mail and the response to a give-away offer. As a sustaining show, it was so popular that it found a sponsor. Now, however, the program is aimed almost entirely at getting answers, and we can't believe that it will long hold the fans in great numbers.

"Just Plain Bill" has little humor or action. Obviously intended for the back-home customers, it seems to us nothing more than a fairly dull continued story about sweet and simple home-town folks. The principals, Bill, Nancy, David and Kerry, are pleasant enough, especially Ted di Corsia, the good actor who plays Bill, but the show badly needs fun or excitement or suspense—anything that will keep it from being only ordinary talk by ordinary people about ordinary things. To be sure, David disappeared, but it was just another one of those phony disappearances of which the listeners have had more than enough.

The advertising announcements in "Just Plain Bill" are as long and boring as any we recall hearing in a fifteen minute show. We refer particularly to the series having to do with the offer of a "free" jig-saw puzzle (free if you buy a tube of Kollynos, which we don't call exactly a free offer). The words "absolutely free" were repeated at least a dozen times in each broadcast, and at the end the characters stepped out of their roles and plugged the puzzle and product. This is a mistake, and we suggest that hereafter they close each program with a theme song that ends, "Oh, you'll ne'er find a frill on Just Plain Bill." The rights to this ditty we offer them "absolutely free"...for ten bucks.

SWELL VAUDEVILLE—If you haven't done it already, be sure to tune in some Thursday evening on Rudy Vallee's program for Fleischmann's Yeast over the National network. Most radio experts agree that, with "The March of Time off the air, Vallee's show is the best directed of all present radio programs. As you know, to get even two experts to agree on anything is no small achievement. Of course, the radio public frequently thumbs its nose politely at the experts and then tunes in programs over which the experts cry into their beer. But in the case of Rudy's show, the experts and the public seem to be hand in hand. So the show must be good.

With a whole hour for his program, Rudy has a great chance to offer the customers a really different kind of radio entertainment. When it comes to giving the public the variety it craves, some of radio's famous boys and girls are more handicapped than the fans realize by having only fifteen minutes to half an hour to show what they can do. (Which explains in part why many otherwise worthy shows are damned as monotonous.) Rudy's program, with plenty of time, can try something that has been tried before but never with much success—the good, old-fashioned vaudeville show, plus master of ceremonies and band.

Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees are about as usual, which has been plenty good enough for millions of radio listeners for several years. In addition, the guest stars Rudy collects each week put his program first with those who like their entertainment well mixed and full of surprises. Rudy usually gets Big Names, but they are not necessarily big radio names. And therein lies part of the listeners' fun, for it is human nature to be curious as to how high the star can soar (or how hard he can flop) in a new medium. Each star gets a short build-up from Rudy in an introduction that makes more sense than the usual master of ceremonies' stuff. (The Vallee voice and manner is, however, a trifle too sophisticatedly world weary for us sometimes, and we wish occasionally that his grammar were either Yale or Broadway, instead of both. But let it pass.)

The stars on Rudy's programs, whether new to radio or not, seldom flop, which is a great tribute to the intelligence that goes into the selection of material for the show, and into the casting and direction of the performers. Although it follows much the same formula each week, the program has a swell change of pace—from scenes out of well known stage hits to gags, recent and not so recent, out of good comedians. In between, of course, is the music—amusing, romantic, dramatic—from famous players and singers.

So far, if the Vallee hour has had a noticeably weak spot, it has been in the humor, unless you don't mind old jokes. In the advertising agency which handles the Fleischmann program (and several more), it is rumored that a typist was recently assigned the job of copying jokes out of an English joke book over one (Continued on page 5, right hand column)
HOKUM FOR GUM CHEWERS—The last few times we listened to Wrigley's "Myrt and Marge" program over Columbia, it seemed more than a little sour. (We understand the show will be off the air soon, perhaps before you read this.) At best, the program is only ten-twenty-thirty melodrama with all the old hokum laid on thick. While we don't object to either melodrama or hokum, our tough old heartstrings feel nary a tug unless the stuff is pretty well put over. It may be unfair to pan "Myrt and Marge" now, however, because of Myrt's recent automobile accident in which she had her jaw broken.

Ordinarily you know, Myrt writes the sketch and after her accident something had to be done pronto to save the show. The only out seemed to be to have her disappear until she recovered from her injuries. Other writers were called in and they created a mystery around the idea that Myrt had been abducted. Even before we learned of the accident, the mystery didn't quite jell with us, but the boys deserve credit for pulling a bad situation as far out of the fire as they have.

The program certainly needs Myrt's pen and personality, though, and we hope she'll be back on the job soon. If she decides to go in for any humor in the future, she might do well to get advice from a professional humorist.

ALWAYS THE SAME—For months the Robert Burns program over Columbia's hook-up has been one of the five most popular on the air. George Burns and Gracie Allen, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, and the tenors, Phil Regan and Carmen Lombardo, make up an array of talent that is hard to beat for week-after-week entertainment. But the show has started to slip now, regardless of what the statistics prove, if anything. In the first place, the program has no surprises and the monotony is becoming more evident. The music is still about as good as any on the air, but, unfortunately, most listeners don't tune in for the music. The singing, while not so good as Guy's orchestra, is still acceptable. The comedy is the same as at first, neither funnier nor flatter. So what? Well—so even the most hardened radio fan can take the same thing only just so long, no matter how good it is.

We've been told that Gracie Allen's Dumb Dora character is a perfect humorous type because she reminds every male listener of his sister-in-law, and every female listener of her husband's folks. It certainly is true that we all like to laugh at other people's dumbness, but not forever. Perhaps Gracie and George could vary their routine if they relied less on gags and more on humorous situations which they, and other players, acted out. As it is, these comics never do anything but tell each other what happens. This form of humor is not so convincing as it would be if they took the parts of characters in a situation. To carry out a suggestion of this kind they would have to change their style of comedy somewhat, but if

(Continued on page 6, left hand column)

PEarl, TOO—Lucky Strike's comic, Jack Pearl, who helps National meet its overhead, is more than holding his own, in spite of gags enfilched by the ravages of the years. (And speaking of bum gags: The radio world is Pearl's oyster, and he's the oyster's Pearl. Ha, ha, ha. Get it?) The boys who hire Jack have always known how to put on a well paced program that holds attention, but they have never been particularly considerate, until recently, of the listeners in giving their commercial announcements. Lucky Strike's plugs have been quite long-winded. They have claimed every conceivable advantage for the product. And they have been shouted out in a cocksure manner that must have rapped on the ears of many listeners—and perhaps suggested harshness rather than mildness in the cigarette.

But, a month or two ago, a great light apparently burst upon the makers of Lucky Strike. They became almost reticent, limiting their radio advertising per program to three commercials of only twenty seconds each! This new policy amazeth us. It certainly is a break for the listeners, and should build good will.

(Continued on page 6, right hand column)
they don't make some basic changes in their act soon, we predict they'll go into a bad slump.

It would help, too, if George and Gracie had a studio audience to get the laughs started. A joke usually sounds funnier if you hear somebody else laugh at it first. You're encouraged, and you don't feel so ashamed if someone looks aghast at your ingenuousness. Gracie has always objected to having a studio audience, and while it's more of her business than ours, we hope she changes her mind. She and George should also get some new catch phrases and some new names to call each other. The old ones are wearing a bit thin. Another thing: At present these comedians don't seem to give any more importance to their good gags than to the bad ones. A little more build-up on the good ones, please. The objection has often been made, of course, that no one can tell which jokes the listeners are going to like. Well, we don't believe that humor is as much of a gamble as all that, but, if it is, that's all the more reason for a studio audience to help the comedians with their timing.

After so much carping, we'd like to throw a rose to the radio engineers responsible for keeping the program running so smoothly when Gracie and George were in Hollywood. Guy and his orchestra were touring, and Phil Regan was in New York. The show was put together with hardly a second's delay.

NOT SO MYSTERIOUS—The Sherlock Holmes programs, sponsored by G. Washington's Coffee over National Stations, were the first widely popular mystery shows on the air. The stories were intelligently adapted by Edith Meiser and the direction was good. They had plenty of suspense and some grand sound effects. Joseph Bell, Leigh Lovell and Richard Gordon played Mr. Bell, Dr. Watson, and Sherlock Holmes to the hilt. The advertising announcement was effective from the point of view of increasing sales; it was inoffensive to the listener; and, amazingly, all the experts agreed that it was a great idea. So what more could anyone want than that?

Well, we've been crazy before and we may be now, but we think that the program is slipping. In its strength lies its weakness. That is, the sponsors have undoubtedly thought they had something so uniquely good that they couldn't afford to change. (To be sure, they tried O. Henry stories for a time, but dropped them.) The program now seems to be another case of a fine idea that has been worked too long. The mysteries aren't so mysterious as others on the air (certainly the stories have been out of date for years), and lately the descriptive stuff has seemed much wordier than it was at first. The advertising, too (now that the formula is so familiar), seems overlong.

Ah, well, maybe we listen too regularly. "Sherlock Holmes" is still, undeniably, one of the few intelligently produced sketches on the air. And maybe there are enough new listeners every Wednesday to keep the show going fairly strong until the sponsors can get another idea as good as their first one.

For all we know, it may even sell more cigarettes. At any rate, Lucky deserves great credit for taking the lead in minimizing blurs.

Jack Pearl has gradually built up an acceptance for Baron Munchausen that is now, deservedly, almost universal. The mistake has not been made of giving the listeners too much of the Baron at a time. He leaves 'em when they're laughing hardest. (Other stars and sponsors might well study the Pearl technique.) Also, Jack changes his routine just enough on each program so that the Baron, with good jokes or bad, is never quite the same fellow. In other words, the fans can't always tell what to expect. (Nothing will kill a popular program so quickly as taking every surprise out of it, as has been done in radio so often.) Giving Jack's excellent foil, Cliff Hall, a gag line occasionally is one example of what we mean by novelty. The addition of new catch phrases to Jack's repertoire is another example.

The fact that so much intelligence has been used in building a lovable character makes it a pretty safe bet that the Baron will stay on top for a long time to come, unless the gags get so old that the listeners won't stand for them, Baron or no Baron. There are limits to affection, and the slogan of the American people seems to be, "You can do anything but bore us." Even the swell Lucky Strike music wouldn't save the program if the Baron got really insulting about our memory for jokes.

SOBS, SMILES AND SUGAR—Kate Smith, the hearty girl with the fresh-like-a-dew-drop technique, who helped La Palina and Columbia pay dividends, should be as good a bet for theshort-term long pull as any star on the air. Although her voice has always sounded a trifle nasal to these tone deaf old ears, Kate combines the best vocal features of crooner and soprano, and thus holds two huge audiences.

She has the new-mown-hey-hey appeal which the city folks like because it is different and which the country folks like because it is familiar. She is able to handle anything well, from the sobs to the comics, and she selects each program with a good ear for variety and contrast. There is something fundamentally emotional in everything she sings and says—particularly in the "appeals" she makes for worthy causes. However sincere she may be, there's plenty of hokum in her program, but the point is that it doesn't sound like hokum. What's more, Kate is almost always bursting with cheerfulness, which, we are told, is what the world needs most right now. She's smart to have so little talk in the entertainment part of her program, and to do it all herself.

The advertising announcement is just another one of those things, but it is perhaps more painless than most. Ted Collins delivers himself of it, however, in a corner-of-the-mouth, "now I'm gonna let you in on somethin', folks" manner which we don't care for. Still, we recommend the program to anyone who likes the syrup that soothes—Kate has all flavors.

—TUNA
Will

ROOSEVELT

Rule by Radio?

THE ANSWER IS YES IF HE WINS WOMEN VIA THE AIR

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT as President quickly captivated the people of the United States. He came; he talked; he conquered—and no Caesar ever waxed more victorious than this smiling ruler of our republic. But will he continue to dominate all critical situations as they affect the people of the country? And if so, will that little black microphone on his desk prove the modern scepter or token of his supreme authority? Both questions are well worth asking and, if we judge rightly, the answer to both lies largely in the hands of American women.

There have been few if any complaints to date. On the other hand, there have been a great number of commendations. People feel that at last we have a man in the White House who really lives on a level with us, and talks our language. His cordial manner, his human qualities and his magnificent vocal equipment make him a man easily understood and appreciated. All three of these things assure him of a phenomenally large audience among the fair sex. In fact (as is generally true in private marriages) this wedding which Radio has brought about between the President's office and the women of America looks very much as though it will give women their first big chance to exercise a powerful influence in public affairs and government.

President Roosevelt will not utilize his autocratic broadcasting powers indiscriminately. Our Washington correspondent states that he will keep in touch with the people through the radio, but he will not throw himself at us. When he has something to say we will know that he is going to say it, and we will be listening. And when he is heard he will give us a message of interest that could not possibly come to us with the same effect in any other way.

A few days ago a small, dignified brochure was distributed by the Columbia Broadcasting System entitled, "We Think a Point Has Been Missed." Part of it is worth quoting here:

"We appreciate our modern miracles, of course, but they seldom snap our heads back until they are seized in the strong hands of a strong man, fired in a crisis, lighted by the flame of high personal courage. "Something very much like that surely happened in Washington, D.C., on March 4th and again on March 12th. Much has been said about the President's words in those two critical hours, about their brilliant candor, their complete simplicity. Much will still be said about them, we believe, a hundred years from now. And much has been said about his use of radio to lift those words—intimately and resonantly, with the full ring of the fine voice which spoke them—into fifteen million American homes. 'My friends, I want to talk for a few minutes to the people of the United States'—and in that next fifteen minutes that voice, that man, performed a miracle before the world."

Newspapers let loose after the Inaugural address and the talk about the bank crisis, conceding almost everything that the listeners had already come to know. The staid New York Times said: "The response was so immediate and favorable that it confirmed him in his judgment that the radio was the simplest and most effective medium for reaching the people." The Cleveland Plain-dealer said: "The President was so moved and gratified, so impressed by the magical power of radio as an indispensable facility of his great office, that the announcement has come that he intends to use radio in reaching the people as often as circumstances warrant."

The political campaign of last fall proved Roosevelt's appreciation of the efficacy of modern methods of communication. As he traveled across the country his voice came sweeping over the air paths, under the window ledges and into the homes of the electorate on twenty-eight different occasions. There is little doubt that his remarkable radio adaptability went far toward satisfying millions as to his reliability and intelligent capacity, when otherwise if nature had given him a voice not easily understood or inexpressive—particularly as concerns women—they would have decided against him in
favor of the more conservative candidate.

His flight to Chicago at the conclusion of the Democratic Convention, and his Acceptance speech, broadcast on a great hook-up, did much to sell the millions of listeners that here was a man after their own hearts.

When he does not personally use the radio how will he keep his contact and directional powers over the people by that method? There will be many ways by which the presence of the national government will be felt in the home through radio receivers. At present there is a weekly broadcast series called The National Radio Forum over which individual members of the cabinet will speak from week to week. They will have a half hour at their disposal during which they will tell the "people of the United States" just what their government is doing or hopes to do to carry on the work of the nation. Doubtless, too, the people themselves will be advised how to cooperate with the President to assist in bringing order out of disorder—just as the President took advice when explaining the reasons for the bank moratorium.

There has been some talk that the President will eventually merge the supervision of radio as it now exists in the Federal Radio Commission into a department of government to be known as a Bureau of Transportation. But recent developments would indicate that the Federal Radio Commission will continue to function as in the past. There also have been intimations that the Administration may ultimately take action to assume absolute government control and operation of radio. Those who are close to the President, however, have maintained that this would be inconsistent with his democratic principles.

As it now stands he has acknowledged right of way at any moment he wishes to address the nation. All the radio facilities of the country are at his instant command. The citizens would most certainly resent government monopoly, just as they have resented it in Canada, and Roosevelt no doubt is perfectly satisfied to guide the will and better judgment of those who listen through the ways and means already tested and found efficient.

The situation as it now stands is adjusted to a nicety. When he has affairs to discuss with his countrymen there will be ample announcement to all the people of the call to council. They will gather about him as individuals as though they were in the very room with him. He will not need to shout or orate, but will speak across his desk into that little black cup known as the microphone, and the little black cup will pour out his message to all the country. The people will listen, heed and follow his leadership. Moreover they will warm up to the inspirational and human qualities of what many authorities regard as the finest male speaking voice ever to be broadcast.

In presidential campaigns prior to that in which Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith were the chief contenders, radio had not come into its full power as a vote getter or vote loser. Apart from the "machine" activities in the individual wards, campaign speakers, party rallies and the daily press formed the principal means of persuading voters to switch this way or that. By the time of the Smith-Hoover contest, radio had stepped into a role of great national importance. The people of the United States were given their first widespread opportunity to weigh the contenders on the personal, intimate, human basis which radio alone makes possible on a large scale.

Five years after this political battle, the American people know that Al Smith talked courageously about many things. His vision, his frankness and his human qualities are now a matter of common knowledge, but at the time of the 1928 campaign, Al Smith suffered materially by comparison with Herbert Hoover, insofar as radio was concerned. Ex-President Hoover, though endowed with little of the oratorical ability for which Al Smith is so properly famous, nevertheless appeared through the microphone to better advantage. His English seemed better, his diction more orthodox, his intellectual attainments greater.

Undoubtedly, a large percentage of our population voted for Hoover instead of Smith because of the difference they heard, "saw" and felt in the two candidates as they appeared on the air. Mr. Smith always devoted his attention to the immediate group before whom he was delivering an address. His managers tried everything, including fences and wires, to keep him within proper distance of the "mike." Mr. Hoover really appeared to better advantage over the air than as an actual speaker before crowds. Via the mike, the intellectual and phonetic qualities of his voice registered while Al and his "raddio" made the public see the brown derby and the sidewalks of New York more often than the Happy Warrior. Of course, the victory was too smashing for anyone to imply that radio won for Mr. Hoover, but it is true that Mr. Hoover added materially to his total by the superiority of his radio personality.

Then along came the presidential campaign of 1932 with the same Herbert Hoover pitted against a new opponent. By this time, radio had become of tremendous political importance. Both nominees strove to make the most of it and nation-wide hook-ups were provided from almost every point at which either Hoover or Roosevelt spoke. The people of the United States were given the best possible chance for intimate acquaintance with

Robert Trout officially announces for "F. D. R." over CBS

(Continued on page 50)
When you listen to the voice of the Chesterfield Lark, and feel like thanking someone for the beauty it brings you, think of this sweet lady. She is Jane Frohman's mother, for years Jane's voice teacher. It was her efforts and personal sacrifice that gave the Lark its golden notes.

Jack Taylor is the editor of the morning edition of the Sedalia (Missouri) Democrat. This article was unsolicited. He wrote it because he wanted people to know this girl as her college friends knew her—and we bought it because we believe it presents a new angle on a brilliant, and particularly deserving, young celebrity.

A FEW weeks ago a group of the biggest theatrical names in New York were seated around a large table in perplexed silence. Among them were the experts who book feature acts for Paramount, Warner Brothers, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, and Loew's. Every week these men meet to discuss important matters in the entertainment world, exchange ideas, and outline programs. In this way they keep their different New York theatres supplied with a variety of talent that does not conflict to a mutual disadvantage.

Everything had been going smoothly on this particular day until it developed that both Paramount and RKO had made elaborate plans to exploit the same air star in their biggest houses. The star was Jane Frohman.

Both companies were so anxious to have her that neither would step out of the picture, and it looked like there might be a bit of ill feeling until some diplomatic person suggested a quick and fair settlement of the problem. They would toss a coin for her. The parties accepted the proposal, to the amazement of their distinguished companions. So business was suspended and the Big Shots gathered around. The arbiter held his coin and everyone held his breath.

"What will you have?" said the referee, turning to Mr. Boris Morris, Paramount's booking chief.

Boris took a deep breath, gulped, and said, "Heads!"

The coin rose and clinked on the table, as the Big Shots craned forward, round-eyed.

"Heads it is!" declared the referee. Mr. Martin Beck, of RKO, uncrossed his fingers, swore quietly . . . and the Big Shots went back to work.

This little incident proves that the wise men of Broadway have discovered what Jane Frohman's friends back here in her college town have known for a long time . . . which is that she has extraordinary talent. When these boys start gambling for a girl, she is pretty close to the top of the ladder.

And maybe you think we aren't getting a kick out of her success! She may be the Chesterfield Lark to you, but to us she is the same sweet, unassuming school kid who always had the voice of an angel, and a disposition that ran it a close second.

Jane Frohman is remembered at Columbia, Missouri, as a gay, likeable girl, friendly and easy to stare at. She smiled a lot, sang a great deal, and made her way around town as if she was always in a great hurry. If you happened to be near, you could hear Jane humming to herself as she flirted about on the streets or university campus.

Although St. Louis and Cincinnati claim Jane because of her professional connections there in the past, she has spent most of her life in Columbia—a typical college town of 16,000. She was educated there, attending Christian College for girls and the University of Missouri.

At the university Jane was a Kappa Kappa Gamma. She was a favorite with the boys, but she had no serious love affairs. At least, if she did, the news didn't get around the campus. So she probably didn't. The boys went around with her in droves. It sounds like canned stuff, but they regarded her as a sort of pal. And her closest girl friend was her mother, who still lives at Columbia.

Former students and Columbians automatically prove that they "knew her when—" by calling the blue-eyed songstress "Ellen Jane." She dropped the "Ellen" for professional purposes only a few years ago.

Jane's first two years at college were at Christian, where her mother taught voice for many years. Now, do you see why Jane can sing? For about four years she sang in the First Christian Church mixed quartet. It is not improbable that her singing there, particularly her solos, boosted at-
tendance at the church. Jane's mother played the organ accompaniment.

Although Jane was well known to town folks, she was virtually a stranger on the university campus while she attended Christian College. But once she entered Missouri University she jumped immediately into the campus limelight.

Jane enrolled in the school of journalism. You may have read in publicity notices that she started out to be a newspaper woman, then discovered she had a voice. Of course Jane knew all along that she had a voice. Possibly she was in journalism for the same reason too many others are—just marking time. With Jane it was an interruption of an otherwise well-planned career—a career of singing. But in addition to what she may have learned about newspaper training, Jane's pursuit of journalism had a sudden and beneficial effect. She won the lead in the annual journalism show.

These musicals are fair enough for student effort, and usually certain scenes, actors and tunes are recalled for a few weeks after the show. But with "Bagdaddies"—produced about six years ago—it was different. The show was an unusual hit. One of its songs is still played at university dances as megaphoned crooners pour out the lyrics. The song is "Mystic Moon," and Jane introduced it. Her singing of this number was something of a sensation. Those who saw "Bagdaddies" think she should sing "Mystic Moon" on her programs—in fact she has had hundreds of requests for it.

Jane was a new note in leading ladies. For once the journalism show had a girl with poise, stage presence and a swell voice. News of her success got outside the confines of the campus. Immediately she was booked for a week's engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, in St. Louis. There she was advertised as "The Blues Singing Coed of M. U."

At that time, "blues singer" as applied to Jane was a misnomer. She used to be a soprano. Her songs were more classical. She did not have to develop a microphone technique in those days and she sang naturally. After a fling at radio she changed her style and pitched her voice.

To some Columbians and former students this was disappointing. Of her radio singing they say: "That doesn't sound like Ellen Jane." They believe she should have stayed with the Jessica Dragonette type of songs and singing. Others, however, especially her younger friends, are glad Jane adapted her voice to the Kate Smith-Ruth Etting type of songs. Probably everyone realizes she was wise to do this. Kate Smith has more fans than Lily Pons; Rudy Vallee has more listen-
TUNEFUL TOPICS

by Rudy Vallée

YOU'RE MINE, YOU
When Johnny Green and Ed Heymann get together, something good generally happens. Johnny's system is full of beautiful "class" melodies; and I doubt if he will ever get down to the typical melodic style of the average popular song writer. Personally I hope he never does. It is a pleasure to sing his songs because of the superior quality he keeps in them.

Ed Heymann did the lyrics for this song during his recent West Indies cruise, and they are excellent.

I suppose Larry Spier of the Famous Music Company selected it, for which I thank him. We find "You're Mine, You" most effective when played quite slowly.

TWO TICKETS TO GEORGIA
Fred Coots, Joe Young and Charlie Tobias—three outstanding writers—authored this ditty. Somehow it seems typical of the firm that published it, Irving Berlin, Inc.

When we play it, I give only one chorus for our two pianists.

There was a time when this type of Southern song was the vogue; but just how far "Two Tickets To Georgia" will carry its composers is dubious. It must be played with pep and speed.

"STRIKE ME PINK" MUSIC
Ever since Ray Henderson left Buffalo to seek his fortune along the theatrical main stem, the public has been humming and singing Henderson melodies. They are all outstanding, different, and have commercial value. Later Ray teamed up with Buddy DeSylva and Lew Brown, forming the fool-proof composing combination of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

After Buddy left the gang to become a movie producer in Hollywood, Ray and Lew went into theatrical producing with George White, and there is no doubt that their efforts were chiefly responsible for the success of Mr. White's "Scandals of 1931." This is no reflection on George. He is still, in my opinion, the cleverest musical comedy producer in the business.

A disagreement over policies caused a break-up of this combination, and Ray and Lew started out for themselves in a big way. Their first effort was "Forward March." It was indifferently received in out-of-town premieres, so the boys got busy, induced Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez to desert Hollywood for a fling at the stage, changed the name of the piece to "Strike Me Pink"—and they had a hit. I saw it recently, and went to see it again. That's the kind of show it is.

As usual, the haunting Brown and Henderson tunes are distinctive features. There are three hit tunes—"Strike Me Pink," "Let's Call It A Day," and "I Hate To Think That You'll Grow Old, Baby." "Let's Call It A Day" seems to be the general favorite, though the bands are playing all three with great avidity. Dewey Washington, featured singer in "Strike Me Pink," was a guest star on one of our recent broadcasts, and after rehearsing "Home To Harlem" (from the same show) with him, I found myself humming this successor to "That's Why Darkies Were Born."

Personally I prefer "I Hate To Think That You'll Grow Old, Baby," the lyrics of which, peculiarly enough, have been banned by the NBC censorship department. Just why, I do not know.

DANCING THE DEVIL AWAY
Howard Johnson, Jack Meskill and Vincent Rose

Johnson helped to fashion Kate Smith's "Moon Over The Mountain"; Meskill and Rose have been writing for the past three years.

A good, peppy fox trot that will liven up any program and make good dance music. Leo Feist is the publisher.

AN ORCHID TO YOU
As most of the radio audience know, Walter Winchell (the originator of the most unusual style of columnistic writing and a clever fellow, regardless of what you think of him), has originated the custom of giving orchids to deserving persons. Especially on Sunday nights it is the custom of the Florists' Telegram Delivery to send an orchid to the deserving person he mentions.

Of course someone in Tin Pan Alley had to capitalize on the idea in melody and verse. Gordon and Revel felt the urge, and so we have "An Orchid To You."

We played it on a broadcast shortly after it was published, and our listeners seemed to like it, from the response.

I CAN'T REMEMBER
Here's a song about which I can honestly enthuse! I heard it broadcast several weeks ago by Jack Benny and was immediately captivated by the melody. I should have recognized the fact that it was the fine hand of Berlin, but it was not until some investigation that I discovered Irving, himself, had fashioned it; and that Jack Benny had been given the exclusive broadcasting of it for some six weeks. He can be justly proud of the privilege.

In my opinion, this is one of Irving's best songs. Listen for it yourself. A lovely waltz.

JUST A LITTLE FLOWER SHOP AROUND THE CORNER
Last summer everyone was playing and singing "We Just Couldn't Say Good-Bye." It was an odd thought, a different type of melody, and extremely danceable. The writer is

(Continued on page 50)
Is RADIO ruining your CHILD?

By MR. & MRS. LESLIE H. ALLEN

No Desire for sensational publicity caused Mr. and Mrs. Allen to write this article. They are parents—they have made a conscientious study of radio in their home—and this is their verdict.

Among many parents and teachers the conviction grows that juvenile radio programs are corrupting the most valuable asset of the American home—the child himself.

The broadcasting station sniffs, the commercial sponsor turns up his nose and says “highbrow stuff”; but parents and teachers who care more for the child's own welfare than for the pocketbooks of the station or the sponsor insist that juvenile programs shall be made safe for the youngsters.

In the present commercialized state of radio, the dollar sign is rampant. Why then should the commercial sponsor, interested only in selling his product, care whether or not the child is scared half out of his wits in the process?

Why should the script writer, interested only in gleaning his pay from the sponsor with the least possible annoyance to the brain, care whether or not his script imposes upon the child's mind all the crassness of the old-fashioned dime novel?

What does it matter to the station, interested only in cash returns from the sponsor, if the program breeds a flock of early-morning nightmares that bring parents rushing to the boy's room and mentally cursing radio as the cause?

Most juvenile programs are put on the air in an effort to make money out of the child's interest in them. Perhaps it is natural, then, for the station and the sponsor to forget—if they ever knew—that the “style of life” a man lives is controlled largely by the kind of training and environment to which he was subjected during the first few years of his childhood.

Give me the child for the first half dozen years of his life, says the modern psychologist, and I can impose upon him a style of life so fixed that it will follow him to the grave.

One psychological school insists that a child is born with two fears only—the fear of a sudden loud and inexplicable noise, and the fear of falling. All other fears are imposed upon the child from outside himself. The child's mind is a film upon which the inhibitions and ignorance of his elders and the limitations of environment created and controlled by them impose an indelible picture. And in among the delicate mechanisms in the minds of helpless children stumbles the juvenile program like a bull in a china shop.

Parents and teachers used to think a child should not go to school until he was five or six years old. Along came the kindergarten to begin his education even before that. More recently the pre-kindergarten or nursery school has sprung up to begin the child's education soon after he has learned to walk. There are plenty of parents still who scoff at the pre-kindergarten idea. Whether they admit it or not, they are old-fashioned. They do not realize the value of proper child training before the fifth or sixth year, when the clay of the mind is so fresh and soft that it can be molded into any form or style of life.

The average juvenile program strings along with the old-fashioned type of parent. Most letters from parents selling the station how Johnny cannot go to bed without hearing the latest episode of some juvenile program (designed in ignorance of modern child psychology) are written by parents of the old-fashioned type. It is not strange, then, that the worst type of juvenile program, worst for the child mentally and emotionally, should seem best to the station or the sponsor. And it is not strange that a juvenile script writer should insist:

“I'm writing entertainment for children, not educational stuff. It's my job to keep the kids coming to the loud speaker to hear my programs and help me sell my sponsor's goods. It's the job of parents and teachers—not mine—to educate the youngsters.”

That script writer is only one of the large group (which includes many stations and sponsors) who do not know that a great part of child education these days is “put over” through entertainment. Progressive schools, public or private, seek first to arouse the pupil's interest in a subject. That interest is often best reached through appeals to the child's spirit of play.

Radio also appeals to that spirit. The child switches on the set to be entertained. But every sound he hears is part of his education. Whatever comes through the loud speaker is part of the environment imposed upon him from outside himself. Whether the writer of juvenile scripts knows it or not—and it is about time he did—he is, in effect, an educator whose medium is entertainment. Therefore his objective should be something more laudable than the making of a dollar out of the child's love for being entertained in the play spirit.

Usually the juvenile script writer is controlled through his pocketbook by a commercial sponsor who is not vitally concerned with what goes into the child's mind, so long as a plentiful quantity of breakfast food, candy or what-not is jammed down his throat.

Most juvenile programs are hold-up games with the child at the business end of the gun. The ammunition is anything at all that will hold the child's interest while the sales talk is plugged into him in the hope that this buck-shot will scatter sufficiently to bring down his parents' cash.

Was the Scarsdale opposition mistaken? It was not. Was there anything wrong with Columbia's programs? Not if you believed the announcer.

Columbia is actually highly enamored of its Buck Rogers program, and that program is a fair target for critics who have the good of the children at heart. This program projects the child audience years into the future. Do the children find that man, according to Buck Rogers, has progressed? Not a bit. He is enlightening that imaginative future with the same shortcomings that belittle him today. War, revolution, all the melodramatic paraphernalia of the hysterical script writer who desires to “throw a scare” into his audience—these are the fine achievements to which man has progressed in the mythical Buck Rogers future of the year two thousand and something or other. Plenty of blood and thunder, a most mysterious "disintegrating ray," a series of

(Continued on page 49)
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The idea for this drawing was conceived by a father who overheard his youngsters discussing the so-called children's programs. They are not allowed to listen any more.
ALL SINGERS SHOULD MARRY

says Nino Martini—the romantic tenor who still remains a bachelor

Nino Martini is a fatalist. He doesn’t crowd Providence. He believes that when the time comes for him to marry, some girl will make him see it that way and he’ll have very little say in the matter.

Nino Martini will be glad when that happens. Because, like every other good son of Italy, he wants children and a home—some time. He is only twenty-eight years old now, and there is plenty of time. Right now he does his thinking about work and lets the girls think about love.

The only trouble with that system is that there are too many girls working at it. Too many potential Martini mates are waiting around the Martini corners. So many that Nino’s teacher, philosopher and friend, Giovanni Zenatello, throws up his hands in loud despair every day.

For how can Nino concentrate on study—and an intelligent singer never stops studying—when the women won’t let him alone even in the privacy of his own hotel room?

Signor Zenatello told me all this. Nino Martini is modest, almost too shy for a good looking man in his profession to be for comfort.

Twelve o’clock at night the phone rings. Or one o’clock. Or even two. And again at seven o’clock in the morning when he is trying to get his rest.

“Nino,” says a feminine voice—and a sweet one, too—“Nino, I love you.”

“Nonsense,” says Martini, “you don’t know me.”

“I’ve seen you in the movies,” the voice croons eagerly. “I’ve heard you on the radio. I love you.”

“No, you don’t.” Nino contradicts courteously. “People don’t love without first knowing the other person, what he is like all through. You may feel something about me, but not love.”

“I do love you,” the voice insists, “and I’m coming right up.”

“You are not,” says Nino in very youthful panic. “My—my wife is here.”

“Your wife?” There is a gasp in the receiver. “I didn’t know you were married.”

And Nino is not married. But he has ideas about it.

His first idea about marriage is that it would be comfortable. Love—and plenty of it—a singer must have. But a bachelor’s love is full of trouble. Complications. Things that interfere with his work, get on his mind when he’s practicing. On every hand an unattached man sees new faces and figures. He is attracted. New attractions mean fresh distractions. It is as natural for a bachelor to set off in pursuit as it is for a bee to take a bee line for honey. It’s all very exciting, but it isn’t studying. And before he knows it he’s up to his neck in intrigue. Not with just one, perhaps, but two or three, each of whom expect a certain amount of attention from him. Where is his career then?

Oh, yes, marriage would be a grand refuge. For love a singer must have, but let it be the quieter, safer, surer love of marriage.

And there are certain things Nino is waiting for before he marries.

For Latin as Nino is in his quick fiery temperament, and his youthfully slender dark good looks, he has a keen critical mind. It will take a genuinely worthwhile person to sweep him off his feet and into marriage. She must measure up to the standards Nino has set as his ideal in a “good wife.”

I’m telling these standards here because if a woman can be a good wife to an opera singer she can be a world-beater for any other man.

“She must take good care of her man, make him comfortable,” Nino says.

Making a singer comfortable, my friends, is something. Remember that he has a throat that he lives by. It must be treated like a sensitive plant. He must be kept well, because a cold is fatal. Neither his health nor his time is his own for the hour of rehearsal and the moment of his broadcast march relentlessly toward him.

He must sleep when other people are up and about, so vacuum cleaners must not buzz and babies must not cry.

Even after he gets up he must not be queried about the routine matters of the best regulated household. He must have hot water for his shaving but he must not be consulted about the water heater. “She must be loving,” Nino says, “but she must not bother.” A singer must have privacy to invite his soul. Especially between ten o’clock when he rises, and the time when he is ready to greet the world.

Nino Martini is not the only man who prefers to be let severely alone until his coffee has had a chance to slide comfortably down the red lane. If more wives would realize that business men as well as radio stars have their hours when solitude is in order there would be more silver-wedding Cleopatras.

Nino Martini has the regular he-man’s interest in sons and daughters. But not while he is practicing. No tugging at his trouser leg while he is singing arias and scales. A good wife would have the children in evidence only at the inspired right times, would train them to be a joy and not a pest to their father. That is a task all right, but it’s one that’s desired by plumbers and carpenters and lawyers as well as opera singers.

And above all, the perfect wife must not have a career of her own. That is fatal. “What happens to the home,” asks Nino Martini, “if the wife signs a contract to appear in Milan for a season when the husband is broadcasting for Columbia on Wednesdays and Fridays at eight? A wife must follow her husband, think about his work, not spend her time making a name for herself.”

“But isn’t a wife in the same profession more congenial?” I asked. “Can she talk about his work more understandingly?”

Then I lost some of my ideas about the artistic, comprehending helpmate. “I don’t want to talk about my work when I go home,” Nino says. “I want someone to talk about sunsets and pictures and woods and dogs and babies. I want a rest from my work. I want a good companion. A wife in the same business makes a marriage go ph-b-h-h.”

I asked if this was what happened to his friends, the
Yet even the strongest man has a soft spot for flattery, especially when combined with a pretty face. Once in a while he may fall and do something foolish. His wife must protect him from his own weakness. That’s not the most pleasant of her duties but it’s her greatest honor. She should be proud. Naturally it requires a very great deal of tact, but he will thank her for it in the end.

The wife who keeps a man’s self-respect has sealed herself to him in a way that can never quite be broken.

"Aren’t American girls worse about chasing men, leading them on?" I asked.

"Couldn’t they learn a lot about charm and allure from Italian girls?"

"No," Nino answered quickly to the last question, ignoring the first. "No, no. American girls cannot learn about charm from anyone. They are already the most attractive girls in the world."

"But what about the tradition of hot Latin passion and so on?"

"Ah, that is different," Nino said in a suddenly wistful voice. "There is not enough real passion in this country. Girls have not the feeling, the finesse, the tenderness for making love. In this country they kiss for sport!"

"You have had unhappy experiences?" I probed.

"Yes," he admitted. "At first I did. Here were these beautiful girls, looking made for love, and then I find out they have no heart at all. But," he added quickly, "there are exceptions in any country."

(Nino Martini would not need to be limited in his selection by nationality. He could whisper sweet nothings in seven languages—and has too.)

"But about chasing men?" I persisted.

"You wouldn’t marry the American girl who throws herself at men?"

And then he told me a secret. The most recent lady who has disturbed his slumbers is a contessa. And since countesses don’t grow on American trees, we are exonerated from this particular charge. "But she wouldn’t have done it in Italy," Nino said.

Perhaps it is because women in Italy are not so unused to Nino Martini’s type of slender, dark, melting-eyed romantic looks. They admire but have heard other beautiful voices. "I don’t see how the others could be more appealingly boyish and eager, though.

For, looking at Nino, his imposing history of operatic triumphs seems quite unreal. The real days of his life, the believable ones, seem to me to have been those days when as a boy he strummed his guitar and let his gorgeous voice swell out under the trees of the Campo Fiera by the tomb of Romeo and Juliet.

It is in Verona and its care was entrusted to Nino’s father. It was, however, only after he graduated from the boys’ choir in the church that the great Zenatello, discoverer of Lily Pons and other headlineurs, took him under his wing and he realized he had found his niche in music. Then he had his big moments in opera. He literally “stopped the show” with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company when he was forced by the applause to break their tradition and sing an encore after “La Donna è Mobile” in “Rigoletto.”

But if any young lady feels herself falling for his mellow tones she had better take stock of her virtues and learn the rules for being a “good wife.”
A NEW nameplate now appears with imposing grandeur at the entrance to the three-year-old building at 501 Madison Avenue, New York. It proclaims the building as the home of "The Amalgamated Broadcasting System" the new "third chain" which Ed Wynn is heading up as Prexy.

Enter and take the elevator to the eighteenth floor. There you will find a hum of activity. At this writing, carpenters, decorators, and electricians are putting into substance elaborate details from a set of blue prints which provide for a series of seven modern broadcasting studios, nine offices and various other incidentals to comprise a first class broadcasting station.

Return to the elevator and continue up to the twenty-second floor. There you will find the chief executive offices of the Amalgamated Broadcasting System. On the door of the president's office is the name of Ed Wynn, known throughout the listening world as The Fire Chief. It was only about a year ago that Ed Wynn and radio became acquainted with each other. They have been the greatest of pals ever since. Now Mr. Wynn thinks something should be done to give radio, and the radio listener, bigger and better opportunities. He has conceived a plan. It has become known along Radio Row as "Wynn's third chain plan." The idea back of the plan is perhaps more momentous than the chain conception. Many people have thought of a third chain and tried to forge one, but a radio chain is a gold chain and the metal is scarce in these times.

What is the Wynn idea? How is he going to make it work? Who is going to back him? What has he got to do it with? When will he get going? These and a thousand other questions have been reverberating beneath the great antennas that reach across the radio canyons of New York.

A few weeks ago Mr. Wynn invited the radio press (including the writer) to a dinner at the Edison Hotel. There he pronounced the plan in his own language. Obviously it was a matter of great personal moment to him. He wanted to produce something permanent which would endure after he gives up a long and successful career as a stage comedian. He believes radio is just getting started and in its youthful ignorance and arrogance has wandered down bypaths of error.

"My idea," he said, "is to give the listener more radio and less advertising ballyhoo. There is one thing that attracts the average listener to his receiver. He wants entertainment. The spot on the dial where he finds the most entertainment is the spot where the dial will stand. So I want Amalgamated to give the listener a maximum of the best entertainment possible with the least possible advertising talk.

"I realize that the advertiser has to pay the bill, and he feels that he must have a certain amount of sales talk with his program to make it worth while. But I think he will discover by creating a fine period of entertainment, pure uninterrupted entertainment, that a few well chosen words at the beginning and the end are more effective for his purposes in the long run. So my idea is to limit the ballyhoo to thirty words—a curtain announcement at the beginning and the end."

Then in the broadcasting station the plan for the whole day's schedule should be in the hands of the program manager. No prerogatives should be surrendered there to commercial interests. We contemplate a daily schedule of entertainment designed to give variety from one program to the next. We shall not have one crooner follow another on the next program. The program director must be the absolute czar over his domain.

"As for talent, we aim to have at all times the finest to be had. We have been carrying on auditions for over six months and have over 600 names of artists who will be available for our programs. Out of this number we will be able to create a great variety of entertainment. The listener will know that by tuning in one of our programs at any time from 8 a. m. until 1 a. m. he will be able to hear a fine program."

This plan of arranging programs on the basis of the day as a whole, Wynn explained, would certainly attract a great audience, especially from the great number of listeners who have lost interest in radio because they have become bored with commercial announcements. There will be every kind of feature already found acceptable, he said, and perhaps a few new (Continued on page 48)
RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

Introducing
A Greater Service to Radio Listeners

Our new Program Finder Section offers a service to those discriminating listeners who enjoy radio as a truly vital and important factor in the modern American home. We mean the listeners who really appreciate modern radio programs for their educational and entertainment value and not merely as a background for a bridge game, a cocktail party, or an evening of reading. For some time past, the world's greatest artists, educators, political and economic leaders, doctors and philosophers have been available, absolutely free, to those who make a point of listening to them over the air. No previous generation has been offered such an opportunity to keep in personal touch with the greatest minds and artists of the world and in all walks of life. Yet for many listeners it has been all but impossible to locate the most interesting and entertaining programs through the machinery hitherto available.

Radio Fan-Fare, in its new Program Finder Section, provides its readers with a more comprehensive, accurate and useful guide to the leading radio chain programs than has ever been offered before. It is a stupendous task to undertake, first, the selection of the better programs and next to so arrange the data about them that the listings will be truly convenient, regardless of whether it is the information you are seeking. In spite, however, of all that is done at our end, it is only with your help that the Program Finder Section can be made of greatest service. Hence we hope you will send us your ideas and comments as to improvement, including both refinements and additions.

Certain limitations must be considered in any such guide. Naturally, the information must be largely limited to chain programs covering a fairly wide territory. Selection is also necessary in order to avoid crowding the listings to such an extent that the Program Finder Section would be too cumbersome for ready reference. We have listed, therefore, what we deem to be the better programs, bearing in mind that we must restrict ourselves to programs which are continuous enough in point of schedule, to warrant inclusion in a monthly magazine.

Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder enables you to select your radio entertainment as you select the books for your library, the movies you attend, or the Broadway stage productions you desire most to see. It tells you what programs of each type are on the air and when they are being broadcast. It tells you also how and when to avoid those programs which do not suit your individual tastes. There are bound to be differences of opinion as to which programs interest Mrs. Jones and which delight Mrs. Smith. Our selection, however, includes a generous listing of the better programs of each type. We cannot, of course, be responsible for last minute changes in programs or stations, but we shall do everything humanly possible to limit errors.

How to Use Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

Day by day schedule. The outstanding network programs on the air are listed in order, first of the days of the week, second by time of the day, i.e., by morning, afternoon and evening programs, and third in order of the starting hour. Some programs are omitted due to the fact that they are broadcast only once or have not been scheduled far enough in advance to warrant including. Almost all programs worthy of mention and practical for a monthly magazine to list, have been included.

The "Index" number shown in the Day by Day Schedule is for your convenience in securing additional information as to the programs. By referring to this number in the Classified Schedule, pages 29 to 43, you will find all details as to stations over which the program is broadcast, other periods at which it can be heard, and the principal personalities appearing on each program. The Day by Day Schedule seeks to tell you what you can get at any given time.

Classified schedule. The programs are grouped according to the nature of program. Through using this section, you can locate the kind of programs you like best and make sure that you hear them when they are broadcast. The details of each program have been presented, including: (a) the day of the week; (b) the starting hour in the different time zones; (c) the duration; (d) the artists and other personalities; (e) the individual stations divided according to time zones.

Artist schedule. Names of artists and other radio personalities have been arranged in alphabetical order. In each case an Index Number is also given. By referring to this Index Number, in the Classified Schedule, you can locate the specific programs on which your favorite stars and personalities are appearing.

Station schedule. All stations over which programs of the three principal chains are broadcast are listed alphabetically according to their call letters. Through this listing you can locate the home city of each station you hear announced over the air on chain programs, also determine its wattage, power, its wave length, its time zone, and whether it currently operates on daylight saving or standard time. The basic stations of each chain are also indicated.

Other schedules. In future issues it is our plan to develop additional schedules which will serve such purposes as (a) listing programs with speakers or artists when special series have been arranged, to run over a period of months; (b) high-spotting outstanding programs originated and broadcast by individual stations and sectional chains. Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder will aim to serve you along ever more comprehensive, accurate and useful lines. We invite your interest and active cooperation. Meanwhile, we trust you will find this initial effort a worthwhile contribution to solving the what, when, where and where of the best that is on the air.

The Publishers
## RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

### DAY BY DAY SCHEDULE

#### SUNDAY MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
<th>Key</th>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WEA F</td>
<td>L25</td>
<td>Chamber Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>N16</td>
<td>Medley, organ and vocal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C2</td>
<td>Symphony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R1</td>
<td>Chamber Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>G1</td>
<td>Modern Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>T29</td>
<td>Southland Sketches, Folksongs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>X1</td>
<td>Church of the Air (Protestant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>J3</td>
<td>Church Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>J5</td>
<td>Radio Pulpit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>S5</td>
<td>Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ (WABC added at 11:45)</td>
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#### SUNDAY AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
<th>Key</th>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>WRA F</td>
<td>B3</td>
<td>Geron's Mexican Marinade Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>W3</td>
<td>Columbia Church of the Air (Non-Protestant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>T38</td>
<td>String Quartets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>T43</td>
<td>Hijack Travelogue</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R19</td>
<td>Lazy Dan the Minstrel Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>W8</td>
<td>Sabbath Revireses</td>
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<tr>
<td>13:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Q16</td>
<td>Patter and Song</td>
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<tr>
<td>14:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C14</td>
<td>Standard Music</td>
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<td>14:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>K13</td>
<td>Pilgrims Chorus</td>
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<td>14:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>F8</td>
<td>International Radio Forum</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>B3</td>
<td>Wendell Hall &quot;Redheaded Music Maker&quot;</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Z8</td>
<td>North Western Church Hose</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>National Opera Concert</td>
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<td>Sprague Warner Program</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>K7</td>
<td>Symphony</td>
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<td>C7</td>
<td>Sick Daring a Boy of Today</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
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<td>Choir</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>Poets Gold, Poetic Readings</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
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<td>The World of Religion, Dr. Stanley High</td>
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<td>Four Clubmen Quartet</td>
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<td>Quartet</td>
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<td>F2</td>
<td>Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson</td>
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<td>P5</td>
<td>Charlie Davis's Saxophone Quintet</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>S4</td>
<td>Pages of Romance, Dramatic Sketch</td>
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#### SUNDAY EVENING

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<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WFA F</td>
<td>W1</td>
<td>Catholic Hour, Religious Service</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>P17</td>
<td>The Lawyer and the Public</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>R2</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Z12</td>
<td>Roes and Drums</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>K12</td>
<td>Women's Octet</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>C2</td>
<td>Our American Schools</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>C7</td>
<td>Sick Daring a Boy of Today</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>Fray and Brissigatti, Piano Team</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>T22</td>
<td>James Melton, Tenor, Standard Music</td>
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<td>Borash Minervich and Harmonica Rascals</td>
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<td>Currents Event—H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>Horse Sense Philosophy, Humorous</td>
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<td>J2</td>
<td>Dr. Howard W. Haggard, Health Talks</td>
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<td>Los Angeles Tennis Troupe</td>
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<td>M36</td>
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<td>Great Moments in History, Dramatic</td>
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<td>F30</td>
<td>Angela Pathe—&quot;Your Child&quot;</td>
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<td>Chinese and Sanborn Hour, Variety Show</td>
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<td>Riesenberg's Viewroom Program</td>
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<td>D10</td>
<td>The Gaucho, Tent Troupe, Tiyo Guarza</td>
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<td>D4</td>
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<td>R40</td>
<td>Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Popular Music</td>
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<td>D5</td>
<td>Golf Program with Will Rogers</td>
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### MONDAY MORNING

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<tbody>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>T20</td>
<td>Andre Kastelanetz, Mary Eastman, Male Chorus</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>V10</td>
<td>Walter Winchenb, news comment</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>T1</td>
<td>American Album of Familiar Music</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>R29</td>
<td>Picents Sisters, Popular Songs</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>B12</td>
<td>David Lowenack talks on Current Government Conditions</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>T29</td>
<td>Phil Denver, Fireside Songs, Standard Music</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>D6</td>
<td>Columbia Revue with John P. Medbury</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>X3</td>
<td>John Lang, Black River Giant</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>M28</td>
<td>Vincent Lopez and Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJF</td>
<td>T4</td>
<td>Standard Music, Concert and Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>K7</td>
<td>Madison Singers, chorus</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>P9</td>
<td>Quelapo and Songs</td>
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<td>T13</td>
<td>Standard Music, Orchestral</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>M10</td>
<td>Dance Orchestras</td>
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### MONDAY EVENING

<table>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
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<td>Tower Health Exercises</td>
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<td>L19</td>
<td>Music for Health, Dance and Song</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Q7</td>
<td>Patter and Song</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>P5</td>
<td>Organ Rhapsody, Doc Whipple</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Q15</td>
<td>Glee Club</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>L17</td>
<td>Morning Devotions, Religious Music</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>E4</td>
<td>Patter and Songs</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>T3</td>
<td>Morning Devotions, Religious Music</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>Q9</td>
<td>Tony Wons, Patter and Song</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>R7</td>
<td>Dance Band</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Q11</td>
<td>Golly and Dusty, Silver Dust Twins</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>R29</td>
<td>Popular Music, Fred Berrens</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>R18</td>
<td>Patter and Song</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>V3</td>
<td>Little Jack Little, Vocalist, Fiddlist</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>V30</td>
<td>Annie Hall, Current Events</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>T18</td>
<td>Sunday Service, Standard Music, Orchestral</td>
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<td>11:50</td>
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<td>T21</td>
<td>Will Osborne, Orchestra, Pedro De Cordoba</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>S3</td>
<td>Rhythm Kings, Popular Music</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

### TELLS YOU WHAT, WHEN AND WHERE

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**RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER**

**DAY BY DAY SCHEDULE**

### MONDAY AFTERNOON (cont’d)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>The Singing Lady, for Children</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Skippy</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Five Mexican Tenor</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>WEA</td>
<td>Paul Wing, the Story Man for Children</td>
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### MONDAY EVENING

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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Reis and Dunn, Novelly Orchestra</td>
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<td>Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra, Classical</td>
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<td>George Hall Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Dick During, a Boy of Today</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>King Kill Karol and Adolph</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Happy Wonder Bakers</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Tootie Jesters</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Eat and Drink Too</td>
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<td>Buck Rogers in the Year 2433</td>
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<td>WAEF</td>
<td>Burton Holmes, Century of Progress</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Everett Marshall, Al Mitchell's Orchestra</td>
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<td>Delphi's Martin's Orchestra, Travelers Quartet</td>
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<td>Devil Bird</td>
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<td>Five Star Theatre, Grouchko and Chico Marx</td>
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<td>Boke Carter</td>
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<td>The Goldberg's, Dramatic Sketch</td>
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<td>Ymca of San Francisco Man</td>
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<td>Swiss Yodelers</td>
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<td>Cloquet Club Eskimos, Variety Show</td>
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<td>WEA</td>
<td>Sonnylands Sketches, Dramatic Sketch</td>
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<td>Fray and Braegotti, Two Piano</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Phil Cook and Ingram Shavers, Comic</td>
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<td>WEA</td>
<td>Ted, A. P. Gippens, Medley Music</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Zion Boys, Male Quartet</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Sinclair Great Misters, Variety Show</td>
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<td>Evening in Paris</td>
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<td>WEA</td>
<td>Neighbors by Zone Gate, Dramatic</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Jack Frost Melody Moments, Medley</td>
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<td>Phil Cook and his Ingram Shavers</td>
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<td>Wabc contest Program, Medley</td>
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<td>Standard Music, Orchestral and Vocal</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>V5 Edwin C. Hill, Human Side of News</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Talks by President's Cabinet</td>
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<td>Howard Barlow and Symphony Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Zil Amos 'n Andy</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>11:15 WABC R21 Everett Marshall, Al Mitchell's Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>M12 Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>William O'Neal, Tenor, Popular Music</td>
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<td>WEA</td>
<td>Ralph Kirby in Song (Standard)</td>
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### TUESDAY MORNING (cont’d)

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<tr>
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<td>WEA</td>
<td>Anne Hard, Current Events</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Mystery Chef, Food Talk</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Clara, Lillie Emma, Humorous Sketch</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Popular Music, Vince Sorcy</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Your Child, Lectures</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Voice of Experience</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Frances Lee Barton, Food Talk</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>M49 Vince Sorcy and Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>M11 U. S. Army Band</td>
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<td>A5 Academy of Medicine Program</td>
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### TUESDAY AFTERNOON

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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Variety Show</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Buddy Harrod Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Concert Minatures, Emmy Deutsch</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Medley, Vocal and Organ</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Medley Music</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Basin House, Classical Music</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Madison Ensemble, Chorus</td>
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<td>Slam Lean on the Organ</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Dance and Song</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Talks, Educational</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>and Bob, Humorous Sketch</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>N7 Medley Music</td>
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<td>T6 Artist Recital, Standard Music</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>M45 Dance and Song</td>
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<td>M58 Frank Westphal Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>W23 Woman's Radio Review</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>B3 Poetry Reading and Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>T6 Gypsy Music Makers, Standard Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>M3 Freddie Berrens Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C7 Lady Next Door, for Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>F4 Bob Taplinger Interviews</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>T9 Dancing Echoes, Standard Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>C5 Dick Daring, a Boy of Today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>C13 The Singing Lady, for Children</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>C14 Skippy</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>C20 Nursery Rhymes, for Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>C8 Little Orphan Annie</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>M19 George Hall Orchestras</td>
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### TUESDAY EVENING

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Reis and Dunn</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>L1 Classical Songs, Frances Alda</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>M37 Ozzie Nelson Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>M28 Russian Gypsies, Standard Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>S1 Religious Hymns</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C4 Skippy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>T22 James Melton, Tenor, Standard Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>X10 Just Plain Bill (after May 22, 7:30 p.m.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>V8 Lowell Thomas, Today's News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>C8 Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>X1 Amos 'n Andy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>B30 Burton Holmes, Century of Progress</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Z1 Buck Rogers in the Year 2433</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>F15 Educational Lectures</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C4 The Devil Bird</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Z7 Judy Dean's Gymnasium</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>V1 Boke Carter</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R22 Irene Holland, Emil Coleman</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>WEA</td>
<td>X7 The Goldbergs, Dramatic Sketch</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Y2 Enos Crime Clues, Mystery Stories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>L2 Mary Eastman, Boyante</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Q1 Blackstone Plantation, Sanderson and Crumit</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R20 The Music Voice,-rate Hiift, Nick Dawson</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:25</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>C1 Adventures in Health, Dr. Bandeen</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R17 La Palma Presents Kate Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>A3 Lady Mary Serenade, Beauty Talk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>R14 Hot from Hollywood</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE**—Column 1, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Column 3, key station of chain. WEA indicates Red Network of WBC. WIZ indicates Blue Network of SBC and WABG indicates network of CBS. Column 4, index number, refers to the Classified Schedule, which is arranged alphabetically as to subjects, and numerically as to each classification. Wherever, in column 3, key station is marked with (*), programs are broadcast over part of chain, but key station in New York is omitted.

**TELLS YOU WHAT, WHEN AND WHERE**

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Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

Day by Day Schedule

Tuesday Evening, (cont'd)

Start Hrs.  Key  Index  Program Description
9:00  WABC X3  Easy Acres
9:00  WABC X4  Ben Bernie's Blue Ribbon Orchestra
9:00  WJZ T26  Willard Robinson Orchestra, Folk Music
9:15  WABC E34  Andre Kostelanetz Dance Orchestra
9:30  WABC L8  Ninia Martial and Symphony Orchestra
9:30  WEAF D7  Ed Wyand and Fire Chief Band
9:45  WJZ Q7  Tune Detective, Sigmund Speth
10:00  WABC DD8  Five Star Theatre
10:00  WABC T17  House of Musical Memories, Edgar A. Guest
10:45  WEAF X11  Lives at Stake, Dramatic Sketch
11:00  WABC R1  Howard Barlow, Symphony Orchestra
11:45  WEAF Z1  Zamos 'n Andy
11:45  WABC R54  Threads of Happiness
12:00  WABC M8  Dance Orchestra
12:00  WJZ G1  Adventures in Health, Dr. Budensen
12:45  WEAF T20  Ralph Kirby in Song (Standard)
12:30  WEAF D2  Ben Bernie's Blue Ribbon Orchestra
12:30  WABC M17  Ridgeway Beach Dance Orchestra

Wednesday Morning

Start Hrs.  Key  Index  Program Description
6:45  WEAF Q4  Tower Health Exercises
7:30  WABC Q3  Patter and Song
8:00  WEAF P3  Organ Rhapsody, Doc Whipple
8:45  WABC Q15  Patter and Song
8:30  WEAF R15  Glee Club
9:00  WJZ W6  Morning Devotions, Religious Music
9:15  WABC T26  Gypsy Chaliar, Inspiration and Song
9:30  WABC Q9  Tony Wones, Patter and Song
9:45  WEAF L6  Dance Band
10:00  WABC Q15  Goldy and Dusty, The Silver Twins
10:15  WABC Q3  Modern Living Health Talk
9:45  WEAF V3  Anne Hard, Current Events
9:45  WEAF Q4  Patter and Song
9:45  WABC R18  Little Jack Little, Piano, Song
10:00  WEAF T7  The Orchestra
10:15  WEAF T18  Standard Music, Vincent Sorey
10:15  WEAF K5  Quartet
10:30  WABC Z5  Clara, Lu'n Em, Humorous Sketch
10:30  WEAF L23  Instrumental Music, Classical
10:45  WEAF R7  Pedro de Cordoba, Will Osborne Orchestra
10:45  WEAF E2  Betty Crocker, Food Talk
10:45  WEAF T7  The Voice of Experience
11:00  WJZ J1  U. S. Army Band
11:00  WJZ T26  Hotel Forsyth Institute, Food Talk
11:45  WABC R7  Friendly Philosopher, Popular Music

Wednesday Afternoon

Start Hrs.  Key  Index  Program Description
12:00  WEAF K39  Popular Songs
12:15  WJZ L16  Variety Show
12:30  WJZ N10  Male Quartet
12:30  WABC T8  Compton Minatures, Emery Deutsch
12:45  WABC Z8  Dance and Song
1:05  WJZ N22  Medley, Organ and Vocal
1:15  WABC M19  George Hall Dance Orchestra
1:30  WABC T2  Madison Ensemble, Chorus
1:30  WABC T8  Scherban's Russian Gypsies Orchestra
1:30  WJZ M5  National Farm and Home Hour
2:00  WEAF M40  Palais D'Or Dance Orchestra
2:00  WABC P1  Ann Leaf at the Organ
2:00  WABC T5  Thomas Meigh, Standard Music
2:30  WABC M50  Dance and Song
2:45  WABC K31  Rhythm Kings, Popular Music
3:00  WJZ Z2  Betty and Hob, Humorous Sketch
3:00  WEAF L3  Grande Trio, Instrumental, Classical
3:15  WABC L14  Madame Belle Forbes Cutter
3:30  WABC N10  Women's Radio Review
3:45  WABC K3  The Eton Boys, Male Quartet
4:00  WEAF L17  Medley, Classical
4:00  WEAF L7  Dance Orchestras
4:45  WEAF F6  Going to Press, by Editors
4:45  WEAF A4  Vincent Sorey's Orchestra, Beauty Talk
5:00  WABC N10  Music of the Days
5:15  WJZ C5  Dick During, A Boy of Today
5:30  WABC C13  The Singing Lady, for Children

Wednesday Evening

Start Hrs.  Key  Index  Program Description
6:00  WEAF L12  Wadbod-Astorla Orchestra, Classical
6:15  WJZ C5  Dick During, A Boy of Today
6:15  WABC C6  King Kili Rose and Adolph
6:45  WABC R3  Happy Wonder Baker
6:30  WEAF V4  News in Washington, William Hard
6:30  WABC C14  Skippy
6:45  WJZ V8  Lowell Thomas, Today's News
6:45  WABC C8  Little Orphan Annie, for Children
6:45  WABC X10  Just Plain Hill (after May 22, 7:30 p.m.)
7:00  WJZ Z1  Zamos 'n Andy
7:15  WEAF BB4  Burton Holmes, Century of Progress
7:15  WABC Z3  Buck Rogers in the Year 2433
7:20  WABC R43  Delilah Martin's Orchestra, Travelers Quartet
7:30  WABC C4  The Devil Bird
7:30  WJZ L22  String Symphony, Classical
7:45  WEAF X7  The Golden Days, Dramatic Sketch
7:45  WABC V1  Booke Carter
7:45  WJZ Y2  Elvis Crime Club, Mystery Sketch
8:00  WEAF T5  Chase and Sanborn, Fannie Brice, George Olsen
8:00  WABC R17  La Palina Presents Kate Smith
8:15  WEAF D28  Woody Woodpecker Program, Popular Music
8:15  WABC D3  Phil Cook and Ingram Shavers, Comedy
8:45  WABC R4  Hot from Hollywood
9:00  WABC F7  Golf Program, Irvin S. Cobb
9:00  WJZ T4  Perde Grofe's Orchestra, with Benny Rove
9:15  WJZ V1  Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
9:15  WABC M32  Manhattan Swingers, Dance Music
9:30  WABC DD16  Robert Burns Farnatale Program, Guy Lombardo, Bette and Allen, Phil Regan
9:45  WJZ L7  Michia Levitski
10:00  WJZ N12  Revelers Quartet
10:00  WABC DB2  Old Gold Program, Fred Waring Pennsylvanians, Geo. Givot and "Mandy Lou"
10:15  WABC DD7  Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, Variety
10:15  WJZ D8  Irene Franklin and Jerry Jarmain
10:30  WABC V5  Edwin C. Hill, Human Side of News
10:30  WEAF B92  Exploring America's Conoco, Carverth Wells
10:30  WABC U2  Light Opera Gems, Channen Collinge
10:45  WABC VZ  Zamos 'n Andy
10:45  WABC Q2  Regal Orchestra
11:00  WABC R18  Little Jack Little, Vocalist, Pianist
11:00  WJZ R21  Everett Marshall, Al Mitchell's Orchestra
11:00  WABC W16  Hotel Magin D35
11:30  WJZ K8  Master Singers, Chorus
11:30  WABC M33  Dance Orchestra
11:30  WJZ T20  Rainbow, Baritone
12:00  WJZ M41  Dance Orchestra
12:05  WEAF M47  College Inn Dance Orchestra
12:05  WABC X1  Adventures of Sheri and H."H" Cole
12:30  WJZ M42  Hotel Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra
12:30  WABC M17  Ridgeway Beach Dance Orchestra

Thursday Morning

Start Hrs.  Key  Index  Program Description
6:45  WEAF Q4  Tower Health Exercises
7:30  WJZ Q3  Patter and Song
8:00  WABC W8  Wife Saver, Humorous Sketch
8:00  WEAF C21  Police and Song
8:30  WEAF K15  Glee Club
9:00  WJZ W6  Morning Devotions, Religious Music
9:00  WJZ Z4  Cherrico, Inspiration and Song
9:00  WABC O9  Tony Wones, Patter and Song
9:15  WABC M60  News in Washington, William Hard
9:15  WABC Q15  Gaily and Dusty
9:30  WABC G3  Modern Living Health Talk
9:45  WABC Q14  Popular Songs
9:45  WABC R18  Little Jack Little, Piano
9:45  WABC V3  Anne Hard, Current Events
9:45  WABC Q4  Popular Songs
9:45  WABC Z5  Female Variety Orchestra
9:45  WABC Z5  Hotel Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra
10:15  WABC X18  Luxembourg Gardens, Standard Music
10:15  WJZ Z5  Clara, Lu'n Em, Humorous Sketch
10:30  WJZ E6  Ida Bailey Allen, Kitchen Home Makers

NOTE—Column 1: Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Column 2: key station of choice. WEAF indicates field Network of NBC, WJZ indicates field Network of NBC and WABC indicates network of CBS. Column 4: index number refers to the Classified Schedule, which is arranged alphabetically as to subjects, and numerically as to each classification. Whenever, in column 2, a key station is marked with ('), programs are broadcast over part of chain, but key station in New York is omitted.

Tells you what, when and where

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THURSDAY MORNING, (cont’d)

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<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Four Clubmen, Male Quartet</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Callowhill Program, Emily Post</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Voice of Experience</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Franz Lee Barton, Food Talks</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Morning Melodies, Standard Music</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Magic Town and Round Towns Quartet</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
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<td>Kenan and Phillips, Piano, Popular</td>
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THURSDAY AFTERNOON

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<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Buddy Harrod and his Orchestra</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Popular Songs</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Palais D’or Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>1:05</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Medley, Organ and Vocal</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Palais D’or Dance Orchestra, Classical</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Palmer House Ensemble, Dance Music</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Lotus Gardens Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Ann Leaf at the Organ</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Patter and Song</td>
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<td>Frank Westphal Dance Orchestra, Review</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
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<td>T. S. Army Band</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
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<td>5:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Sonata Recital, Classical</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>George Hall Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Dick Daring, a Boy of Today</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Singing Lady, for Children</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Skippy</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
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THURSDAY EVENING

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<tr>
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<th>Program Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Current Events, H. V. Kaltenborn</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra, Classical</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Dick Daring, a Boy of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Music Nation Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Betty Barbell, Popular Songs</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>John B. Kennedy, News Comment</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Old Songs of Church, Religious Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill (after May 22, 7:45 p.m.</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Countess Olga Alban, Standard Song</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Lowell Thomas, Today’s News</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Amos ‘n’ Andy</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Buck Rogers in the Year 2433</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Burton Holmes, Century of Progress</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Booth Tarkington’s Maid and Cousin Bill</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Concert Medley, Classical</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>The Devil Bird</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Jack Dempsey’s Gymnasium</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Boake Carter</td>
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<td>The Goldbergs</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Syrian Horse, News Comment</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Evan Evans, Do Be Mi; Freddie Rich</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Captain Diamond’s Adventures, Dramatic</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Petersham House, Rudy Valley, Variety Show</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>La Palina Presents Kate Smith</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Eunice Thriller, Dramatic</td>
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<td>Hot from Hollywood</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Delicious View, Dramatic</td>
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FRIDAY MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Tower Health Exercises</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Heinz’s Rainbow, Big Band</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>Justice &quot;Em, Humorous Sketch</td>
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<td>The Happy Ramler, Novelty Music</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Little Jack Little, Popular Music</td>
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<td>Anne Hurd, Current Events</td>
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<td>Clara, &quot;Em, Humorous Sketch</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>James Melton, Tenor, Popular Songs</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Dave’s Orchestra</td>
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<td>Radio Symphony Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Ralph Kyley in Song, Standard</td>
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<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Hotel Lexington Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>Dancing in the Twin Cities</td>
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FRIDAY EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
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<td>Popular Songs</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Variety Show</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Concert Medley, Emy Deutsch</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Male Quartet</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Paints of Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Dance and Song</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Medley, Organ and Vocal</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Boaze House Ensemble, Classical</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>National Farm and Home Hour</td>
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<td>Magic of Speech, Talk</td>
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<td>Round Towns, Male Quartet</td>
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<td>Charles Gilbert Spross, classical music</td>
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<td>Betty and Bob, Humorous Sketch</td>
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<td>Alex Semler, Concert planting</td>
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<td>Famous Lovers, Dramatic</td>
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<td>Women’s Radio Review</td>
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<td>The Grab Bag, Choruses and Glee Clubs</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Benjamin Franklin Triangle Club, decorating</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>U. S. Army Band</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Arcadians, Vocal and Instrumental</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Lady Next Door, for Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>Boys’ Girls’ Day, Dramatic</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

NOTE—Column 1, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Column 3, key station of chains. WABC indicates Red Network of NBC, WJZ indicates Blue Network of NBC and WABC indicates network of CBS. Column 4, index number refers to the Classified Schedule, which is arranged alphabetically as to subjects, and numerically as to each classification. Wherever, in column 3, key station is marked with ( ), programs are broadcast over part of chain, but key station in New York is omitted.

TELLS YOU WHAT, WHEN AND WHERE

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## R A D I O  F A N - F A R E  P R O G R A M  F I N D E R

### FRIDAY AFTERNOON, (cont’d)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
<th>Key</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>WJZ C5</td>
<td>Dick Darling, a Boy of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>WEAFL15</td>
<td>Arlene Jackson, Torch Songs</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>WABC R22</td>
<td>Happy Wonder Bakers</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>WJZ C8</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
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### FRIDAY EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
<th>Key</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WEAFL12</td>
<td>Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra, Classical</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>WJZ C6</td>
<td>King Kill Rare and Adolph, for Children</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>WJZ* C5</td>
<td>Dick Darling, a Boy of Today</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC* C14</td>
<td>Skippy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WJZ Q6</td>
<td>Tastytest Jesters</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC X10</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill (after May 22, 7:30 p. m.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WJZ Z1</td>
<td>Amos ‘n Andy</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>WEAFO6</td>
<td>Borrah Minevitch and Harmonica Rascals</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WABC DB4</td>
<td>Barton Holmes, Century of Progress</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WJZ Q4</td>
<td>Book Tumming’s Maid and Cousin Bill</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>WABC T29</td>
<td>Variety Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>WABC C4</td>
<td>The Devil Bird</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>WJZ Y3</td>
<td>Five Star Theatre, Charlie Chan, Mystery</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>WABC BB1</td>
<td>Delphi Mark Twain and Travelers Quartet</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>WABC X7</td>
<td>The Goldbergs, Dramatic Sketch</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>WABC L4</td>
<td>Bosko Carter</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>WJZ X3</td>
<td>Nestle’s Program, Medley</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>WABC N2</td>
<td>Cities Serv. Concert, Medley, Jessica Dragone</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>WJZ Q1</td>
<td>Adventures in Health, Dr. Bundsen</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>WABC X6</td>
<td>The Foreign Legion</td>
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### SATURDAY MORNING, (cont’d)

<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>WJZ E3</td>
<td>Forecast School of Cookery</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WEAFL15</td>
<td>Radio Household Institute, Food</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>WABC B37</td>
<td>Sprague Warner Program</td>
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### SATURDAY AFTERNOON

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WJZ E30</td>
<td>Popular Songs</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WJZ M25</td>
<td>Hotel Knorr Music Orchestra</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>WABC M19</td>
<td>George Hall Hotel Taft Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WEAFL M1</td>
<td>Hotel Lexington Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:05</td>
<td>WJZ N2</td>
<td>Medley, Organ and Vocal</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>WABC M1</td>
<td>Madison Ensemble, Chorus</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>WABC M4</td>
<td>Hotel Biltmore Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>WABC T9</td>
<td>Dancing Echoes, Standard Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>WABC M59</td>
<td>Golden Pheasant Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>WABC R11</td>
<td>Dick Quarves, Popular Music</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>WABC L2</td>
<td>Savitt String Quartet, Classical</td>
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<td>WABC T7</td>
<td>Italian Lilt, Standard Music</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>WJZ M43</td>
<td>Radio Troubadours and Song Medley</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>WABC M34</td>
<td>Merry Madcapa, Dance and Tenor</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>WABC M51</td>
<td>Hall Thompson’s Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>WJZ M17</td>
<td>Love at the Organ</td>
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<td>3:30</td>
<td>WABC M51</td>
<td>Dance and Song</td>
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### SATURDAY EVENING

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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WABC H1</td>
<td>America’s Grub Street Speaks</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>WABC L12</td>
<td>Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra, Classical</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WJZ H4</td>
<td>Laws That Safeguard Society, Lectures</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>WABC C14</td>
<td>Skippy</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>WJZ* C8</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie, for Children</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>WABC F9</td>
<td>The Political Situation, Frederic Wilde</td>
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<td>WJZ H1</td>
<td>American Taxpayers, Talks</td>
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<td>WABC BB4</td>
<td>Barton Holmes, Century of Progress</td>
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<td>WJZ R21</td>
<td>Everett Marshall, Al Mitchell’s Orchestra</td>
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<td>WJZ M54</td>
<td>Paul Victorine’s Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC J2</td>
<td>Black Dipsey’s Gymnasium</td>
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<td>WJZ F10</td>
<td>Educational Lectures</td>
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<td>WABC R20</td>
<td>The Magic Voice, Elise Hitz, Nick Dawson</td>
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<td>WABC DD10</td>
<td>Kallenmeyer’s Kindergarten, Variety Show</td>
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<td>WABC M2</td>
<td>Leon Belasco Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC F5</td>
<td>Economic World, Lectures</td>
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<td>WABC X3</td>
<td>Easy Aces</td>
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<td>WABC T4</td>
<td>Perie Grofe’s Orchestra, with Ranny Weeks, Standard Music</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>WABC R4</td>
<td>Boswell Sisters, Popular Music</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>WABC Y6</td>
<td>K-7, Mystery Sketch</td>
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<td>WABC DD10</td>
<td>Saturday Frendlies, Variety Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>WJZ TJ4</td>
<td>Gilbert and Sullivan, Musical Gems</td>
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### SATURDAY EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>WEAFL M45</td>
<td>Saturday Night Dancing Party</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>WABC F4</td>
<td>Columbia Public Affair Institute</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>WJZ T5</td>
<td>Wide Awakes, Special Comedy</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>WABC R25</td>
<td>Gertrude Niesen, Popular Songs</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>WABC P6</td>
<td>Standard Music, Organ and Vocal</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>WABC P6</td>
<td>Standard Music, Organ and Vocal</td>
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### SATURDAY MORNING

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<tr>
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<td>WEAFL G4</td>
<td>Tower Health Exercises</td>
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<td>WJZ Q3</td>
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<td>WJZ Q8</td>
<td>Wife Saver, Alva Prescott, Humorous</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>WEAFL P4</td>
<td>Radio City Organ</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC R3</td>
<td>Glen Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>WJZ W6</td>
<td>Morning Devotions, Religious Music</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>WEAFL Z4</td>
<td>Cecilia, Inspiration and Song</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>WJZ Q14</td>
<td>Patter and Song</td>
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<td>WABC R18</td>
<td>Little Jack Little, Popular Music</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>WEAFL T1</td>
<td>Vass Family, Chorus, Folk Song</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>WJZ M60</td>
<td>Dance Echoes</td>
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<td>WEAFL N20</td>
<td>Novelty Music</td>
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<td>WJZ H1</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WABC C1</td>
<td>Adventures in Helen and Mary</td>
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### SATURDAY EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Start Hrs.</th>
<th>Key</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC M56</td>
<td>Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>WABC M2</td>
<td>Everett Marshall, Al Mitchell’s Orchestra</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>WABC M4</td>
<td>Hotel Biltmore Dance Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>WEAFL T20</td>
<td>Ralph Kirby in Song (Standard)</td>
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<td>WABC M18</td>
<td>Ted Fiorito Dance Orchestra, San Francisco</td>
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<td>WABC M42</td>
<td>Hotel Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra</td>
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<td>12:05</td>
<td>WABC L A3</td>
<td>Hotel Andrews, Los Angeles</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>WJZ J30</td>
<td>Hotel Shoreham Dance Orchestra</td>
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### NOTE

Column 1. Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Column 3. Key station of chains. WEAFL indicates Red Network of NBC. WJZ indicates Blue Network of NBC and WABC indicates network of CBS. Dance Orchestra Index numbers, column 15, apply to the Classic Schedule, which is arranged alphabetically by its subjects, and numerically in each classification. Wherever, in column 3, a key station is marked with (*), programs are broadcast over part of chain, but key station in New York is omitted.

T E L L S  Y O U  W H A T,  W H E N  A N D  W H E R E

*Notice of copyright. Method of arrangement copyrighted; infringement will be prosecuted.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
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<th>Index</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N 1</td>
<td>A. &amp; P. Gypsies</td>
<td>R 1</td>
<td>Carlile, Charles</td>
<td>N 11</td>
<td>Giles, Eva</td>
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<tr>
<td>T 24</td>
<td>Albani, Countes Oga</td>
<td>R 2</td>
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Note: Artists and stars are arranged alphabetically by names of individuals, towns or organizations. You can locate the programs on which the individual artists are appearing by following the index on the right which is arranged alphabetically. This index is based on the list of the Index number which is the left of the name and in following it through the CLARIFIED SCHEDULE. The Index numbers on the CLARIFIED SCHEDULE have been arranged alphabetically as regards the letters which set off the different types of programs and numerically to regards the programs listed under each different classification. If you want further information, address Editor of Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, enclosing return postage.

FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE STAR

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REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

PHIL BAKER, THE ARMOUR JESTER
(NBC-WJZ, Friday at 9:00 to 9:30 P. M.)


Comment—Phil has brought his stooge-heckler routine to the air with the same effectiveness with which he used it on the stage. It is only when he deviates from this technique and exchanges quips with McNaughton that the fun sags. However, this may not be a fair criticism, as Phil seemed to be a bit too quick for Harry’s British dialect humor at first, probably because they were not accustomed to each other. If Phil can keep the laughs coming as steadily as he did with his first few shows, he will be sitting pretty. The idea of the phantom voice that interrupts the conversation is certain to get over, regardless of whether you knew the Phil Baker—Sid Silvers stage combination or not. The singing by the Merrymen and the Neil Sisters is acceptable if not distinguished, and Roy Shields does well with a studio group of orchestra boys.

The Plug—The program director had a swell idea when he started this show. The trick was to sing the commercial announcement—but they didn’t let it go at that. For some reason sponsors just can’t believe that you heard them the first time, so in the Baker program they had to repeat the sentiments of the song in the usual dry harangue, which is made harder to take by a jig-saw give-away speech.

Opinion—Don’t let the announcement keep you from hearing Phil.

RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB
(NBC-WEAF, Friday at 10:30-11:00 P. M.)

Cast—Alex Morrison—Betty Barthell—Jack Golden’s Orchestra.—Ben Grauer (Announcer).

Comment—With the golf season starting, this program should pull in the pasture-pool addicts by the thousands. Alex Morrison is recognized today as one of the most efficient golf teachers the game has produced, and he has developed such a graphic method of explaining his theories that it is possible to pick up many valuable pointers from his radio chats. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Morrison system is that he does not attempt to confuse you with irrelevant and complicated details. He has reduced the golf swing to its simplest elements—which you will find a big help after all the chit-chat that has been handed out for years by so-called experts. (This information can be given with authority, as the writer has been one of Mr. Morrison’s pupils and has played with him a number of times.) In addition to the golf talks, there is singing by the well-known Betty Barthell, and music by John Golden’s capable bandmen.

The Plug—The gift inducement on this program is a copy of the Morrison golf lesson, which is handed out gratis at Richfield Oil stations. During his spiel, Alex manages to drag in the product by trick analogies built around the golf swing—the necessity for “proper lubrication in the joints,” etc. The sponsor’s name is also brought in through the music. The advertising altogether is handled better than most commercials.

Opinion—Good music—intelligent program construction—and some real help for golfers.

John Henry . . . the Black River Giant goes voodoo

DOROTHY FIELDS AND JIMMY MCHugh
(NBC-WJZ, Friday at 10:15-10:30 P. M.)

Cast—Dorothy and Jimmy.

Comment—Here is a talented team that might do well by a sponsor. Dorothy, daughter of Lew Fields (Weber and Fields), was known only as an expert lyricist until somebody over at Radio City heard her croon and installed her in the Music Hall as one of the first attractions to show in that edifice. This gave her the inspiration to combine with her old composing teammate, Jimmy McHugh, and take a shot at the air. Jimmy plays the piano and Dorothy sings in a low, throaty voice characterized by excellent showmanship in delivery. In addition to reviving all the hits they have written together, the team offers brand new stuff, with the ink still warm. Among the popular ditties they have penned are: “I Can’t Give You Anything But Love,” “Hey, Young Fella,” “Sunny Side Of The Street,” “Cuban Love Song,” “Must Have That Man,” “Doing The New Low Down” (Bill Robinson’s favorite jig tune), “Diga-Diga-Doo,” “Blue Again,” and “Go Home And Tell Your Mother.”

Opinion—Intelligent entertainment—and enough creative talent to provide originality and variety on a regular program.

PONTIAC PRESENTS—
(CBS-WABC, Thursday at 9:30-10:00 P. M.)

Cast—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—William O’Neil (Tenor)—Jeannie Lang (“Cute” Soprano)—Andre Kostelanetz and Mixed Chorus—Louis Dean (Announcer).

Comment—Stoopnagle and Budd were not given the prominence they deserved in the first few of these programs, but the sponsors evidently saw their error—and, by correcting it, brightened the show considerably. These two lads are good judges of the ga-ga, incongruous type of humor, know when they’ve said enough, and have the happy trick of never seeming important. They also know the reverse-English value of kidding their product, and do it as much as the sponsors will allow. Mr. O’Neil is an exponent of the robust light opera school. He is best when singing about soldiers of the king and other he-man themes which require lung power. Miss Lang is about to be too cute, if she hasn’t been already. She should cut down on her giggle and get a few new tricks. If feminine psychology is what the experts would have you believe, Jeannie’s coyness must annoy plenty of the female listeners. The chorus and orchestra work can always be relied on. Any chorus and orchestra could hardly be anything but excellent, under the direction of Andre Kostelanetz.

The Plug—The pleasant air manner of Announcer Louis Dean and the kidding of the Colonel and Budd, supply much needed relief to the rather heavy stuff in the announcement.

Opinion—Good all-family program.
TRIPLE BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS
(CBS-WABC, Friday at 8:30 to 9:00 P. M.)

Cast—Carson Robison, John and Bill Mitchell, Pearl Pickens, and others.

Comment—This program, featuring “Carson Robison and his Buckaroos,” is being given an important build-up by Columbia over its whole network in an effort to interest a sponsor—and I see no reason why some advertiser doesn’t grab it off. The intelligently written and directed story and clever sound effects create a convincing atmosphere of Western pioneer days—the songs cover the entire field of cowboy and hill-billy tunes (over 200 of which were written by Mr. Robison himself)—and the unnamed actors who perform in the stories of the Old West are consistently effective. Carson, and the fellow who writes or adapts the plays, have shown good judgment in not allowing the program to be characterized by an overemphasis on Western melodramatic hokum. They not only leaven the talk with plenty of good singing, but they also get the adventure angle over without making twenty-seven redskins bite the dust every few minutes. And they have relatively few stagecoach holdups.

Opinion—Well planned and entertainingly produced Western sketches. If they maintain the high level of the first programs, you can let Junior listen in without the fear that he may get up in the middle of the night and scalp his baby sister.

JULY HENRY, BLACK RIVER GIANT
(CBS-WABC, Sunday at 8:00-8:15, and 8:45-9:00 P. M.)

Cast—Juano Hernandez, Georgia Burke, and other well known stage players in an all-negro cast.

Comment—The character of John Henry, the Black River Giant, is taken from the writings of Roark Bradford. It is drawn with the fine imagination and authenticity of detail that mark all of Mr. Bradford’s works dealing with the Southern negro. The title role is played by Juano Hernandez, an actor of considerable ability, whose activities in private life have fitted him particularly well for the part. He has swung a sledge hammer as a day laborer, and “roasted” cotton bales along the Mississippi levees—so he knows the language of John Henry, and is familiar with the customs of the colored folks in the delta country. In addition to these qualifications, he is a continuity writer, collaborating with Geraldine Garlick in the composition of all the “John Henry” scripts. The program is in two parts. The first fifteen minutes are used for building up the character. Then there is a half hour interval, given to another program, after which “John Henry” comes back on the air, and the real dramatic action of the broadcast is offered.

Opinion—This should find more favor in rural communities than in metropolitan districts, and will be especially appreciated in the South. Excellent “atmosphere” program—good direction—fine speaking and singing voices—exciting and authentic negro folk lore and “voodoo” ceremonies.

JACK BENNY’S CHEVROLET PROGRAM
(NBC-WJAF, Friday at 10 to 10:30 P. M.)

Cast—Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, James Melton, Frank Black’s Orchestra and Male Chorus.

Comment—According to the latest expert reports, this program has been losing favor. We doubt it. If Jack Benny’s smooth, ingenious sense of building up laugh-provoking situations is not more enjoyable than the usual stale-joke routine of air comedy—well, the country’s sense of humor should have a new deal. Just how the popularity of air stars should be determined is still a matter of debate among the boys who pay the bills. The fan-mail test has been a criterion, but that is another racket that needs a new deal . . . and not from the bottom of the deck. Anybody can get letters by begging for them and using written propaganda.

As an example of Jack’s smart fun, we recall his Kiddie program . . . with each member of his troupe reciting Mother Goose with the rhymes conspicuously absent . . . Jack’s amusing rendition of “Sonny Boy” despite concentrated opposition from the orchestra . . . and his Red Riding Hood bedtime story, with which he put himself to sleep. (The idea was used in a Laurel and Hardy movie comedy, but Jack’s exploitation topped the screen version.)

Mary Livingston, Jack’s wife, continues to be an effective stooge . . . the chorus work is O. K. . . . any time you see Frank Black’s name in the lineup, you know the orchestral music will be a treat, and James Melton is one of the most popular tenors on the air. (And Mr. Melton may be surprised to know that this review was written by a bird who used to applaud his playing and warbling when he was in the University of Florida band.)

The Plug—Humorous introduction of the advertising makes it more digestible (and if they will give Jack the leeway he had with the Canada Dry show, he’ll remove even more of the sting.)

Opinion—Excellent music and consistent fun. (Continued on page 28)
## D - COMEDIANS

**D1 - PHIL BAKER, THE ARMSMITH JESTER** - Friday, 1/2 hour. The Armour Jester, Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield, Merrie-Men, Neil Sisters.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>WBRA</td>
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**D2 - BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA** - Tuesday, 1/2 hour.

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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**D3 - PHIL COOK AND HIS INGRAM SHAVERS** - Monday, Wed., Fri., 1/2 hour.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>WBRA</td>
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**D4 - FIVE STAR THEATRE; GROUCHO AND CHICO MARX** - Monday, 1/2 hour.

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<tr>
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**D5 - GULF HEADLINERS WITH WILL ROGERS** - Sunday, 1/2 hour.

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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**D8 - LUCKY STRIKE HOUR**

**D7 - ED WYNN AND THE FIRE CHIEF BAND** - Tuesday, 1/2 hour.

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<tbody>
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**D9 - IRENE FRANKLIN AND JERRY JARNAGIN** - Wed., Fri., 1/2 hour.

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### E - FOOD

**E1 - FRANCES LEE BARTON** - Tuesday and Thursday, 1/2 hour.

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**E2 - BETTY CRICKER** - Wednesday and Friday, 1/2 hour.

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<td>11:00 AM</td>
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**E3 - FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY** - Saturday, 1/4 hour. Mrs. A. M. Gouds, 11:00 AM - ESD 9:00 AM.

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<thead>
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**E4 - MYSTERY CHEF** - Tuesday and Thursday, 1/2 hour.

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**E5 - RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE** - Wednesday and Saturday, 1/2 hour.

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**E6 - VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN** - Thursday, 1/2 hour.

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### F - GENERAL

**F1 - AMERICAN LEGION PROGRAM**

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**F2 - COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES** - Friday, 1/2 hour.

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**F3 - COLUMBIA PUBLIC AFFAIRS INSTITUTE** - Sat, 1/2 hour.

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### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

*Notice of copyright. Method of arrangement copyrighted. Infringement will be prosecuted.*
### RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

#### CLASSIFIED SCHEDULE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Programs</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00 PM - 6:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>ECONOMIC WORLD</strong> (Saturday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 PM - 7:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>GULF PROGRAM</strong> (Wednesday and Friday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 PM - 7:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>INTERNATIONAL RADIO FORUM</strong> (Sunday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 PM - 8:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>TALKS-EDUCATIONAL</strong> (Tuesday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 PM - 9:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>EDUCATIONAL LECTURES</strong> (Saturday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 PM - 10:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>LAWYER AND THE PUBLIC</strong> (Sunday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 PM - 11:00 PM</td>
<td><strong>Magic of Speech</strong> (Friday)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 PM - 12:00 AM</td>
<td><strong>MEET THE ARTIST</strong> (Tuesday)</td>
</tr>
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</table>

#### PRIMARY SPEECH TIMES

- **Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder**
- **Educational Lectures**
- **LAWYER AND THE PUBLIC**
- **Magic of Speech**

**NOTE:** The index number appearing at the left of each program title is keyed for reference from Day by Day Schedule and Artist Schedule. Then follows the name of the principal artist. The stations, if any, for which the programs are approved is given in the next column. Where an exact time is given, the material is to be found on key stations of the networks as designated on Station Schedule. Write Fan-Fare Program Finder, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, for further information.

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**LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST**

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# RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

## CLASSIFIED SCHEDULE

### G—HEALTH

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<th>Program</th>
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<td>WCCO</td>
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<td>Radio WOW</td>
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<td>WIBA</td>
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<td>WIBA</td>
<td>Radio WOW</td>
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<td>WRVA</td>
<td>10:45 AM</td>
<td>WRVA</td>
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<td>WFLA</td>
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### I—MUSIC—BAND

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### H—HOME AND GARDEN

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### J—MUSIC—CHAMBER

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### K—MUSIC—CHORUSES, GLEE CLUBS, QUARTETS, ETC.

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<td>WIBA</td>
<td>Radio WOW</td>
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<td>Radio WOW</td>
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### NOTES

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## LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

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### Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder**

#### K5—FOUR SHARPS—Wednesday, ½ hour, 10:15 AM—ED—WEAF Network.

#### K7—MADISON SINGERS—Tuesday, ¾ hour, 10:30 AM—ED—WABC Network.

#### K3—THE MASTER SINGERS—Wednesday, ½ hour, 11:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network.

#### K10—THE ROUND TOWERS—Friday, ½ hour, 12:30 PM—CS 12:30 PM—CS—KOIN 12:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

#### K11—SWISS TODELERS—Monday, 7:00 PM—CS—K24 6:00 PM—CS—WTAR 6:00 PM—CS—WABC 6:00 PM—CS—WABC.

#### K12—VINEKIE EXQUISE—Sunday, ½ hour, 6:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network.

#### K13—PILGRIM’S CHORUS—Sunday, ¾ hour, 2:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

#### K16—MORNING GLEE CLUB—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 6:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

### L—Music—Classical

#### L1—MME. FRANCES ALDA

- **Tuesday, ¾ hour**
  - 6:00 PM—ED—WEAF CRAW WBNH WBNH CRAW WBNH
  - 6:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 6:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L2—MARY EASTMAN, SOPRANO

- **Tuesday, ¾ hour**
  - 7:00 PM—CS—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 7:00 PM—CS—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 7:00 PM—CS—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L3—GRANDE TRIO—Wednesday, ½ hour.

- 9:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 9:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 9:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L4—BEN GREENBLATT, PIANIST

- **Tuesday, ¾ hour**
  - 8:45 AM—CS—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 8:45 AM—CS—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L5—IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY—Sunday, ½ hour.

- 8:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 8:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L6—LA FORGE BERUHEN MUSICAL—Thursday, ¼ hour.

- 2:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 2:00 PM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

### L7—MISCHA LEVITZ, PIANIST—Wednesday, ½ hour.

- 1:30 PM—ED—WSJL WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 1:30 PM—ED—WSJL WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L8—CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS—Friday, ½ hour.

- 3:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 3:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L9—SYLVIA SAPIRA, SONGS—Monday, ½ hour.

- 7:30 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 7:30 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L10—WALDORF ASTORIA ORCHESTRA—Monday, ½ hour.

- 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L11—MARY MEYER, SOPRANO—Thursday, ½ hour.

- 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L12—CONCERT MEDLEY—Thursday, ½ hour, 1:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network.

- 10:15 AM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 10:15 AM—ED—WABC WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L13—MADAME BELLE FORBES CUTTER AND ORCHESTRA—Wednesday, ½ hour.

- 1:15 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 1:15 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L14—ESSEX HOUSE ENSEMBLE—Friday, ½ hour.

- 1:15 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 1:15 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

#### L15—BEN GREENBLATT, PIANIST—Tuesday, ¾ hour.

- 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH
  - 8:00 PM—ED—WEAF WBNH WBNH WBNH WBNH

### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

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### Note:
The index number appearing at the start of each program title is keyed for reference from Day by Day Schedule and Artist Schedule. Then follows the name of the principal artist and the station listing. These programs are abbreviated as follows: for Eastern Daylight, ED; for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight, CS for Central Standard, M for Mountain, P for Pacific Coast. Last minute changes make absolute accuracy impossible. Hence, if you do not find a specific program in a specific slot, try another slot in the same zone. The program may then be obtained by tuning into key stations of the networks as designated on Station Schedule. Write Fan-Fare Program Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, for further information you require, enclosing return postage.
MUSIC—DANCE


M2—LEON BELLASCO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Saturday, 1:30—2:30 P.M.—ED—WBAL Network.

M3—FRED BERKENS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Monday, 8:15—9:15 P.M.—ED—WABC Network. Tuesday, 5:00—6:00 P.M.—ED—WABC Network. Thursday, 5:30—6:30 P.M.—ED—WABC Network.


M9—DANCE MUSIC—Sunday, 2:00—3:00 P.M.—ED—WBAL Network.

M10—DANCE MUSIC—Sun., 12:00—12:30 P.M.—ED—WABC Network. Including Jan Garber.

M11—DANCE MUSIC—Sun., 1:00—1:30 P.M.—ED—WEBN Network. Including Ted Black, Hotel Adelphi.


M13—DANCE ORCHESTRA—Wednesday, 8:30—9:00 P.M.—ED—WBIG Network.


M15—DANCING IN THE TWIN CITIES—Thursday, 5:30—6:00 P.M.—ED—WEBN Network.

NOTE: The index number appearing at the left of each program title is keyed for reference from DAY BY DAY SCHEDULE and ARTIST SCHEDULE. Thus follows the names of the principal artists and the station listings. Time zones are abbreviated as follows: ED for Eastern Daylight, ED-CS for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight. CS for Central Standard, M for Mountain, P for Pacific Coast. Last minute changes make absolute accuracy impossible, hence, if you do not find a specific program in a specific station, try other stations listed in the same time zone. Where no station listing is given, hook-up is variable, but best results can be obtained by tuning in on key stations of the networks as designated on STATION SCHEDULE. Write Fan-Fare Program Editor, 220 Lexington Avenue, New York, for further information you require, enclosing return postage.
### Classified Schedule

#### Radio Schedule Finder

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WJZ</td>
<td>10:00 PM</td>
<td>WEAF Network, Erna Gaines, Lou Sullivan, Irving Miller</td>
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<tr>
<td>WCBS</td>
<td>11:00 PM</td>
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#### Q—Music, Patter and Song

**Q1**—Blackstone Plantation—Tuesday, 1/2 hour, Julia Sanborn, Frank Crumit, Jack Skinner.

**Q2**—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson—Sunday, 1/2 hour, 2:00 PM.

**Q3**—Don Hall Trio—Sunday, 1/4 hour, 11:15 AM.

**Q4**—The Dixieland Feature—Wednesday, 1/4 hour.

**Q5**—Led Reis and Art Dunne—Tuesday, 1/4 hour.

**Q6**—Dixie Yest Jesters—Monday and Friday, 1/4 hour.

### Music: Schedule Finder

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### Notes

- All times are Eastern Daylight Time (EDT) except for Eastern Standard Time (EST) and Central Daylight Time (CDT). Last minute changes may make programs arrive in your area late or early; if you do not find a specific program on a specific station, try other stations listed in the same time zone. Where no station listing is given, hook-up is variable, but best results can be obtained by tuning in an East Coast station and then scanning the broadcast network.

- Saturday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Sunday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Monday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Tuesday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Wednesday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Thursday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM
- Friday: 7:00 AM—12:00 PM

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Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

Classified Schedule*

54—Pages of Romance—Sunday, 1/4 hour.
5:30 PM—ED
WIZ WBE WBA WLW
3:00 PM—ED
WBA WLW
4:30 PM—ES-CG
WBA WLW
5:00 PM—CS
WBA WLW

55—Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ—Sunday, 1 hour.
11:30 AM—ED
18:30 AM—ED
3:00 AM—ED
WLB WHP
WLB WHP
WLB WHP

T—Music—Standard Folk Songs

TI—American Album Familiar Music—Sunday, 1/2 hour, Gary Moen, Elma Olsen, Aline and Arden, Bertrand Miers. M P
9:30 PM—ED
8:00 PM—ED
WRAF WCAK
WFAI WAI
WRAF WCAK
WFAI WAI

TQ—Radio Grote’s Orchestra with Ranny Weeks—Monday, 1/2 hour.
6:45 PM—ED
7:00 PM—ES-CG
WIAF WCAK
WFAI WAI

TS—Rhoda Arnold and Charles Carlos Duets—Sunday, 1/2 hour, 11:00 AM—ED—WABC Network.
4:00 PM—ED
2:00 PM—ED
WTB WTB

TQ—CBS Orchestra with Ed Meehan—Wednesday, Saturday, 5:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.
WIAF WCAK
WFAI WAI

TT—CBS Orchestra with Ed Meehan—Friday, 11:00 AM—ED—WABC Network.

E—Concert Miniatures—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 1/4 hour—Emmy Durnach.
12:30 PM—ED
11:30 AM—ES—10:30 AM—CS
9:30 AM
WABO WORF
WABO WORF
WABO WORF

TQ—Columbia Artist Recital—Monday, 1/2 hour, 4:30 PM—ED—WABC Network.
Tuesday, 1/4 hour, 3:15 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Columbia Orchestra—Monday, 1/4 hour, 3:15 PM—ED—WABC Network.
Friday, 1/4 hour, 2:30 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Dancing Echoes—Tuesday, 1/4 hour, 5:15 PM—ED—WABC Network.
Saturday, 1/4 hour, 2:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Emery Deutsch and His Orchestra—Sunday, 1/4 hour, 12:30 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Phil Dewey and His Fire Side Songs—Sunday, 3/4 hour.

TQ—Gibert and Sullivan Gems—Saturday, 1/4 hour, Alma Kitchell, C. W. Merrell Wilson, Soprano; Fred Haysmith, Tenor; John Barlow, Baritone; Charles Pascale, Bass; Harold Nadler.
10:00 PM—ED
9:00 PM—ES—CG
WIZ WBE WBA WML
2:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Tito Guzman—Monday, Saturday, 3/4 hour.
5:45 PM—ED
4:45 PM—ES—CG
3:45 PM—ES—CG
2:45 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Gypsy music makers—Tuesday, 1/4 hour, 4:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Household Musical Memories—Tuesday, 1/4 hour, Edgar Guest, Josee Keckler, Alice MacK.
10:00 PM—ED
9:00 PM—ES—CG
WIZ WBE WBA WML

TQ—In the Luxembourg Gardens—Monday, 1/4 hour, Thursday, 1/3 hour, 1:45 AM—ED—WABC Network, Enemy Drumsho, Conductor.

TQ—Italian Idyll—Saturday, 1/2 hour.
3:00 PM—ED
2:00 PM—ES—CG
1:00 PM—CS
WRAF WCAK
WRAF WCAK
WRAF WCAK

TQ—James Melton, Tenor—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
2:00 PM—ED
1:00 PM—ES—CG
5:00 PM—CS
WIAF WTAH
WIAF WTAH
WIAF WTAH

TQ—Morning Moods—Monday, 1/4 hour, 11:30 AM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Olgia, Countess Albani—Monday, Thursday, 3/4 hour.
6:45 PM—ED
5:45 PM—ES—CG
4:45 PM—ES—CG
2:45 PM—ED—WABC Network.

TQ—Rhythmic Serenade—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 1/4 hour, 12:45 PM—ED—WIZ Network, Josee Keckler’s Orchestra, Mary Steele.

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Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

Classified Schedule

T25—Willard Robinson Deep River Orchestra—Tuesday, 1½ hour.
9:00 PM—ED
WJZ WBZ
WBAL WMAL
KWB WREN
5:00 PM—ED
WBZA KDRA
KSO

T26—U.S. Marine Band—Saturday, 1½ hour.
7:00 PM—ED
WBZ WBCA
WBBM WBBN
KAU WBYB
5:00 PM—ED
WBZ WBBA
WBBN WBBY
KAP WBYB

T27—LON REEDS ROMANY TRIOPE—Sunday, ½ hour.
11:00 PM—ED
WABC WBBB
WBAL WWOY
5:00 PM—ED
WBBB WBBB
WBBW WBBQ

T28—GEORGE SCHERBAN'S RUSSIAN GYPSIES ORCHESTRA—Tuesday, ½ hour.
6:30 PM—ED
WABC WBBV
WBAL WCWR
5:30 PM—ED
WBBV WBBV
WBBY WBBZ

T29—SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—Sunday, ½ hour.
10:15 AM—ED
WJZ WBZ

T31—VASS FAMILY—Sat., ¼ hour.
9:45 AM—ED
WEAF WERF
WJZ WBZ

T33—RADIO RUBES—Sunday, ½ hour.
11:30 AM—ED—WEAF Network.
11:00 AM—ED—WEAF Network.

U—Music—Symphony

U2—Light Opera Gems—Wednesday, ½ hour.
6:45 PM—CS
Chamber Collage, Conductor.
10:45 PM—ED
WBZ WBBB
5:45 PM—CS
WMAL WBBM

U3—Symphonic Hour—Sunday, 1 hour.
3:00 PM—ED—WABO Network.

V—NEWS REPORTS

V1—8DAKE CARTER—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ¼ hour.
7:45 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WHK WHK
WJS WJS

V2—CURRENT EVENTS—Thursday, ½ hour.
H. V. Kahlenberg
6:00 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WHK WHK
WJS WJS

Ann Hard,
6:30 PM—ED
WEAF WELI
WJZ WBZ

V4—BACK IN TIME—WASHINGTON—Wednesday, 4½ hour.
William Hard
6:30 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WHK WHK

V5—EDWIN C. HILL—"Human Side of News"—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ¼ hour.
3:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

V6—JOHN B. KENNEDY—Thursday, 5 minutes.
6:30 PM—ED
WEAF WZQA
WJZ WBZ

V7—DAVID LAWRENCE, CURRENT GOVERNMENT—Sunday, ½ hour.
8:00 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WJZ WBZ

4:30 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WJZ WBZ

V9—MERLE THORPE—Thursday, ¾ hour.
7:45 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WJZ WBZ

V10—WALTER WINCHELL—Sunday, ¾ hour.
9:30 PM—ED
WABC WZQA
WJZ WBZ

V11—WORLD TODAY—Monday, ¾ hour.
James G. McDonald
7:45 PM—ED
WEAF WZQA

V12—JUICE CONCENTRATE—Sunday, 1 hour. Daily.

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W—RELIGIOUS SERVICES

W1—CATHOLIC HOUR—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
6:00 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
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2:00 PM

W2—COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR (Protestant)—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
10:00 AM—ED
WABO WOBO
WAFB WGBF
WABA WGBA
WLBZ WHP
WROC WBO
WROG WBO
WDC WBS
WCRF CB

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2:00 PM

W3—COLUMBIA CHURCH OF THE AIR (Other than Protestant)—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
1:00 PM—ED
WABO WOBO
WAFB WGBF
WABA WGBA
WLBZ WHP
WROC WBO
WROG WBO
WDC WBS
WCRF CB

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2:00 PM

W4—ELDER MACHA AND CONGREGATION—Saturday, 1/2 hour.
10:00 AM—ED
WABO WOBO
WAFB WGBF
WABA WGBA
WLBZ WHP
WROC WBO
WROG WBO
WDC WBS
WCRF CB

M
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2:00 PM

W5—THE RADIO PULPIT—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
Dr. Elmer W. Stackman
2:00 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
WJY WWX
WAG WAM
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2:00 PM


W7—THE WORLD OF RELIGION—1/2 hour.
Dr. Stanley High
8:00 PM—ED
WJZ WRB
BWA BWP
WHE WGW
WBS WBE
WGC WHE
WZB WRT
WBM WRH
WBI WFL
WGG WRC

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2:00 PM

W8—SABBATH EVEWR—Sunday, 1/2 hour. 1:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network
Dr. Charles L. Goodell

X—SKETCHES—DRAMATIC

X1—CAPTAIN DIAMOND’S ADVENTURES—Thursday, 1/2 hour.
8:00 PM—ED
WJZ WRB
WHE WRH
WGC WHE

X2—DEATH VALLEY DAYS—Thursday, 1/2 hour. Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edw W. Whitney, Joseph Bonina, Director.
8:00 PM—ED
WJZ WRB
WHE WRH
WGC WHE

X3—FAMOUS LOVES—Friday, 1/2 hour. Ultra Torgerson.
5:15 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
WJY WWX
WAG WAM
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2:00 PM

X4—THE FOREIGN LEGION—Friday, 1/2 hour.
3:00 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
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2:00 PM

X5—THE GOLDSMITHS—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 3/4 hour.
Gerrard Berg, James Walters

X6—GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
3:00 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
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2:00 PM

X7—REVERIES—Saturday, 1/2 hour. Arthur Berg, Paul Berg

X8—THE WORLD OF RELIGION—1/2 hour.
8:00 PM—ED
WSL WPL
WJH WJS
WDS WIC
WIS WSS
WBE WBU
WEA WLB
WAB WID
WCL WAA
WBM WBE

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2:00 PM

X9—JACK HENRY—BLACK RIVER GIANT—Sunday, 3/4 hour.

X10—JUST PLAIN BILL—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 3/4 hour.
After May 22nd, 45 minutes later.

X11—LIVES AT STAKE—Tuesday, 1/2 hour.
8:00 PM—ED
WEAF WTAG
WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
WJY WWX
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2:00 PM

X12—NEIGHBORS—Monday, 1/2 hour.
9:30 PM—ED
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WJU WRI
WBTB WSW
WJW WJS
WGY WGG
WDB ZHE
WAG WAM
WXG WMAQ
WAC WMW
WIR WIS
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2:00 PM

X13—THE GOSPEL SONG—Sunday, 1/2 hour.

X14—RELIGIOUS SERVICES—Sunday, 1/2 hour.

X15—WEDNESDAY EVENING—Sunday, 1/2 hour.

X16—YESTERDAY—Saturday, 1/2 hour.

X17—ZENITH—Saturday, 1/2 hour.

NOTE: The index number appearing at the left of each program title is keyed for reference from DAY BY DAY SCHEDULE and ARTIST SCHEDULE. Then follows the names of the principal artists and the stations of the networks. These names are abbreviated as follows: ED for Eastern Daylight, CS for Central Standard, M for Mountain, P for Pacific Coast. Last minute changes make absolute accuracy impossible; hence, if you do not find a specific program on a specific station, try other stations listed in the same group. Note also that no station listing is given, hook-up is variable, and information is obtained by tuning in on key stations of the networks as designated on STATION SCHEDULE. Write Fan-Fare Program Editor, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, for further information.

LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

*Notice of copyright. Method of measurement copyrighted. Intrusion will be prosecuted.
Y—SKETCHES—Detective and Mystery

Y1—ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—Wednesday, 1/2 hour. Richard Gordon, Leon Galvez, Josephine Evans. 5:00 PM—ED

Y2—ENDS CRIME CLUES—Tuesday and Wednesday, 1/2 hour. Edward Reese, Georgia Baskin. 8:00 PM—ED

Y3—FIVE STAR THEATRE—CHARLIE CHAN—Friday, 1/2 hour. Walter Connolly. 7:30 PM—ED

Y5—ORANGE LANTERN—Sunday, 1/2 hour. 10:45 PM—ED

Y6—"K—P—"—Saturday, 1/4 hour. 9:30 PM—ED

Z—HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Z1—AMOS & ANDY—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1/4 hour. 7:00 PM—ED

Z2—BETTY AND BERT—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 1/2 hour. 2:00 PM—ED

Z3—BUCK ROGERS IN THE YEAR 2433—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 1/2 hour. 7:15 PM—ED

Z4—CHEERIE—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 1/2 hour. J. Harrison Isles. 9:00 AM—ED

Z5—CLARA, LU "N'EM—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. 3/4 hour. Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers, Helen King. 10:15 AM—ED

Z6—CUCKOO PROGRAM—Saturday, 1/2 hour. Raymond Knight, Robert Armbruster. 9:30 PM—ED

Z7—JACK DEMPSEY'S GYMNASIUM—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 1/4 hour. 7:30 PM—ED

Z8—HDRSE SENSE PHILOSOPHY—Sunday, 1/4 hour. Andrew F. Kelly. 7:15 PM—ED

Z9—DOODLE DUMPFEE & BUDD—9:30 PM—ED

Z10—COLONEL STODPKAGE AND BUD—8:30 PM—ED

Z11—BDDTH TINKTANK'S MAUD AND COUSIN BILL—Thurs., Fri. 3/4 hour.

Z12—TRIPLE BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—Monday, 1/2 hour. 8:15 PM—ED

Z13—SMACKOUT—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday. 1/4 hour, 12:00 NOON—ED

BB—TRAVEL

BB1—CDKX TRAVELOGUES—Sunday, 1/4 hour. Malcolm LaPrade. 11:15 PM—ED

BB2—EXPLODING AMERICA WITH CONDOO—Wed., 1/4 hour. Carvel Wells. 8:30 PM—ED


PLACES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

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### DD—VARIETY SHOWS

**DD1—BEST FOODS MUSICAL GROCERY STORE—**Friday, 1 hour, The Burglar, with Bert Bailey, The Singing Cliers, Harry Sayer's Orchestra.

9:00 P.M. 8:30 P.M. 8:00 P.M.

KGO  WCCO  WBAL

DD2—CHASE & SANDBORN HOUR

Sunday, 1 hour

KSD  WOC  WYI

DD3—CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Fri., ½ hr.

Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, James Mellen, Frank Black and His Orchestra

6:00 P.M. 6:30 P.M. 7:00 P.M.

KSD  WOC  WYI

DD4—CHICAGO VARIETY PROGRAM—Sun., ½ hr. 8:30 P.M.—ED—WABC Network.

DD5—CLIFFORD CLUB ESTKIMOS—Mon., ½ hr., "Rossy" Newwell and Harry Rose.

6:30 P.M. 7:00 P.M. 7:30 P.M.

KBW  WRM  WRM


10:00 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WABO WOKO WWAB WBAB

DD7—CORN CDE PIPE CLUB DB VIRGINIA—Wed., ½ hr.

10:00 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WW

DD8—FIVE STAR THEATRE—Tuesday, 1½ hour.

10:00 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WABO WOKO WOAB WPLB

DD9—THE GRAND BARG—Fri., ½ hr., Helen Murs, Brooks and Ross, Billy White, Flying Club, Westgate's Orchestra.

4:00 P.M. 5:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

WABO WOKO WOAB WWAB

DD10—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten—Sat., ½ hr., Bruce Kamman, Marian and Jim Jordan, Song Folks, Merrill Fugit, Johnny Wall, Loretta Peyton, Don Mangone.

2:00 P.M. 3:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M.

WABO WOKO WOAB WWAB

## DD11—FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Thurs., 1 hr.

Rudy Valse, Connecticut Yankee.

5:00 P.M. 5:30 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD12—CAPT. HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW—BDAT—Thurs. 1 hr.

Charles Winnower, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Mariel Wilson, Melodies of January, Don Voorhees.

5:00 P.M. 5:30 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB


10:00 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD14—REVOLVING STAGE—Monday, 1 hour

2:00 P.M. 3:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB


10:00 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD16—HARRY BURNS PANATELLA PROGRAM—Wed., 1½ hour, Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, Burns & Allen, Comedy, Phil Regan, Tenor.

9:00 P.M. 10:00 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD17—SATURDAY FRIDELITIES—Sat., 1½ hour, 9:45 P.M.—ED—WABC Network.

9:00 P.M. 10:00 P.M. 11:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD18—SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—Mon., ½ hr., Jean Arnold, Chauncey Parsons, Joe Parsons, Bill Childs, Frank Clark, Mac McClintock, Clifford Seabrook, Harry Koen.

5:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M. 7:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD19—WEEK-END REVIEW—Saturday, 1 hour.

1:00 P.M. 2:00 P.M. 3:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## DD20—RADIO GUILD

Monday, 1 hour.

4:00 P.M. 5:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

WEAF WCHS WFBF WWAB

## LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

NOTE: The index appearing at the left of each program title is keyed for reference to the pages of DAY BY DAY SCHEDULE and ARTIST SCHEDULE. The numbers beside the program titles are the stations or networks the numbers are abbreviated as follows: W—western stations; ED—eastern stations; CS for Central States; M for Mountain; P for Pacific Coast. Last-minute changes make accurate approximations impossible; hence, if you do not find a specific program in a schedule, try another. While stations listed are given in the reverse order, list only the stations for which you can obtain reception from your position. Station call letters are given in italics.

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<th>Station</th>
<th>Key</th>
<th>K. C.</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>City</th>
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<td>Milwaukee, Wisc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1940</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Providence, R. I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1950</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Pittsburgh, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1960</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Jackson, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1970</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Tupelo, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1980</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Bridgeport, Conn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WJMN</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>1990</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>CST</td>
<td>Miami, Fla.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: In column 1 stations are listed alphabetically by call letters. In second column, key stations, WJZ means member of basic blue network of NBC, WABC means member of basic red network of NBC, WABC means member of basic CBS network. Nevada designates stations included in supplementary networks of NBC (red and blue) and CBS. This column also includes stations carrying part of network programming. Column 3 gives maximum power of station.
FAN-FARE'S
HUMOR
CAFETERIA

(RADIO COMEDIANS HELP YOURSELVES)

High Mucky-muck: Let's get our wives together tonight and have a big evening.
Brother Lion-tamer: O. K., but where shall we leave them?
—Annapolis Log

PREFERENCE
By Coe Kiser Smith
I'd rather have pneumonia, I'd rather have a tumor, I'd rather have most anything—Than have no sense of humor.
—College Humor

"Did you-all evah speak befo' a large audience, Gawge?"
"Ah did, once, yowah."
"What did you-all say?"
"Ah said 'Not guilty.'"
—Farm Journal

And there they were—the ice all around them was cracking. They couldn't do anything! They were desperate! Would nobody bring the liquor?
—Nevada Desert Wolf

Wife: But I enclosed a steel file in that last pie I sent you, Spike.
Convict: That's your darned pastry again, Liz. I didn't even notice it.
—Humorist

Even the purest looking surface air has rubbish suspended in it, says a doctor columnist. You're telling us radio fans!
—Norfolk Virginia-Pilot

We had to fire
Our housemaid Nan;
She treated china
Like Japan.
—Boston Transcript

Son: Ma, what's the idea makin' me sleep on the mantelpiece every night?
Mother: 'Hush, Junior! You only have to sleep there two more weeks and then your picture will be in "Believe It Or Not."
—Annapolis Log

San Francisco now has taxi-aeroplanes. Passengers can be dropped anywhere.
—Punch

Wedding Guest: Isn't this your fourth daughter getting married?
Scotchnan: Aye, and our rice is getting a wee bit dirty.
—Ohio State Sun Dial

"How tall is that native hunter?"
"About six feet two, in his stalking feet."
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

We hope that when business does turn the corner, it will be on the square.
—Tliomaston Times

Let us have public confidence. And let us also have institutions that can preserve it without pulling the shades down.
—Sunner Item

"Every time I kiss you, dear, it makes me a better man."
"Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night."
—Annapolis Log

Is a miser what might be called a dough nut?
—Dallas News

They say that every day in Europe is Pan American Day.
—Tampa Tribune

We remember when Hitler's mustache was what we disliked about him and now it is the only thing we can stand.
—Lynchburg News

Bearded Lady (retired for the night):
Help! There's a man under my beard!
—Colgate Banter

The position of Germany, in brief, is (1) there were no atrocities; (2) they will not happen again; (3) if the victims don't quit squawking they'll wish they had.
—Dallas News

"Let's do the elevator dance."
"What's that?"
"Over in the corner with no steps."
—V. P. J. Skipper.

"What happened when the police searched your house?"
"It was swell! They found the front door key which my wife had hidden, a stamp I lost weeks ago, and four collar buttons."
—Fliegende Blatter

What a language! Sending 250,000 of us into the forest to get us out of the woods.
—Los Angeles Times

"What has become of all the optimists?" an editor wants to know. Our impression is that they are writing seed catalogs.
—Atlanta Journal

For Sale or Trade—Furniture for chickens; phone 1698 Green.
—Emporia Gazette

Any settees for lens?

The Hellertown German bank held its weekly rehearsal on Tuesday under the direction of M. B. Stackhouse.
—Allentown (Pa.) paper

Just a practice run, no doubt.

In a visit to the Kerbela Shrine Temple last night, Imperial Potentate Earl C. Mills said etaoi shrdlu etaoi shrdlu etaoin uatoirdn uau uatoirdu.
—Knoxville Journal

Teh, teh. These Masons and their old secrets.

"Professor Weems will now give his famous imitations of barnyard animals."

Courtesty The Family Circle.
TORN FROM THE
of Margaret Santry

By OLIVER CLAXTON
Her personal secretary

MARGARET SANTRY’S radio specialty, notably during the Linit period last winter, is interviewing people for three minutes about such diverse matters as German politics, and decorative effects in modern bathrooms. The interviews are held with celebrities or people prominent in the world of society. This activity placed Miss Santry in a misunderstood light with her friends and acquaintances. They think that anyone who works for a mere three minutes a day on the air is in a position to be envied, that she holds down as soft a job as a girl could fall into. Their opinion is in deep error. The job is extremely arduous and requires far more painstaking effort than almost any other type of program of which you can think.

During a radio career that begins almost with the radio itself, Miss Santry has publicly interviewed nearly a thousand persons from all walks of life. Actresses, writers, social leaders and other big-wigs of our modern world have stood in front of the mike with her and chatted about whatever interested them most. Ladies ranging in the contemporary scheme from the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt to Lupe Velez and Peggy Hopkins Joyce have been included in these broadcasts. You can hardly think of a celebrity without thinking that he, or she, has at sometime or other engaged in conversation with Margaret Santry while the radio audience listened in.

Now to lure these people to the microphone and to persuade them to be ready and willing to talk about what interests them most, involves more than a simple request. It requires negotiation, and research, and endless tact, and more than an endless amount of being on the job. You are literally never off the job. It involves—but let’s take a page out of Miss Santry’s appointment book for a day when she was producing the Linit programs. It’s a good average day for the girl who “only works three minutes a day.” It goes like this—

11:30 a. m. Wakes up. Late, you say? Wait until you reach her retiring hour. Then she goes through her mail, dictates to her secretary from bed, telephones—there are five phones, mostly ringing—lines up the day’s routine, and eats what breakfast she has time for—a skip and jump meal like the average commuter’s.

12:30 p. m. She gets up and hurries into clothes. Telephones Lucien Lelong, couturier, just off the boat from Paris and a very likely subject for an interview. She joins him at Pierre’s. How would Mr. Lelong like to tell the palpitating feminine audience about the new styles some night? He’ll let her know.

1:15 p. m. Pops into the Larue restaurant to lunch with the Baroness Von Hindenburg, niece of the German President. She lunches with the Baroness for an hour, but it took two hours preparation. Miss Santry had to stuff her mind with facts about Von Hindenburg, and German politics. You can’t get people to talk about what they know unless you know something about it yourself. The Baroness is a subject for a broadcast.

2:15 p. m. She departs from her second lunch at Larue’s and chases for a few minutes into a swanky speakeasy where Fanny Ward, perennial flapper, is having lunch. This visit is pure contact. Maybe Miss Ward can be persuaded to go on the air. Maybe she can’t. Anyway Miss Santry will try to persuade her.

2:30 p. m. Home again, and there is no place like this home. Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte keeps an appointment. Miss Santry displays her knowledge of the Bonaparte women. She and her visitor discuss a coming broadcast until

3 p. m. when the lady with the easy job taxis over to the Waldorf as a member of a committee organizing a Charity Carnival. Here she makes contacts—meets dowagers and debutantes. And secures more grist for her mill.

3:30 p. m. Just a little weary but still at it, she goes home and meets Frieda Hempel and Lady Wilkins who drop in for a chat—and at

4:15 p. m. She has tea with Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) who has just returned from Germany where she has been interviewing Hitler and the like. Mrs. Lewis will broadcast, but the difficulty is what? Most of her information can’t be used. She knows more than the airwaves care to handle.

5:30 p. m. Rest—meaning a massage and general beauty fol-de-rol of an exceedingly pretty woman. This is punctuated by dictation and phone calls. Friends and guests swim in and out. This is the time on her hands that three minutes a day give her.

6:45 p. m. Dinner with Mrs. Curtis Dall, daughter
Another elusive mike subject, the society dictator, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. This unusual photo was snapped while she was umpiring a charity baseball game in Newport.

One of Miss Santry's favorite guests—Lupe Velez. In her arms is her adopted child, Joan Del Ville, whose mother is Lupe's sister.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce was a colorful broadcaster, though she made the boys in the studio nervous. This picture was taken on route to Hollywood. She is featured in Paramount's, "International House."

It's hard but it's fun. Miss Santry meets interesting people, and makes good friends. The job has its humor and its pathos. As for instance the crippled man who lived on Avenue A. Would Miss Santry bring 5 or 6 celebrities? His hobby, he explained, is meeting celebrities. Or the time Miss Santry was taken to task for sob stuff after Alma Gluck had broken down at the end of her appeal for musicians. Miss Gluck's tears came from the heart. Or, again, the time a society dowager sitting nervously in the studio waiting for her time to come to broadcast suddenly hauled a flask out of her bed-diamonded hand bag and had a snifter of whiskey.

DIARY

of President Roosevelt—then Governor of New York State—at the Governor's town house. Mrs. Dall is on the air at

8:00 p.m. and the work Santry's friends know about is done.

8:30 p.m. To discuss the next broadcast with Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy and skip through a rehearsal. Will Hays is there and Mrs. Hays is importuned to submit to a broadcast, also at some future date.

10:00 p.m. Home—but not to bed. The day's notes must be written out. Future broadcasts must be written. Information relative to the people she is seeing tomorrow must be digested, and facts about their work, or hobby, must also be taken in. If she is lucky and ideas come quickly, maybe she gets to bed at

2 a.m. and maybe she isn't lucky and ideas are slow and then she gets to bed at

4 a.m. or

5 a.m. —her life being just an easy round.

Perhaps by now you, too, think that this kind of a program is no soft job. During the entire winter Miss Santry was only able to crowd in two invitations not connected with the job that she could accept. She drank no cocktails, smoked no cigarettes (in order to conserve nervous energy and stand the nerve-wracking pace).
Radio Fan-Fare

ED WYNN'S NEW CHAIN PLAN
(Continued)

ones not hitherto enjoyed by Mr. Radio Listener.

Can sponsors be found who will be willing to gamble their advertising appropriation along the lines proposed by the Wynn plan? To that question the Fire Chief replied he already has twenty-seven sponsors ready to make the experiment. He would not say whether he had signed contracts. If he has, and really goes through with his coast-to-coast chain he will give the two older chains something to take into account.

Mr. Wynn has sold his idea to a number of other broadcasters who control regional groups of stations throughout the country. They say they believe the system will pay profits, IF . . .

And that “IF” is a fairly big one. They feel that Mr. Wynn is strongly in need of an executive right hand bower with sufficient force and business direction to put through all plans according to established business methods. Ota Gygi, into whose hands have been placed many of the managerial details, is an artist, a showman, and no doubt fully capable as a program producer. Whether he will also have full charge of the business side remains to be seen, as it is certainly an extensive task for one man to undertake the double job of business manager and production manager. Mr. Wynn, at a dinner the press on March 10, announced that Amalgamated would open within the next two weeks with nine studios going full blast in the Liggett Building at Madison and Forty-second street. Subsequently engineers found that the space selected was impossible from an engineering point of view. To equip and install nine studios for chain broadcasting inside of two weeks proved another technical impossibility. Now, however, steady progress is being made on the practical phases.

The chain, as it now stands, consists of the following stations: WCDA, New York; WPEN, Philadelphia; WOL, Washington; WDEL, Wilmington, Del.; WOAX, Trenton, N. J., and WPEN, Philadelphia. “We have practically every independent station in the country ready to come in with us when we are ready,” said Mr. Wynn. “There is one lineup that starts from the North at Utica and spreads down through the Central States to the South and New Orleans.

“Another chain of twenty-two stations has been offered to us which will carry programs from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. We do not intend to take advantage of these broader activities until we have tried out the Atlantic Coast group. We may get knocked down a couple of times but we'll get up smiling and go right ahead toward our objective, building slowly but firmly so that each time we take a set-back—if we must take set-backs—it will be only for a short distance. Then we will build back up from there.”

A statement as to finances seems hard to get. However, Mr. Gygi told the writer that the following well known business leaders were on the board of directors:

George Fink, president of the National Steel Corporation; Fred Stearns, president of the Stearns Pharmaceutical Products; George Mason, president of the Kelvinator Company; Standish Backus, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company; Charles Francis Adams, financier; Paul F. Herron, owner of WPEN, Philadelphia; George Trendle, Detroit radio owner; and Walter Whetstone, New York radio station owner and utilities magnate. There have been rumors that Herron and Whetstone were not entirely certain of their permanent connection, and if Whetstone should withdraw with his station, WCDA, New York, it would mean that Amalgamated would have to obtain a new outlet in the metropolis.

There was a time when WMCA had been considered as the outlet in New York for a third chain including the interests of some of the individuals associated in the Ed Wynn enterprise. Now that the Federal Radio Commission has decided to give WMCA full time and broader privileges it is possible a new deal may be effected with that station by the time these lines appear in print.

It will be noted that Detroit interests are well represented on the Amalgamated board of directors. Mr. Wynn at the time of the announcement said:

"While in Detroit I saw one of the world's wealthiest men, who has been outspoken in his unfriendly attitude toward the Jews. I want to say that he gave me a cordial reception and I am sure of his support in this enterprise which means so much to me."

Afterward he was asked if Henry Ford was going to give financial support to Amalgamated, and Wynn replied that he did not think so. But when asked if Edsel Ford would be financially interested the question was obviously evaded, so that the inference was apparent that Mr. Wynn had promised to keep silent as to what kind of arrangements he had made with the younger Mr. Ford.

An opening date for the first broadcast according to Ed Wynn's new chain idea has not been set at this writing, although it has been announced both for March and April. George M. King, a former associate of Mr. Gygi in Broadway enterprises, has been appointed program manager. He says that he has 600 well known stage stars available on his list. Schedules for each day of sixteen hours length have been arranged for six weeks in advance. There will be no transmissions—only presentations by artists in person. Some of those named as being available for programs are: Alice Brady, Queenie Smith, Howard Brothers, Crystal Hearne, Ada May, Bernard Granville, and Florence Reed. There are a number of orchestras who have promised to affiliate with the Wynn broadcasters. Ed Wynn expects to participate himself when he is freed from his present contracts with Texaco.

This in general is the new chain plan outlined by Mr. Wynn. If arrangements (ABS) the strain of early readjustment and finances hold out, as it seems evident they will, it stands a real chance to Wynn out.
cheap thrills, but no sign whatever that the mind of man scores of years hence has risen to any degree above its present moronic state.

If the Buck Rogers sponsor cares to know, there is one boy of seven who cannot listen to this program any more. His parents will not let him. They are not namby-pamby parents who argue that juvenile programs should reek with goody-goody fables strong in moral tangles but weak as a rag in dramatic appeal. They are parents who believe that their son has a right to a full night's sleep. The Buck Rogers toddlers each implant in that boy a hideous nightmare without half trying. His parents want that boy to visualize something finer in man—even a few hundreds of years from now—that the refinement of individual and mass killing mechanisms.

If one boy is "off" Buck Rogers, very likely others have dropped off for similar reasons. And the parents mentioned are sufficiently serious about the whole matter of juvenile programs to feel, let us hope, now, thoroughly unsold on the product Buck Rogers is selling.

Then there's our old friend Skippy. The author of this program recently ran Skippy through a series of adventures as a boy detective, and unless this weary listener's ears are mistaken, the thing that started him out as an embryo Sherlock Holmes was a murder. Pleasant stuff to spill carelessly into a child's mind—murder. Why doesn't some sponsor cash in on the opportunity to rewrite for children the Edgar Wallace horrors, Fu Manchu stories, or The Shadow? It could be done. All the sponsor would need would be a script writer who was a bachelor, or one who, if he simply had to be married, was not a father, or one who, being unfortunately a father, left his children to grow up like Topsy.

The rule in hiring a juvenile script writer seems to be that he must know as little as possible about children in general, and nothing whatever about child psychology in particular.

As an example take the WINS Cowboy Tom program. It's a good child's program on the whole. But it slips up just where a writer with a more sympathetic and a keener knowledge of the inside of children's minds would ring the bell.

Cowboy Tom's crowd includes a comedy character called Skooky. Now Skooky, in the script, is more or less of a boob, and the other characters kid the chaps off him. But the children like Skooky. They like him so well that some of them do not listen to this program any more. The writer asked one such child why. He answered, "They are too mean to my friend Skooky."

The same program offends some children in another way. Children dote on writing letters to the station, and nobody would dare accuse any station of failing to ask for such letters. When the child writes to the station he wants and deserves an answer promptly. One boy has written to Cowboy Tom three times and has never yet received a single reply.

The juvenile program sponsor must play fair with his audience. It costs money to gear up correspondence-handling to the point that every child will receive a prompt reply. But it is worth the money. Children do not like to feel imposed upon. They go sour on a program whose promises are not kept.

They go sour, too, on programs whose advertising plugs talk in superlatives. The most direct advertising plugger among the juvenile "entertainers" seems to be Uncle Don over WOR. He'll say almost anything to persuade the children to persuade their parents to buy something. He goes so far as to shame children, over telling them their spinach. Mentally lazy parents who have never been sufficiently alert to learn how to manage their own children think nothing of "sicking" Uncle Don on them. Uncle Don thinks nothing of telling the whole world that little Georgie Jabott of Astoria is not a nice little boy because he kicks his sister in the face, "and, Georgie, good little boys don't do that, really."

In his advertising plugs Uncle Don used the superlative once too often and thereby lost a customer. One brace of parents circulated all over Manhattan hunting for a chocolate bar Uncle Don had boasted. The boy insisted he must have this bar and no other because Uncle Don had said it was the best. Finally the boy's mother found the darned candy away over in Brooklyn. The boy ate it, and did he find it the "best"? Not according to his judgment. "Why does Uncle Don tell us this is the best chocolate bar when I think it's no good at all?" this boy asked his father.

And did said father tell the boy, then and there, in words of not more than two syllables but without profanity, just how and why advertising makes Uncle Don and other juvenile program broadcasters "that way"? He did.

Result: The boy ceased to be a daily customer of Uncle Don's. He listens now and then, but only for songs and stories. He says he doesn't care how many children refuse to eat their spinach. He says he doesn't want to be fooled by radio any more.

Now Don Carney is a fine chap doing a good job for his sponsors in terms of dollars and cents. The same can be said for the majority of juvenile script writers and broadcasters. But one of these days a sponsor will come along who is sufficiently cultured to realize that he can cash in more profitably with

Get Into Radio for Bigger Pay

Many Make $50 to $100 a Week— I'll Train You at Home in Spare Time

Send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It's FREE. Mail the coupon now. Get into a field with a future. N. R. I. trains you for manufacture, selling, engineering, writing, producing, advertising, and many other branches. My FREE book gives you full information on Radio's many opportunities for success and how you can quickly learn at home to be a Radio Expert.

Make $5, $10, $15, a Week in Spare Time

Why struggle alone in a dead job with low pay and no future? Start training now in mass communication and make a real field. I have doubled and tripled salaries. Many men holding key jobs in Radio got their start through N.R.I. training.

Your Training Need Not Cost You a Cent

Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but the day you enroll I'll send you material which shall produce quickly for you at least $5 Radio jobs command in mass communication. I give you Radio Equipment for conducting experiments and making tests that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made.

Act Now—Get Free Book

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to all residents of the U.S. and Canada over 15 years of age. It's the only book I ever offer you, read what my Enrolment Department says to help you get into Radio after graduation, about my Mon- ey Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail the coupon for your copy RIGHT NOW.

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
Dept. 3.F.K.
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute Dept. 3F.K. Washington, D. C.

For my free book, explaining how home study, training and Radio's opportunities for big pay can understand this places me under no obligation.

NAME

AGE

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
Radio which is Keit—convinces would be called new-fangled. It is both types to which the sponsor should appeal in order to sell his product to the largest possible audience. Keen imagination, love of children for themselves alone, and appreciative knowledge of modern, progressive educational methods and the reasons therefore—these elements can be and should be translated into a type of juvenile program that will enrich the child’s life, as well as fatten the advertiser’s pocketbook.

So long as juvenile programs are written in dollar signs alone the question “Is Radio Ruining Your Child?” will continue to be a subject for daily argument in the American home.

But when thoughtful parents and teachers go to the mat for their youngsters and present their case to the powers that be, what happens? Let’s take the recent case, when a group of mothers and parents of Scarsdale, N. Y., made a careful analytical study of the situation and presented the facts to the broadcasting stations. The result of their research was contained in the bald statement that “we think your juvenile programs are unfit for our children.” Now think this over for a moment. This was not the complaint of a radio fan who objected to the way Kate Smith says “Hello Everybody,” or the manner in which Russ Columbo wears his hair. This was a statement by a large group of intelligent people whose message was, “If you don’t rededicate the universe, we will not allow your audience to listen.” That, my friends, is serious.

What was the reaction to this accusation? Well, the only material response was made by a Columbia announcer, who went on the air a short while later and read a statement praising his own chain’s juvenile programs.

WILL ROOSEVELT RULE BY RADIO? (Continued)

Of course, as far as men are concerned, the old lobby system, the old patronage system, the old graft system will still be affecting millions of male voters. But the women are so comparatively free of petty political entanglements that they can rise to the occasion and exercise the real weight of their influence. That is why we ask “Will Roosevelt rule by radio?” and then reply “The answer is yes if he wins the women via the air.” Not that men are not also greatly influenced by radio in general and Roosevelt in particular, but simply that the balance of power in helping Roosevelt to rule his way very probably lies in keeping the ladies actively and wholeheartedly behind him.

Harry Woods, a Harvard boy, who has been penning hit songs for the past 8 years. Among his successes are, “I’m Going South,” “A Little Kiss Each Morning,” “When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-bob-bobbin’ Along,” and “When the Moon Comes Over The Mountain.”

Harry probably feels that he can repeat himself occasionally—so he has taken the same thread and idea of “We Just Couldn’t Say Goodbye” and used a little flower shop as the peace-maker. However, it is a catchy tune, and I enjoy singing it. Keit-Engle are the lucky publishers. I think it ought to be played in the Lombardo tempo.

TUNEFUL TOPICS (Continued)

Harry Woods, a Harvard boy, who has been penning hit songs for the past 8 years. Among his successes are, “I’m Going South,” “A Little Kiss Each Morning,” “When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-bob-bobbin’ Along,” and “When the Moon Comes Over The Mountain.”

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ANY TIME, ANYWHERE, ANY DAY

Although there are three writers whose names are appended to this song, I most enjoy talking about Miss Lee Wiley, descendant of Cherokee Indians—and a lovely person. I will never forget the impression she made on everyone the night we were honored to have her on our program.

But I believe that Miss Wiley has not contributed materially to the songs on which her name appears. I would certainly feel that she is more than capable of helping to create a good song.

“Any Time, Anywhere, Any Day” is a 16-measure, which means it has half the usual length chorus. It ends almost before you know it.

It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and I would play it at a medium tempo.
Would you, too, like a big pay BROADCASTING job?

Men and women of talent get $3,000 to $15,000 and more a year. Amazing new Floyd Gibbons course trains you for highly paid Broadcasting position.

HAVE you a good speaking voice? Can you sing, act, write, read, direct or sell? If you can, then here is your chance to get into the newest, most glamorous, fastest growing profession in the world. For now a remarkable new course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you—right in your own home—for the highly paid position you want. This fascinating Course was developed by Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," to bring you the training necessary to fit you for the natural talents to the microphone.

Think it! Now you can have the training in Broadcasting Technique that makes Radio Stars. In just a few short months you can capitalize your hidden talents for the microphone—cash in on your natural ability—prepare to earn many times your present salary. For no matter what branch of Broadcasting you are qualified for, the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting will train you in the technique of Broadcasting and prepare you for the highly paid position you want.

Opportunity for You in Broadcasting

No other profession in the world today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and large pay as Broadcasting. For Broadcasting is forging ahead so rapidly that there is a never-ending demand for new talent.

Millions are spent over the air every year. Last year advertisers alone spent more than $15,000,000, while Broadcasting companies spent many times that amount for talent. Staggering as this amount is, even more millions will be spent this year than last. More talented and trained men and women will be needed at large pay. You, too, may be one of these—you, too, may be paid from $3,000 to $15,000 and more a year—if you have talent and are thoroughly trained in the technique of Broadcasting.

If you can act, if you can sing or talk interestingly, if you can write, if you have any hidden talent, you should get your share of the millions spent every year over the air.

Train Like Radio Stars

Any Broadcaster will tell you that it is not enough for success over the air. You have to be trained thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique.

Too many performers and writers who were successful in other fields have failed when confronted with the limitations of Broadcasting—simply because they were untrained to meet the requirements of the microphone. Yet others, unknown until they actually Broadcasted, have risen to quick fame—performed and written for millions of listeners—made their names a household word—earned almost unbelievably large pay—simply because their natural talents were supplemented by practical training.

Now, thanks to this new, fascinating home-study Course, you, too, may have the same kind of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, the Olive Palmers, the Amos and Andy's, and the Floyd Gibbonses. Now you can take advantage of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience before the microphone. Right in your own home—in your spare time—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—you can train for a big-paying Broadcasting position, and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars.

First Complete and Thorough Course in Broadcasting Technique

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Then send at once for all particulars about the radio known as "The World's Finest Receiver."

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-43, Chicago, Ill.
WHO IS RADIO'S MOST VERSATILE ACTOR?

SEX FINALLY CRASHES THE NETWORKS

LOU HOLTZ . . . Cigarettes join Vaudeville with Grand Opera . . . GRACE MOORE

TED HUSING PICKS THE TEN BEST

"I SING AS I HAVE LIVED"—TITO GUizar

Including PROGRAM FINDER Feature
The lovely mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company has broken (or at least cracked) two old traditions: An opera star does not have to be fat, nor must she be trained abroad. Born in Deep Water, Missouri, all of Miss Swarthout's training has been American. At the beginning of her career, opera company managers wouldn't believe she had enough experience to play big roles. She looked too young . . . so she added a half dozen years to her age. Recently Miss Swarthout gave a series of recitals over NBC stations. You will probably be able to hear her colorful singing again soon . . . on a nationwide sponsored program.
SLIPPING and GRIPPING

THEY'RE ALL SLIPPING—The man who conducts this department is Tuna, a combination of The Jolly Scrapbook Philosopher, The Mystery Dream Prince of Song, The Magic Voice of Experience, and The Silver-Mask Poet of The Organ... all rolled into one and tied with baby-blue ribbon. He is also a sort of conglomerate Socrates, Solomon, and George Bernard Shaw, retaining the most venomous features of each. In other words, he is a master kibitzer. (To qualify for a job of this kind you have to remember only one thing. Don't say anything good about anybody if you can possibly help it.)

And so for the next few months Tuna has a chance to improve his reputation as a critic by putting all the radio programs in the “Slipping” column—by performing daily tearing-down exercises with the old hammer. And, what's more, that destructive attitude could be justified according to the broadcasters' own figures (and how these sponsors swear by their arithmetic!).

The reason so many programs will appear to be slipping is this:

No matter what broadcasters do, the total radio audience falls off during the summer months. Almost no programs, except a few new ones, increase their listener average. This department will, however, make the Supreme Sacrifice. It will consider conditions and continue to be as impartial as a Congressional investigation.

WORLD'S BEST TEAM-WORK—One of the wonders of a changing age is the way those old standbys, Amos 'n' Andy, maintain their popularity year after year.

The fact that they are not slipping is real news. You may have stopped tuning in long ago, but almost the day you stopped someone else must have started. The boys deserve every bit of success they've had, for they've worked hard and intelligently. And they've unquestionably given enjoyment to millions with their pleasantly satirical reflections on the pleasures and tribulations of the average man.

Their formula has the aura of magic about it. It defeats analysis. To be sure, they have been smart enough to build their act up to tremendously exciting climaxes whenever interest seemed to be lagging. But usually it's just everyday stuff. Perhaps the only really great distinctiveness lies in their brand of humor. It is as nearly individual as anything on the air, in spite of widespread attempts at imitation. Add to genuine humor several basically human characters, just enough hokum, fine acting, expert story construction, good taste, and a clean point of view—and you should have an act that's good for some time to come. We hope we're right.

NO FAULT OF THEIR OWN—It is a reflection upon our whirlwind manner of living that the other Pepsodent program, The Rise Of The Goldbergs, has not attained wider popularity. The sketch was originally intended to take the place of Amos 'n' Andy when they stopped gripping. It hasn't worked that way. The only fault of the slipping Goldberg show, to the "modern" mind, is that it packs no terrific wallops. But it certainly has everything else—great emotional power of the sentimental sort; kindly, well man-

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nered characters (especially Gertrude Berg’s Molly Goldberg, a beautifully written and acted part); and a broad vein of humor that is real, if mild.

The Rise Of The Goldbergs and Amos 'n Andy have a far higher average of excellence that any other sketches that have been kept on the air for any length of time. Bill Hay, the announcer, also deserves a big hand. But the present dramatized advertising plugs on both programs are a disgrace to the advertising business, and an insult to the intelligence of the listeners.

***

ADOLESCENT PHILOSOPHY—
The venerable Cliquot Club program is nearing its 400th performance on the air and Harry Reser should have credit for keeping life in it for almost eight years. The feat is becoming more and more of a tour de force, however. Aside from the Eskimos’ music and Jimmie Brierly’s warbling (both good but undisguised), the show offers little. There is, of course, Rosey Rowsowell, who is supposed to be able to talk faster than anybody on the air (328 words a minute). If he could talk twice as fast, what of it? He wouldn’t take up half as much time, would he? No, sir—he’d just tell himself twice as many dull jokes and gush twice as much sophomoric philosophy. Perhaps his maulderings appeal to the same people who like Tony Wons, and surely his high speed delivery should, for a time, interest those who were fascinated by marathon dancing and flag pole sitting.

(Note to Mr. Reser: Can’t you get somebody to laugh at those jokes of Mr. Rowsowell’s? What about the boys in the orchestra? You could probably work it for an extra five bucks apiece.)

***

SIFTING THE FACTS OF LIFE—
The news commentators are having their day now—especially those like Boske Carter and David Lawrence who try to segregate and interpret the many important but confusing influences in national and international affairs. So mixed up is the average person by all he hears and reads, that the explainer serves a useful function—unless he becomes merely one more bewildering factor.

Mr. Carter and Mr. Lawrence are able analysts. Mr. Lawrence’s program has contained no advertising except a few unobjectionable mentions of his newspaper, The United States Daily (which is a weekly). Mr. Carter, we take it, is British, and occasionally his accent makes understanding of what he says a trifle difficult for the listener. The Carter delivery is, however, an agreeable change from the usual type of radio announcing.

In Mr. Carter’s program an attempt is made to bring Philco Radios into the talk in a natural manner by connecting them with a news event. The attempt does not always come off, but at least there is the surprise of never knowing when the plug will be sprung on you. On the whole, the advertising in this program is excellent.

***

RUNNING THE MIDDLEMAN RAGGED—Have you noticed how many radio advertisers are again going after the good will of the doctor, the dentist, the grocer, and the baker? For four years, manufacturers have bedevilled and bulldozed the consumer with the decade’s wildest advertising claims (euphemistically called “direct selling”). Now it may be that the advertising business will enter another phase . . . that it will spend less time wooing the consumer, the better to seduce the middleman.

***

WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW—Angelo Patri has gradually added to his small but loyal audience. Anyone who has youngsters or who is sincerely interested in them will do well to pay close attention to every word Mr. Patri says. He is established in an unassailable position as an authority on children. You may be sure that whatever he tells you has been carefully worked out and thoroughly tested. He speaks with deep understanding of the problems of both children and parents.

Mr. Patri is one of our truly great educators, as powerful an influence for good, perhaps, as any single person in the country today—a cultured gentleman in everything that the best interpretation of the phrase implies. Be sure to hear him when he returns to the air after his summer vacation.

***

PURE HOKUM—O’ Singin’ Sam is slippin’,
Yet his formula’s a pippin’
For the folks who like their vocalizin’ sad.

Though he makes his basso quaver,
And from hokum doesn’t waver,
Still he’s slippin’ just a little,
It’s too bad.

The Barbasol radio formula is to mention names of listeners; to revive (“by request”) all the old ditties that have a heart-tug in every line; and to plug the product heavily with contests. It has been sure-fire stuff for years, and there’s no denying that Singin’ Sam has a warmly appealing personality. But the program needs the transfusion of a big new idea if it is to increase its following.
How would you like to have Jeff Machamer send you his original drawing for this page of Radio-Grins? Here’s your chance to get it: Write a four-line jingle on any subject at all. Make it as amusing as you can. It must include the names of at least two radio stars whose names appear above. The author of the best jingle gets the drawing. The next ten best verses will receive honorable mention, and an award of $1 apiece. Entries for this contest must be received before midnight of July 31st. Address: Contest Editor, Radio Fan-Fare, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.
TIP TO SPONSORS—Some advertiser would do well to sponsor Belle Baker. She's a good bet for reaching the folks who like their heaving hot and heavy... who love to have the last tear wrung out of a lyric. When Belle gets through working on emotional listeners they should be pushovers for even the average radio advertising.

SYNTHETIC SUSPENSE—The last time we heard “The Magic Voice of Ex-Lax” the program included: (1) a phony villain from Zengovia who menaced the heroine by telephone—forgetting her name at one point and using the hero's name instead; (2) speeches by the hero such as, “No, I must be stern,” and, “That’s not the real June. Show me the real June—the June I fell in love with”; (3) a thoroughly ham story; (4) a lot of tiresome and slightly offensive advertising.

PASSE—“Easy Aces,” the continued story about bridge, is now on the slide. The trouble is that contract bridge is not the big news it was a year ago. The skits have been intelligently written, and well played by Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace. The way each program starts (with an infectious chuckle breaking through the music and then the announcer saying “Easy Aces, ladies and gentlemen—Easy Aces”) is one of the best send-offs a radio program ever had. If the Aces can get another idea as good as the one on bridge they should easily be able to repeat their first big radio success. (Editor's note: After this opinion was written “Easy Aces” went off the air—which may indicate that Tuna knows his programs.)

PRETTY GOOD TO THE LAST DROP—The Maxwell House Showboat is drifting slowly toward a sand bar. The fault does not lie with the entertainers, except in the case of Molasses 'n' January, two-outmoded blackface comics who never say anything especially funny (unless you count the cracks you used to hear in Coburn's and Fields' minstrels when you were very young). The others—Charles Winninger, Lanny Ross, Conrad Thibault, Muriel Wilson, Annette Hanshaw, Helen Oelhieim, and Don Voorhees and his orchestra—are all fine. They make the program musically and vocally pleasing, if not absorbing.

The trouble with the hour is that it gets nowhere. It has a thin romantic story that bobs up occasionally as if by accident—between variety numbers that are supposed to be part of a performance on a showboat.

The show might just as well be in Madison Square Garden, for all the showboat atmosphere you get out of it. The whistles aren't enough.

The program tries to include a bit of everything, and yet it definitely lacks the completeness and climax of the well planned vaudeville bill. Maxwell House should either go in stronger for the story, or stage a lively variety show. As it is, you don't get interested enough in the characters to keep from feeling slightly bored at finding the same ones on hand week after week.

Compare the Maxwell House hour with Rudy Vallee's show. Fleischmann now has the least stereotyped of the regular air programs. Why? Because it has new personalities every week. Because it has enough contrasts in its different parts to create an illusion of wide variety. Because it is put on with a briskness that prevents it from ever taking itself too seriously.

Our opinion is that Vallee's program is on top right now. The fact that he writes for this magazine does not prejudice us—either way.

Another bad feature of the Maxwell House program is the attempt to insert bits of advertising here and there. A short blurb by an announcer (not a character) at the beginning and end of the show, and perhaps a long one in the middle, would be much more in keeping with the atmosphere of gracious hospitality Maxwell House has been trying to build up. After all, you don't keep springing a sales talk on your guests every few minutes—not even if business is bad.

BLUE RIBBON BANDSMAN—The high point in selective criticism will be reached when someone can tell the different torch singers, crooners, and dance orchestras apart. Even in the case of a band as well known as Ben Bernie's there is not much about the music that is individual. It is made to seem a little unique, however, by the strongly individual personality of the Old Boy. Bernie is gaining in popularity and will continue going up as long as his material is good. At one time he seemed to be hard up for fresh stuff. He got off the same gags for weeks. Recently Ben's material has improved, but it's still distinctly his own brand of stuff. Examples: Ben, the evening after the disclosures in Washington, saying of one of his vocalists, “Few people know that Pat Kennedy is a partner of J. P. Morgan. Pat hasn't paid any income tax for three years either—too many bookkeepers among his dependents.” And again, the hardly hirsute Mr. Bernie introducing a song called “Goin', Goin', Gone,” by observing, “You can grasp Time by the forelock, ladies and gentlemen,

(Continued on page 41)
MAXWELL HOUSEHOLD

CHARLES WINNINGER—hearty old coffee-drinking Captain Henry of the Showboat.

DON VOORHEES—maestro of the excellent Showboat band.

ANNETTE HANSHAW—southern torch singer [who can't read a note] . . . and Scrappy Lambert—head man of the quartet.

MURIEL WILSON [above] and LANNY ROSS [below] —the love interest (and we hope Lanny’s press agent will pardon us for not referring to him as the “blond, silver-voiced tenor”).

TINY RUFFNER (left) —six feet, four inches of announcer and stage manager (who also sings “The Road to Mandalay”—privately).

PAT PADGETT and PICK MALONE —known as Molasses ’n’ January to folks who like their humor very mild.
"PARDON me," I said. "I must be in the wrong dressing room. I'm looking for a Mexican tenor."

A young man dressed in a white linen suit stood up from before the makeup shelf. He was the dream of artists looking for a model of American athletic college youth. "I'm Tito Guizar," he said and held out his hand.

Now I am what is known as counter-suggestible. The very fact that a man gets two or three thousand love letters every week from strange women who have palpitated over him prejudices me against him. I am hard to thrill by professional thrillers. I am not keen about the typical screen idol. Musical comedy tenors leave me slightly more than frigid. I can't help it for that's the contrary way I'm built.

So when I say that Tito Guizar utterly and absolutely charmed me, you can believe that he has more than regular features. Let me tell you something of what he has.

He has six-feet-two of height, and the breadth and thickness to go with it—all man and muscle.
July-August

Unlike other Mexican boys, who are mostly too indolent for active sport, he has lived for athletics all his life. He captained his baseball nine in military school, and was boxing champion. That was all he cared about in the world then, except swimming, at which he topped a flock of trophies.

He has sparkling, eager eyes. They are surprisingly light in color—hazel. Under level brows and a fine forehead they meet your glance with bright, steady, open, tremendously appealing sincerity.

He has a strong jaw, a mobile, sensitive mouth, a quick, responsive smile. The flush of sun and woods glows under the clear tan of his cheeks so that the flash of his teeth and eyes is dazzling.

He is no sheik. There is nothing oily nor sleek nor practiced about his charm. The quality of spontaneity bubbles up in everything he says. His manners are not merely good manners—they are perfect. They are the natural courtesy of a truly live and friendly personality.

I think the captivating thing that Tito Guizar has is youth.

Any room he happens to be in is charged with vitality, infectious and exciting. Call it zest or gusto or animal spirits or personal magnetism—it all adds up to (excuse the phrase) sex appeal. And sex appeal of a completely devastating potency.

MY first thought was that it is too bad television hasn’t caught up with radio. What a waste of so much visual charm on a medium meant for the ear alone. But then, I thought, maybe it’s just as well. Because apparently this attraction of his goes over the ether waves in sufficiently high voltage as it is. His fan mail is proof of that. It might be just a little hard on Columbia’s Hopeless Case Department if those girls all over the country who sigh over his songs could see their serenader while he sings to his guitar.

Tito is not blasé. He does not pretend to be indifferent to all that fan mail. He likes it. It delights him that he has pleased people, because that is what he is trying to do.

“But all those silly push notes from people who’ve never seen you—don’t they make you sick?” I asked.

Tito shook his dark head and smiled that boyish smile. “No, I’m glad to have people like me,” he said.

“When I sing love songs, it is natural that women should be romantic about me. Myself, I am romantic. I believe in romance. I like very much to give more romance to the world these days.”

But his head is not turned by flattery. He is the most unspoiled person I have ever met.

One day he was crossing New York from the broadcasting studio to the Capitol Theatre, where he was making a personal appearance. He was walking because he had no time for getting snarled up in Times Square traffic. But he got caught in a traffic jam, all the same. It was his own traffic jam. A Frenchwoman had recognized him and greeted him by a kiss on each cheek. She told him in no uncertain terms exactly what she thought of him, which was enough to melt the asphalt on the street. Other women saw the attraction and gathered round. Taxi drivers for two blocks were blowing their horns and swearing. When Tito sang his first song at the theatre that day he was still a little breathless. Not from excitement. Oh, no. From the physical exertion of extricating himself from his admirers.

TITO reads every postcard and letter that comes to him from his spellbound audience, but guess who helps him answer them? Senora Guizar!

Tito, at twenty-seven, has been married two years. “And happily,” he says with a smile that makes his words ring true.

“Isn’t she jealous?” I asked.

“No, I am the jealous one,” he answered. “For she is very beautiful as well as full of the sense to cause her to be above jealousy.”

“Is that good sense of hers a reason for your happiness?” I asked, because I wanted to know. It isn’t often that you meet a man who not only is in luck but has the wit to realize and appreciate it.

“Absolutely,” Tito said earnestly. “I think a woman should be intelligent and should try to get an education, if she wants to make a successful marriage.”

“I thought brains scared men away,” I objected.

“But the intelligent woman would have brains sufficient to tell her when to appear not to have education,” he said with a sly narrowing of the eyes. “My wife’s education is a great help to me. For example, I was lazy in school, cared for nothing but sports, and consequently missed many things I should know. When my wife met me I knew no

(Continued on page 41)
SEX
finally crashes the
NETWORKS

WITH our newspapers, magazines and books fairly reeking
with suggestive pictures and sloppily salacious text, and with our
movies already stressing sex interest to a point where one literally has
to hunt for a film that isn’t filled with sex appeal, people have natu-
really wondered how soon radio
would go in for sex in a big way.

Well, sex has finally made the
radio big time. But at least radio
has succeeded in developing a new
and more distinctive angle. Until
television arrives on a widespread
basis, radio cannot, of course, play
up the pretty faces, intriguing gar-
ments, and exposed limbs which
dare and dazzle the followers of the
press and movies. Even then, radio
“may not be quite so reckless of hu-
man consequences.” Perhaps by that
time radio will have seized upon its
great opportunity to give the Amer-
ican people a New Deal (or New
Dial) in the matter of sex—a deal
no less interesting from a human
standpoint, but vastly more signif-
icant when it comes to molding our
lives. At least, radio’s first great
chain program which largely spe-
cializes on sex, The Voice of Experi-
ence, gives real hope in this direc-
tion.

Many may wrongly interpret The
Voice of Experience as a radio
adaptation of the advice-to-the-love-
lorned columns which have appeared
for years in the press. The concep-
tion goes much deeper; it is more
sophisticated. The Voice of Expe-
rience concerns itself not only
with the well of loneliness, the prac-
tice of kissing, the affairs which
only the French have good names
for, and other such things—but it
also covers the remainder of the
field of human emotions. To under-
stand this distinctive program prop-
cerly, one should first imagine all
things divided into three types:
things mental, things material,
things emotional. Next, eliminate
the first two and concentrate on
things emotional. Then prepare
yourself to discuss and ponder over
the emotional side of the human being
—meaning you, me, and the rest of
the world.

YOU ARE now in the proper
frame of mind to listen to The
Voice of Experience. But with one
important reservation: Get all ideas
of sex for sex’s sake out of your
mind—at least the superficial as-
psects so continuously and lightly
flicked in our faces in print and on
the screen. Imagine yourself learn-
ning about sex and other human
emotions, not from the world’s most
seductive male or the world’s most
voluptuous vampire, but from one
who really understands our emo-
tional side and all that it means to
us in making life truly worth while.
Picture your friend to whom you
are listening as a great philosopher
of emotion, just as you visualize an
internationally great figure in the
practice of law. Also picture him
as a great scientist in the field of
human emotion—a Doctor of Emo-
tion, if you please. That is the big
idea behind The Voice of Experi-
ence. You can realize why it is in-
finity more fascinating than the
fictions of passion and the phan-
tasies of romance. It is real life—
human emotions as they are—
brought before you and analyzed by
one possessed not only of much ex-
perience, but of a seasoned philos-
ophy and a background of medical
study.

It is forbidden, of course, to print
or read over the radio many of the two million and more letters which have been written to The Voice of Experience. They are too intimate—and many of the words used could not be sent through the mails. But the letters are real and absolutely on the level. A few samples accompany this article and, while they have been expurgated in part, they still give some idea of the nature of the work being carried on by Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, who conducts this unique program.

BEFORE coming to the letters, however, you may be interested in a biographical sketch of the Voice, himself. His real name is not used on the air, in order that he may enjoy his private life with his family (yes, he is a family man) without the danger of being constantly harassed by men and women pressing for more and more advice.

Dr. Taylor’s father was an evangelist and his mother was a settlement worker. These occupations were their life work and thus the Voice received in boyhood the inspiration to serve humanity. Trained first for the clergy, the Voice later turned to surgery and music and made rapid strides in both fields. His career as an organist (which included engagements at the World’s Fair in St. Louis and at the Alaskan-Yukon-Pacific Exposition) came to an abrupt halt in Seattle when an automobile accident smashed both of his hands. While his hands were still in plaster casts he heard a lecture by the man who was then medical head of Johns Hopkins University. The doctor emphasized how little research had been done in the field of human emotions. After talking at length to him, Sayle Taylor forsook surgery in order to train himself in this newer and more obscure field of emotional reactions. He has been at it ever since.

THROUGH the help of an uncle, he devoted five years exclusively to research—and what research! It took him all over the world and even included serving a trumped-up prison sentence for the sake of experience. The complete story of these five years is far too frank and indelicate to print here. The Voice was then, as he is now, absolutely serious and sincere about his work. The facts he discovered about such things as repression and suppression are truly amazing and convincing. One of these days it will all be published as a set of books entitled “The Hidden Side of Life.” The text will consist of several thousand actual biographies (including many case histories of residents of so-called red light districts). These volumes may well prove the most important contribution of modern times in proving the ultimate consequences of sex ignorance.

Following the research period came the period of lectures on Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. Over a period of years, this work brought the Voice before thousands

(Continued on page 42)
REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

By DYAL TURNER

CHESTERFIELD
See front cover
(NBC-WABC, Friday at 10:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Lou Holtz, Grace Moore, Lenny Hayton’s Orchestra, Norman Brokenshine, Benny Baker

Comment—This review is based on the first broadcast of the program, so allowances are made for weaknesses that were the obvious result of the usual first-night nervousness, which is even more noticeable in radio work than in stage productions. And so it was that the veteran Lou Holtz, and his veteran stooge, Benny Baker, were a little fast with their stuff—repeated some of the build-up lines for their gags unnecessarily—and generally showed tension during the first part of the program. These faults became less apparent, however, as the show progressed. With a few more broadcasts they will get all this out of their systems. Another thing: The Holtz and Baker voices as so much alike that it is often difficult to tell which is which, unless only one is doing dialect.

Which brings us to their material: Most of it was familiar to those who have followed Lou’s stage work closely. Not much was new. But one point was proven conclusively. Mr. Holtz has got to keep hunting humor, whether dialect-situation stuff (which he can certainly put over with Baker) or straight gag and story material, which I believe he could do successfully with his colorful delivery.

Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera star, has little to worry about. Her voice is gorgeous, and the mike is particularly kind to her high notes ... a favor reserved for few sopranos. If she sticks to her singing she certainly can’t go wrong.

Lenny Hayton’s band is always an asset. His accompaniment of Miss Moore’s rendition of the Puccini aria, “My Name Is Mimi,” may not have been everything she has been accustomed to at the Metropolitan, but it was fifty percent better than anything most of the radio maestros could have provided.

The Plug—The usual Chesterfield claim of a milder cigarette that tastes better. The idea department should go into a huddle and see if it can’t come up with something brighter, and more penetrating. And why does Mr. Brokenshine continue to talk like a necklace? I mean—to borrow from Mr. Holtz—that he sorter kinder strings his words together. Do the ladies, or somebody, like it? They must. For instance, when he says, “That’s why it is,” it sounds to me like, “Thad-swii-i-dis.” (Or am I, like my friend, Mr. Robert Benchley of The New Yorker, suffering from faulty hearing?)

Opinion—Should be a success ... with good comedy material.

... 

CHASE AND SANBORN
(NBC-WLAEF, Sunday at 8:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Bert Lahr, Dave Rubinoff and his orchestra, Lee Sims, Ilomay Bailey, and guest stars

Comment—The sponsors are evidently groping for a program idea. Mr. Lahr is being used (or was) on a week-to-week arrangement, and the rest of the program is a sort of surprise (even to the sponsors sometimes, perhaps). After Eddie Cantor left the show, they tried a Louis Joseph Vance gangster sketch for a couple of weeks and then discontinued it, which was smart. When this was written there were guest stars supporting Mr. Lahr. And it must be said, regretfully, that he needs support. As a stage comedian, Mr. Lahr has always relied a great deal on physical clowning to put over his lines—in fact he could always get laughs without lines. As yet he has not adapted his stage technique to the air, and I doubt if it can be done with complete success. I hope my prediction is entirely wrong, as Mr. Lahr has always been one of my favorite funnymen.

Rubino7, the violinist, should
have no trouble retaining the popularity he gained while he was on this program with Eddie Cantor. Lee Sims, pianist, and Ilomay Bailey, vocal soloist, are also capable entertainers. Therefore, the two things the program has lost by the departure of Mr. Cantor are a definite idea, and a consistent humorous pace.

The Plug—Pretty reasonable, considering the amount of money the sponsors are spending to give you this hour show.

Opinion—Uncertainty in the humor and lack of showmanship in the guest-star feature are handicaps to the fine musical entertainment.

POND'S VANITY FAIR
(NBC-WEAF, Friday at 9:30 PM-EST)

Cast—Pond's Players (orchestra) under Victor Young, Ilka Chase, Hugh O'Connell, Lee Wiley, and Paul Small

Comment—The title of this program is the tip-off that the sponsors want the show to have a class atmosphere. In an effort to provide this air of good manners and tasteful elegance, Mr. Young uses a musical combination in which the strings predominate, with the brass keeping modestly in the background. The effect is a sort of virile chamber music, with a jazz threat—the kind of orchestra you might hear if a Harlem society matron was entertaining the Liberian ambassador. The first few programs probably left the average radio ear a bit confused. This was particularly true in the song accompaniments, when Vic soft-pedalled the band until it almost sounded as if they were walking out. As criticism, this cannot be seriously considered, however, as Mr. Young is too smart a conductor to let details stand uncorrected. Nor is it quite fair for me to judge the vocalists, Paul Small and Lee Wiley. They are both pleasant performers and seem to satisfy the customers, but neither is a favorite of the writer. And if Miss Wiley (or anybody else on the air) is going to sing "Stormy Weather," she should hear Ethel Waters at the Cotton Club. (And, Lee, don't leave out the line, "Just can't pull my poor self together." You might also try singing two notes on the word "time" instead of one.)

The Plug—Another of those little dramas of "real life," intended to mix a bit of fun and innocent amusement with the advertising. Reversing the usual radio routine of the smart husband and the dumb wife, in this set-up Ilka Chase is the smart wife, and Hugh O'Connell is the dumb mate. At home, the theatre, or anywhere at all, the talk between them drifts to Pond's Cold Cream and the "outer and under skin." Hugh, being a naive creature, has to have the details explained, and Ilka gives him the lowdown on how she preserves her physical allure after years of the wear and tear of married life. If this were the only plug, it would be fine, but the announcer also has plenty to say, which runs the advertising into the usual error of overstatement.

Opinion—Good musical show. And the commercial angle introduces, in Miss Chase, a personality who deserves serious consideration as an air comedienne. With proper material she should be as successful on the air as she has been on the stage.

COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI
Comment—One of the few sopranos on the air who doesn't make me grit my teeth when she clamps down on a top note. Apparently the radio technicians find it almost impossible to transmit the ordinary trained soprano voice without getting noises like the scratching of a pin on a

(Continued on page 43)
Ted Husing picks

THE TEN BEST

Pick out the most energetic, quick-witted, enthusiastically glib person you know—add six—multiply by two—and the answer is Ted Husing. I listened to him talk informally for a couple of hours the other afternoon and if I got a story out of what he said it’s only because I was able to keep up with a few of his mental gymnastics.

Husing is a really great showman. He’s only about thirty, yet he is one of radio’s old men in the kind of experience that comes from having to tell the world about hundreds of important events, no two of which have been alike. He has learned to talk and, more important, when to let the other fellow talk. He has developed an amazing versatility, change of pace, or whatever your phrase for it is. What’s more, he has acquired a news sense that is perhaps unsurpassed among radio men and journalists.

My purpose in talking to Husing was to learn what he considered his “Ten Best Broadcasts.” I hadn’t been in his office three minutes before it became absolutely clear that his idea of “best broadcasts” was “toughest spots.”

Husing talks in headlines, and his first remark about his work summed up everything he has ever done in radio. “Ten percent of my radio broadcasts,” he said, “have been rotten—sixty percent have been fair—and thirty percent have been good. And I’m the first to know whether I’m good or rotten. Don’t ever let anybody tell you that any announcer is consistently good.”

“What makes you rotten one time out of ten?” I asked, taking him at his word.

“Conditions we can’t control, usually,” he replied. “Bad weather—unavoidable delays—not enough notice to get all the facts I should have before the event—too little time to make adequate technical preparations—lack of cooperation on the part of local people—and unexpected things that happen at the last minute, such as important people getting ideas of their own about how the broadcast should be handled.

“Then I suppose you’d call your best broadcasts the ones in which you were able to get around some pretty appalling handicaps?”

“That’s right,” Husing said quickly. “Some of the best work we’ve done probably sounded to the listeners like commonplace stuff. Take the Pitt-Army football game in 1931.

The Army team was playing in Pittsburgh for the first time, and the Cadets were scheduled to parade through the streets—starting at 9:15 in the morning. The whole town was out. There was such a mob that a parade was impossible. There were minor riots all along the line of march. The cops were helpless. We went on the air at 9:15. At 10:30 we were still on, and the parade hadn’t even started. I’d gone to Pittsburgh with the idea that the tough part of the program would be the game. I’d worked weeks getting the facts together. And then, for an hour and a quarter, I had to keep talking about something that hadn’t happened!”

“What did you say?” I asked.

“I stalled as much as I could. I described everything in sight. I talked about the weather, about Pitt, about West Point, about the long and glorious record of the Army, the Navy, and the Government; about parades in general, about mobs in general—in fact, I said everything I could think of that had the remotest connection with that damned parade.”

“Why can’t you go quietly off the air in cases like that, and give the audience a musical interlude—or something?” I asked.

“You lose the people who want to hear about the event,” Husing said. “It may start any minute, and if the announcers on other stations go on talking and you go into music, you never get your listeners back.”

I was about to ask why all the stations couldn’t go into their music, but Husing was too fast for me.

By R. R. Endicott
"The end of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago last year was another tough spot," he continued. "Frederick William Wile, H. V. Kaltenborn, and I were covering the show. I knew nothing about politics then and I knew little more now. I was working there purely in the capacity of 'color man.' My post was high up in the convention hall where I had a bird's-eye view of the whole gathering. Kaltenborn was on the speaker's platform and Wile was on the floor. When anything exciting happened I was usually able to spot it first from my point of vantage. I'd give the listeners a short description of what was going on and then I'd switch the mike to either Kaltenborn or Wile and he'd talk about the political significance—if any.

"That whole convention was a fascinating job because it took so much air sense . . ."

"What's air sense?" I interrupted. "Well, that's what any announcer-at-large has to have to do a good job," said Husing. "It's the ability to judge the news value of whatever happens the minute it takes place—so you can give it enough time, but not one bit more. And if you don't already know it, let me tell you that a political convention takes air sense. You're on the air almost continuously for several days. Much of the time nothing important is happening—and yet you've got to sustain the listener's interest. Do you recall that interminable hour Governor Roosevelt was delayed in getting from the airport to the convention hall last June? Well, that was the toughest spot in the whole convention for us. We'd built up the broadcast to a big climax—which was to be set off by his entrance. The people knew he'd arrived in the city. He was expected to come through the door of the hall any minute. The delegates were all set to give him a tremendous ovation. And then we all waited for one solid hour! Just sat there and waited with absolutely nothing to say that we hadn't said a hundred times before that week."

"Does it ever happen," I asked, 
"that, when you are so desperate for a subject to talk about, you say something offensive to a large part of your audience? That is, do you ever inadvertently get in such hot water that you only make it hotter if you try to get out?"

"Well, that's never happened to me," said Husing, "and I think the experienced announcer comes to know instinctively what type of thing he must not say—no matter how hard he's pressed. You undoubtedly know all about that incident at Cambridge when, during the Harvard-Dartmouth game of 1931, I described the playing of one of the Harvard fellows as 'putrid.' That wasn't because I was hard up for words. It was because that word seemed to describe best what happened.

"And, by the way, put that broadcast down as one of my best ten—mostly because of the consequences of one word. The next day Columbia and I were front page news. And people haven't forgotten it yet, particularly in Boston."

"As a Harvard graduate," I put in, "I've always considered that the action of Harvard officials in barring you from the stadium was unfortunate. They were bound to get nothing but unfavorable publicity from it."

(Continued on page 44)
"STORMY WEATHER"
By Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. Published by Mills Music, Inc.

It was not until the appearance of Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie at the Paramount Theatre in New York that I fully appreciated Harold Arlen's genius as a song writer. I have admired him as a pianist and vocalist since he worked in Arnold Johnson's band, and when he wrote "Happy Feet" I knew he had the mark of cleverness. But the Paramount show made me realize what a truly great song writer Harold is. He had arranged a medley of his popular songs, and as he went through the list I heard "Get Happy," "Hittin' The Bottle," "You Said It," "Sweet And Hot," "Kickin' The Gong Around," "The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea," "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues," "I Love A Parade," and "I've Got The World On A String."

Associated with Harold as lyricist is the very capable Ted Koehler, and many of their songs have been used by the torrid colored singers at Harlem's Cotton Club. And after all the marvelous songs these two boys have turned out, they now top their work with "Stormy Weather." The first time you listen to it you may think it a bit disjointed and lacking in pattern, but the more you hear it, the more you will appreciate the true depth of the composition. As in other Arlen songs, this one shows the influence of Jewish religious melodies—in fact, Harold admits that his youthful days in the Synagogue left an indelible impression on his musical imagination.

"Stormy Weather" is one of the most unusual song hits in years. It has already been given a magnificent stage presentation at the Radio City Music Hall, and will doubtless be featured by amateur and professional showmen all over the world during the next year. It should be played slowly.

"I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"
By Allie Wruble. Published by Shapiro Bernstein & Co.

During my college days in New Haven I associated myself with Messrs. Bolton and Cipriano, two Yale graduates who had been handling dance orchestras since their college days of 1913-1914. They, in turn, often worked for Ed Wittstein, who was the leading society dance orchestra leader in that New England territory. One weekend Mr. Wittstein brought down a young man from Wesleyan College named Allie Wruble. My first impression of Allie was that he had a pointed chin and a rather humorous, eccentric disposition.

Wruble's folks were wealthy furriers in Middletown, Connecticut, where Wesleyan is located. Allie not only played the saxophone well, but his chin seemed to have been designed to sustain the silver length of the flute. Crazy tricks on that instrument were his forte, and while I made a specialty of tone, I also went in for some of the trick stuff. Thus Allie and I were always friendly rivals. Shortly after I was graduated I moved to New York. When Allie decided to write songs he also invaded the Big Town.

That he had an unusual talent was demonstrated even before his college days. He composed a little risque song called, "You'll Do It Some Day, So Why Not Now?" Allie has always leaned a bit toward the double entendre and I believe he has furnished Morton Downey with some unusually clever material suitable for drawing room and night club work.

But Allie soon discovered that, in order to write good commercial music, the songs had to be tuneful and simple. As a result of his earnest efforts, we have "Now You're In My Arms," "Farewell To Arms," and "The Farmer's Daughter's Wedding Day." And now comes the lovely, almost concert type of melody, "I Lay Me Down To Sleep."

This song will unquestionably make radio history, though, of course, Allie's best is still "Farewell To Arms." The song goes "I Lay Me Down To Sleep" quite slowly, taking about one minute to the chorus.

"WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE"
By Lou Alter, Gus Kahn, and Charlotte Kent. Published by Robbins & Co.

This is more a note of apology than an opinion, because you certainly know by now that "What Have We Got To Lose" is a hit song. Which just goes to show how wrong I can be. Jack Robbins mailed me a "ditto," or mimeographed copy, long before the song was published, but I couldn't see that it had any merit until Helen Morgan sang it on one of our programs.

And so my belated congratulations, particularly to my good friend, Lou Alter.

The tune should be given a breezy, lilting treatment. We take about fifty seconds to play one 32-measure chorus.

"SHADOW WALTZ" AND "I'VE GOT TO SING A TORCH SONG"
By Harry Warren and Al Dubin. Published by Remick Music Corporation

These tunes are from the Warner picture, "Gold Diggers of 1933," and I mention them together because we recorded both of them for the Columbia Phonograph Company.

(Continued on page 48)
Ilka Chase, brilliant young stage comedienne, is one of the few women in the world who can be funny without costume and dialect. And her smart comedy registers as definitely through the microphone as it does in person. The air needs amusing ladies, so congratulations to the man who cast Miss Chase in the Pond's "Vanity Fair" program. (Further comment under Reviews, page 13.)
LUCKY IN LOVE

By JEAN CALVIN

THE story behind the marriage of Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett is romantic, but it is seldom told because that popular young Irishman has always displayed an unusual reticence in discussing his wife. Ask him about himself, and Morton will discuss everything from his views on nudism and the budget, down to the color of his underwear. Yet when you mention Barbara it is strictly "keep-off-the-grass."

It leaked out in the beginning of his radio fame (together with the fact that he had once sold magazines on trains as a "newsbutcher") that Mort referred to his wife as "Lover," that he sang all his romantic songs straight to her, that he talked to her continually on the telephone—even to putting through long distance calls to the Coast, and that after every personal appearance in New York Theatres, there was always a telegram from Barbara waiting for him in the dressing room. People noticed that Mort occasionally slipped in small messages to Barbara over the radio, ... an almost inaudible "Good-night, Lover" would often follow his last song.

Everyone who has seen them together wonders at the effect "Bab" Bennett has had upon her wise-cracking, rambunctious husband. When she is around he plays a perfect Sir Walter Raleigh to her Queen Elizabeth, and the "gags" take on another color. If you knew Mort well you would realize the import of this statement. He will go to any lengths for a laugh—loves a good joke better than almost anybody this writer has ever met—and doesn't mind if he has to be a bit risque to get his giggles. All of which makes him the more popular with men, but sometimes shocks the ladies (though they seldom fail to laugh after being shocked).

So what? So this. When a girl can make a man pull his punches on his sense of humor, she has him pretty well under control. Not that Mort minds it, because he adores this girl, just as obviously as she adores him. And it's been like that since the day they married, four years ago.

BARBARA is a real contrast to Mort. She is slender, dark, and elegant. She has the bearing of a Bennett, and though her hair is darker than Connie's or Joan's, the shape of the face and the hair-line are much the same. She is quiet, and looks sophisticated and naive at the same time—a special gift of all the Bennett sisters.

It was about four years ago that Mort went out to the coast to take Hollywood by storm—at least, that's why he went out. He'd served his term with the Leviathan band and made a reputation in European night clubs—so he planned to conquer Hollywood. Unfortunately talking pictures weren't what they are now—neither was Mort a suave actor, and the result was very sad.

The first picture was "Syncopation," and his leading lady was Barbara Bennett. The hit song from that movie was "I'll Always Be In Love With You." When he sang it to his leading lady, he meant it. He did some madcap courting off the sets as well as before the camera, and they were married in two weeks. Mort decided to brave another picture, and they starred in "Mother's Boy."

Barbara and Mort went to the opening night. They stood about twenty minutes of it, then Mort whispered in his wife's ear, "Lover, as an actor I'm a large order of ham," and he took her arm and walked out of the theatre. Nothing she could say consol ed him much. But in a short while the movie magnates again tempted him with their bags of gold, and he made "Lucky in Love." The opening night of that one wasn't much better, and Mort was convinced that he was no actor.

(Continued on page 47)
THE TRAGEDY THAT MADE
CONRAD THIBAULT
GREAT

By GLADYS BAKER

VARIOUS adjectives have been used to describe that "certain something" in Conrad Thibault's voice. Hundreds of women, young and not-so-young, run the gamut of their vocabularies to find a patly descriptive phrase. Poignant... poetic... wistful, some of the fair correspondents write. But all agree on one thing—that Conrad's voice has a sympathetic depth that is strangely moving.

And they are right, though they could never guess the story behind this unusual quality. It is not the result of years of training. Nor is it a studied trick of showmanship that projects this subtle something over the air with such effectiveness that women of all ages are immediately won to a Voice.

Behind the deeply stirring, warmly colored tones lies a romance as beautiful, as appealing, as young as any fairy-book legend out of the pages of Hans Anderson or the Brothers Grimm.

This story has not been told before, because beneath the calm assurance, which is one of the most satisfying assets of the Thibault vocal talent, is a shy, retiring personality and the innate sensitivity of an artist. There I found the answer to Conrad Thibault's peculiar ability to recreate romance for others, and there I came upon the reason for that unaffected pathos in his singing that goes straight to the listener's heart.

IT was not without curiosity that I went to meet the celebrated baritone. Though I had been told that he was in his late twenties I was not prepared for his extreme youthfulness. In spite of a lack of pose and a casual exterior, one knows that he is highstrung, temperamental. His face is thin (much less oval in shape than any photograph I have seen of him), his nose aquiline, his mouth sensitive; hair, eyes and complexion are of that light bronze tone which accentuates his youthful, almost boyish, appearance.

We had tea late in the June afternoon in the baritone's apartment. The rain pattered monotonously against the windowpanes. The New York traffic rumbled dimly in the distance. The lamps were lighted against the drab grayness of the outside world. Inside was an atmosphere of quietness, relaxation, repose. Circumstances were in my favor. For on that particularly dreary afternoon the popular radio star was just a tired, unhappy young man and the quiet setting was one to inspire confidences. On a sunshiny day, or in another mood, I felt certain that the doggedness with which he has guarded his private life from an inquisitive public would have kept him formal and aloof.

And there was another thing. The date on his calendar brought a vivid recollection of a tragedy which is ever with him. For on that same day of the month, just seven months before, Conrad Thibault had lost his wife—and with her most of the joy and meaning of life.

"I have only my memories now," he said, brown eyes gravely reminiscent.

Nor was it easy to disturb those memories. For a time it seemed as if our talk was to be over almost before it had begun. But Mr. Thibault seemed to appreciate the difficulty of my assignment, and it is a testimony to his considerate nature that he consented to talk to me frankly.

ONCE started, he talked readily—with something of the relief that comes from letting go of pent-up thoughts and emotions.

(Continued on page 48)
"Look out, Everybody!" When Kate swings she takes a mean cut at that apple. And the strange part of it, Mr. Ripley, is that the buxom Katherine really plays good tennis.

If you think we are going to say "Hay, Hay!" you're crazy. It is simply a picture of Ruth Etting in overalls playing in the hay, because somebody wanted a picture of Ruth in overalls playing in the hay.

Informal

STAR-GAZING

"WHEN THE MIKE'S AWAY THE CAST WILL PLAY"

Old Radio Proverb

For programs on which these stars appear see Artist Schedule on pages 39 and 40

When Paul Whiteman stated he lost weight eating grapefruit—the whole world started eating grapefruit. Warner Brothers even used the angle in the film, "Hard To Handle." Citrus growers should endow Paul.

Al Smith takes Clara, Lou and Em to the top of the Empire State Building and shows the famous Chicago visitors his city. "It's just a little place," says Al, "but I call it home."
We were all set to talk about Norman Brokenshire, the Old Salt... when we noticed that conductor's hat he is wearing. Probably one of those "guest conductors" we've been hearing about, Norman is now one of the Big Four (the others being Grace Moore, Lou Holtz, and Lenny Hayton) on the Chesterfield program.

Fred Waring, head man of Waring's Pennsylvanians. According to the announcer, Old Golds (Fred's tobacco backer) are "as smooth as Waring's music." If they are that good, we are certainly going to give up snuff.

Alex Morrison, radio golf expert, instructs that Southern singer, Betty Barthell (howya honey chile?) by crooning his theme song—"It Don't Mean A Thing If You Ain't Got That Swing." Alex's talks (on the Richfield Country Club program) are recommended to all golfers. They really make sense.

Somebody told Phil Baker that Ann Neil was a ventriloquist, so he thought he had located the phantom heckler on the Armour program. Harry McNaughton is saying, "Don't chap, her old chop." And Phil replies, "Why not? Everybody else has taken a cut." (Boy, you certainly hit the Neil on the head that time.)
"YOu can’t stop Winchell. He knows all the answers."

That sentiment has probably been expressed hundreds of times—and no wonder. This gossipy news trapper has made an astounding success as a journalist and radio informant because he has a nose for headlines, and an ear for paragraphs that end in exclamation points.

But when a friend made the remark the other day that Walter couldn’t be stopped, I had the answer to that one, because I saw him stopped. It was the last time I met Walter before he left for California. The occasion was a party that was given by Nancy Ryan of the recent Broadway show, "Forsaking All Others." So, of course, Tallulah Bankhead, who was the star of the piece, was there.

When Tallulah Bankhead and Walter Winchell are present at the same time—that’s news. All the guests were prepared for a duel of wits . . . or at least a friendly exchange of dynamic cracks. The stage was set when Walter seated himself on a sofa with Tallulah facing him in a chair. Grouped about them were Ruth Cambridge (Walter’s Girl Friday), Mr. and Mrs. Alton Brodie (she’s Irvin S. Cobb’s daughter), Ilka Chase (in Tallulah’s play, and also on the Pond’s radio program), William Murray of NBC, and the writer.

"Well, well," said Tallulah, opening the show. "Here I am surrounded by writers. Winchell and Evans both looking for news, and, like all journalists, they are pushovers. By the way, boys, did I ever tell you what I think of newspapermen?" . . . and she was off.

You may have heard a great many stories about Miss Bankhead. For instance there is the line she is supposed to have handed Winchell the first time she saw him:

"Walter, you know those terrible things you’ve heard about me? Well, they’re all true."

There are other remarks—hundreds of them—credited to this unusual girl. What Tallulah has said and done is a subject for conversation anywhere you may go in New York. But one of the things that is not generally known is that she has one of the most amazing mental ma-
You can imagine the different slants in the conversation. Beatty told about taming lions...Tunney gave us first-hand details about taming men...Miss Herbert told about the years of training it had taken for her to learn to do the amazing tricks she performs in a side-saddle...Nancy Carroll inveigled Colliano into recounting interesting episodes in the life of a high-wire man (and did he react to the inveigling!)...while Messrs. Cobb, McIntyre and Fellows had a story for every situation introduced.

If Mr. Cobb has not already repeated parts of this conversation in his radio work, I am sure he will. And inasmuch as it was his party, he has the right to the “material.” I don’t believe I ever had a more satisfactory evening. Every sentence was news.

**THE** one thing, however, that impressed me most was the natural charm and unassuming manner of Gene Tunney. I have met this big fellow a number of times, but this was the first time I had ever really heard him express his views on sports in general, and boxing in particular. It was the most intelligent commentary on the subject I have ever heard.

It seems to me that some sponsor is overlooking a bet by not signing Gene up for a series of air chats. He would not have to confine himself to the conversation of the ring. His ideas on politics, literature, or any other topic of general interest would make better listening than the ideas of many of the boys who are recognized as astute students (say that fast) of current events. I used to be one of the large group of people who thought Mr. Tunney’s cultural manifestations were a lot of hooey, but now I realize that it is the same old story. You can’t know the truth until you know the person.

**Radio** seems to cover the entire field of advertising. I mean to say that there is hardly any article which can’t be plugged over the ether. Hollywood proved this recently when the Hotel Knickerbocker went on the air and offered gigolos for hire.

It seems that the hotel stages a tea dansant between 12 and 2 P.M. called “The Woman’s Hour” (proving that their arithmetic is terrible). Present at these functions are a flock of hansom dancing men and, in the radio announcement, lonely ladies (with a yearning to shake their feet and stuff) are told that these boys will be happy to teach them the tango or rumba (the first for their feet, the second...well, never mind). The price is $1 per whirl, and no holds barred. The announcer also informs you that the music is furnished by Don Cave’s orchestra.

There must be some crack there about “Cave Men.” If you think of it, let me know.

**THE** sweet things you hear about Ruth Etting are not the usual press agent imagination. I saw an incident recently that convinced me of this. When Miss Etting was starring in the late Flo Ziegfeld’s “Hot Cha,” there was a girl in the chorus named Mary Alice Rice. This girl, who is now doubling as a chorus girl and the principal understudy in “Music In The Air,” was invited by Nick Kenny (New York Daily Mirror radio critic) to appear on one of his “Radio Scandals” programs. Nick was so impressed with her singing voice that he signed her up to appear in the Roxy Theatre with a group of young artists he was sponsoring.

One afternoon Miss Etting was in the audience. She had come there just to hear one of the performers, but after she recognized Mary Alice she waited until the girl had done her song. Then, instead of leaving, Miss Etting sat through the whole show, which took nearly two hours, and later went backstage. When the call boy knocked on Mary Alice’s door and said, “Ruth Etting to see you,” she thought it was a gag. You can imagine how she felt when the famous Miss Etting walked in, kissed her, and told her how swell she was.

Nor did she stop there. She gave the young girl several invaluable hints about singing over a microphone, and told her where she could go to get song arrangements that would suit her voice.

All of which is the answer to the

(Continued on page 50)
"I HATE TO ACT"
says JOHN BATTLE
Radio's Most Versatile Actor

By ROBERT RANTOUL

If John Battle really hates to act, as he claims, his life must be almost all hatred—for he is probably the busiest actor on the air today. And in addition to acting he writes at least three programs every week and frequently more.

When I talked with him he was living in a small hotel room. This was a bit surprising as I knew he had an apartment only a few blocks away. "When I want to rest I have to go to a hotel," he said. "Too many people know my apartment phone number. What's more, I've got to move from this hotel tomorrow, because they're beginning to find out where I am. And by 'they' I don't mean creditors, either."

Now this all sounded as if Battle might be trying to build himself up as a much sought after young success. But during the two hours we talked the telephone bell rang a dozen times. And after he gave me an outline of a typical week, I was prepared to believe he had been modest in his complaint about people not leaving him alone. Here's a synopsis of a recent seven-day schedule for Battle's radio work, as he described it to me:

FROM nine to eleven on Monday I rehearsed Triple Bar X Days and Nights. I played three parts—Old Man Harris, who runs the dude ranch; a young Mexican lover, and his father. For the next four hours I rehearsed Roses and Drums, which I had written on the preceding Saturday and Sunday. I took the roles of a negro servant, a Tennessee mountaineer, a Virginia army captain, and an Irish sentry from New York—all on this one program. From three to six there was the Bar X dress rehearsal, and from six to seven-thirty the rehearsal of the Tydol Jubilee show, which I write three times a week. At seven-thirty I went on the air for Tydol and at eight we put on Bar X."

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "That schedule went from nine in the morning till eight-thirty at night, without a break. How about food, and when did you write the Tydol script?"

"I got sandwiches and coffee sent into the studio," replied Battle, "and during rehearsals I was able to write parts of the Tydol show on the back of the scripts I was then rehearsing."

"That clears that up," I said, "and on Tuesday what did you do?"

"Well," continued Battle, "from nine till one I made some recorded programs... Sonny Baker and Peppermint Sam. In the first I was a Portuguese pirate, and in the other a cowpuncher named Forty Rod. From two until six I rehearsed Miss Lilla, a Tennessee mountain dialect sketch in which my character is Lester Orville Lipscomb. Before playing on that program at ten o'clock I got a call to go on the air in Eno Crime Clues at eight. In it, without rehearsal, I played Caesar, a negro stable boy, and one of the voices in a dramatized commercial announcement."

AND that, dear reader, is what is known as being busier than a cow's tail in flytime. Mr. Battle should have been triplets.

Returning to his last remark, I said to him, "What do you think of those dramatized commercials?"

"I don't like them personally, but I think that if they are intelligently done they make effective advertising. You do whatever you're asked to do."

(Continued on page 49)
THE CIRCUIT JUDGE
A Department of Radio Information
Conducted by ZEH BOUCK

To drive an automobile, it is only necessary to demonstrate a moderate degree of skill in handling the steering wheel, clutch, brake, and gear shift. But the driver who knows something about the mechanics of his car—the difference between summer and winter gasoline mixtures and oils, the theory of ignition—will derive greater pleasure and more service from his automobile than the owner who merely knows how to start, steer and stop it. The same is true of radio. A child can tune a receiver, but the utmost in satisfaction and economical operation is secured only when the operator knows a bit more about the function of the dials, the purpose and limitations of antenna and ground, and the miracle of the vacuum tube.
—The Circuit Judge

BARGAIN COUNTER RADIOS

Let the buyer beware” is a saying that started back in the old days of Rome, and was probably addressed to prospective purchasers of real estate in the swamps along the Appian Way. It applies to real estate equally well today—and to second hand autos and marked down radio sets. M. E. B. of Portland, Maine, brings up the subject: “Several of our sporting goods and department stores are selling new radios—some of well-known makes—at prices often less than half their list value. I’d like to buy one of these, but I’m afraid of getting stuck. Are they good? If so, how can I tell a good one?”

Marked down radios are being bargain-countered throughout the country. Thousands of these are sold at ridiculously low prices for reasons that in no way reflect upon the actual worth of the receiver. Unfortunately thousands also are clucks.

If M. E. B. has a friend who is a radio expert in other than his own opinion, he should enlist his assistance in selecting a good receiver. If no such friend is on hand, his next best bet is to form his opinion with no prompting from the salesman.

Select a receiver in the price class that interests you. Determine by inspection whether it is a superheterodyne or not. All good supers carry etched plates on the chassis declaring the receiver to be licensed under the superheterodyne patents. Count the number of tubes. A really satisfactory super should not have less than six tubes. Five tubes is the minimum for a first class tuned-radio-frequency job.

The number of tubes is an index of sensitivity. If you are interested in distant reception, you will hardly be satisfied with less than an eight tube superheterodyne. The number of tubes also has a bearing on selectivity, and if you are in a congested radio district, eight tubes again is the recommended minimum. If the receiver has eight or more tubes, automatic volume control should be among its features. Look for this in the literature and direction sheet—don’t take the salesman’s word for it.

Insist on new tubes of a nationally known make, and upon an adequate demonstration, preferably in your own home. Check the tone quality on low and high volume. Here you are the ultimate judge of the receiver, and can determine better than any radio engineer just how it meets your requirements.

A three months’ service guarantee is an indication of confidence on the part of the dealer, and suggests a reliable receiver.

A MATTER OF TONE

The tone control has several useful functions. It can be used to modify bad echoes when the receiver is installed in a large room with few draperies. The effects of static and similar disturbances can be reduced by cutting down on the “highs” (adjusting for a muffled tone). And also, if the individual listener prefers the Philharmonic mellow, rather than sharp and brilliant, he can have it as he wants it.

However, H. A. D. of Schoharie, New York, ear attune to the highest treble of the woodwinds, asks—“How can I tell when my tone control is adjusted so that I hear an orchestra exactly as it is being played?”

Almost invariably the most authentic reproduction is secured when the tone control is adjusted for “brilliant.” If you are not certain just which extreme this is, make the adjustment when listening to the announcer. At one end of the control the voice will be “mellow.” (I’d call it muffled.) The other end will be the “brilliant” adjustment. It will also be the more noisy.

TO JUNK OR NOT TO JUNK

TUBES may come and tubes may go, and the question is how close to forever can the old set go on. R. O. T. of Rochester, New York, observes:

“It seems that every month in the last two years has seen a new crop of radio tubes. I’m wondering if their use results in a real improvement. I mean, is my present set becoming antiquated? I have a Radiola 48, employing the familiar ’24, ’45 and ’80 tubes.”

There are in existence some

(Continued on page 50)
FAN-FARE'S
HUMOR
CAFETERIA

(RADIO COMEDIANS HELP YOURSELVES)

"I say, old fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your fingerbowl?"

"Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?" —Avgwan

Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle: "Wanted—Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1." —Buccaner

"Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."
"Encyclopedia hell; you can walk to school like I did!" —Cajoler

In spite of all the publicity given propaganda for world peace, there were the usual number of weddings in June. —Atlanta Journal

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vermicelli, please."
"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir." —Tiger

A young daughter of a radio announcer who was called upon to say grace at a family dinner, bowed her head and announced in loud clear tones, "This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God." —Christian Register

"Eyes right!" thundered the negro lieutenant.
"You are wrong!" came back from the depths of the black troops. —Yellow Jacket

"What do you mean by coming in so late?" demanded the angry parent.
A sudden thought came to the boy.
"Oh, dad," he said, "I forgot to tell you—I knew you wouldn't mind—I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mother you sat up with." —Answers

And if Adolf ever has nightmares we'll bet he dreams of being stranded in the Bronx. —Judge

"F-e-e-t. What does that spell?" asked the teacher.
Johnny didn't know.
"What is it that a cow has four of and I only have two of?"
Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected. —Texas Battalion

"Nature is an original artist," we read. That is why she so often scorns to copy the pictures on flower seed packets. —Humorist

"Where did you learn to kiss like that?"
"Oh, just clucking at horses." —Exchange

The next war, according to Marconi, will be fought by radio. The crooners should be our first line of defense. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Of father dear,
We are here—
(Its said "Turn Right,"
But he turned left.)
—Buffalo Evening News

Headline: "Husband Leaves In Midst Of Wife's Bridge Party; Disappears."
Just a fugitive from the chin gang. —Atlanta Journal

"Why did you break your engagement to Tom?"
"He deceived me. He told me he was a liver and kidney specialist, and then I found out that he only worked in a butcher's shop." —Boston Transcript

Five thousand students marched in Berlin's bonfire parade, "singing Nazi songs and college melodies." Such as "Keep the Tote Fires Burning?"
—New York Herald Tribune

"It's nothing, mother. He always dresses like that for the Eno Crime Clues program."

A little boy was saying his prayers in a very low voice.
"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.
"Wasn't talking to you," said the youngster, firmly. —Tit-Bits

"See if you can laugh that off," said the fat man's wife as she wired a button on his vest. —Bays' Life

"I thought that you had died."
"Why?"
"I heard someone speak well of you this morning." —V. P. I. Skipper

Inflationists' theme song—"Buy, baby, buy." —Three River Falls Times

Customer (in drug store)—A mustard plaster.
Drug Clerk (from force of habit)—We're out of mustard; how about mayonnaise? —The Watchman-Examiner

The way to cure hiccoughs, we read, is to scare the afflicted person. But what about the fellow who has them continuously for ten or fifteen days? If that in itself doesn't scare him, what can? —Judge

"If you print any more jokes about Scotchmen," writes a man from Aberdeen, "I shall cease borrowing your paper." —Tit-Bits
Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

A Greater Service to Radio Listeners

Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder offers a service to discriminating listeners who want more from radio entertainment than a mere background for a game of bridge, an evening of reading or a cocktail party. Radio audiences today are not satisfied to listen to whatever happens to be on the air but are selecting their radio programs as they choose the movies they attend or the Broadway shows they want to see.

This fast growing and discriminating audience can now, for the first time, select, by means of our Program Finder, programs which particularly appeal to them. All of the outstanding chain programs are grouped in the Classified Schedule according to the type of program. If, for instance, you want to listen to organ music or to a humorous sketch, merely turn to that section of the Classified Schedule and you can select the program which best suits your tastes. If you want to hear a particular artist or a special program, turn to the Artists and Programs Schedule, page 39-40. The index number opposite each name will enable you to turn to the Classified Schedule where you will find complete information about any given artist or program.

We have listed what we deem to be the better programs, bearing in mind that we must restrict our choice to programs which are continuous enough to warrant inclusion in a monthly magazine. We cannot of course be responsible for last minute changes in programs nor stations but we will do everything humanly possible to limit errors and to extend the service rendered. Our readers are invited to suggest improvements.

### Classified Schedule

**A—Beauty (Continued)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:00 PM — CS</td>
<td>WJDX KFD</td>
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<td>1:00 PM — CS</td>
<td>WCOC WHO</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 PM — CS</td>
<td>WWOI WBO</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 PM — CS</td>
<td>WYYY WBC</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 PM — CS</td>
<td>WMAQ WCR</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**B—Books and Literature**

**C—Children’s Program**

### Locate What You Like Best

*Notice of Copyright. Method of arrangement copyrighted. Infringement will be prosecuted.
C—CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS (Continued)

C7—COLUMBIA JUNIOR JUGLE—Sunday, 3:00 hour.

C8—LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. 3:00 hour.

C9—NBC CHILDREN'S HOUR—Saturday, 1:00 hour, Milton Cross.

C10—NURSERY RHYMES—Tuesday. 3:00 hour, Lewis James, Milton Cross.

C11—PAUL WING THE STORY MAN—Monday, Wednesday and Friday. 3:00 hour.

C12—THE SINGING LADY—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. 3:00 hour.

C13—SKIPPY—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat. 3:00 hour.

C15—DON LANG, TRUE ANIMAL STORIES—Monday and Friday. 2:00 hour.

C16—STAMP ADVENTURERS CLUB—Friday. 3:00 hour.

D—COMEDIANS

D1—PHIL BAKER, THE ARMOUR JESTER—Friday. 3:00 hour.

D2—PHIL CREEK AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Monday. 3:00 hour.

D3—GULL HEADLINERS—Sunday. 1:00 hour.

D7—ED WYNN AND THE FIRE CHIEF BAND—Tuesday. 3:00 hour.

E—FOOD

E1—FRANCES LEE BARTON—Tuesday and Thursday. 1:00 hour.

E2—BETTY CROCKER—Wednesday and Friday. 1:00 hour.

E3—FORECAST SCHOOL OF COOKERY—Saturday. 1:00 hour, Mrs. A. M. Goodsell.

E5—RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—Wednesday and Saturday. 1:00 hour.

E8—VISITING WITH Ida Bailey Allen—Thursday. 1:00 hour.

F—GENERAL

F1—AMERICAN LEGION PROGRAM—Thursday. 1:00 hour.

FINDER LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
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<td>9:30 PM</td>
<td>WDFR</td>
<td>750 AM</td>
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<td>9:45 PM</td>
<td>WJAS</td>
<td>1230 AM</td>
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<td>10:00 PM</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>670 AM</td>
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<td>10:15 PM</td>
<td>WCAO</td>
<td>1260 AM</td>
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<td>10:30 PM</td>
<td>WORB</td>
<td>1340 AM</td>
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<td>10:45 PM</td>
<td>WCVB</td>
<td>1480 AM</td>
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<td>11:45 PM</td>
<td>WSJL</td>
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<td>12:00 AM</td>
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<td>12:30 AM</td>
<td>WJZ</td>
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**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder**

**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder (Continued)**

**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder (Continued)**

**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder**

**Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder**
### RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

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<thead>
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<th>Programme</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Channel</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M—Music—DANCE (Continued)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>M31</strong></td>
<td>TED LEWIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Friday, ½ hour.</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>P</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WBC</strong></td>
<td>11:30 PM—12:00 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WBAM</strong></td>
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<td><strong>WCB</strong></td>
<td>1:00 PM—1:30 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WCD</strong></td>
<td>1:30 PM—2:00 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WEA</strong></td>
<td>2:00 PM—2:30 PM</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WDB</strong></td>
<td>2:30 PM—3:00 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WED</strong></td>
<td>3:00 PM—3:30 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WEF</strong></td>
<td>3:30 PM—4:00 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WGR</strong></td>
<td>4:00 PM—5:00 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WFC</strong></td>
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<td><strong>WGR</strong></td>
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<td><strong>WFC</strong></td>
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### M—Music—MEDLEY PROGRAMS (Continued)

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<tr>
<td><strong>M44</strong></td>
<td>FRAY AND BRAGGIO—Saturday, ½ hour.</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>6:00 PM</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WBC</strong></td>
<td>9:00 PM—9:15 PM</td>
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<td><strong>WBAM</strong></td>
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<td><strong>WFC</strong></td>
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### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

**ABBREVIATIONS:**
- ED—Eastern Daylight
- ES—Eastern Standard
- Central Daylight
- CS—Central Standard
- M—Mountain
- P—Pacific

SEE NOTE PAGE 27
Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder

R—Music—Popular (Continued)

R19—Yeast Damer—Sunday, 3/4 hour. Jan Garber and His Orchestra. 12:30 PM—CS

WIZ WBE 11:30 AM—CS
WBZA 10:00 AM—CS
KDKA 11:00 AM
KDKL 11:10 AM
KQV 11:20 AM
KAUK 11:30 AM—CS
WMCA 11:40 AM—CS
WQAM 11:50 AM—CS


WIZ WBE 11:30 AM—CS
WBZA 11:40 AM—CS
KDKA 11:50 AM—CS
KDKL 12:00 AM—CS
KQV 12:10 AM—CS
KAUK 12:20 AM—CS
WMCA 12:30 AM—CS
WQAM 12:40 AM—CS

R22—The Happy Wonder Bakers—Mon., Wed., and Fri., 3/4 hour. 12:30 PM—CS

WABC WJZ 12:30 PM—CS
KAUK 12:40 PM—CS
WMCA 12:50 PM—CS
WQAM 1:00 PM—CS

R24—The Merry-Makers—Monday, 3/4 hour. 12:30 PM—CS

WABC WJZ 12:30 PM—CS
KAUK 12:40 PM—CS
WMCA 12:50 PM—CS
WQAM 1:00 PM—CS

Saturday 1/2 hour 10:45 AM—ED—WABC Network

R27—William O’Reilly—Monday, 1/2 hour. 11:15 PM—ED—WABC Network

R32—Singin’ Sam the Barber Man—Monday, 1/2 hour. 8:00 PM—CS

WABC WJZ 8:00 PM—CS
KAUK 8:10 PM—CS
WMCA 8:20 PM—CS
WQAM 8:30 PM—CS

R35—Johnny Marvin—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday 1/2 hour. 12:00 NO ED—WABC Network

R40—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—Sunday, 1/2 hour. Jean Sargent, David Perry, Gene Rosemond. 8:00 PM—CS

WABC WJZ 8:00 PM—CS
KAUK 8:10 PM—CS
WMCA 8:20 PM—CS
WQAM 8:30 PM—CS

R44—Phil Regan, Tend—Thursday, 1/2 hour. 11:15 PM—ED—WABC Network

S—Music—Religious

(See also Organ Music)

S1—Mid Week Hymn Sing—Tuesday, 3/4 hour. 5:30 PM—ED

WEAF WTAG 5:30 PM—ED
WGY WZQ 5:40 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 6:00 PM—ED

S3—Old Songs of the Church—Thursday, 1/4 hour. Kathryn Palmer, soprano; Joyce Allan, organist; Richard Dennis, tenor; Lowell Patten, organist; Arthur Billings Hunt, bass and director. 6:30 PM—ED

WEAF WTAG 6:30 PM—ED
WGY WZQ 6:40 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 7:00 PM—ED

S5—Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ—Sunday, 1 hour. 1:00 PM—CS

WABC WJZ 1:00 PM—CS
WQAM 1:10 PM—CS
WBTF KSD 1:20 PM—CS

S6—Cathedral Hour—Sunday, 1 hour. Chaname Collings, conductor. 2:00 PM—ED

WABC WJZ 2:00 PM—ED
WQAM 2:10 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 2:20 PM—ED

T—Music—Standard & Folk

T1—American Album Familiar Music—Sunday, 1/4 hour. Gus Haaschen Frank Mark, Elizabeth Lena, John Arnold, Bertha Wach. 9:30 PM—ED

WEAF WJZ 9:30 PM—ED
WEH 9:40 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 10:00 PM—ED

T2—Arcadians—Friday, 1/2 hour. 4:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network. Ruth Kelly Beil, conductor. 5:00 PM—ED

T5—Cathedral Hour—Sunday, 1 hour. 1:00 PM—ED—WABC Network

T9—American Oratorio—Monday, 1/4 hour. 8:00 PM—ED

WABC WJZ 8:00 PM—ED
WQAM 8:10 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 8:20 PM—ED

T12—Chase & Sanborn Tea Program—Wednesday, 1/4 hour, Fanny Brice. 5:30 PM—ED

WEAF WJZ 5:30 PM—ED
WEH 5:40 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 6:00 PM—ED

T16—Columbia Artists, Recital—Tuesday, 1/4 hour. 3:00 PM—ED

WEAF WJZ 3:00 PM—ED
WEH 3:10 PM—ED
WBTF KSD 3:20 PM—ED

T17—Columbia Salon Orchestra—Monday, 1/4 hour. 3:30 PM—ED—WABC Network

Wednesday, 1/4 hour. 2:30 PM—ED—WABC Network

Locates What You Like Best

Abbreviations: ED—Eastern Daylight, ES—Eastern Standard, Central Daylight, CS—Central Standard, M—Mountain, P—Pacific

See note page 27
T—CONCERT MINIATURES—Monday, Standard & Folk. (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>City</th>
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<td>ED</td>
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<td>1:30 PM</td>
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Saturday, ½ hour. Same stations. as above.

T—DANCING ECHOES—Saturday, 1½ hour. 2:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

T10—EMORY DEUTSCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sunday, ½ hour. 12:00 PM—ED—WABC Network.

T11—PHIL DUEY AND HIS FIRESIDE SONGS—Sunday, ¾ hour.

T15—TITO GUARD—Saturday, 1/4 hour.

T25—ANDREX'S ORCHESTRA PRESENTS Sunday, ½ hour.

T26—MARY EASTMAN, SOPRANO—Tuesday, 4/5 hour.

T27—GEORGE SHERBAN'S RUSSIAN GYPSIES ORCHESTRA—Tuesday, 3/4 hour.

T29—SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—Sunday, ½ hour. 10:00 AM—ED—WJZ Network. Southernhers, Nomer Smith, Louis Peters, Jay Toney, William Edmondsen

T31—VASS FAMILY—Saturday, 7/8 hour. Seven South Carolina Children Singing.

T34—HIGHLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—Sunday, 1/2 hour. 10:15 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

T35—HOUR GLASS—Monday, 1:00 hour. 10:00 PM—ED—WJZ Network. Harold Sanford.

T36—MARY EASTMAN, SOPRANO—Tuesday, 4/5 hour.

T37—ORCHESTRAL GEMS—Sunday, 1/10 hour. 11:30 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

U—MUSIC—SYMPHONY

U2—LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Tuesday, 3/4 hour.

U4—SYMPHONETTE—Sunday, ¾ hour. 4:15 PM—ED—WABC Network. Cyril Pitts, Joe Keestern.

V—NEWS REPORTS

V1—BOAKE CARTER—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ¾ hour.

V3—FLYOD RIBBONS THE WORLD'S FAIR REPORTER—Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, ¾ hour.

V4—BACK OF NEWS IN WASHINGTON—Wednesday, ¾ hour.

V5—EDWIN G. HILL—"Woman Side of News" Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, ¾ hour.

V6—JOHN B. KENNEDY—Thursday, 5 Minutes, 5:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

ABBREVIATIONS:
ED—Eastern Daylight, ES—Eastern Standard, Central Daylight, CS—Central Standard, M—Mountain, P—Pacific, SEE NOTE PAGE 27
## V—NEWS REPORTS (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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</tr>
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## V—INTERVIEW ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS—Sunday.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Interview Details</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>Col. Louis McHenry Howes and Walter Trumbull</td>
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</table>

## V—I—WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE FROM LONDON—Sunday.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event Details</th>
</tr>
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<td>Panel Discussion</td>
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## V—ECONOMIC CONFERENCE FROM LONDON—Sunday.

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## W—RELIGIOUS SERVICES (Continued)

<table>
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Church Details</th>
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## W—RELIGIOUS SERVICES

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## W—THE RADIO PULPIT—Sunday.

<table>
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<th>Time</th>
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</tr>
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## W—SKETCHES DRAMATIC

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Programme Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00 PM</td>
<td>Sketches Dramatic</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## W—SABBATH REVIEWS—Sunday.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
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<td>8:00 PM</td>
<td>WZI, WRB, WRAH, WRB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST


SEE NOTE PAGE 27
"Oh Where Is My Favorite Star Tonight?"

The days when it was a thrill just to hear a program over the air have passed. More reception is taken for granted now and listeners are picking and choosing the programs they want to hear. The movies went through the same stages. At first, all that was needed was a fairly clear image on the screen. Now movie fans have their favorite stars and wait for them to appear in a new film. Just so with radio. The listener of today wants to hear his favorite star or to select a particular program rather than merely turn in on whatever happens to be on the air.

Our *Artist and Program Schedule* makes this selection possible. Program titles, individual artists and teams are listed alphabetically. Look down the list for your favorite radio personality or the program you want to hear and the index number at the left of that name will show you where, in the *Classified Schedule* (pages 27-38) you can locate all the details regarding time of broadcast, stations included in the network, etc. Our readers are invited to send in comments on this new program service. We want to do everything we can to assist the discriminating listener in his search for programs and personalities which fit his or her tastes.

### ARTIST AND PROGRAM SCHEDULE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index*</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Index*</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Index*</th>
<th>Artist</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N 1</td>
<td>A. &amp; P. Gysaps</td>
<td>Q 1</td>
<td>Blackstone Plantation</td>
<td>Q 1</td>
<td>Cumnit, Frank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G 3</td>
<td>Academy of Medicine</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Blake, George</td>
<td>Q 2</td>
<td>Cumnit, Frank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Adventures in Health</td>
<td>N 6</td>
<td>Blue Ribbon Orchestra</td>
<td>L 4</td>
<td>Cutter, Mme. Belle Forbes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 23</td>
<td>Albinoni, Comtesse Olga</td>
<td>K 17</td>
<td>Bodycombe, Anouria</td>
<td>L 14</td>
<td>and Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 17</td>
<td>Alhledge, Gene</td>
<td>Q 1</td>
<td>Bonhime, Joseph</td>
<td>M 57</td>
<td>Davies, Edward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 12</td>
<td>Allen, Grant</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Bonover, Rosario</td>
<td>M 57</td>
<td>Davies, Edward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E 6</td>
<td>Allen, Ida Bailey</td>
<td>N 9</td>
<td>Bower, Major</td>
<td>M 37</td>
<td>Davis, Meyr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S 3</td>
<td>Ameche, Don</td>
<td>M 60</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>X 22</td>
<td>Dawson, Nick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W 6</td>
<td>Allmand, Joyce</td>
<td>R 8</td>
<td>Brice, Fanny</td>
<td>X 2</td>
<td>Death Valley Days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 23</td>
<td>Altman, Julian</td>
<td>X 29</td>
<td>Brickett, Clarrton</td>
<td>R 7</td>
<td>De Cordoba, Pedro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S 3</td>
<td>Ameche, Don</td>
<td>T 4</td>
<td>Brooks and Ross</td>
<td>X 2</td>
<td>Dempsey, Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 28</td>
<td>American Album of Music</td>
<td>G 1</td>
<td>Bundy, Dr. Herman</td>
<td>T 8</td>
<td>Dennis, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F 1</td>
<td>American Legion Program</td>
<td>K 14</td>
<td>Cain, Noble</td>
<td>R 8</td>
<td>Dennis, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B 1</td>
<td>America's Crab Street</td>
<td>C 8</td>
<td>Candlay, Harry</td>
<td>T 3</td>
<td>Denny, Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 1</td>
<td>Arcadian</td>
<td>R 5</td>
<td>Captivators</td>
<td>T 8</td>
<td>Deutsch, Emery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 2</td>
<td>Arcadius</td>
<td>R 6</td>
<td>Carlisle, Charles</td>
<td>A 10</td>
<td>Deutsch, Emery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 6</td>
<td>Arnoldbruster, Robert</td>
<td>T 3</td>
<td>Carlisle, Charles</td>
<td>A 11</td>
<td>Diamond's Adventures, Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D 1</td>
<td>Arnot, Jerier, The</td>
<td>Z 5</td>
<td>Carothers, Isabelle</td>
<td>K 12</td>
<td>Dibrow, George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F 15</td>
<td>Armelius, Gene</td>
<td>V 1</td>
<td>Carson, Jr.</td>
<td>X 1</td>
<td>Doerr, Clyde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 4</td>
<td>Arnold, Gene</td>
<td>S 6</td>
<td>Cathedral of the Sea</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Do-Re-Mi (Trio)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 18</td>
<td>Arnold, Jean</td>
<td>W 1</td>
<td>Catholic Church</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Do-Re-Mi (Trio)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 2</td>
<td>Arnold, Jean</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Cavilers, The</td>
<td>T 3</td>
<td>Dragunette, Jessica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 3</td>
<td>Arnold, Rhoda</td>
<td>T 5</td>
<td>Chase &amp; Sonborn Tea Program</td>
<td>T 21</td>
<td>Ducey, Phil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V 9</td>
<td>Bahr, Charles</td>
<td>T 28</td>
<td>Chase &amp; Sonborn Tea Program</td>
<td>K 2</td>
<td>Eastman, Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D 1</td>
<td>Baker, Phil</td>
<td>T 32</td>
<td>Chase and Sanborn Tea Program</td>
<td>V 12</td>
<td>Eastman, Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 2</td>
<td>Baker, Ray</td>
<td>M 18</td>
<td>Cheerio</td>
<td>V 12</td>
<td>Eastman, Morgan L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D 19</td>
<td>Barthell, Betty</td>
<td>T 29</td>
<td>Edmondson, William</td>
<td>V 13</td>
<td>Entrada Service Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 3</td>
<td>Bartell, Betty</td>
<td>L 15</td>
<td>Jones Crime gården</td>
<td>V 13</td>
<td>Entrance Service Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 2</td>
<td>Bartlett, Allen</td>
<td>L 18</td>
<td>Joyce House Ensemble</td>
<td>V 14</td>
<td>Enormous Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E 1</td>
<td>Barton, Frances Lee</td>
<td>L 19</td>
<td>Evans, Evan</td>
<td>N 29</td>
<td>Fiddle Fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 1</td>
<td>Barrett, Allan</td>
<td>L 10</td>
<td>Evening in Paris</td>
<td>N 29</td>
<td>Fiddle Fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 2</td>
<td>Belsan, Leon</td>
<td>N 17</td>
<td>Evers, Chester</td>
<td>P 9</td>
<td>Fiddler, Dick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 12</td>
<td>Belcanon, Leon</td>
<td>N 8</td>
<td>Collings, Channon</td>
<td>M 18</td>
<td>First Nighter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 8</td>
<td>Bell, Shirley</td>
<td>S 6</td>
<td>Collings, Channon</td>
<td>M 18</td>
<td>Fisker, Mark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 2</td>
<td>Bello, Ruth Kelly</td>
<td>T 4</td>
<td>Columbus Artist Recital</td>
<td>M 17</td>
<td>Fleischmann Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 7</td>
<td>Benny, Jack</td>
<td>X 12</td>
<td>Columbus Junior Bugle</td>
<td>M 17</td>
<td>Flynn, Bernardine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 7</td>
<td>Bery, Gertrude</td>
<td>X 23</td>
<td>Columbia Review</td>
<td>M 17</td>
<td>Foreign Legion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 7</td>
<td>Bernie, Ben</td>
<td>X 5</td>
<td>Commodores, The</td>
<td>X 6</td>
<td>Frawley, Tim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 3</td>
<td>Bernes, Fred</td>
<td>T 8</td>
<td>Comodynkl Choral</td>
<td>X 4</td>
<td>Fray and Braggotti</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 24</td>
<td>Berrens, Fred</td>
<td>T 28</td>
<td>Concert Minatures</td>
<td>X 4</td>
<td>Friendly Philosopher, The Fugit, Merril</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 6</td>
<td>Beymer, Forrester, T</td>
<td>X 5</td>
<td>Connecticut Yankees</td>
<td>D 17</td>
<td>Falkon, Dick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 7</td>
<td>Betty &amp; Bob</td>
<td>D 11</td>
<td>Concerted Program</td>
<td>R 8</td>
<td>Gallicchio, Joseph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 4</td>
<td>Billmore Roent Ensemble</td>
<td>M 48</td>
<td>Conco, Art Orchestra</td>
<td>D 17</td>
<td>Garber, Jan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 5</td>
<td>Billy &amp; Braxton</td>
<td>D 5</td>
<td>Cook, Phil</td>
<td>R 19</td>
<td>Gaty, Lia</td>
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<tr>
<td>M 4</td>
<td>Billmore Roent Ensemble</td>
<td>M 47</td>
<td>Cosmopolitan Hotel Orchestra</td>
<td>Q 3</td>
<td>Gaty, Lia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 4</td>
<td>Billmore Roent Ensemble</td>
<td>M 49</td>
<td>Cotton Club Orchestra</td>
<td>Q 3</td>
<td>Gaty, Lia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 28</td>
<td>Black, Frank</td>
<td>Q 4</td>
<td>Coughlin, Bunny</td>
<td>P 19</td>
<td>Gaty, Lia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 22</td>
<td>Black, Frank</td>
<td>C 6</td>
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<td>Gaty, Lia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 15</td>
<td>Black, Frank</td>
<td>C 10</td>
<td>Cross, Milton</td>
<td>Q 10</td>
<td>Goldman, Edwin Francow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 55</td>
<td>Black, Ted</td>
<td>Q 15</td>
<td>Cross, Milton</td>
<td>Q 15</td>
<td>Goldman, Edwin Francow</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

NOTE: *INDEX NUMBER* refers to programs in *Classified Schedule* pages 27 to 38. To secure complete information regarding a particular program or an individual artist, locate the index number appearing at the left of the name on this page, in the *Classified Schedule*, index numbers in the *Classified Schedule* are arranged alphabetically as to the letters which set off the different types of programs and numerically as regards the programs listed under each classification. See also, Note; page 27.

**Follow Your Favorite Star**

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## ARTIST AND PROGRAM SCHEDULE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R 15</td>
<td>Jackson, Arkne</td>
<td>F 14</td>
<td>Meet the Artist</td>
<td>F 26</td>
<td>Reese, Edward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 16</td>
<td>James, Lewis</td>
<td>F 35</td>
<td>Meet the Artist</td>
<td>R 44</td>
<td>Reis &amp; Dunn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N 17</td>
<td>Johannson, Selma</td>
<td>T 22</td>
<td>Melvin, James</td>
<td>Q 5</td>
<td>Reis, Jane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 10</td>
<td>Jordan, Marion, and Jim</td>
<td>X 5</td>
<td>Meredith, June</td>
<td>M 10</td>
<td>Reman, Leo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q 8</td>
<td>Jordan, Marion and Jim</td>
<td>D 1</td>
<td>Merker, Mary</td>
<td>M 12</td>
<td>Rest, Dr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 10</td>
<td>Just Plain Bill</td>
<td>M 10</td>
<td>Merrie-Men (quarter)</td>
<td>T 25</td>
<td>River Valley Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 16</td>
<td>Keenan &amp; Phillips</td>
<td>D 6</td>
<td>Mieckars, Emily</td>
<td>D 14</td>
<td>Rich, Frederic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 5</td>
<td>Kelly, Andrew F.</td>
<td>M 34</td>
<td>Mills Blue Rhythm Band</td>
<td>X 31</td>
<td>Richfield, Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V 6</td>
<td>Kennedy, John B.</td>
<td>R 24</td>
<td>Mintz, Norah</td>
<td>R 39</td>
<td>Richfield, Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 17</td>
<td>Kennedy, Reed</td>
<td>F 6</td>
<td>Mitchell, Rebecca</td>
<td>T 38</td>
<td>Richard, Samuel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 13</td>
<td>Kerkie, Karlie</td>
<td>T 17</td>
<td>Mitchel, Al, Orchestra</td>
<td>X 29</td>
<td>Richard, Samuel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 5</td>
<td>King, Helen</td>
<td>G 17</td>
<td>Molanus 'n January</td>
<td>L 9</td>
<td>Richardson, Harry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A 3</td>
<td>King, Wayne</td>
<td>K 2</td>
<td>Montgomery, Lee</td>
<td>T 13</td>
<td>Richardson, Harry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 9</td>
<td>Klubnery, Ralph</td>
<td>X 21</td>
<td>Morgan, Gary</td>
<td>R 6</td>
<td>Richardson, Harry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N 17</td>
<td>Kitchell, Alma</td>
<td>M 20</td>
<td>Morning Devotions</td>
<td>M 13</td>
<td>Rosendal, Gene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Z 6</td>
<td>Knight, Raymond</td>
<td>W 6</td>
<td>Morning Mood</td>
<td>N 2</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 12</td>
<td>Koester, Jack</td>
<td>M 20</td>
<td>Morning Post</td>
<td>R 13</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 23</td>
<td>Koester, Joseph</td>
<td>M 15</td>
<td>Morning Program</td>
<td>R 21</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 4</td>
<td>Koester, Joseph</td>
<td>N 20</td>
<td>Morning Parade</td>
<td>R 33</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 18</td>
<td>Kogen, Harry</td>
<td>D 15</td>
<td>Morning Post</td>
<td>T 25</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T 21</td>
<td>Konatelantza, Andre</td>
<td>D 9</td>
<td>Morning Post</td>
<td>K 18</td>
<td>Ross, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 3</td>
<td>Koehn, Graham</td>
<td>H 1</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>R 2</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A 3</td>
<td>Lady Esther Serenade</td>
<td>D 9</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>D 25</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 7</td>
<td>Lady Next Door</td>
<td>D 25</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>R 3</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 2</td>
<td>Lane Sisters</td>
<td>D 15</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 13</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 13</td>
<td>Lang, Arline</td>
<td>R 18</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 18</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 15</td>
<td>Lang, Don</td>
<td>D 20</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 18</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D 10</td>
<td>Lang, Jeanne</td>
<td>F 36</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>M 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P 6</td>
<td>Langford, Frances</td>
<td>F 34</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P 2</td>
<td>Larsen, Lary</td>
<td>F 7</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 15</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 12</td>
<td>Lewis, Ted</td>
<td>F 8</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 7</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 6</td>
<td>Lewis, Ted</td>
<td>F 9</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 17</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 15</td>
<td>Lexington, Hotel Orch.</td>
<td>F 18</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 19</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 12</td>
<td>L'Heure Exquise</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>T 18</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 35</td>
<td>Lipton's Gems</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>D 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Littan, Joseph</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>M 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 18</td>
<td>Little Jack Little</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C 8</td>
<td>Little Orphan Annie</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 11</td>
<td>Lives at Stake</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 3</td>
<td>Livingston, Mary</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N 17</td>
<td>Lombardo, Gay</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 28</td>
<td>Lopez, Vincent</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 30</td>
<td>Loewe, Maxine</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 22</td>
<td>Lullaby Lady</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 18</td>
<td>Lynn, Ruth</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 35</td>
<td>McAlpin Hotel Orchestra</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 18</td>
<td>McCloud, Mac</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q 10</td>
<td>McCormick, &quot;Smiling&quot; Ed</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 16</td>
<td>McDonald, James G.</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V 11</td>
<td>McNamara, Harry</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F 22</td>
<td>MacDonald, Claudine</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J 2</td>
<td>Madison Ensemble</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J 12</td>
<td>Magic of Speech</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 13</td>
<td>Mandy Lou</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 10</td>
<td>Manganaro, Don</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 40</td>
<td>Manhattan Merry-Go-Round</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X 13</td>
<td>Marie, French Princess</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 32</td>
<td>Marvin Everett</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q 11</td>
<td>Martha and Hal</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 41</td>
<td>Martin, Dolph</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L 28</td>
<td>Martini, Nino</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R 22</td>
<td>Martin, John</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K 3</td>
<td>Master Singers, The</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DD 12</td>
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<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M 16</td>
<td>Maxwell, Richard</td>
<td>F 23</td>
<td>Morn, John</td>
<td>L 20</td>
<td>Royalty, Temple</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE:** *INDEX NUMBER* refers to programs in *Classified Schedule* pages 27 to 38. To see complete information regarding a particular program or individual artist, locate the index number appearing at the left of the *Index of Artists*, then turn to the corresponding page number. The index numbers in the *Classified Schedule* are arranged alphabetically as to the letters which set off the different types of programs and numerically as regards the programs listed under each classification. See also, *Note*: page 27.

**FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE STAR**

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SLIPPING AND GRIPPING

Continued

but you can't grasp the Old Maestro by the forelock—because there ain't no forelock. 'Goin', Goin', Gone'?

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

—"Roses and Drums"—well told Civil War stories, with prominent Broadway stars in leading roles.

"Don Lang's Animal Stories"—a program that will interest youngsters without offending parents.

Andre Kostelanetz—his grand orchestra and choral group—Mary Eastman—and Evan Evans. These artists offer a program at 9:30 EST every Sunday evening that is certainly worth anyone's while. On each program an "Executive Message" from the Columbia Broadcasting System is read, and, in spite of the title, you'll find the message interesting.

Theo Karle, different from most radio tenors.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, one of the country's leading musical organizations, which unfortunately does not broadcast regularly or frequently.

SWEET-SCENTED LOVE—

Bourjois' Evening In Paris program fails to click as sustained entertainment in spite of some good talent. Nat Shilkret's orchestra is satisfactory (the drumming is something to hear), and the Woods Miller-Mary McCoy combination may please the customers who like a stiff shot of romance with their duets. The worst part of the show is the story, which is utterly pointless.

Agnes Moorehead is the country-girl comic relief and she does as well as anyone could with the material. But why in the world have this type of character at all?

The advertising, full of meaningless superlatives, is another weak spot. On one of the programs the announcer said, "I have been promised that this new perfume will thrill you." Uh-huh. We'll promise you that the program won't. (And we suggest one of those dramatized plugs: Gent—"Baby, why do you use Attar of Violets...is it for witchery?" B a b y—"You betcha, boy!" Gent—"Attar baby!")

EARLY BIRD STUFF—Ever trying to give our public the best that's in us, we leapt sportively out of bed at 6:30 yesterday to cover the early morning radio offerings. We first heard the indoor athlete in charge of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's health program exude synthetic good cheer. (You can't really be that cheerful that early.) He spoke of the "Happiness Day Drill" and asked his fans if they all had their exercise charts and their "coral pink exercise rugs." Turning the dials quickly, we got a big blast of gladsome organ music from several stations. Then two happy pianists, a glee club, a lark-like sister team, and a joyful trio. Next we found Jolly Bill. It was too much. Funlover though we are, we crept back to bed aching in every joint from our joust with jollity.

TUNA

TITO GUIZAR

Continued

English, even though I was singing in New York. She did not allow this to continue. She forced me to learn.

But that is not all she teaches me," he said proudly. "She is a very intelligent critic. Herself, she was a very good dancer and sang also before we married. She helps me in my work."

"Does she keep on with her career?"

"Oh, no!" Tito's tone was horriued. "We are having a home."

"And you don't think a woman can have both?" I asked.

"No!" Tito's denial had an emphasis and earnestness he had not shown before. "A place where two professional people live is no home."

"Yet you chose a wife from your own line?"

"Ah, yes, but that is ideal. She knows the work, she can help me, can sympathize with my problems and understand my needs. She can give me the home I require. And she does. She is glad to do this for the love I bear her."

Perhaps there is no way around it. Maybe a successful marriage must be built by the constant untiring creative effort of one of its partners. A woman must sacrifice her years of artistic achievement on the altar of the home, using it to keep the home fires burning.

Yet I'm not sure it is not worth while. I think the whole question lies in whether or not the man is worth the sacrifice. In the case of
of men and women from coast to coast. Next he began making radio talks to supplement his lectures. More than fifty individual broadcasting stations welcomed him as a sustaining feature, but not one dollar did he accept from them. Then, about a year ago, he started a regular program on station WOR in Newark, N. J. It proved enough of a success so that a few weeks ago he was transferred by his sponsors to the main network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**VOICE OF EXPERIENCE Continued**

NOW The Voice of Experience, on a nationwide hook-up, not only offers advice and counsel to those beset with emotional problems, but also carries on a great charitable activity to assist people in dire need. Only the sponsor's retainer goes to Dr. Taylor. The contributions from his immense audience is used to disseminate literature on the science of human emotions, and help defray the expense of charity to individuals. This service is characteristic of the Voice. During his years as a social worker, he has contributed more than $500,000 to charity. Out of four thousand cases recently investigated (and all of his charity cases are investigated) only twelve proved unworthy because of misrepresentation of facts. The Voice evidently appeals principally to honest and serious-minded people, for in all the two million letters he has received, less than a hundred have been marvelous.

Carefully kept statistical records show that confidants and correspondents come largely from the better residential districts, with very few communications from slums and other illiterate areas. Perhaps the more lowly group takes its emotional problems with less concern and, if this is so, it indicates the great field still to be served in the matter of sex and emotion education. The majority of the letters received by the Voice run several pages. Some are freakishly long, in fact there was one that ran 17,000 words in length.

HERE are extracts from some typical letters recently received by the Voice:

"Dear Voice of Experience:"

"Personally I do not believe in giving men too much liberty, but it seems different with the one you love. My sweet-
have tried to forget this other man but I can't seem to get him out of my mind. I love him dearly. I have never loved my husband. The other man has been out of work and has no way to support me. I have no money of my own. Of course, I couldn't find work. Should I run away? The little boy will be well cared for. He loves his father too much to take him with me. Please help me decide what to do. I am making myself sick with worry.

"Dear Voice of Experience:"

"I am a young lady twenty-one years of age and considered above the average in looks and appearance, with a good education. My father, a ne'er-do-well, deserted me and myself seven years ago. My father and uncle, the latter by marriage, took us into their comfortable home. They had no children of their own and were alone at the age of fifty or so. I do not know where they went, but they gave all of the privileges of our age and were sent to schools to complete our educations. We were well clothed, did not have to earn our living, as my uncle is a good provider and is fairly wealthy. My brother married and left us some time ago and my beloved aunt passed away a year ago.

"Uncle mourned his great loss ever since until a few weeks ago when he began to be affectionate towards me in a fatherly way. I have tried vainly to secure employment so that I might be free and independent and my brother and I cannot take him as he is just able to support his wife and child. I am so proud of my character and am inclined to retain my chastity at all costs, but should my uncle's attentions become more arduous to me. I do not know what to do. It is heartrending for me as I have been given everything that I wish, within reason, having nothing to do except enjoy myself.

"I know my uncle is a good man for he helps all whom he possibly can, and he idolized his wife while she lived. He evidently misses the affection that she gave him and now has turned to me, thus far without the suggestions which I sense are not the usual. I do not want to leave him and my wonderful home, but I must also retain my self respect. I know that many of the present day girls would submit to my uncle in order to have my present luxuries. I will not—but just don't know which way to turn."

"Dear Voice of Experience:"

"I have a daughter seventeen years old who has always been a good respectable girl and a good help to me. One day last summer she and her younger brother went to a swimming pool. There she met a girl friend and two young men who seemed like two gentlemen. Her brother had to go to a scout meeting so he left the pool before his sister. These two young men offered to drive my daughter and her girl friend home, but instead they drove them out in a lonely place, toward evening, and attacked them. Instead of coming home and telling me about it, she had kept it a secret. And now she has told me too late. I cannot find the man as she only knows his first name."

**PROGRAM REVIEWS Continued**

Pane of glass. (Or maybe I'm developing the fits-and-snits, a condition contracted by radio critics in which the nerves do a cross between a hiccup and a rip-up.) Countess Alhagi's singing has warmth and color. Furthermore, she can step on the gas and climb to a high C without sounding like a locomotive calling to its mate.

**Opinion**—You can't expect most sponsors to star sopranos. In fact, sponsors are so opposed to the high singers that they are now inclined to load the air with contraltos of the whispery, husky-voiced school. In my opinion, the Countess would give excellent support to any variety program. And she should make a swell antidote for listeners who are over-centralized.

**JACQUES FRAY AND MARIO BRAGGIOTI**

**Comment**—You never have to guess about this act. If you like double piano work (as I do), you look forward to the weekly appearances of these two talented lads. There is no more entertaining feature of their kind on the air. The boys make their own arrangements, which are always unusual—and their repertoire covers everything from the lah-de-dah to the hi-de-ho. Their arrangement of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" and "S'wonderful," played together, is one of the things you must hear if you haven't. They get a number of requests for it every week, so you may hear it on their next broadcast.

**Opinion**—The last word in double piano teamwork.

**LADY ESTHER SERENADE**

**(NBC-WJAF, Sunday at 3:00 PM, Tuesday at 8:30 PM; WJZ, Thursday at 9:30 PM-EST)**

**Cast**—Wayne King's orchestra and Bess K. Johnson

**Comment**—Mr. King's orchestra is always worth hearing. There is no need to discuss its merits, as the organization is well known to all regular listeners.

**The Plug**—It seems to me that some wise man in the advertising business once said that a man can sell cosmetics to women better than a woman can sell them. At any rate, it is hard to believe that the lady who plugs Lady Esther face powder is really selling a lot of the stuff. Listeners are advised to bite the powder, test it with chemicals, and go through other motions. All this sounded pretty silly to me, so I asked several girls to listen to the program with me one night. They didn't think it was "silly." The word they agreed on was "asinine."


"Tune down th' radio, Lem—th' neighbors been a'kickin' "
PHILIP MORRIS
(NBC-WEA, Monday at 8:45 PM, Wednesday and Saturday at 9:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Conrad Thibault and Ferde Grofe's orchestra

Comment—With Mr. Grofe supervising the music, this part of the Philip Morris cigarette program is an assured success. Mr. Thibault's full-throated baritone is also certain to satisfy the majority of his audience... particularly the ladies. He is a marked improvement over Ranny Weeks, the singer who was first featured in this show.

The Plug—It seems a futile thing to key telling sponsors that their commercial announcements are too long and too flowery, but while there is breath in this old body, I will continue to take my feeble socks at the boys who mess up your radio entertainment with their over-stuffed adjectives. Here are a couple of the little gems the word-weavers strung together for this cigarette plug:

On one broadcast the announcer intimated that people everywhere were asking themselves the question, "What is the best cigarette in all the wide, wide world?" Then, of course, he answered the query—and these, my friends, are the exact words that came over the air—

"The question is in everybody's mouth—and in everybody's mouth you see the answer." Cute!

In the second one, the announcer alluded to "The three great calls of history... The Call of Spring, The Call of Love, and The Call for Philip Morris." A program or two later the sponsors tried to kid themselves out of the spot by reading several substitute calls which they said had been suggested by listeners. The fun-pokers suggested "The Call of the Wild, Indian Love Call, Call Me 'Darling,' and The Last Call For Lunch, dining car forward." (They overlooked one important call... the one I made last week with four aces—against a small straight flush.)

Opinion—You get very little without paying for it. So sit patiently through the announcements, and you'll be rewarded with some excellent music.

TERRAPLANE'S SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY
(NBC-WEA, Sat., at 10:00 PM-EST)

Cast—B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra, Men About Town, Billy Repaid

Comment—The reason for calling this a Dancing Party is a bit hazy, as the speed, or tempo, which characterizes B. A. Rolfe's music makes dancing practically impossible. However, when the Rolfe musicians are not trying to establish new records for fast playing (and they actually claim one based on playing a certain tune in a certain number of seconds) their music is easy enough to take. The Men About Town, one of the better known radio quartettes, are consistently entertaining.

Radio Fan-Fare

The Plug—It seems to us that most people would find Billy Repaid's rapid-fire announcements annoying. Perhaps Mr. Repaid is moved by the same incentive that prompts Mr. Rolfe's hurry. And maybe this business of trying to crowd a lot of words and music into a short space of time is supposed to give the listeners the suggestion of Terraplane speed and power. It does no such thing to this department—in fact we seem to retain a childhood animosity for fast-talking salesmen. "Look out for that fellow. He's a fast talker." You probably heard the same thing around your corner drugstore. If the big idea was for Mr. Repaid to say it quick, and get it over with, that would be one thing. But no. He takes up more time than he should—even if he talked slowly.

Opinion—Slow down the music—low down (and cut down) Mr. Repaid, and there will be no kick coming.

TED HUSING

Continued

"Well," Husing replied, "New Englanders are perhaps more highly sensitive to unfavorable comment. And some of them stay huffy a long time. Last year I was riding in a cab out to Cambridge. (Where I've long since been reinstated, you know) to broadcast a game. It was raining and cabs were scarce, so I offered a ride to a fellow I didn't know who had to get out there in a hurry. After we started, we introduced ourselves to each other. He turned out to be a Harvard man and when he learned my name was Ted Husing, he graciously told me what he thought of me, asked the cab driver to stop, politely told me good-bye—and left.

At this point Husing's assistant, Les Quailey, walked in the office. "Here's the bird," Husing said, "who should get plenty of the credit for whatever I do that's good. He's been my researcher, observer, and traveling companion for the last four years and, believe me, any events announcer is only about as good as the boys who help him with his material. "Thank you awfully, awfully, dear Mr. Husing," said Mr. Quailey. "Was that little speech for publicity purposes or from way deep down in The Great Husing's heart that's as big as a house, hey! hey!"
"Only for publicity, Mr. Quailey—and I'll remember that snappy comeback, never you fear, my fellow," said Mr. Husing. "And now, Mr. Quailey, perhaps you can tell Mr. Endicott when you have seen me at my best—on the air, that is."

"Well," said Les, "there was the Southern California-Notre Dame game in 1932, and the Harvard-Yale boat race in 1931, and the first and only basketball game broadcast over Columbia, and the time you invited Knute Rockne to help you broadcast the 1930 Army-Navy game, and..."

"By the way," Husing interrupted, "that broadcast with Rock had its points. It was the last time he spoke on a network before he was killed in the plane accident. He was so crippled with rheumatism that he couldn't walk, but he had promised me he'd cover the game and so he came. The score was nothing at the half, and between halves Rock predicted that the break in the game would come when Stecker of the Army would break through for at least a fifty yard run and score. That's exactly what happened and it was the only score of the game."

"Did Rockne ever tell you how he picked that play?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Husing. "Rock said that Stecker was the only man on either team who seemed to be able to break through, and that sometime during the afternoon he was bound to get some interference and when he did he would get in the clear for a score."

"Have you told Mr. Endicott about your broadcast of the Floyd Bennett funeral?" Quailey asked.

"No," replied Husing, "and I consider that the best work I ever did. Columbia was a new network then. Today we have about ninety stations, but in those days we had only sixteen. The competition was terrific and it seemed doubtful if we would survive. We were a mere six months old and the radio public hardly knew we were alive.

"When Floyd Bennett became a great international hero because of his self-sacrificing attempt to carry medicine to three snowbound German flyers, it occurred to me that radio had a wonderful opportunity to render service to those who, though far away, wished to mourn at his bier. We obtained permission from his widow and from government officials to broadcast the services.

"All our arrangements had to be made at the last minute. It was the first time, so far as I know, that a funeral had been broadcast—certainly the first time that there had been a broadcast from the national burial ground at Arlington. It was necessary to lay seventeen thousand feet of wire. The weather was miserable and we had to broadcast in a driving rain without protection for more than two hours.

"Well, the next day that broadcast was being talked about from coast to coast. Many people thought it was the greatest broadcast in the history of radio—many others thought it was in the worst possible taste. Other opinions were of every kind. But whether favorable or unfavorable, they got people talking about us. That single broadcast did more than any other one thing to put Columbia on the map.

"And the Bennett funeral reminds me of a couple of other big broadcasts that we put on under difficult conditions," continued Husing, without any prompting from Quailey or me. "One was the first arrival of the Graf Zeppelin in this country. The other was the big celebration in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of Light. I had Frank Knight with me on the Graf Zeppelin occasion and we stood on top of the hangar with long-range glasses, waiting for the ship. By good luck, we were the first to spot her and got a scoop on that.

"Frank and I were hooked up to each other by short wave and, after I left the hangar and went tearing around the field picking up spot stuff, we could still talk back and forth and keep each other posted. I might be in the newspaperman's room, for instance, getting an interview with a prominent reporter. Frank, on the hangar, could tell me just what was going on outside. The radio public could listen in and hear every word we said. It was the first time a two-way conversation of that kind had been broadcast.

"When the Graf Zeppelin was moored and we finally got to Dr. Hugo Eckener, the commander, I found I'd had another good break. I was the only announcer there with a German background. I was able..."
to understand everything Eckener said and I asked him many questions. He talked freely to me—under the misapprehension, I think, that I was a member of the German society that was officially welcoming him. At any rate, we were able to get several scoops on his statements."

"HOW about the Jubilee of Light broadcast?" I asked.

"That," answered Husing, "was one we weren't supposed to be able to broadcast at all. You'll remember that the ceremony was really a publicity stunt. President Hoover, Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were there in Dearborn, Michigan. The whole place was crowded with celebrities. Everything was supposed to take place according to a script prepared by an advertising agency. We 'obtained' a copy of the script. Theoretically our principal competitor had the exclusive right to broadcast the event. We maintained that no one had an exclusive right to broadcast the public activities of the President. We won our point, but not until the day before the ceremony. Then came the real work. We had to lay all our wires the night before. We used anything we could lay our hands on. We tore down some of the wires between our Detroit station and the local night clubs, and took them to Dearborn. We even used chicken wire for part of our line. Our competitors had been making their preparations for three weeks. We made all of ours overnight.

"During the actual broadcast we also got some breaks. You'll recall that the climax of the evening was to come when Mr. Edison reenacted the lighting of the first electric lamp. When that happened, the whole of Mr. Ford's Early American Village was to be flooded with electric light. Until then only candles were to be used. Well, our competitors followed their printed script and things happened a little too fast for them. The lights all came on about five minutes before their announcer got to the place where the script said they should go on. I had been describing the electric lights for five minutes before he stopped talking about candles!"

"AND another amusing thing happened: Frederick William Wile was with us. During the period of candlelight, he read from our script and held a candle so he could see. The candle went out and he turned to someone behind him in the darkness and said, 'Would you mind lighting this candle and holding it for me?' The man lit the candle, and in the excitement after the lights came on he neglected to blow it out. Finally one of the fellows with us, Herb Glover, who has charge of the news broadcasts for Columbia, noticed it and said, 'We don't need that candle any longer. Thanks for holding it. Here's my card. If you're ever in New York and would like to see us broadcast, come up to the studio and ask for me.' The man thanked Glover and gave him his card in return. Glover put it in his pocket without looking at it. When we got back to the hotel that night we were discussing all that had happened. Someone said, 'Say, who was that fellow who kept on holding the candle after all the lights went on?' 'I don't know,' said Glover, 'but I've got his card.' He pulled it from his pocket. Neatly engraved on it was 'John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'"

"INSTEAD of asking why all those experts on celebrities hadn't recognized Mr. Rockefeller, I said, 'What about big sports broadcasts. Some of them must have been hard to handle.'"

"You're right," answered Husing. "The ones I recall most vividly are my first polo game, prizefight, World Series, and Kentucky Derby. When I first tackled a polo broadcast I'd never even seen a polo game. England was playing the United States at Meadowbrook. The night before my broadcast I had a chance to see just one chukker of polo. Then I sat up all night with Herbert Reed, the fellow who calls himself 'Right Wing.' He knows more about polo than any man in the country and he talked to me for about eight hours straight.

"By the time the game started I felt as if I'd cut my baby teeth on a polo mallet. All through the first half I talked like what I hoped was a ten-goal man. Part of the crowd went to the clubhouse for drinks during the intermission and many of them stayed there and listened to the broadcast instead of going"
back to the game. That's how good Husing was that day—or how good the liquor was—or how bad the game was—or something.

"But, anyway," said Quailey, "it was because of your broadcasting that the U. S. Polo Association made us the official broadcasters of its matches that year and the next."

"WHAT about the first prize-fight?" I asked Husing.

"That was several years ago, when all the newspapers and many radio fans were panning announcers for their inaccuracies in describing fights. Humbert Fugazy was putting on bouts every week at Elbets Field in Brooklyn. I was assigned to the scrap between Kid Chocolaté and Fernandez. I made up my mind I was going to show them something about fight announcing.

"I got an expert to agree to sit behind me and check me on the blows as I called them. When I walked down to my ringside seat that night I had every sports reporter in town against me, except Dan Parker of the Mirror. But the next day every paper in town gave me a hand on the job I did. Chocolate must have hit Fernandez a thousand times in that bout and I didn't miss many of them. And if that sounds like overstatement, let me show you something."

He got out a couple of scrapbooks and showed me the clippings of the fight. Every clipping mentioned Ted, of course, or it wouldn't have been in the scrapbook—but most of them said more about him than they did about the fighters.

"LISTEN," said Husing, suddenly, as I was looking through the books. "I'm on the air in ten minutes with a talk on learning to fly a plane. Come up to the studio and on the way I'll tell you about that first World Series broadcast and the Derby of 1928. Come on Les." He grabbed a script and we started.

"BEFORE those World Series games," he continued as we waited for the elevator, "I'd never broadcast any baseball except local games in Boston. The only two men who had broadcast a World Series over a network were Graham McNamee and Andy White. So Husing was in another tough spot. I must have got away with it though, because I've broadcast the World Series every year since then."

"You don't seem to have gone long through any lengthy period of training for these tough spots."

"Well, just remember I'm telling you only about the difficult broadcasts that turned out all right. If you've got a good memory and keep your mind on your number, you're pretty likely to be O. K. And whether you get the breaks or not has a lot to do with how good you are. I got a swell break at my first Kentucky Derby, for instance."

"The other announcer was a Kentuckyian. The favorite in the race, Blue Larkspur, was a Kentucky horse. Everywhere around us were Kentucky people. They all had their minds on Kentucky."

"The race wasn't even close. Clyde Van Deusen won it and I said so. The other announcer, still thinking about Kentucky, gave it to Blue Larkspur!"

"We went into the studio where Husing was to talk about the flying lessons he's been taking at Roosevelt Field. It was the first time in months that he had broadcast from a studio and he seemed like an animal behind bars. He walked around, did tap steps, wisecracked with the engineers in the control room, took a voice test and kidded Quailey. From watching him those few minutes, I should say that although he's not at the studio often he is tremendously popular with the people there. And I should say, also, that if you put him in a cell for a week he'd burst from the pressure of nervous energy that had no outlet. It didn't seem to me quite in character for him to be doing anything so confining as sitting in the cockpit of a plane, learning to fly."

"He made his talk about the delights of aviation and then we went out of the studio. At the elevator, as I was about to leave him, I asked if he really did like flying.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I lie like hell about it.'"

Morton Downing
Continued

Then suddenly, one morning, Mort happened to see a copy of a New York paper, and read this item in the column of one of New York's famous wise guys... "poor Morton Downey, he's all washed up. Well, sir—was his face red! A small tornado passed through his mind, and he moved quickly. He'd made a big hit in London night clubs before. He could do it again. He wired the "Kit Kat Club" that he was coming, and he quietly told Barbara that they were leaving for merry England.

After he had scored with the Britishers, and was once again tasting success, he decided, as suddenly as he had decided before, that the next move was America—and radio. So he and Barbara bounded back—made connections with CBS—sang to the sponsors of "Camel Quarter Hour" over a long-distance telephone—signed a contract... and the rest is history.

During her husband's whirlwind success, Barbara kept quietly but proudly in the background. She seldom appeared in the studios. Once, when his eyes were burned by a sunlamp, she escorted him to the microphone, and led him home again.

Then Barbara's health failed, and she was obliged to stay in the country most of the time. During this period there were the usual rumors that the Downey romance was going on the rocks, but the truth of the matter was that Morton spent every spare moment at her side.

A few days before this last Christmas, Morton, Jr., was born—and that night Mort sat up feverishly writing the song, "Welcome Home, Little Stranger." They have no plans for the son and heir. But Barbara has definitely given up professional life, and will devote all her time to her husband and baby.

And they are as much in love as ever. The first song Morton sang to Barbara was "I'll Always Be In Love With You." He evidently meant it.
things out today. "Shadow Waltz" strikes me more as the kind of tune that the old vaudeville pit orchestras would play for a typical dancing or juggling act—yet I may be wrong. It may turn out to be a very popular vocal selection.

"I've Got To Sing A Torch Song," on the other hand, seems more like musical comedy material, as it probably is in the movie. Not having seen the songs in the picture—how they are executed or "spotted"—I should really not pass judgment on them too severely. I merely wish to give you my opinion of two songs about which publishers, phonograph recorders, and radio people are very much enthused.

CONRAD THIBAULT
Continued

He began by telling me of his first meeting with Madeleine Gagne. They were both seventeen when they appeared together in an amateur theatrical in their little home town of Northampton, Massachusetts. As the young girl sang in that performance, the footlights casting a radiance over her yellow hair and dark eyes, Conrad thought she was the prettiest living thing he had ever seen. Madeleine was also immediately attracted to the young man with the serious eyes and quiet, retiring manner.

THE romance really began that night and came to a dramatic climax the following afternoon when Conrad and Madeleine went for a walk. "I'll never forget that day as long as I live," he declared. "If you've never seen the Berkshire hills in autumn you can't imagine anything so beautiful. The maples and elms were scarlet and gold, and—well it was just one of those perfect days. So there we were—just two kids telling each other that it was love at first sight. And that's how we became engaged."

But the marriage date had to be postponed for three years. Conrad, with his Latin impetuosity, was all for chucking his career and taking a job—any sort of job that would make it possible to support a wife. But Madeleine, ambitious and unselfish, wouldn't hear of it. She believed in her fiancé's talent. She knew the vital part that self-expression plays in the happiness of an artistic individual. She added her encouragement to that of other townspeople, including Calvin Coolidge, and Conrad came to New York.

He worked ten hours a day as a floorwalker in a department store, taking singing lessons during his lunch hour. He practiced at night when he was too tired to see the music in front of him.

BUT Madeleine's letters spurred him on. Finally he won a scholarship in the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and became the pupil of the great Emilio de Gogorza. There were odd jobs on the side. Singing engagements for funerals and weddings. Some phonograph recording. And the day Conrad was twenty he returned to Northampton and brought Madeleine back to Philadelphia as his bride.

"It was pretty tough going," he recalled, "but we were terribly happy." The eyes had lost their usual gravity and were shining as he re-lived those days. "She gave up all thought of her own career and threw herself, heart and soul, into mine."

WHEN Conrad and Madeleine returned to Philadelphia they
JULY-AUGUST

found that the climb to artistic recognition was tedious and slow, as it always is with a young, unknown singer. "I'll never forget," the young baritone remarked, "how thrilled Madeleine was when I got my first role in the Philadelphia Opera Company. It wasn't a big part, but she felt that it was a start. And she was equally excited when I began to sing over the local radio station. But her chief ambition," he went on, "was to have me featured over one of the national networks. So her happiness was complete when I was called to New York for my first audition. The day I left she went to the hospital.

"You see, we were both crazy about youngsters and we wanted to have a child. My wife had been told that she couldn't ever hope to have one unless she underwent a very serious operation. Of course, I would never have given my consent."

He made an effort to control the tremor that crept into the low, melodious voice. "And a week later—she was dead." He stopped and there was a long silence.

"And your audition?" I said at last, hoping to turn his thoughts to another subject.

"Oh, it went through. I signed the contract. But I can't help feeling that there was something cruel in Fate taking her away from me just at that time. You see," the voice faltered again, "she never knew."

"But at least," I went on, "you've had seven years of happy married life."

"Oh, yes, it was ideal," he replied, gravely, "we never lost our romance. But how could we with our companionship, our mutual interests? And, you see, we both believed that romance was the most important thing in life."

AND so as I left Conrad Thibault's apartment I realized the reason for that "certain something" in his voice. In his life there has been the rarest thing that life has to offer... a perfect romance. And if its passing has left him sad, the knowledge of having possessed it has left a vision of beauty and an understanding that is reflected in every note he sings.

JOHN BATTLE

Continued

in this business, whether you like it or not—unless, of course, you simply haven't the time. It's all turkey or feathers. Two years ago I nearly starved. Some weeks I didn't earn a penny. And I considered I was pretty lucky other weeks if I had a chance to earn five dollars as one of the crowd in a March of Time program."

This statement was rather amazing in view of what Battle told me later—that within a year after the lean days he had made as much as $789 in one week and had averaged between $200 and $300 a week ever since.

Of course, those figures are not startling when compared with salaries you see quoted for radio stars. But remember, Battle is no great star so far as the radio public knows. He plays many comedy parts, but he's not a featured comedian. He is frequently a "love interest," but he is never played up as a radio "Dream Girl" or "Sweetheart." And in dramatic work, he is never given the publicity which would be accorded without question to a guest star from Broadway. No—the most he gets in the way of personal publicity is a mention of his name at the end of a program—usually after the listener has started looking for Amos 'n' Andy.

THERE is hardly a night in the year when you can't hear Battle on some program and, more often than not, he's on several. In fact, he is sometimes in direct competition with himself on the air! That is to say, he may be broadcasting in person from one station, while one of his "canned" programs (made on phonograph records) may be put on, at exactly the same time, over another station! He has even been on the air three times simultaneously.

"What's the explanation for this rush of work," I asked.

"Well," Battle replied, "I could tell you that I'm a great actor, but even if that is so it wouldn't mean much. My guess is that people hire me because they know that, in addition to the experience I've had, I have a faculty for living every part completely while I am in it. I don't just stand before a microphone and read a script. If I'm supposed to be strangling I can actually make myself think I'm struggling for breath. If the part calls for crying—I can, believe it or not, cry real tears."

When I said that this flair for realism was a great gift, he replied, "Well, it has its advantages, but it is probably a very bad thing for me. I find myself absolutely done up at the end of the evening. Once I worked as a tool dresser in the Mexican oil fields, swinging a sledge hammer all day—and at no time during that period did I suffer the physical exhaustion I do from acting. My doctor says I've got to slow up or I may have a breakdown any day."

THEN, reverting to our earlier conversation, I said, "Is the last part of that week you were describing a while ago as difficult as the first two days?"

"Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes—Wednesday. Well, from ten to twelve I rehearsed Crime Clues and, from twelve to four, the Maxwell House Showboat. Then I made a transcription, and in the evening played in Crime Clues and the Tydol Jubilee.

"Thursday morning from nine to eleven I played a Greek customs agent and a Russian drusky driver for two transcriptions of the travel program, Happy Landings.

"From one to five-thirty Thursday afternoon I hurried back and forth between rehearsals of the Maxwell House Showboat and Death Valley Days. Both those programs were on at the same time that night and you should have seen me chase from one studio to another.

"The studios were on different floors. Page boys were assigned to hold doors open and elevators were kept waiting. Sometimes I had only one minute between the end of a live in one studio and my cue in the other."

"The next day—Friday—from nine to twelve I made records and from one to five, more records. That night the only show I had was Tydol."

"Saturday morning I wrote scripts and all afternoon I rehearsed Roses and Drums.

"Sunday I rehearsed Roses and Drums from one to three and Great Moments in History from three until five-thirty. That evening I played in both shows. That finished my week, so I didn't have anything else to do except go home and start writing scripts for the next week."

"Do you get much fan mail?" I asked him.

"I got a good deal when I was playing young Southern lovers on the True Story Hour," he answered with a serious smile. "Spinster's in small towns used to propose to me in letters."

"They must have been amusing," I offered.

"No," he declared, "My letters never struck me as being particularly funny, somehow. The average batch of fan mail is about the most depressing reading you can find, I think. I have no great love for writing happy endings into my radio scripts, but I almost always do now, if I
possibly can. Reading fan mail has convinced me that, more often than you would believe, people look upon radio sketches as real life. The letters they write indicate that there is so much emptiness and loneliness in their existence that I see no point in adding to it with tragic climaxes to my stories."

"HOW many types of dialect can you do," I asked.

"It all depends on what you mean by dialect," Battle replied. "Most people put all kinds of Negro dialect, for instance, in the same category. As a matter of fact, there are a dozen or more important Negro dialects. I can imitate the Gullah Negro, who comes from the sea islands off the Carolinas; the Barbados and Jamaica Negro, who has a slight English accent; the Haitian-Creole Negro, who has a French accent; the African Negro, whose dialect differs greatly according to what part of Africa he comes from; the Porto Rican Negro, who has a Spanish accent; the Harlem Negro; the drawly Negro from the Mississippi levees; the educated Negro who hits his final g's; and the blackface vaudeville type.

"What dialects can't you do?"

"I do Cockney very badly, but it would fool almost anyone but a Cockney. I can't do Welsh or French. I've tried French and I was terrible."

"Can you tell by a person's speech where he's from?"

"Almost always," he declared. "All right," I challenged, "where am I from?"

Battle thought several moments and then said:

"Well, I'm not sure of your speech because it's a mixture. But I should say that it's the speech of the district around the Great Lakes overlaid with New England dialect."

I gulped a big gulp. I had lived all my life in Michigan except for a few years in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

"You win," I said, "and for that you deserve to be let off answering any more questions. But how about an explanation of why the most versatile actor in radio hates to act?"

"O.K." said Battle. "I don't want to act because I want to write, and acting takes so much out of me that I can't write as well as I should. There's no great satisfaction in writing or acting radio scripts. If you write a masterpiece and it goes on the air, within a few weeks at most it is entirely forgotten. Even the best radio acting is forgotten just as quickly. I want to start doing something a little more enduring than that."

WHEN STARS COME TO EARTH

Continued

sweet, human quality in Ruth Etting's radio voice. It is just an expression of her character.

ON a Chase and Sanborn show not long ago, the guest star was Leo Carillo, noted stage and screen star. In memory of the anniversary of the birth of the immortal Richard Wagner, Rubinstein and his orchestra were to play a medley of the great composer's works. Leo offered, as an introduction, a bit of verse:

"Here's to your music, Richard Wagner, may it live a thousand years, And sorta keep things lively, In this vale of human tears."

(The slight rumble recorded by radios following this little gem was probably Mr. Wagner turning over in his grave.)

LATE one evening three of us were sitting in Dave's Blue Room. My companions were Bobbe Arnst (the former Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller) and Eddie Duchin, the popular young man whose Central Park Casino orchestra is a feature on Columbia stations. Bobbe and I had been dancing at the Cotton Club to Duke Ellington's torrid tunes, and she complained that she thought she had become overheated and was catching a cold. Eddie began giving medical advice, and did it with such a professional air that Bobbe said:

"What do you know about remedies?"

"Everything," was the comeback. "Do you happen to know that I was a pharmacist before I became a pianist?"

And darned if he wasn't! We didn't believe it, so he took us up to his apartment in the St. Moritz Hotel and showed us his diploma from Pharmacy College, in Boston. He had taken piano lessons (because his parents made him) since he was 9 years old, but never considered music as a career. Then, in his junior year in college, he won a Leo Reisman audition. This gave him the hunch, and after graduating he deserted his father's chain of drug stores, joined the musicians' union, and here he is.

Bobbe was so impressed that she took the stuff he suggested, and it stopped the cold. So, just to show how ungrateful people can be, we started calling him "Doc," and I don't think he likes it.

THE CIRCUIT JUDGE

Continued

seventy-five different types of receiving tubes, half of which have probably come into being since R. O. T. bought his receiver. Any set which was a first class receiver in 1930 is a very good set today. A 1927 receiver was about 75% perfect, a 1930 model about 95% perfect, and a 1933 design is about 97% all that can be desired. (I am speaking of the really best sets of those respective years.) The new tubes are a little more economical, too. Results for results, a 1933 model receiver will cost about one dollar less per year to operate than a 1930 set. Perhaps, in another year or so, some radical development may anticipate a lot of good sets today—but until then, R. O. T., you might as well hang on to your R. C. A. 48!

STATIC—A LOTTA NOISE

To the engineer, static means only one thing—to the fan, it is just about everything outside of his desired station. So it is rather doubtful exactly what C. H. of New York City has in mind when he complains:

"I am bothered by severe static noises, and have been told by an expert that nothing can be done about it."

Maybe the expert is right—I don't know. When an engineer speaks of static, he refers to atmospheric electricity, such as lightning, which is picked up by the aerial in exactly the same manner as the signal. Obviously (as far as the broadcast fan is concerned) anything that is done to eliminate static, will also eliminate the signal. Static is worse in the summer than in winter, and is most violent during electrical storms. Many man-made electrical machines create a very good imitation of static, and if one is bothered by such sounds consistently, it is probable that a good bit of the disturbance is from artificial sources.

Artificial disturbances can be eliminated. They are usually very feeble, as compared with real static—and are therefore picked up almost altogether by the leadin, rather than by the antenna itself. Your serviceman can install a shielded or transposed leadin system which will reduce the effects of such interference to a marked degree.
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No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than $85,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique. You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham McNamee, Amos and Andy, Olive Thomas and Floyd Gibbons.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting.

In your spare time—right in your own homes—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

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Consistent, clear reception with loudspeaker volume of stations all over the U. S. A. is the definite, verified record of Mr. Scott's spectacular test, which included shipboard operation under most trying circumstances.

**In Far-Away Siam**

From Lakon Lampang, Siam, Mr. George Wyga tells of natives who called priests to expel devils which they believed he kept his Scott silent when it had two faulty tubes. He is "pleased with the set."

**In Central Mexico**

Baron v. Turckheim reports daily reception of broadcasts from Germany, France, Spain and Australia. "The tone is faultless," he writes from Mexico City, and then adds, "This is my first great radio."

**In the Philippines**

U. S. Army Sergeant Frank Sublette, Fort Mills, Cavite, P. L., says, "Russia, England, France come in just wonderfully. Will never buy any other receiver but a Scott. . . . And tropical reception is "tough."

Send coupon at once for complete information.

The Scott All-Wave Deluxe gives perfect performance on all wave bands from 15 to 550 meters. It incorporates every worthwhile development of radio engineering, including Automatic Volume Control, Visual Tuning, Static Suppressor, etc. For all technical data, price quotations, and performance PROOFS, send coupon.
STOOPNAGLE'S SECRETS • by HOPE HALE

"RADIO UNCLE" • by DON HERALD

RAMONA...Whiteman's favorite pupil—and most popular alumnus... BING CROSBY
(See Program Reviews)

JACK FOSTER • NELLIE REVELL

RUDY VALLEE • HARRY EVANS

Including PROGRAM FINDER Feature
Born in mystic India, Jessica showed the foresight credited to the people of her native land when she deserted the stage five years ago at the height of a musical comedy career to join the staff of NBC. Because of the millions who now follow her work in the excellent Cities Service broadcasts, it is interesting to note that her first taste of success was also before an unseen audience. It was in Max Reinhardt's play, "The Miracle." She was "an angel's voice," and sang her role far up in the wings, hidden from sight. Characteristics: five feet two—light, wavy hair—eyes an unusual shade of blue (she calls it "plaid")—weighs only 100 pounds.
THE TALK OF THE AIR

By JACK FOSTER
formerly Radio Editor and now Feature Editor, New York World-Telegram

RECENTLY Budd Hulick, Colonel Stoopnagle's aide-de-cram-pin-your-side, was talking to WABC's pretty receptionist, Margaret Holland, who said, "Well, I'm going home to Troy this week-end to get away from you comedians. There'll be nothing funnier there than a church social."

"Try and get away from us," replied Budd.

A quick check-up by Margaret revealed that Budd and the Colonel were due there on the same date to appear at a church jubilee. "Well, would jubilee it?" asked Margie. "That church is just across the street from my house and a friend of mine has invited me to go to hear her sing in the choir. She said nothing about you though. How'd Hulick that?"

PHIL REGAN, the handsome Irish tenor, used to be a cop on the beat. The CBS page boys say Phil has lived from hoof to mouth.

WHEN the Boswell Sisters were in London a few weeks ago Connie thought she seemed to be getting a bit plump in the face and so she did some heavy dieting for a couple of days. Her face got plumper. It turned out that it wasn't obesity. It was mumps.

YOU'LL see Jimmie Melton in the movies soon. He has just dieted away twenty-eight pounds so that the camera will be kinder.

BETWEEN performances at a Hartford theatre this week, Lanny Ross, not stopping to remove makeup, hurried over to the Hartford General Hospital to see the wife and brand new baby of a Hartford friend. Waiting in the reception room, he was pounced on by a staff physician who tried to hurry him into the clinic. In the uncertain light the doc took Lanny's makeup for an extreme case of jaundice. After explanations, both had a good laugh and it turned out the M.D. was the father of Katherine Hepburn, Radio Pictures star.

IT'S about time these autograph hunters were exposed! If Babe Ruth would like to know where the fly ball is that he hit into the Yankee Stadium stands some while back, please call the CBS studios and ask for Charles Carllle, lyric tenor and rabid baseball fan. Charlie caught the ball and is carrying it around in his pocket until the Babe is booked to appear at the studios.

He won't be content until he sees the handwriting on the ball.

WHEN they gave a radio demonstration of that famous "truth" serum (which is supposed to make you tell the truth in spite of anything you try to do) they wanted to get an extremely difficult subject for the experiment. Yes, they finally decided on a commercial announcer.

LOCAL-BOY-MAKES-GOOD department: Ben Bernie recalls that Jimmie Mattern, who flew to Siberia for the summer, once played the drums in the Old Maestro's band. Ben says there was nothing the matter with Jimmie's drumming, either.

MILDRED BAILEY used to be one of Hollywood's ghost singers. It was Mildred's voice you heard when you watched some of the best known movie stars go through the motions of warbling. Now Hollywood is angling for Mildred in person.

MICROPHONE No. 13 in Columbus's New York studios is apparently not jinxed. It has never "blown." The mike stands in the studio used by Alfred E. Smith, Charles A. Lindbergh, John W. Davis and most of the nation's celebrities.

RUSSELL JOHNS used to go to grammar school in Chillicothe, Ohio, with Clyde Beatty, now of "Beatty and the Beasts." Rus says he thinks it was their eighth grade teacher who drove Clyde into lion taming.

WILL ROGERS says the alarm clock he takes to broadcasts with him is used not only to tell him when to stop talking but also to wake the audience up.
IN New York's Carnegie Hall the other night Fred Waring conducted Ravel's "Bolero" after his Old Gold broadcast. It was there that the great Toscanini introduced the "Bolero" to America several years before. After the Toscanini interpretation the audience rose and spontaneously cheered for a quarter hour. After the Waring rendition a radio fan near this open ear said:

"The 'Bolero'? The 'Bolero'? Oh yes, I know—that’s the tune from Earl Carroll’s 'Vanities'."

CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS had flown from Atlanta to New York in five and a half hours, a thrilling flight sure enough for any of us. That same night Frank was found in the studio audience at the first Taylor Holmes broadcast for Texaco.

"Things get so dull in my business," explained Captain Hawks, "I like to go to a broadcast for a little excitement."

SPEAKING of this program, Taylor Holmes appeared in the NBC Times Square Studio in a crazy get-up similar to that of his predecessor, Ed Wynn. He wore a tight-fitting checked suit, embroidered shoes, and a fiery necktie. And he changed his outlandish hats at breathing points in the sketch.

Mr. Holmes many years ago played vaudeville with Ed Wynn. In Kansas City one time, Mr. Holmes recalls, a critic scoured Wynn’s act with particular viciousness. Wynn was so incensed that he wrote him a letter. He outlined in poetic language the beauties of the vaudeville tour that was ahead of him—the clear, blue sky of Denver, the magnificent tabernacle in Salt Lake City, the sapphire Lake Louise in Banff, the Far East, the ancient splendor of Europe, the wonder city of Manhattan.

"But you," Wynn wound up contemptuously, "you will always live in Kansas City!"

Since Taylor Holmes cannot remember the name of the critic, we prefer to believe that it was Good-

man Ace, an old Kansas City scavenger who moved to Chicago and made a mint of money with his Easy Aces radio act.

SINCE the broadcasters have been deprived of information by the newspaper wire services, they have had to do a lot of scurrying around on their own to obtain news bulletins. The National Broadcasting Company has been especially energetic in this field. Frank Mason, vice-president in charge of publicity, has organized his American stations and foreign offices into a more or less general news service whose agents carefully read the local newspapers and check at the sources on the principal stories. Just to show you how it sometimes works, when the broadcasters read that Jimmie Mattern had reached Europe at the start of his recent flight, they promptly went through the motions of calling Berlin ($100) to find out whether the headlines were true!

The NBC also has made considerable use of bulletins from the Mackey international telephone system, particularly in reporting progress of the Balbo planes to America. This, as you may well imagine, has caused them considerable embarrassment. For the NBC is associated with RCA Communications, a deadly rival of the Mackey outfit. And at the last huddle they could not seem to decide whether they should continue to mention the Mackey name on the air.

BEFORE summer’s past the transmitter tower of Columbia’s key station, WABC, will have a new coat of orange and white paint. And silky-throated crooners, whose voices are bounced from its ribs, will never realize what a job that was. Twelve painting concerns turned it down at any price—and, if you ask us, for very good reasons.

In the first place, since you can’t paint a transistor while the station is on the air, the only available working hours are between 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. The tower is 655 feet high. It is seven inches across at the base and, at 262 feet up, it is 28 feet across. With such a shape to shiny up, each of the four painters takes an hour to ascend and an hour to descend, limiting the daubing to two hours.
PAUL WHITEMAN'S
"MIRACLE WHIP" SHOW

ROY BARGY... plays the piano, sings hot songs with Peggy, does arrangements, and composes during his spare moments. (Boy! If he could only cook!)

PEGGY HEALY... can sing sweet or low-down—his easy on the eyes—and has a personality that would be sure-fire in a Broadway show. (Are you listening, Mr. Shubert?)

DEEMS TAYLOR... is saying, "In Mr. Whiteman's next selection—" followed by intelligent remarks that are informative but unpretentious. (Other announcers please copy.)

THE RHYTHM BOYS... (Jimmy Noel, George McDonald, Ray Kulz, and Al Dary) carry on the tradition of unusual harmony established by Bing Crosby, Harry Barris, and other noted graduates of the Whiteman organization.

THE WHITEMAN BAND... in action. The closeup at the extreme right shows Paul bearing down in the clinches, and incidentally presents Mike Pingatore, the guitarist who has been with the maestro ever since he organized his first band.

RAMONA... the tall (see Nellie Revel, page 11), exotic lady who can massage a Baby Grand into a frenzy, or waft a breath of romance with a sweet blue song.

RAMONA... the tall (see Nellie Revel, page 11), exotic lady who can massage a Baby Grand into a frenzy, or waft a breath of romance with a sweet blue song.
The painters work in bos'un chairs. No floodlights can be used because these might blind them and cause them to lose their balance and appetites. So each wears a searchlight attached to his cap, and looks like a firefly in the dark when it is not singing.

The tower must be grounded by 300 feet of copper wire every time the painters are hoisted. Sometime, it is pointed out by the alarmists, with sleepiness in the 2 A. M. air, someone may forget to attach the ground wire. And you may just imagine what a shock this would be to The Four Painters, radio's newest quartet.

What is a radio announcer without his emotions? David Ross, Columbia's voice of the flowers, burst into bloom the other night. "I feel as if I am in Hawaii today," he confessed to a studio audience. "So alohae—welcome—alohaoe."

Mr. Ross was born in The Bronx.

President Roosevelt's frequent use of radio to talk to the people reminds us, by contrast, that his last Democratic predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, used the microphone only once. This occasion marked his first public utterance after his collapse during the peace treaty ratification fight.

Mr. Wilson was to go on the air on Armistice Day, November 11, 1923, at 8:30 P. M. from the library on the second floor of his S Street residence in Washington. Precautions had been taken in setting up the equipment so as not to annoy the sick and weary leader. A truck had been backed into the driveway to carry a line into the house.

The announcer, Paul Gascoigne, was stationed in a dimly lighted corner of the library and shielded from view by a screen. Mr. Gascoigne introduced the speaker at the scheduled hour, and then had to ad lib frantically for twenty awful minutes before Mr. Wilson arrived—thin, haggard, walking as if each step were agony. The former President was leaning on the arms of Mrs. Wilson and his secretary, John Randolph Bolling, the only other persons present.

Mrs. Wilson sat next to her husband as he faced the microphone on his desk. She read the speech into his right ear, and he repeated the lines after her in a weak, halting voice. For ten minutes he spoke, expressing his bitter disappointment in the country's failure to endorse the League of Nations. Three months later he died.

The newspapers noted at that time that Mr. Wilson was heard by the "greatest audience to date. Three stations—WCAP, Washington (which call letters have since been transferred to New Jersey); WEAF, New York; and WJAR, Providence—formed the primitive network. This "greatest audience to date" could not have exceeded 20,000, whereas President Roosevelt's audiences possibly have been as large as 20,000,000.

"The Perfect Song," Amos 'n Andy's theme song, as you must know by this time, is from that old movie spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation."

"And why," we asked one of the backers of the film yesterday, "did you give it that name?"

"Because," he replied, "we thought it was a perfect song."

Presumably Amos 'n Andy's sponsors have the same notion. Played at the beginning and end of their two daily programs, the tune has been broadcast something over five thousand times in the four years they have been on a network. So, conservatively, nearly ten days have been consumed in playing it—or enough time to give Amos 'n Andy a good and richly deserved vacation.

This little story may show you what is wrong with so many radio programs. The program department of one of the major broadcasting systems had got together to consider a half hour skit for a prospective sponsor. Everyone present agreed that the advertising ballyhoo was disgusting. Everyone, that is, except the chief executive whose opinion they awaited. He gave it.

"I don't care what you say," he said, "as long as you don't cut the revenue."
WITH EVERYBODY WEARING PANTS, HOW CAN YOU TELL MEN FROM GALS?!

EASY! -- THE ONE LISTENING WILL BE THE MAN!

HOW'D A HAPPEN TO KNOCK THAT PEDESTRIAN DOWN?

I DIDN'T!! -- JUST PULLED UP TO LET HIM PASS' AND HE FAINTED!!

WONDER WHAT BECAME OF THAT PICTURESQUE TEXAN, GARNER - OR HAVE I GOT THE NAME RIGHT?

How'd you like to come up to my apartment for a few minutes?

SORRY, BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO SPAR!

A RADIO COMEDIAN WAS FOUND BOUND AND GAGGED IN A STUDIO AND AS USUAL IT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE'S GAG!!
THE HUMOR SECRETS OF COL. STOOPNAGLE

By HOPE HALE

IT SEEMS that so many people bought Pontiacs in order to tear the tops off and become Stoopnocrats in the first half of 1933 that the sales exceeded the company quota for the whole year. Hence Stoopnagle and Budd were asked to cut short their self-imposed vacation from Columbia and come back to sell more Pontiacs.

The news came as an amazing coincidence, just as we three were sitting here in the woods of Virginia. But perhaps I'd better tell you how we happened to be here.

When the editor of Fan-Fare wired me for a story on Stoopnagle and Budd, I wired back that it couldn't be done. Here I was vacationing in Cherrydale, Virginia, while the Colonel and Budd—well, only the Lord knew where they were, because they were also away on a holiday. If it had just been an ordinary assignment I might have written something from my past acquaintance with this swell team of comedians, but the boss wanted the story based on "an analysis of their radio humor."

To do a job of this kind satisfactorily three things are necessary. First—you've got to see the stars, personally. Second—you should get them as far away from a theatre or broadcasting station as possible. And third—you should make them relax.

And then the gods smiled on me—in fact, they practically laughed right in my face. A notice in the Washington Star announced that Stoopnagle and Budd were making a special stage appearance in Washington. I hopped in my Lizzie—buzzed into Washington—cornered my victims in their hotel—and before they knew what had happened we were back in Cherrydale and everything was hunky dooley. There they were, personally, seated in the shade of a tree. Second, they were far from a stage or microphone. And third—they were sipping a tall glass of the swellest little relaxer the fair State of Virginia provides.

WE HAD been talking only a few minutes when I said:

"I thought your recent Pontiac programs were all right, but it certainly would be nice if you could have a fifteen-minute show all to yourselves—like you used to."

Now this may sound like a bit of fiction, but it's the truth. A few minutes after I spoke those words, the phone rang. It was for the boys, and the message said that Pontiac was offering them a fifteen-minute period, twice a week, come August! Whereupon I threw my typewriter in the air and we had another long, tall, cool one (not a typewriter) all around.

Thus it is, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, that when you have read this inside story of Stoopnagle humor you can try a new game on your radio.

For on that pleasant afternoon in Old Virginia, Colonel Stoopnagle revealed all. He took his unique brand of humor apart and showed us how the wheels go round. Tune in and try picking it to pieces for yourself and see if you can guess how it was put together. See if you can figure out why you laugh at it. Try to work out some Stoopnagle lines for your friends according to his recipes.

Because their humor does not just happen. It is probably the most precisely directed, consciously formulated comedy on the stage or on the air right now.

IF YOU asked one hundred people this question, "Why do you laugh at Stoopnagle and Budd?" ninety-nine would answer something like this: "They're so cockeyed. Crazy. Nuts. Loony. Gaga." And so on. The hundredth might say, "I don't."

If you happen to be the unfortunate hundredth, mayhap you can fill this sorry void in your Enjoyment Department by studying the following lesson in Stoopnappreciation.

But if you are one of the lucky millions of fans (from those who must hold to the sides of their kiddie-koops while they laugh, on up to the victims of the rocking chair) then here is how you got that way. What follows is from the gospel according
to Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle:

The commonly held theory that Stoopnagle and Budd were born a little insane—not dangerous, of course, but more than slightly cuckoo—is erroneous. Both Stoopnagle and Budd are normal human beings.

Budd is the father of a two-year-old daughter whose brilliance is a constant source of awe to him. Colonel Stoopnagle is probably the most serious person I have ever met. If there is one thing that infuriates him more than another—and there are many, many things that infuriate him—it is having some simple goof like you and me (who innocently thinks he is funny) recognize him and come up holding out a hand that shakes with mirth and say, "Well, ha ha, hello. So this, ha ha, is Colonel Stoopnagle, ha ha."

The Colonel regards his work more as a form of art than as a laughing matter. He even got into the profession of humor for very serious reasons.

HE HAPPENED to be the son of one of Buffalo's most prominent businessmen, and though he had an extremely happy boyhood with a jolly home and a mother who could tell Irish dialect stories better than anybody he has ever heard since, it was just a little too happy to prepare him for the normal adult mixture of trouble and difficulty. Always he had had before him the constant example of perfect married happiness. His mother had sat on his father's lap to tell the stories that made his friends chortle, and his father and mother had remained deeply in love until she died. So when his own draw in the marriage lottery turned out to be not quite the lucky number, it hit him much harder than it might have hit a man who had not set his marital ideal so high.

That, and the stifling effect of having a wealthy, important citizen for a father, of being known as "Horace Taylor's son," drove him out of his father's lumber business and into work on his own—eventually landing him in a Buffalo broadcasting station. By that time he had already been writing humor on the side, and when even a serious program became a joke on his listeners, he was started on his real career.

That program was "Nona, who sees all and tells everything." Some woman sat with a crystal ball before

(Continued on page 48)
ANNOUNCERS on those programs surfeited with advertising blurbs are called "matadors" in the studios. Matadors, you know, are adept in throwing the bull. "Soconyland Sketches" is the oldest dramatic show on the airwaves. William Hall is the tallest male singer in the Columbia station and Charles Carlile is the shortest. Nine years ago Vaughn de Leath, the original crooner, operated her own one-lhung station in New York City—WDT. Edwin C. Hill, commentator, is the best dressed man at Columbia or in any other studio. H. V. Kaltenborn, Ed's colleague, tutored Vincent Astor for Harvard. June Pursell, originally a soprano, became a contralto after an operation on her tonsils.

WITH the way things are going, Tom Howard, former Musical Grocery Store comedian, figures it won't be long now before a man at a bank will conduct a colloquy something like this: "Is the president in?" "Yes." "I'd like to see him." "You can't see him until he's at liberty." "When will that be?" "In about four years.

PRESIDENT MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH of NBC was escorting a group of distinguished visitors from the New York studios. Unheralded, they came to the room where the announcers relax between assignments. As Mr. Aylesworth opened the door, cries of "Come seven! Come eleven! Baby needs new shoes!" and similar exhortations greeted the surprised ears of the callers. The half-dozen mike-masters assembled about an improvised dice table were thrown into confusion. But not NBC's Head Man. "The gentlemen," he explained to his entourage, "are rehearsing sound effects for a southern plantation broadcast."
H. V. KALTEINBORN ... one of the better news commentators, sailing for Europe on the Grissolm with his 21-year-old daughter, Anais. (And did you know he once tutored Vincent Astor?)

KATE SMITH frolics at the Neponsit, Long Island, home of her manager, Ted Collins. Ted's huge police dog wants to get rough, but it looks like he has over-matched himself.

CHARLES CARLILE'S mother came all the way from Central Falls, Rhode Island, to hear him broadcast—and he decorated her with carnations. Charles is the shortest tenor on the Columbia chain, in case you're interested—and why should you be?

IF YOU SAW a man having his hair cut with his hat on you could be sure that the only person goofy enough to think it up would be Gracie Allen—and the only man patient enough to try it would be George Burns.

"YOU look tired and sleepy, Kate," said Ted Collins, her manager, to Kate Smith when she appeared at rehearsal one morning. "It's the new baby in the apartment next door," explained Kate. "He broadcasts all night long."

BEN BERNIE reports everything on exhibit at the Chicago World Fair but a paid school teacher ... A "sportrait" is what Ted Husing calls a word picture of an athletic event ... The hardest thing to get on a radio is $10 in a pawn shop ... Radio's youngest performer is two-year-old Ronald Liss, heard on NBC's Children Hour ... John P. Medbury, one of the busiest radio gag writers, thrives on four hours' sleep a night ... Ramona, on the Paul Whiteman shows is said to be the tallest woman in the studios.

PANNING old gags heard on the air is the most popular pastime of radio commentators these days ... But when they refer to an ancient joke as a "Joe Miller" they don't mean an individual but an institution ... There was a Joe Miller, an English actor born in 1684, but he was never known to have perpetrated so much as a pun ... However, shortly after his death a book called "Joe Miller's Joke Book" was published in London ... Thus was created a legendary character, useful in implying the antiquity of a jest.
“JUNIOR, come right here this instant and hang up your wash rag!”

Mrs. Tottle was surveying the scene of Junior’s recent bath, and uttering up a loud prayer into the four winds, rather than addressing Junior specifically, for Junior was now probably three blocks away at the Gooley’s getting dirty again.

Timothy Tottle, Sr., was in the bedroom next to the bath, yanking at an unwilling necktie.

Mrs. Tottle continued, “That boy never hangs up his wash rag. He doesn’t know what it is to hang up a wash rag. It’s just as apt to be on the floor as anywhere.” This to Mr. Tottle in the next room.

“Well, you ought to be glad he will even go through the motions of using a wash rag. My parents used to have to use a shotgun to get me to take a bath. Shotgun baths are what I took.”

“I’m half in the notion of writing to Uncle Tom, at WQZ, about Junior’s habit of throwing the wash rag in any old direction after his baths. Junior listens to Uncle Tom every evening, and fairly worships him. I believe he would pay some attention to Uncle Tom.”

“That lizard!”

“Who? Junior?”

“No. Uncle Tom. That male giggle! That low-life, double-dealing, oily, self-delighted broadcasting moralizer. Entertains the so-called kiddies, uncles them unctuously, and then socks them with moral precepts. It’s funny that children can’t have entertainment in this world without having to pay for it by listening to lessons. Uncle Tom! I’ll bet that guy robs birds’ nests.”

“Why, I think he’s a fine influence.”

IN CASE you are still reading, Uncle Tom was perhaps the most popular of those self-elected radio uncles in one seacoast section of the country. He opened his half hour program with a laugh, played the piano, laughed, told bedtime stories, laughed in anticipation of the ending and laughed at the ending, sang insane nursery songs, oozed personality and loveliness, and interspersed his entertainment with intimate lectures to individual children about whose faults and misdemeanors desperate parents had written him. Thus:

“Esther VanDyke, of Glenvale, Pennsylvania, you don’t drink your milk or eat your vegetables. My, my, Esther, Uncle Tom is sorry to hear that. Don’t you know that you can’t ever be a fine, strong girl unless you drink plenty of good, rich milk, and eat a lot of wholesome, healthful vegetables. You won’t get the vitamins that you need, Esther. Now, I hope you’ll do better from now on, Esther.”

“Now, let’s see, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Oh yes, Patricia Brinkerhoff, of New York City. You must quit biting your fingernails, Patricia, or I really don’t know what will happen.”

“Now Uncle Tom, ha, ha, ha, ha, will tell you all the story about the little bear who found a bicycle in the woods, but who didn’t have any bicycle pump with which to blow up the tires. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!”

And so on.

Junior Tottle enjoyed Uncle Tom, or pretended to. It may have been because he liked to hear other “kiddies” getting roasted, or it may have been because he liked to see and hear his father get hot and boil over every time Uncle Tom’s voice or giggle emerged from the loud speaker.

YOU may remember that Mr. Tottle was dressing, and now, having finally mastered his neckwear, he was transferring his knickknacks from one suit to another.

“I’d rather have Junior go clear through this life a non-wash-rag-hanger-upper than to have you stoop..."
September

so low as to connive with that Uncle Tom. No sir, I was raised without the aid of radio uncles or cousins or aunts, and I may be a washout, but we'll get Junior up to the age of discretion without the use of any ether uncles. Of course, Santa Claus is different. I think it's all right to get what virtue you can out of kids by holding Santa Claus over them a few months before Christmas. I'm not above a little skullduggery in this matter of raising children, but I'll be darned if I'll let you write to Uncle Tom. I don't like that guy.

Mr. Tottle took a last vicious swash at his hair with the brush, turned and faced his wife belligerently.

"Here we have the miracle of radio. The marvelous human mind discovers a way to transmit sound through the ether and to capture it again a thousand miles away, millions of dollars are invested in broadcasting stations, the public invests its own millions of dollars in receiving sets ... it's the greatest single discovery in the history of the human race ... and what does it get us? Uncle Tom! That laughing hyena!"

Mrs. Tottle had often been the one-woman audience to these one-man chautauquas, and she wasn't really listening, as Mr. Tottle half suspected she wasn't. Nor did he care, for all he wanted was a topic and the vibration of his own voice. Mr. Tottle had something of the makings of a radio artist, himself.

"Uncle Tom—a fine desecration of God-given ether, if you ask me!" concluded Mr. Tottle.

"NOW, let's see. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Uncle Tom certainly does get a lot of mail these days. Now, let's see. Oh, yes. Stanley Brown, Washington, D. C. I hear you don't answer when your mamma calls, Stanley. Do you think that is nice? How much nicer it would be if you came running into the house or answered, 'Yes, Mother.' I hope to hear you are doing better about this from now on, Stanley.

"Well, ha, ha, I guess Uncle Tom's time is about up. It certainly has been a jolly party today, and we'll all be back for another one tomorrow evening at the same time. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, every good thing must come to an end. Good night, kiddies."

In the studio of WQZ, Uncle Tom mopped his brow, reached for a cigarette, and said to himself, "Jeze, I'm glad that's over!"

As he passed the switchboard girl in the hall on his way out, he said, "Good night, beautiful."

As he left the elevator, he said to the elevator girl, "Good night, sweetheart."

As he passed the newstand girl in the corridor of the building, he said, "Good night, dearest."

"Fresh egg!"

Fifteen minutes later, Uncle Tom entered the Wharf Pool Room on Water Street.

"Hi, Charlie," he said to the man with a hat on, behind the cigar counter.

"Howdy, Uncle."

"Are the boys in the back room?"

"Yeh, Nails and Splinter and Sneerface are there. Waitin' for you."

"Let's shake for a plug of Crowbar."

They shook. The house lost and Uncle Tom got his chewing tobacco for nothing.

He then walked through the length of the poolroom, speaking to a few friends who paused with cues balanced as he passed.

"Hello, Uncle Tom. Say, that's a fine bunch of bologna you hand those kids. Someday the Society for the Suppression of Kidding the Kiddies will get you!"

"At's all right, I get the jack, don't I?"

"Sure, go ahead — it's a great racket."

Uncle Tom knocked four times on a door in the rear. It was unlocked and an unshaved face peeked through. A thick voice said, "Come in, Uncle."

"Howdy, boys."

"Hello, Uncle. Have a drink."

A tall black bottle was pushed across a pine table. Uncle Tom poured himself a big slug.

"Not bad."

"Don't burn up that radio throat of yours, Uncle. If you start gettin' husky, some of the parents may get on that you ain't as sweet as you let on to be."

"Never mind. I'll take care of the sound box. Well, let's get down to business. I got a date to feed a dame chop suey after a while. Here's the list for next two weeks."

Uncle Tom took a piece of paper from his inside coat pocket and handed it to Nails. Upon this paper was the following typewritten list:

1. Freddie Johnson
2. Sophie Mayer
3. Spuddie Miller
4. Timmie Tottle
5. Bobbie Biggers
6. Lucile Christie
7. Leo Burnett
8. Maggie Fishback
9. Rosie Robinson
10. Ada Tate

(Continued on page 46)
REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

By DYAL TURNER

BING CROSBY
See front cover

Cast—Bing (and that's plenty)

Comment—When this was written I had just heard that Mr. Crosby was going back on the air with a sponsored show... sometime in September. I don't know when and, naturally, I haven't heard one of the programs. Nevertheless it is quite easy to write a review of his new show. Regardless of who sponsors Bing or what sort of spot he is given, he will still be just about the biggest single musical attraction on the air. And you don't have to take my word for it. Ever since Bing was one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys his radio popularity has increased every year.

During the past summer he has not been on the air at all, yet the Columbia stations have continued to receive more fan mail addressed to Mr. Crosby than to the majority of headliners who have been working steadily.

The Plug—No matter how long and sappy it may be, the Crosby fans will take it, and like it.

Opinion—That's my story, and I'll stick to it.

• • •

THE KRAFT PROGRAM
See front cover
(NBC-WEAF, Thursday at 10:00-11:00 PM-DST)


Comment—This one-hour program, put on by the Kraft Phoenix Cheese Corporation to exploit their new "Miracle Whip" salad dressing, is one of the most elaborate gestures that has been made by the big advertisers. Despite the length of the show, the first programs had all the earmarks of successful entertainment. The Whiteman organization is, of course, fool-proof. Whether it's classical stuff or jazz—Paul's crowd handle the assignment equally well.

Yes sir, it makes no difference to those lads. High or low, sweet or hot—they've got what it takes. And Paul himself in his routines with Al Jolson, has proved that he is no mean straight man.

Mr. Jolson's talents are not so well suited to radio as they are to the stage and movies, but undoubtedly he'll appeal to the folks who do not object to Al's heavy hand on the tremolo stop.

Ramona, Peggy Healy, Roy Bargy, and The Rhythm Boys—are all well known to radio fans. (And by the time you read this, Miss Healy should also be signed up for a Broadway show. Cute looking gal, and swell personality.) Ramona, who got her radio start with Don Bestor's Orchestra, has been one of Paul Whiteman's stellar pupils for some time. Her unique singing and piano playing are always worth your time.

Deems Taylor, noted music critic who handled the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts so capably, introduces the singers and announces the Whiteman selections with intelligent build-ups that are a pleasant contrast to the far-fetched metaphor-simile technique you usually hear from the regular announcers.

Also, Mr. Taylor offers brief comments during the playing of the classical selections to explain the import of certain passages. And he sometimes describes the scenes of the musical plays or operas from which they are taken. Mr. Taylor's remarks are always in good taste and never give the impression that the speaker is being condescending.

And in addition to all that, Mr. Taylor should be heard for his mock serious observations and for his utter lack of unctuousness.

The Plug—At the start of these programs, listeners were given a "twice-your-money-back" guarantee if they bought "Miracle Whip" and did not think it was the best salad dressing they had ever used. (To cash in, you had to take the wrapper off the jar and send it back to the
company with a detailed explanation of your reasons—which made the offer a pretty safe one for the company.) "Socially prominent" women were also brought in to "say a few words" about the product. These "yeses," together with the wordy plugs by the announcer, become pretty irksome after you've heard them for an hour. (But, after all, you couldn't expect the Kraft boys to spend all that money and not say a mouthful.)

**Opinion**—Excellent, well handled musical entertainment—with a little too much dressing.

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**THE FRIGIDAIRE PROGRAM**

(CBS-WABC, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 PM-DST)

**Cast**—Jane Froman (Friday), Howard Marsh (Wednesday), The Snow Queens, Jacques Renard's Orchestra

**Comment**—Substantial radio fare, with lovely Jane Froman as the pièce de résistance. (If they ever put this gal on a big television network, there will be many a good home broken up. She's certainly an eyeful.) Miss Froman has already acquired an air following that assures a flock of listeners, and Mr. Marsh is a pleasant and capable exponent of the light opera school. He will be particularly acceptable to the ladies who like the Victor Herbert, Rudolph Friml and Jerome Kern type of musical sentiment. The Snow Queens (who are referred to for no good reason as Economy, Beauty, Convenience, and Quality) don't do much but hum. Jacques Renard puts his orchestra through paces you'll like.

**The Plug**—You are probably weary of hearing us say, "The commercial announcement is too long." We are certainly sick of writing it, but what the hell can you do about it when they all are.

**Opinion**—First-class entertainment with a bit too much blurb.

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"ED WYNN'S UNCLE"

(NBC-WEAJ, Tuesday at 9:30 PM-DST)

**Cast**—Taylor Holmes, Graham McNamee, Wamp Carlson, Larry Butler, Don Voorhees' Orchestra, The Fire Chief Quartet

**Comment**—I notice that my old friend Don Herold has a story in this issue about uncles ... the kind who sing chanteys to the kiddies and tell them to eat their spinach and whispy-crispies. Taylor Holmes, who is substituting for Ed Wynn on the Texaco program is not one of these uncles. He does play an uncle, however—Ed's uncle—thereby keeping the Wynn name green in the minds of his thousands of ardent fans (as though they'd forget him!).

If you are a regular Wynn fan (as most listeners are) you will remember that Ed kept saying, "All right, Graham. You can have your Texaco and your automobiles. I'll stick to my horse. But my uncle has a car ..." after which there would be sundry cracks about his uncle. This gave some smart boy over at the Haniff-Metzger advertising agency the hunch to ring in the uncle while Ed was vacationing. Mr. Holmes is it. His character is that of an old-fashioned codger who wears trick clothes and stutters. Employing this stammering technique for added laughs, he follows the humor tradition of the program by doing a gag routine with Graham McNamee—utilizing a line of wise-cracks that are neither newer nor older than the Wynn collection.

Also appearing in these programs is Olaf (Wamp Carlson), the hired man who takes care of Chief Wynn's horse. Olaf manages to get his share of giggles with his dumb-Swede technique. Larry Butler, the Fire House mascot, is there to please the kiddies—which may be smart.

**The Plug**—Same as usual, with Mr. Holmes interrupting the commercial announcement just as Mr. Wynn used to do. Many sponsors would swell up and burst at the idea of such irrelevancy during the impressive (they think) moments dedicated to the sacred "product." This very lack of importance has made it possible for Texaco to put in overtime on their plugs without causing a pain in the neck to the listener.

**Opinion**—Competent enough as a substitute for Mr. Wynn, it isn't to be expected that Ed's uncle will be able to hold (Continued on page 45)
"WHEN THE SWEET MAGNOLIAS BLOOM AGAIN"
By Joe Young and Dave Dreyer. Published by Irving Berlin, Inc.

With our return to the Pennsylvania Roof, some of the publishers tried to find suitable opening and closing songs for our programs. While listening to the catalogue of Irving Berlin, Inc., I heard a number that seemed to have a soothing quality of melody and I finally decided on "When The Sweet Magnolias Bloom Again" as the signature song for our Monday and Saturday dance broadcasts.

The song has received a pleasing acceptance. The Victor people, for whom we made a Bluebird record of it, characterize the waltz as one of the best mixtures of the style of Wayne King and Paul Whiteman to which they have listened in a long time. The quality on the record itself was due in no small measure to the arrangement by Elliott Jacoby, and to the fact that we took it at the slow Wayne King tempo.

"When The Sweet Magnolias Bloom Again" is extremely simple and may become quite popular.

"I HAVE TO PASS YOUR HOUSE TO GET TO MY HOUSE"
By Lew Brown. Published by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, Inc.

About two years ago, when I was in George White's "Scandals" I paid tribute in this department to Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, who wrote the "Scandals" music. They were then and still are two of Broadway's cleverest collaborators not only on blackouts for musical comedy but especially on songs. As you may know, the team originally had three members—Brown, Henderson, and Buddy De Sylva. Then De Sylva left because he wanted to live on the Coast and write exclusively for pictures. And now it's rumored that Brown and Henderson have decided to go separate ways. I hope the rumor is unfounded, because I believe that together the boys are almost unbeatable and, even though each is exceedingly gifted, I should dislike awfully to see them split.

If "I Have To Pass Your House To Get To My House" is a sample of Lew Brown's work in both the melody and lyric fields, I would hesitate to say just what his capabilities as a songwriter may be. Lew wrote songs long before he met Henderson and De Sylva and perhaps I'm wrong in thinking that he is a better lyricist than melodist. By that I don't wish to imply that this song is not a good job—only that it is a most unusual piece of work.

In the first place, it is of unusual length, having 60 measures. This, in the minds of most publishers, puts two strikes against it right at the start. However, emboldened by the success of "Night and Day" (which was much more than the usual length of 32 measures), Brown probably conceived the idea of writing a long type of fox trot, and then went one step further in being unorthodox. He made his song almost completely in minor, giving it every quality of a Jewish synagogue composition.

What's more, the story in the lyrics is sad, which is typical of Brown. The words were probably written quickly, yet upon analysis there is little in them that could be improved. Brown's lyrics are like that.

"ISN'T THIS A NIGHT FOR LOVE"
By Val Burton and Will Jason. Published by Sam Fox Publishing Co.

Every now and then the West Coast produces an orchestral hero. First it was Art Hickman, then Paul Whiteman, Paul Ash, Abe Lyman, Earl Bortnert, Gus Arnheim... and now, Phil Harris. Harris was originally with the Harris-Lofner Orchestra of San Francisco. Orchestras run by two men rarely do succeed, and Harris eventually broke away from the partnership, going to the Cocoanut Grove with his own combination. Although his former partner is doing well on his own, Harris has recently come into nationwide prominence through his radio work and the RKO movie, "Melody Cruise." Harris has now left the Cocoanut Grove and is playing in Chicago, where he intends to summer—with the possibility of coming on to New York this fall.

Of the several songs which Harris sings in "Melody Cruise," "Isn't This A Night For Love" is unquestionably the most tuneful. It is written by the two boys who wrote "Penthouse Serenade" and it proves that they are complete masters of the art of writing popular songs.

"HOLD ME"
By Little Jack Little, Dave Oppenheim, and Ira Schuster. Published by Robbins Music Corporation

Well, I must admit I've made another mistake. Why was I unable to sense the popular appeal of "Hold Me"? Was it because it was badly played on the piano the first time I heard it, or what? I honestly felt that "Hold Me" was one of the worst tunes I had heard in a long time. It's true that a song should never be demonstrated on a piano unless the pianist has an unusual touch and style of presentation, but I can't claim that as a complete alibi for my opinion.

I have frequently been able to sense the appeal of songs we've (Continued on page 46)
SLIPPING and GRIPPING

THINKING MADE EASY—
Arthur Brisbane, soothsayer-in-chief for Mr. Hearst’s “People Who Think,” will probably be off the Gulf Gasoline program by the time you hold this issue of FANFARE in your little hot hands. But, if he wishes, he’s sure to be back on the air soon because he has been an increasingly popular radio attraction—and rightly so.

His recent talks have been much like his “Today” column in the Hearst newspapers—with the same sweeping generalities, the same careful sidestepping to avoid giving serious offense, and the same non sequiturs. But, in addition to being able to turn out as nice a platitude as anyone writing today, Mr. Brisbane is undeniably an interesting radio speaker. He has a faculty for eliminating dead wood in his material (which many microphony thinkers might well copy), and he has the oracular knack of making a comment of little consequence seem like a profound pronouncement from On High. It is odd that no radio advertiser signed Mr. Brisbane before. Yars and yars ago the Brisbrain hit upon the writing formula that has proved to be the great common denominator for the mental efforts of twenty million Americans. This audience is by far the greatest held regularly by a single living person in the world today. (A statement for “People Who Think”.) And it has long been apparent that Mr. Brisbane could take a goodly proportion of his newspaper audience to the radio whenever he wished. No sponsor, however, gave him a long term contract until radio went crazy over commentators, analysts, and problem solvers. Then the bandwagon was stopped long enough for Mr. Brisbane to be helped reverently aboard.

We like Mr. Brisbane’s radio talks best when he essays humor. He has a mildly epigrammatic touch. Recently he remarked that the radio, airplane, telephone, and telegraph have made it possible for all nations to have the same difficulties at the same time. This clarified the significance of Progress for us to such an extent that we called off our plan to push a Grape Nut with our ear all the way out to the big medicine show we’re told they’re putting on in Chicago.

THE GOOD GULF HUMORISTS—The Gulf Gasoline people have also done a big service for radio listeners in hiring three humorists—Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, and Walter F. Kelly—who afford a distinct relief from the gag comedians. Mr. Rogers will be back on the air soon and should be heard by all means, if you don’t already know it.

A critic has said that it is no less than effrontery for Will to take so much for his work and then refuse to prepare anything in advance for his broadcasts. Will has also been criticized for occasional “bad taste.” We don’t believe these criticisms are sound.

In the first place, Will could not write his stuff and then delete the sharpest barbs without sacrificing most of the spontaneity and stingo which are so appealing in his talks. (And don’t you suppose that he puts in a good many hours of mental preparation for each talk?) To be sure, we could do with less of the Rogers stammering and repetition. But Will is by all odds the most brightly original entertainer who goes on the air and both sponsor and listener can count on at least half a dozen hearty laughs in each of Will’s broadcasts. What other comic can be counted on to offer so much in every program?

We wish we could be so enthusiastic about the radio future of Mr. Cobb and Mr. Kelly. We enjoy them both, but we wonder if enough other people do to make up a sizeable audience. Messrs. Cobb and Kelly are among the few really finished raconteurs left on this planet, but the very subtlety of their wit may
make them seem only tolerably amusing to the listeners who have come to expect wise-cracks with a wallop. Also, some of the material used by Mr. Cobb and Mr. Kelly is pretty familiar, and it is dangerous for them to try to get by with it, even on old sentimentalists like us. It may be, however, that there are sufficient numbers of people who can't hear Mr. Cobb without thinking of Judge Priest, or Mr. Kelly without recalling The Virginia Judge, to make up a radio audience that will continue to tempt advertisers.

And, by the way, the advertising on the Gulf programs is fairly unobjectionable, the Brisbane-Rogers-Kelly show being the better of the two. The plugs on the Cobb program are often far fetched, but they're not so bad as they would be without the pleasing personality of Allan Joselyn, who plays the gas station attendant.

MEMO TO SPONSORS—Mildred Bailey and Gertrude Niesen are two good ones you've overlooked. Miss Bailey is an unusually good bet. Miss Niesen gets plenty of punch in her work (but would be better if she could eliminate some of the nasal quality in her delivery).

Blubber Bergman, who went off the air when the Best Foods' Musical Grocery Store closed, should be brought back by some sponsor soon. He is one of the extremely rare natural radio comedians who can be funny without straight gag stuff. His material should be written for him by original humorists like Norman Anthony (editor of Ballyhoo) and Bill Scott (editor of Pastime), who did some of the better sketches for The Musical Grocery Store.

"I APOLOGIZE"—That, you'll remember, was the name of one of the songs that helped start Kate Smith on her way to fame and a husky bank account. The whole staff of Fan-Fare has been singing it ever since Kate told us about a mistake we made two issues ago. We said her program was gripping and then pointed an arrow under her picture down instead of up. Sorry, Kate, it was just one of those careless arrows—we mean errors. And lots of success with your new program.

NO FAULT TO FIND—The Teddy Jubilee program is still going strong. It has some fairly fool-proof elements—Dolph Martin's good music, the pleasing harmonizing of the Travelers Quartet, the likable Negro character, Mortimer (played by John Battle, who also writes the show), and advertising that could be much worse.

THE WHIFFLEDINGLE AWARDS—We announce the award of the Woofus W. Whiffledingle Memorial Moustache Cup for the most unbelievable, insincere, and generally obnoxious advertising during 1933 on any large radio program (that is, a program on which the sponsors should know better). The winner is Woodberry's Soap, whose program is now off the air. We feel absolutely safe in making this award for 1933 four months before the end of the year.

Runner-up for the award was the Non-Spi "how-to-get-your-man" program. The selling argument was that a girl would be popular if she used Non-Spi and smelled pretty, and the idea was put over about as bluntly as that.

BETTER THAN AVERAGE—The Happy Bakers . . . good musical entertainment, but heavy advertising with claims that strain our credulity.

Little Jack Little . . . this one man show is as good as ever.

K-7 Secret Service Stories . . . supposedly true tales of big league spying well written (by Burke Boyce, head of the NBC continuity department), smartly directed, and frequently exciting. As often as not the villain doesn't get his, which appeals to us.

Lowell Thomas . . . not very exciting nor particularly interesting compared to Ed Hill, but still pleasant enough. Lowell's sponsor, the Sun Oil Company, goes light on the plugs, which makes the program seem better.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round . . . Jean Sargent, one of the better torchers, should appeal to pyrophiles. David Percy and the Men About Town do the usual singer-quartet stuff agreeably, and Gene Rodemich's band is one of radio's best.

The Wildroot Institute . . . Good singing by Johnny Seagle and Lee Lawnhurst, and facile piano work by the latter. The dramatized part of the plug is, however, dreadful.

The Capitol Family . . . Major Bowes and his talented group are still offering fine entertainment every Sunday. The program has changed little through the years—which proves you don't have to hitch your radio budget to a fad to put on a good show. There has, of course, always been enough variety in the program itself to keep it from seeming like the same thing week after week.

The Yeast Foamers . . . Light, amusing music and singing, and advertising that is sincere and easy to take because it contains traces of understatement. Jan Garber's soft music is the best bet on the program, but the warbling of Virginia Hamilton, Rudy Rudi-
GERTRUDE NIESEN

—vibrant as a bell—blue as deep water

... and that describes the voice of the lady we find here making up in her dressing room at Loew's State Theatre in New York, as she prepares to go out and stop the show. (Which she did at every performance.) Then, in the top three pictures on the right, we see her on the stage singing "Stormy Weather"—while in the bottom shot she goes to town as she gives her famous imitation of Lyda Roberti, and sings, "But de moasic hass got to be... Oh-ho-ho... Su-veet an' hu-u-ah!" Miss Niesen gets by so well in public that she doesn't have to worry about radio work ... which probably makes CBS just that much more anxious to have her hanging around their microphones.
sill, and Lee Bennett is nothing to be snippy about.

**Borrah Minevitch and His Harmonica Rascals** ... Amazing stunt music plus Borrah's likeable personality. For all but harmonica haters.

**Eno Crime Clues** ... O. K. for those who can still get excited about radio murder mysteries. Usually these Spencer Dean stories are ingeniously written, directed with restraint, and well acted (Edward Reese who plays Dean and Jack McBryde who plays Dan Cassidy are especially good). If you should pick a night when the story bogs down into the pure, undisguised hokum-and-ham, try again and the chances are you'll be glad you did. Eno (in common with all laxative advertisers on the air) has not found a formula, however, for presenting the product without offense.

**California Melodies** ... fine variety program put on by California radio stars and broadcast nationally from the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. The performers include Raymond Paige and his excellent orchestra, Sam Coslow, Hazel Waters, Nora Schiller, Ray Hendricks, and Eleanor Barnes. The latter is a newspaper reporter who entices movie stars into the studio and "interviews" them. To a cynic or sceptic these interviews are ridiculous, but probably the confirmed movie fans enjoy hearing the stars spil off a philosophy of life which has been cooked up for them by a press agent. The night Jean Harlow was interviewed she demonstrated that she has a radio singing voice good enough to rate an air job any time she wants to quit making pictures. She also denied a statement she said Walter Winchell had made about her (which probably made a lot of people regret not having a chance to do the same thing—over a nationwide hookup.)

**John Henry, Black River Giant** ... A grand show for those who like Negro folklore.

**Triple Bar X Days And Nights** ... We should think everybody would like this one, particularly when the story is topnotch. Carson Robison and his buckaroos are always first class.

**Burton Holmes** ... A pleasant and moderately interesting radio speaker who is now off the air. He should be a good bet for a sponsored series of travel talks.

**Malcolm La Prade, “The Man From Cook’s”** ... Far and away the best travel speaker who has ever been on the air. Mr. McLeod can really make you want to go places. He writes all his own stuff and it's a beautiful job. He'll be back soon. Be sure to tune in.

**Silver Dust** ... Jack Denny and his orchestra, Scrappy Lambert, Jeannie Lang, and lots of fairly reasonable advertising.

**Borrah Minevitch** For all but harmonica haters

**Gypsy Nina** Better than some who've found sponsors

**Julia Sanderson** May she and Frank Crumit never lack a contract

**Phil Cook** What more do advertisers want?

Denny and Lambert are O. K. We've said before that Jeannie should get some new tricks, but she hasn't done anything about it. If she can only sing "cute" she won't be sponsored much longer.

**Kathryn Newman** ... Good soprano with lots of the old coloratura. She should find a sponsor just as soon as the vogue for coonshouters passes.

**The Road Reporter** ... Shell Gasoline's tolerably interesting program with bearable advertising and fairly well done dramatic sketches. The dullest part is the preliminary travel stuff by The Road Reporter (Paul Douglas) and his stooge.

**Light Opera Gems (Channon Collinge, Conductor)** ... Don't miss a single one of these programs, especially if they're putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. There hasn't been a bad spot on any of these shows we've heard. Grand cast throughout. The regulars are Theo Karle, Barbara Maurel, Rhoda Arnold, and Crane Calder.

**Hortick's Adventures In Health** ... Dr. Herman Bundesen is doing a great service by helping educate the average person to think straight in matters of health. The dramatized cases put on by Dr. Bundesen will seem pretty obvious and overdone to the intelligent listener, but everyone else (and that's 90% of the radio audience) will learn a lot from them. And, in justice to Dr. Bundesen, we don't know how such ailments as sinus, colds, and backache could be turned into interesting radio material unless the outward sufferings were laid on thick. (Who, by the way, is going to bring Dr. Howard W. Haggard back on the air? His recent talks for Sharpe and Dohme, the makers of ST37, were among the most interesting we've heard anywhere—and must have rendered a profitable service to his sponsors, to the medical profession, and to listeners in every walk of life.)

**Miss Lila** ... Southern dialect sketch with mildly amusing touches of authentic native humor. Emmet Gowen is the author. He also plays Ted Griffith. Ann Elstner is Miss Lila and other regulars are Jack Roseleigh and John Battle.

**America's Grub Street Speaks** ... Interviews with writers who have something to say and who are usually refreshingly frank in saying it. There's a letting-down-the-back-lair spirit about these programs which we like, and Thomas L. Stix (head of the Book League of America,) should be applauded not only for picking interesting people to interview, but also for keeping the programs free from the noiseless overtones of canned publicity.

**Sunday At Seth Parker's** ... A fine program right up to the last broadcast, although perhaps it was slipping a little at the end—just as every program which is on the air so long is bound (Continued on page 50)
THE radio enthusiast who employs his experience on the broadcast bands as a criterion in judging short wave results, is in for a rather disheartening jolt when he first dials around for an illusive and distant short wave signal. This is not the fault of the receiver—as the fan is likely to believe—nor of the short waves themselves. The unjustified basis of comparison is the real cause of his dissatisfaction and disappointment. It is practically impossible, on the short waves, to duplicate certain effects which have contributed greatly to our enjoyment of the broadcast bands. On the other hand, things can be done with the short waves that are utterly beyond possibility on the waves with which we have long been familiar. An idea of short wave fare, and how it is dished up, is essential before one passes judgment on the merits of a short wave or all wave receiver and before one can derive maximum pleasure from its operation.

Short waves, by the way, are waves below the conventional broadcast band (the lower end of which is about 200 meters) and above 10 meters, where the ultra short wave region begins. Considered in an approximate order of shortness, these waves provide the following services of interest to the broadcast fan: Police broadcast (200 to 175 meters), aircraft telephone stations (90 meters), amateur stations (75 meters), short wave broadcasting (50 to 20 meters), and commercial trans-oceanic telephony (10 to 25 meters). It is the entertainment value of these broadcasts in which the fan is interested and which determines his degree of satisfaction. So let's rate your favorite long wave program at 100% and then see how entertainment on the different short-wave services compares with it:

1. Police broadcasts to patrol and squad cars are relatively high in entertainment value. Police announcers have voices that would shivel a crooner, and the real life dramas condensed into prosaic announcements provide cooling etheric breezes after the hot air of commercial plugs on the broadcast band. Besides, we are not so many generations removed from Nero's amphitheater, and this second hand blood and gore, in the safety of our easy chairs, is piquant and delightful. Husbands derive vicarious satisfaction from the announcement that a man is beating his wife on the fourth floor of 286 South La Salle Street. It is quaintly amusing to learn that the proprietor of a filling station at 23 Broome Avenue was murdered and robbed just two minutes ago, or that somebody else's automobile was stolen by a youth in a gray suit and blue cap. Unfortunately, the entertainment value has been curtailed in some localities by substituting code numbers for a detailed description of the crime. Congress should do something about it. However, there are still plenty of cities where they call a bashed-in head a bashed-in head.

Entertainment value: 25% to 100%—depending on whether, as a child, you pinned butterflies to a board and committed divers mayhem on flies and other insects.

2. The element of real life drama also contributes a bit to the pleasant possibilities of airplane broadcasts. Something romantic still clings to the idea of flight. But that is all. These stations flash on and off sporadically, and the announcements of weather and position are dry and uninteresting.

Entertainment value: 5%.

3. Amateur radio telephone conversations are highly intelligent and edifying—to the amateur. A sample runs as follows: "CQ CQ CQ CQ CQ calling CQ CQ CQ—Hello, old man—How are you getting me, old man?—You're coming in about R-5, old man—Well, old man, I'll be saying 73, old man. Glad to have met you, old man—See you again, old man—73, old man."

Entertainment value: To the normal person—¾ of 1%. To those who like phonograph records with crossed grooves, or to those of the psychopathic type addicted to bridge post mortems, up to 75%.

4. Short wave broadcasting is the principal raison d'être for short wave receivers in the home. Practically all important programs, originating in every part of the world, are broadcast simultaneously on long and short wave-lengths. The peculiar carrying power of these waves makes it possible to pick them up at distances limited only by the half circumference of the earth. But do not expect long wave results (in tone, quiet reception and steadiness) on the short waves. In ten years of short wave listening, I have never heard a program that was quite so good as a long wave presentation from a local station. The tendency to fade is more consistently a characteristic of short wave stations, and the functioning of the automatic volume control, to compensate this fading, often introduces noticeable distortion of voice and music. With the exception of commercial installations in noise free areas, reception is always more noisy than on the longer wave bands. All this does not mean, however, that good quality short wave reception is an isolated phenomenon. On the contrary, highly enjoyable short wave results can be expected consistently on a good receiver. The short wave receiver also has a genuine program utility in instances where an important long wave program cannot be satisfactorily received. Almost invariably it will be possible to locate a good signal from a short wave station carrying the same program.

Entertainment Value: 75%.

5. Offhand, short wave trans-oceanic telephony seems to offer considerable promise to those addicted to listening in on party lines. These are the channels that carry the commercial telephone conversations between different (Continued on page 47)
JACK BENNY . . . is not using the air; he's taking it—in this case at Atlantic City. His bored walk along the boardwalk has attracted two gents who are saying, "Look! That great comedian, Jack Benny!" (Maybe.)

TONY WONS . . . is probably examining the price tag on his fish and wondering if the publicity is worth it. The little girl is learning to say, "It was this big," in case a photographer happens along when they haven't got the fish.

WILL CUPPY . . . practises the title of his radio program—"Just Relax." He brought the Siamese kitty along because he knew she would enjoy a ride on his catboat.

NINO MARTINI . . . says that he does most of his relaxing on a horse, which means that he almost never relaxes. Or maybe he makes the horse pursue the even tenor of his way.

JOHN SEAGLE . . . turns his holiday into a Collie-day. The two full grown dogs are named "Hallelujah" and "Glory Be," which explains why John calls their offspring "Amen."
RELAX

JIMMY MELTON ... takes his ease on a yacht, no less. But when friends say he must be rich, Jimmy declares that he picked the boat up for a song. That's easy to believe, considering what he gets for a song.

BEN BERNIE AND GEORGE OLSEN ... spend their spare time trying to prove which is the better golfer. (We won't take sides, but we would like to point out that Ben uses a mashie where George requires a brassie.)

LANNY ROSS ... isn't really nuts about swimming, but how could we call those vacation pictures without showing somebody in the water? So Lanny, bless his heart, went in just to please us.

HOWARD BARLOW ... eminent young maestro, is a simple fellow at heart. Give him a dog and a ball and a beach and some knickers and an old sweater, and you can have the rest of it.
Roses and Razzaes

We are in a position to speak for hundreds of our customers in complimenting your magazine on criticizing some of the radio programs on the air. We all agree that some of the advertising connected with these programs is awful. Hoping your magazine has good success in cleaning up some of these windjammers, we remain, Julius J. Cohen, Washington Electrical Supply Company, 24 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Tuna:
As a critic you've a great success! But I wager that if you had to go one the air for six months as a comedian equal to Ed Wynne, as a Sherlock Holmes equal to Richard Gordon, or as a Fannie Brice, a Kate Smith, or a Rudy Vallee, you would in all probabilities be a good example of the perfect failure. It takes infinite work to keep up as a comedian for 2½ years at Ed Wynne's pace and still be as good as Ed is today. It takes time to become a Rudy Vallee. Rudy spent about 6 years before becoming famous. It took work. It hurts me to see you with a few words help to put the slides under a performer and make him a flop. It has taken Wynne 30 years to achieve what he now has. If possible to help fix the slides you'd be there with much desire to se 30 years work crumble to dust, to see a man's heart broken and all caused by a critics few words.

Warren Johnson, (no address given).

We have read two of the Radio Fan-Fare magazines and find them worth while, in fact the best radio magazine printed.

Your articles are the fairest we have ever read in a radio magazine and, more than that, we agree with you that many of the so-called comedians are so bad that we are glad to be able to tune them out.

You did not write anything of "The Ship Of Joy," Captain Dobbis is a well beloved character in the West and we Californians are very loyal to his programs. We have listened to him many years and have never been bored, and that's something. Please listen to him. This is one program that will win millions of new listeners even during the summer months. It is now on the NBC network.

Thank you for the pleasure your articles gave us.

Mrs. Charles F. Keene
Hotel Park Lane, Chicago, Illinois.

We've just gotten over a heat wave and now I'm cooled off enough to tackle a subject judiciously that has been seething within my bosom.

First off, where do you folks get the idea we like the panning that you take upon yourself to give some of our radio favorites? I liked old Radio Digest for it never pretended to know more than God about these radio boys and girls who do their darndest to entertain us. So out goes Slipping and Gripping. Do you realize Buddy Rogers for instance is "not so hot" in NYC while he's the next sneeze in the mid-west? What Broadway likes isn't all castorua for us midwesterners! Ed Wynne may seem prosaic to you boys of the Great White Way but someone's grandmother out in Gopher City likes him immensely. Are you so perfect your guesses never fail? Your comments are always correct? Of course, if you only intend to let a newboy take an armful of your magazines out on Broadway, stick to your gags. But some of us from the "stix" subscribe hoping to catch a glimpse now and then of the man who thrills us, the girls who charm us.

Dear Tuna (Fish):
At least you said yourself that Slipping and Gripping was written by "Tuna."

In spite of the fact I think it is bad taste to allow your super criticisms space, I do read them just to find fault with them. Perhaps we are akin.

Last edition's exceptions are that again you allow that universal urge of the pocket book to influence your syrup coated love for the Fleischmann Hour. The Hour would be fine if Rudy never opened his mouth. Yes, I like the hour and would listen oftener in order to get the variety show if Rudy's presence could be erased at the same time.

Another thing—you say, "The high point in selective criticism will be reached when someone can tell the different torch singers, crooners, and dance orchestras apart." Will you take me up on that? I'm game, for I CAN !!!! No foolin'! It takes time, concentration and keen senses, but I do just that. My friends have never stumped me. Not only friends but occasional strangers, curious as to my talent that way, find it truth. I make a study of the personalities with each voice and study them to find each one's individuality. On that hangs the distinguishing factor. They may seem alike in all points but that makes it harder to find an individual characteristic, thus taking more time to determine who is who. They turn on the radio and dial station after station. As an artist speaks, sings or plays an instrument, or leads a band I give the name and often the station. My examiner waits to find the correct answer and I may make one mistake in two dozen artists. Understand they do not even tell me the station. I thank you for the compliment in saying I have reached the high point in selective criticism. So let's trade jobs, huh?

Thanking you for your time and patience (if you displayed such), I am, Forever, Betty Jimison, 635 Stibbs Street, Wooster, Ohio.

Well, I'M TELLING YOU, Radio Fan-Fare is, in my opinion, the best magazine for radio fans published today. There are other good ones, but from the title at the top of the front cover to the back of the book it is GOOD, and I don't mean maybe. The Program Finder is a real feature. W. H. Wilson, Box 1113, Timmins, Ontario.

I have just finished reading your last issue from cover to cover. I can honestly say that I think it is the most complete, most satisfactory magazine of its type. The articles are up to the minute and the Program Finder is unique. I especially liked Hope Hale's article which dealt so cleverly with Nino Martini.

Dorcas E. Coulter, Ashbury, Warren County, New Jersey.

A good many of your articles are ripping commercial programs up the back, even to mentioning their names. I agree with you that some of the ideas back of these articles are true enough but this type of comment is not agreeable. Harold B. Bowers, 19 Hubbard Avenue, Concord, Massachusetts.

I purchased my first copy of Fan-Fare today and think it a very good piece of reading matter. I notice you asked for suggestions for other features to be added from time to time. I have a suggestion.

It would be very nice to have a schedule showing the contests that are given over the air. This would be sought by a great number of radio fans who are interested in contests.

May I mention the article, "Is Radio Ruining Your Child?" That article was simple and to the point. If my opposite opinion would be worth anything, however, I would like to answer Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Allen with my thought that radio is the best entertainment for your child. Ames R. Peacock, 6075 Regent Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Discussing the Program Finder
I am a new reader of Fan-Fare and I sure enjoy your Program Finder. I have at last found what I wanted in the way of finding programs... Do not make your magazine too much of a movie magazine type. We already have too much of that junk. Keep up your program space. Joe W. Swadley, Jr., Box 103, Primrose, Nebraska.

I like the lists of programs and the lists of artists who appear on the programs. That's what I've been wanting to see for a long time. Ruth George, Leon, Iowa.

Having just purchased my first copy of Radio Fan-Fare I want to tell you that I think you have a great magazine; I enjoyed every bit of it.

Your Program Finder is a real treat. To me it is something new and I like it.

(Continued on page 47)
Math. Prof.: Now, if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?
Little Willie: You said it! I think it's a lot of hooey, too.
Alabama Rammer-Jammer

A negro woman was holding a baby on each arm and trying to get money from a pocketbook to buy a ticket. An old negro man seeing her plight agreed to hold one of the babies. Upon returning the baby he asked their names and was promptly told that one was named Roosevelt and the other Hoover. "Well," he said, "Ah'm positive Ah was holding Roosevelt." —V. P. I. Skipper

Father now broadcasts from Heavenly stations—He was pumped off for razzing His wife's relations.
—Buffalo Evening News

He (as they drove along a lonely road): You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?
She: Sure. You're about to run out of gas.
—Indiana Bored Walk

An American actress appeared in a new revue in a costume composed entirely of colored glass beads. Tinkle, tinkle, little star. —Punch

Chauffeur: This, madam, is the hand-brake—it's put on very quickly, in case of an emergency.
Madam: I see—something like a kimono.
—The Pointer

If Mohammed went to the mountains, we suppose his wife went to the seashore.
—Judge

"Get my broker, Miss Jones."
"Yes, sir, stock or pawn?"
—Everybody's

A male-voice choir is to sing next month from five hundred feet below ground in Wookey Hole Cave, Somerset. It is feared that they will be heard in spite of that.
—Punch

Mountaineer: You dirty skunk! You're a-goin' to marry my daughter!
Skunk: Y-y-y-yesir. Which one?
—Penn Punch Bowl

Indians on a Western reservation are reported to be showing symptoms of uneasiness. Maybe someone has been telling them that the whites want to give the country back to them.
—Buffalo Evening News

"Will we ever have a woman President?"
"Of course not. A President has to be over thirty-five years of age."
—Phoenix

This three-dot-two beer was legalized by Congress on the theory that it is non-intoxicating, and many of our citizens feel that they have been deceived. Nobody believed that it was possible for Congressmen to be so disgustingly right. —The New Yorker

I love the laughter of a child, The freedom of life in the wild—Perfume from a field of clover. (I also love my eggs turned over.)
—Buffalo Evening News

Neighbor-Lady: Willie, I need a dozen eggs from the store. Do you suppose you could go for me?
Willie: No, but I heard Pa say that he could.
—Annapolis Log

Hotel Clerk (knocking at guest's door): You told me to call you at six o'clock, but I didn't wake up myself, so I just wanted to tell you that it's eight o'clock now, the train's gone, and you can sleep as long as you like.
—Pathfinder

Simple Circe's old man wants a radio to play at his funeral. He says it will be one time when he won't have to listen to it.
—Judge

The first woman was made from man's rib, but today she usually is made from something from his hip.
—College Humor
THE lads over at Columbia tell me that Howard Marsh is looking for an appropriate theme song for his Frigidaire program. Why not, “Freeze A Jolly Good Fellow”?

EVERY time I hear Jimmy Melton’s voice over the air I remember the first time I saw him. It was in St. Augustine, Florida. He was a member of the University of Florida orchestra, which we had hired to play for a dance at the Country Club. Came one of those moonlight waltzes (when they turn out most of the forth on my radio. “Pardon me,” I said, and made a quick dive for the dial. There’s one guy I will always respect.

THE Richfield Oil program is featuring sport talks by Grantland Rice, and it is a privilege to say something nice about this man. At least it may sound nice, though to tell the truth I don’t believe there is anything nice enough that could be written about Grant. He’s that sort of person.

When I first came to New York, seven years ago, I went to a party to tell him about Grant he said, “Sure, I know. You think he’s the greatest guy you ever met. Everybody thinks that about him.”

After such elaborations on Mr. Rice, you will naturally discount my opinion of him as a radio performer—and I don’t blame you. But just listen to his talks on golf and other sports during the Richfield program, and you will get a pretty good impression of the man’s character from his warm, friendly, unaffected voice. Furthermore, anything he says about sports is the last word—and you can
CLEAN FUN

By HARRY EVANS

When I met Mr. Rice in Reuben's he was with Rex Cole (he is the New York City distributor for General Electric and puts on the Rex Cole Mountaineers program over WEAF). It seems that Grant and Rex had been over to the home of Merlin H. "Deke" Aylesworth. Besides being president of the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Aylesworth is a director in a number of other organizations.

"We were celebrating Deke's birthday," Grant said, "and during the evening I played bridge with Rex and some of the other announcers. 81 radio stations press a button; 81 technicians at 81 transmitters throw a switch; and 81 announcers give their local call letters.

Because the Waring-Mandy Lou program is broadcast over the world's largest regular network, it serves as the best example of the intricacies that surround every link of a radio chain. Besides the 243 engineers and announcers, the telephone company over whose wires the programs are routed has engineers stationed along the line. They are on duty at the "repeaters," or line amplifiers, every

here as my partner, against Deke and Bruce Barton. At the end of the game we owed them about five dollars apiece, so Rex said to Bruce, 'I'll match you double or nothing.' Bruce agreed so they flipped a coin, and Rex won, making him all square. Then I turned to Deke and suggested the same thing. 'Nothing doing!' he said. 'I attended three receiver's meetings this morning, and I'm not accepting any more compromises today!'"

"ADIO sounds much simpler than it is. When David Ross says, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System," at the end of the Old Gold programs with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, 81 monitor-room engineers of 81 radio stations press a button; 81 technicians at 81 transmitters throw a switch; and 81 announcers give their local call letters."

Because the Waring-Mandy Lou program is broadcast over the world's largest regular network, it serves as the best example of the intricacies that surround every link of a radio chain. Besides the 243 engineers and announcers, the telephone company over whose wires the programs are routed has engineers stationed along the line. They are on duty at the "repeaters," or line amplifiers, every

several hundred miles—with more than 15,000 miles of land wire used to collate the stations. Yet how easy it all seems when you are seated in a comfortable chair at home and a mere flick of the dials brings you Fred Waring's smooth music and the drawly comedy of Mandy Lou.

"OUT of town note: Herman Pollowack, RCA distributor from South Africa, says that in Johannesburg, Cape Town, and Pretoria the high ranking radio favorites are Rudy Vallee and Amos 'n' Andy. KDKA, WGY, and WJZ are heard daily throughout Herman's sales territory which covers more than two hundred thousand square miles.

RAYMOND KNIGHT has found a century plant in Chicago named Elmer. Ray says Elmer usually blooms every hundred years, but doesn't know why. The Century of Progress authorities have told Ray that as a special favor they will let Elmer bloom this year, five years ahead of time.

MARIO COZZI, young opera baritone on the NBC Concert Footlights programs, was secretary to Gatti-Casazza, Metropolitan Opera impresario, for several years, but never asked for an audition. Although on the inside literally and figuratively at the Metropolitan, he made no attempt to begin his operatic career there, but went to Italy and made his debut at La Scala, Europe's most famous opera house.

CLAIRE WILLIS, who sings with Dolph Martin's orchestra over WABC, is also a skilled violinist and fashion designer. Clever Claire.

GRANTLAND RICE, eminent sports authority, will blush when he reads the article on the other page. Great guy.

SALLY ANN DAVIS (WCKY, Covington, Ky.) whose vocalizing is welcomed in the old Kentucky homes. Tasty talent.

A LADY who lives in Little Rock, Arkansas, sent a letter to Carson Robison after the Triple Bar X broadcast of "The Fall of the Alamo." She said she had been particularly interested in the radio version of the battle because her great-grandfather had played a rather important part in the original version. Man by the name of Crockett . . . Davy Crockett. The letter writer was Miss Beth Crockett, last to bear the famous name.

JIM MEIGHAN, one of the busiest radio actors and nephew of the famous Tom, finds time to contribute thrillers regularly to the pulp detective magazines.
Borrah Minevitch calls his Harmonica Rascals his Philharmonica Orchestra.

People who watch B. A. Rolfe and his orchestra during his Saturday night programs are fascinated by the dexterity of Harry Barth, the slap-fiddle genius. Harry swings a mean bass violin and when he has a solo bit he grabs his dog house by the neck, hoists it into the air, slams it over the saxophone, violin, and piano players and sets it down at the mike. When his solo is over Harry takes the bull fiddle in one hand and twirls it in front of him as he walks back to his seat. So far he hasn’t hit anybody with the weapon, but the audience hopes that sometime one of the other players won’t duck quite low enough.

Myrtle Vail, author and lead of “Myrt and Marge,” Bobby Brown, director of the sketches, and Mrs. Brown are in South America gathering material for the programs, which will be resumed this fall.

Mischa Levitski, world-renowned piano virtuoso, has his own reason for including in his programs only selections from the finest music of recognized masters. The reason is his interest in the development of a new national music of and by Americans. “Before a country can produce music of its own and appreciate it,” says Levitski, “it must know all music. That is the problem in America—to develop musical appreciation. That is what the artists who are in radio can do. If they only knew it, their program-making may determine the future of music in America.”

Levitski is an interesting pianist to watch. He always gives his recitals in his shirt sleeves and the studio is usually crowded with NBC staff pianists who come around to try and learn a thing or two about virtuosoing. One day John Kahn, one of the better ivory ticklers, was determined to watch a Levitski recital from the control room. He got into the room but was ejected by the engineer in charge for some reason we can’t recall now. When the control man next saw Joe he was sitting with the orchestra, holding a piccolo—not playing, but just absorbed in watching Levitski massage beauty out of the classics.

Education note: The student body of the Sunset High School in Dallas, Texas, was gathered in the auditorium one afternoon to hear a radio lecture on “How To Increase Your Vocabulary.” The dial twister evidently did not know his kilocycles for he tuned in on one of radio’s best known sister acts—Ed East and Ralph Dunke, Sisters of the Skillet. The kids got such a kick out of the sketch that no one had the heart to turn to the vocabulary lesson.

John S. Young, thirty-year-old announcer, is one of the youngest LL.D.’s in the country. St. Benedict’s College in Atchison, Kansas, has just honored John with the degree “in recognition of his endeavors toward the promotion of Catholic Action in the United States.”

Rose McCLENDON who plays opposite Juano Hernandez in “John Henry, Black River Giant” has just got over an attack of “Stormy Weather.” While she was in bed by the doctor’s orders in her Harlem apartment the neighbors had phonographs and radios going full tilt. Because “Stormy Weather” originated in Harlem that seemed to be all the neighbors wanted to hear. When the doc told Rose she was well enough to get up he also suggested a sea trip, “Nothing doing,” said Rose. “Ships’ bands don’t start playing tunes until a month or so after they become hits. They’ll only be getting around to ‘Stormy Weather’ about now. So if you don’t mind I think I’ll just go for a walk.”

Irvin S. Cobb is probably the only radio artist who is a Chevalier of France’s Legion of Honor.

It is rumored there will soon be a broadcast from a nudist camp and we understand the job of announcing the program will be awarded to the highest bidder. As an appropriate selection of musical numbers may we suggest, “Look Who’s Here” “Have We Met Before?” “O-o-o-o, I’m Thinking!” “If A Body Meet A Body” “What Have We Got To Lose?” “Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet” “They Wouldn’t Believe Me” “When I Look In Your Eyes (If Ever)” “Just Break The Nudes To Mother.”

Nancy Turner gives WBAL (Baltimore) listeners the latest style hints from the salons of the leading designers. Is that why you see so many well-dressed gals in Baltimore?

Captain Dobbsie (Hugh B. Dobbs) sailed his popular “Ship Of Joy” from the West Coast to the NBC studios in New York. Wholesome hokum. Smart show.

Glady’s Baxter sings operettas over WABC, owns a black chow dog with a good disposition, and has lunch in the same drug store on 39th Street where the writer eats.
A Greater Service to Radio Listeners

Radio Fan-Fare Program Finder offers a service to discriminating listeners who want more from radio entertainment than a mere background for a game of bridge, an evening of reading or a cocktail party.

The outstanding chain programs are grouped in the Classified Schedule according to the type of program. If, for instance, you want to listen to organ music or to a humorous sketch, merely turn to that section of the Classified Schedule and you can select the program which best suits your tastes. If you want to hear a particular artist or a special program turn to the Artist and Program Schedule, pages 42-43. The Time Schedule page 41 enables you to determine what is on the air at a given time.

We have listed what we deem to be the better programs, bearing in mind that we must restrict our choice to programs which are continuous enough to warrant inclusion in a monthly magazine. We cannot of course be responsible for last minute changes in programs not stations but we will do everything humanly possible to limit errors, and to extend the service rendered. Our readers are invited to suggest improvements.

CLASSIFIED SCHEDULE

A—BEAUTY (Continued)

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B—AMERICA'S GRUB STREET SPEAKS—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Sunday.

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B1—POLY'S GOLD, POETIC READING—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

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C—CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

C1—ADVENTURE OF HELEN AND MARY—Saturday, Sunday.

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C2—COLUMBIA JUNIOR BUGLE—Sunday, 1 hour.

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C3—H-BAR-O RANGERS—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

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C4—JACK ARMSTRONG—ALL AMERICAN BOY—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

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LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

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### C—CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS (Continued)

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<td>KOL M</td>
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### D—COMEDIANS

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### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

**ABBREVIATIONS:**
- ED—Eastern Daylight
- ES-ES—Central Standard, Central Daylight
- CS—Central Standard
- M—Mountain
- P—Pacific

**SEE NOTE PAGE 29**
F—GENERAL (Continued)

F13—LITTLE KNOWN FACTS OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE—Sunday. 3½ hour.
Dale Carnegie. (Starts Aug. 25.)
6:00 PM—ED 10:30 PM—ES-CD
WEAP VTO WCDM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WWF WJS WWJ
WEAP VTO WCDM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WTNT WWJ

F17—NATIONAL RADIO FDRUM—Tuesday. 1½ hour.
10:30 PM—ED 1:30 AM—ES-CD
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WTQ WCDM WWJ
WEAP VTG WCDM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WWF WJS WWJ
WTNT WWJ

9:30 AM—ED 9:30 AM—ES-CD 7:30 AM—CS
WEAP VTG WRC WTM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP VTO WCDM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WWF WJS WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WTNT WWJ

F20—TED HUSING—Wednesday. 1½ hour. (Sports)
8:45 PM—ED 9:45 PM—CS
WABC WJO WGC WMJ WBB
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ

F22—VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.
(Disclosure—will return Sept. 11—WABC Network.)
1:30 PM—CS
KGB WOC

F23—WOMEN’S RADIO REVIEW
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. 1½ hour.
Joseph Littau, Claudine MacDaniel.
3:30 PM—ED 4:30 PM—ES-CD
WEAP VTG WRC WTM WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ

F25—OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS—Sun. ½ hour. 6:30 PM—ED—WEAF Network

G—HEALTH

G1—ADVENTURES IN HEALTH— Tues. ½ hour. Dr. Herman Bursen.
8:30 PM—ED 9:30 PM—CS
WABK WGC WMJ WBBA
WGBA WZL WJBG WGBA
WGC WJBG WGBA WGC
WZL WJBG WGBA WZL

Starting Sept. 8—Friday. 8:30 PM—ED—WJZ Network.

Arthur Buller.
6:45 AM—ED 7:45 AM—ES-CD
WEAP WDR WWL WWJ
WFI WATG
WBBN WWAE

G5—ACADEMY OF MEDICINE—Thursday. 1 hour
10:45 AM—ED 11:45 AM—ES-CD 10:45 AM—CS
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM

Betty Moore; Lew White, Organ.
11:45 AM—ED 12:45 AM—ES-CD 9:30 AM—CS
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM

H—HOME AND GARDEN

H1—BETTY MOORE—INTERIOR DECORATING—Wednesday. 1 hour.
Betty Moore; Lew White, Organ.
11:45 AM—ED 10:45 AM—ES-CD 9:30 AM—CS
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM
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WEAP WUK WQI WDAT WCDM

LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

SEE NOTE PAGE 29
K—MANHATTAN MOODS—Sunday, ½ hour.  
Do Re Mi: Mark W. Sprouse.  
M 2:00 PM—ED 1:30 PM—ES-CD 12:30 PM—CS 11:30 AM
WARC WJS  WBC WMB WBS WNN WBO WPH WAC WCA
WMU WHB WHG WHC WDC WOB WBB WBF WIB WGF
WKX WKT WRS WKB WPD WAC WFG WRO WQF WWC
WBB WKB WKA WJR WGA WTD WMB WPR WVR WED
JSB WBC WPS WMO WDC WBD WCE WIB WVC WFA
WBS WGF WIB WBC WIC WSS WMB WAD WGC WDJ
L—MUSIC—CLASSICAL  
10:00 AM—ED WSM WGB WRI WMC WDC WFD WBD WDC WRC WBC

K10—ROUND TOWNSERS QUARTET—Mon. ½ hour.  
M 1:30 PM—ED 12:30 PM—ES-CD 10:00 N—CS 11:00 AM
WARC WJS  WBC WMB WBS WNN WBO WPH WAC WCA
WMU WHB WHG WHC WDC WOB WBB WBF WIB WGF
WKX WKT WRS WKB WPD WAC WFG WRO WQF WWC
WBB WKB WKA WJR WGA WTD WMB WPR WVR WED
JSB WBC WPS WMO WDC WBD WCE WIB WVC WFA
WBS WGF WIB WBC WIC WSS WMB WAD WGC WDJ

K11—THE PIONEERS, MALE QUARTET—Thurs. ¾ hr.  
Gene Albridge and Dick Fulton, Tenors; Reed Kennedy, Baritone; Russ Mitchell, Bass; Amorin Bodycombe, Pianist.  
2:00 PM—ED 1:30 PM—ES-CD 12:30 PM—CS
WJS CKGW WRA WML WAH WKB WED WCN WPD WRC WJP

K12—L’HEURE EXQUISE—Sunday, ½ hour.  
M 1:30 PM—ED—WEAF Network. George Dilworth, Director.


K14—MORNING GLEE CLUB—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, ½ hour.  
3:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.


K16—ON WINGS OF SONG, STRING ENSEMBLE—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, ½ hour.  
12:30 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

L12—DINNER MUSIC. M 4:00 PM—CS
Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat 3:30 PM
M 2:00 PM—ED
Sat. 3:30 PM

L13—CONCERT FOOTLIGHTS—Thurs. ½ hr. 7:15 PM—ED—WJL Network Mario Cozzi, Baritone; Orchestra Direction Joseph Littau.

L14—MADAME BELLE FOREST CUTTER AND ORCHESTRA—Wed. ½ hour.  
2:15 PM—ED 1:15 ES-CD


L16—GLADYS RICE—Thursday, ½ hour.  
7:45 PM—ED 6:45 PM—CS

L17—MEDLEY—Wednesday, ½ hour.  
4:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network. Christian Kriona.

L18—SAVE IT STRING QUARTET—Sat. ½ hour.  
11:15 AM—ED—WEAF Network.

L19—ALEX SEMMLER—Friday, ½ hour.  
11:15 AM—ED—WEAF Network.

L20—TROUVAUD OF THE VIOLIN—Sun. ½ hour. 7:00 PM—ED—WJL Network. Jules Lande.

L21—KATHERINE STEWART—Monday, 1½ hour.  
4:15 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

L22—INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—Wed. 1½ hour.  
10:15 AM—ED—WEAF Network.

L23—NATIONAL OPERA CONCERT—Sun. 1 hr. 3:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

L24—TIDBITS—Sunday, ½ hour. 12:30 PM—ED—WEAF Network.

L25—NINO MARTINI, TENOR, HOWARD BARLOW AND THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Tuesday, ½ hour.  
5:00 PM—ED 4:00 PM—CS

M1—HOTEL LEXINGTON DANCE ORCHESTRA—Sat. ½ hr. 6:00 PM—ED—WJL Network. Thurs. ½ hr. 12:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network. Thurs. ½ hr. 12:00 PM—ED—WJL Network. Ernie Hoffer.

M2—ANTONIO’S CUBANS WITH ANTONIO AND DANIEL Saturday. ½ hour.  
6:30 PM—ED 5:30 PM—CS

M3—HOTEL BILMORE CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Friday. ½ hour. 11:45 AM—ED—WEAF Network. Saturday. ½ hour. 12:00 PM—ED—WEAF Network. Harold Sten.
N—Music—Medley Programs (Continued)

N10—THURSDAY SPECIAL—Thursday, 1 hour. 4:00 PM—ED—WJZ Network.
Ruth Lynn, Edward Davies, Josie Kostner.

N16—TONE PICTURES—Sunday, 1 hour. 8:00 AM—ED—WJZ Network.
George Blake, Mary Merker, Helen Janke, Richard Maxwell, Gurt Petersen.

N19—VOCAL ART QUARTET—Tuesday, 1/2 hour.
Alma Kitchell, Selma Johannes, Chester Evers, Earl Waldo.
M 2:00 PM—ED 2:00 PM—CS 1:00 PM—ED 12:00 PM—CS
WEAF WTAQ WFB WRC WSM WSB KOB
WEEI Wish WDD WJQ WAK KJQ
WGB WCAE WGD WADP WBC WQO
WFTF WOSH WTA WIB WA WAP
CKW BBEN WMA WPLA KFYT KBSL
10:30 AM—ED
WSM WAT TN KMB WMC

N20—MORNING PARADE—Saturday, 1 hour. 11:15 AM—ED—WFAB Network.

N21—RADIO CITY CONCERT—Sunday, 1 hour. 11:30 AM—ED—WJZ Network.
Erna Ruppe, Director.

Q—MUSIC—NOVELTY

Q2—THE PLAYBOYS—“Six Hands on Two Pianos”—Sunday, 1/4 hour.
Also Wednesday, 1/4 hour 11:39 AM—ED—Same Stations.
Felix Bernard, Walter Samuels, and Leonard Whisenton.
M 9:00 AM—ED 9:00 AM—CS 8:00 AM—ED 7:00 AM—CS 6:00 AM—ED
WABC WICC WAC WAMQ KBAB WHAS KLZ
WDRC WDBO WDD WQSP KBI KFB
WDBO WDC WDP WDD WQO KVO
WNG WAC WDP WDD WQO KVB
WFTF WOS WDD WQO KDD

Q3—THE HAPPY RAMBLER—Thursday and Friday, 3/4 hour. 10:30 AM—ED—WFAB Network.
Irving Kaufman, Lucy Allen.

P—MUSIC—ORGAN

P1—ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.
1/2 hour. 2:30 AM—ED
WABC WOKO WBWB BRB WBBR KBO
WGM WOB WDD WQSP KBB
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI
WLR WOKO WDD WQSP KBB

P2—LARRY LARSEN—Saturday, 1/4 hour.
11:30 AM—ED 12:00 PM—CS
WJZ WBR WKF KWB WMYR KRO
WML WMY KKY WMYR KRO

P4—RADIO CITY ORGAN—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.
1/2 hour, Richard LeBaron.
10:00 AM—ED 10:30 AM—CS
WEAF WTAQ WEAF WTAQ WBBR KBB
WEAF WTAQ WEAF WTAQ WBBR KBB
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI

P7—MATINEE GEMS—Sat., 1/2 hour. 3:30 PM—ED—WFAB Network.
Law White.

P9—FRED FEIGEL AT THE ORGAN—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
11:00 AM—ED 11:30 AM—CS
WEAF WTAQ WEAF WTAQ WBBR KBB
WEAF WTAQ WEAF WTAQ WBBR KBB
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI
WJZ WOOG WGD WQSP KBI

P10—IRMA GLEN—Thursday. 1/4 hour. 10:45 AM—ED—WJZ Network.

Q—MUSIC, PATTER AND SONG

Q1—BLACKSTONE PLANTATION—Tuesday, 1/2 hour. Julia Sanderson, Frank Grimm, Jack Shilkret, Parker Fennelly.
3:00 PM—ED 3:00 PM—CS 2:30 PM—ED 2:30 PM—CS
WEAF WTAQ WBC WTCM WTB KEMC WFTK
WNR WDAQ WIB WIBP KOB WQO
WFB WFTW WGC WDBK KDB WQO
WFB WFTW WGC WDBK KDB WQO

Q2—FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON—Sunday, 1/2 hour.
3:00 PM—ED 3:00 PM—CS 2:30 PM—CS
WABC WWOA WBO WBOB KEMC WFTK
WAB WSS WDR WDRW KSS KFAB
WGR WCAU WIB WIBP KDB WQO
WGR WCAU WIB WIBP KDB WQO

Q3—KANE AND KANNER—Friday. 1/4 hour. 8:00 AM—ED—WPTV Network.
7:00 AM—ED—WPTV Network.
EDRA WRBA WCR WBVR WFB WFB

Q4—THE OXLO FEATURE—Wednesday, Friday, 1/4 hour. Dave Grant, Gordon Graham and Benny Couper.
10:00 AM—ED 8:00 AM—ED—WJZ Network.
WAB WBOA WBO WBOB WFTK

Q5—LES REIS AND ARTHUR DUNN—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.
1/4 hour.

Q6—BILL AND GINGER—Mon., Wed., Fri.
10:00 AM—ED 8:45 AM—ED—WDDF Network.
WEAB WSS WBO WBOB WFTK

Q7—TUNE DETECTIVE, SIGMUND SPAETH—Thursday, 3/4 hour.
7:45 AM—ED 6:45 AM—ED—CS 5:45 AM—CS
WEJ WDRD WCR WCRB KSR WBBM

Q8—MORIN AND JIM JORDAN—Wed. 1/4 hour. 11:15 AM—ED—WJZ Network.
Also Saturday and Tuesday. 12:00 PM—ED—WJZ Network.

Q9—SMILING ED MCCONNELL—Sun., 3/4 hour. 8:00 PM—ED—WDDF Network.

Q11—MARTHA AND HALL—Mon., Wed., Fri., 1/4 hour. 9:00 AM—ED—WJZ Network.

Q12—CLAUDE WILSON AND GRANT ALLEN—Thursday and Friday.
2:30 PM—ED—WFAB Network.

9:00 AM—ED 8:15 AM—ED—CS
WEAF WREO WBO WBOB WFTK

Q16—SALT AND PEANUTS—Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat., 1/4 hour.
WEAF WSS WDR WIB WDDF

R—MUSIC—POPULAR

(See also Dance and Variety Music and Patter and Song)

R1—MILDRED BAILEY—Monday and Saturday, 1/4 hour.
11:30 AM—ED 11:30 AM—ED—WDDF Network.
WEAF WSS WDR WIB WDDF

R2—BRUNO BERNARD—Thursday, 1/4 hour.
4:00 PM—ED—WDDF Network.
WEAF WSS WDR WIB WDDF

LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

SEE NOTE PAGE 29
### RADIO FAN-FARE PROGRAM FINDER

#### R—MUSIC—POPULAR (Continued)

<table>
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<th>M</th>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 AM</td>
<td>12:00 AM—ED</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

#### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

| SEE NOTE PAGE 20 |
## RADIO FAN-FARE

### PROGRAM FINDER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WBRC</td>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Radio Arts Foundation, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KFH</td>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Frank C. Sorey's Transatlantic Hour of Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KSPT</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Central Standard Church Music Society, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMID</td>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Central Standard Church Music Society, Inc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>KFRC</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Central Standard Church Music Society, Inc.</td>
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<td>WDAF</td>
<td>11:45</td>
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<td>WCAO</td>
<td>11:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>KLRA</td>
<td>3:00</td>
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<td>KSD</td>
<td>6:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>KFAB</td>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Central Standard Church Music Society, Inc.</td>
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</table>

### MUSICAL SEGMENTS

#### S—MUSICAL-RELIGIOUS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOKO</td>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WDBO</td>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNBC</td>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WFEA</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CKLW</td>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Music of the Americas, featuring works by Bach and Beethoven</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### LOCATES WHAT YOU LIKE BEST

## ABBREVIATIONS

- **ED**: Eastern Daylight
- **ES-CR**: Eastern Standard, Central Daylight
- **CS**: Central Standard
- **M**: Mountain
- **P**: Pacific

**SEE NOTE PAGE 29**
**T—MUSIC—STANDARD & FOLK (Continued)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Programming</th>
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<tr>
<td>2:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Choral Concert</td>
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<td>3:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Radio City</td>
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<td>3:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Opera Concert</td>
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<td>3:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Symphony Concert</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Marching Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Olympic Festival</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Music Festival</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Spring Festival</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Summer Festival</td>
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<td>5:15 PM</td>
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<td>Fall Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Winter Festival</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ABBREVIATIONS:**
- ED—Eastern Daylight
- ES-CD—Eastern Standard, Central Daylight
- CS—Central Standard
- M—Mountain
- P—Pacific

SEE NOTE PAGE 29
The arrangement of the Time Schedule enables you to determine what is on the air at a given time. Eastern Daylight Time is shown. The key stations listed indicate the chain over which the program is broadcast and the Index Numbers under each day of the week tell you the programs. The letter preceding the figures in the Index Number indicates the nature of programs and reference to the list of classifications set forth on page 29 will enable you to select the type of programs you like best. SEE NOTE BELOW and explanation of Classified Schedule on page 29.

**TIME SCHEDULE**

**MORNING PROGRAMS**

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<td>WABC</td>
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<td>WABC</td>
<td>Q11</td>
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**AFTERNOON PROGRAMS**

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**EVENING PROGRAMS**

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**NOTE**—INDEX NUMBER refers to programs in Classified Schedule starting on page 29 where full details are given. Index Numbers in the Classified Schedule are arranged alphabetically as to type of program and numerically as to rank of programs under each classification. Asterisk (*) indicates program is not broadcast over key station but is available on other stations of that chain.

**TELLS YOU WHAT, WHEN AND WHERE**
"Oh Where Is My Favorite Star Tonight?"

The days when it was a thrill just to hear a program over the air have passed. Mere reception is taken for granted now and listeners are picking and choosing the programs they want to hear. The movies went through the same stages. At first, all that was needed was a fairly clear image on the screen. Now movie fans have their favorite stars and wait for them to appear in a new film. Just so with radio. The listener of today wants to hear his favorite star or to select a particular program rather than merely tune in on whatever happens to be on the air.

Our Artist and Program Schedule makes this selection possible. Program titles, individual artists and teams are listed alphabetically. Look down the list for your favorite radio personality or the program you want to hear and the index number at the left of that name will show you where, in the Classified Schedule (pages 29-40) you can locate all the details regarding time of broadcast, stations included in the network, etc. Our readers are invited to send in comments on this new program service. We want to do everything we can to assist the discriminating listener in his search for programs and personalities which fit his or her tastes.

ARTIST AND PROGRAM SCHEDULE

FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE STAR

NOTE: INDEX NUMBER refers to programs in Classified Schedule pages 29-40. To secure complete information regarding a particular program or an individual artist, locate the index number appearing at the left of the name on this page, in the Classified Schedule. Index numbers in the Classified Schedule are arranged alphabetically as to the letters which set off the different types of programs and numerically as regards the programs listed under each classification. See also, Note: page 29.
If you are one of the sixty million people in this country who think they could become successful radio performers, you may get a few good tips from the career of Agnes Moorehead. She, you know, is the comparative youngster who has taken only four years to become one of radio's leading dramatic actresses. It's unusual enough for any girl, unless she's a gag comedienne or singer, to be given a contract or to be featured. Well, Agnes Moorehead not only gets contracts and has her name played up on each program, but she also has entire programs built around the characters she plays. And, what's more, she is so securely established that she can even refuse to allow her name to be used in connection with programs when she does not like the kind of material prepared for her.

But please don't think I'm implying that Miss Moorehead is perhaps a bit temperamental or upstage. On the contrary. She's a thoroughly pleasant person and not at all like Anna, her popular "Evening In Paris" program character. Anna, you'll recall, is a rather plain country gal who somehow never seems to get anything just right. Agnes, on the other hand, is an unusually attractive red-headed city gal who impresses you as being likely to get almost everything exactly right—particularly her dramatic characterizations.

I DISCUSSED this and that with Miss Moorehead during a rehearsal of her "Evening In Paris" program. When I got to the studio she and Andre Baruch were talking and gesturing into the microphone while Jack Shilkret and the boys in his brother Nat's orchestra (Nat is in Europe on vacation and Jack is batonning for him) were sitting around laughing at the lines and antics of the pair at the mike—even though they were hearing the skit for the sixth time. I ducked into the control room and sat down among a flock of production men. Even they were laughing and they must have heard or read the stuff a dozen times.

When her part of the rehearsal was over Agnes came back to the control room and suggested that we find a quiet, uncrowded place where we could talk. As Jack Shilkret was just starting to put the orchestra through its paces, the only uncongested nook seemed to be the decompression chamber, so to speak, between the control room and the studio. This cubicle, about the size of the ordinary New York apartment bedroom (5'x8'), was filled with odd bits of studio furniture, but only one chair. Agnes insisted she would be perfectly comfortable perched against the wall on a low, wooden music rack, so, after protesting just about long enough (who says chivalry is dead?), I sat on the chair and we talked for an hour.

I ASKED Agnes how she ever got started impersonating a twangy-voiced bit of rustic flora like Anna. "That just shows what can happen to you in this business," Agnes said. "A hick character called Nana was written into the first 'Mysteries In Paris' shows to give the mysteries comic relief. I got the part and for some strange reason the character became tremendously popular almost immediately. Apparently she re-
reminded listeners of Zasu Pitts. At least, hundreds wrote in and said that when they heard Nana they could see Zasu. Then the whole idea of the program was revised and the name changed to 'Evening In Paris.' But the sponsors thought they'd better keep the comic character. They tell her Anna now but don't ask me why.

Although Agnes didn't say so, the fact is that Nana, or Anna, stole the show, and instead of having just a few lines as she did at first, the whole dramatic part of the program is now written around her.

"How do you like being identified with that type of character?" I asked Miss Moorehead, "Doesn't it tend to make listeners and sponsors pigeonhole you as a rural comic?"

"I wouldn't say that," she replied. "Anna is undoubtedly my best known character, but I've played hundreds of different parts. I do all kinds of dialects. And right now I'm even doing a rabbit—Peter Rabbit—in A. A. Milne's Winnie The Pooh series. This fall I'll be back in the Sherlock Holmes and the Warden Lawes Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing programs."

Miss Moorehead then went on to explain how she learns dialects. She does it by taking every chance she gets to study different types and nationalities. She goes down to the wharves, for example, and listens to the passengers and crews from foreign ships; she goes to prizefights and absorbs the polyglot voice of the crowd; and she is a frequent visitor to New York's International House, where people of every race and country make their home.

She maintains that the only way to be any good in her kind of work is to be forever studying people. It's no secret, of course, that most radio writers, directors, actors and actresses make no intelligent attempt to bring reality to their characters. Miss Moorehead thinks that is where one great improvement in radio programs will be made in the next few years. She is intensely sincere in her belief that slipshod writing, directing, and acting are among the major reasons for all the darning radio has to endure today. And she is not going to lay her work open to any of the usual criticisms, if painstaking preparation and intelligent interpretation will prevent them.

We talked about radio work in comparison with the stage. Agnes spent several years on the stage in St. Louis and New York. Although born in Boston, she has lived longer in St. Louis than anywhere else. Her father is a minister, but he did not object when she joined the chorus of the St. Louis municipal opera company and under-studied the comedian. Then Miss Moorehead came to New York and played in several Broadway hits (and errors) before trying radio.

"What do you think the chances are," I asked her, "for a dramatic actress in radio to attain the reputation and income that are possible on the stage? It seems to me that so far every really well known and well paid woman in radio is either a gag comedienne or a singer."

Agnes laughed. "Well, as far as I'm concerned," she replied, "radio has been much kinder to me than the stage ever was. But I realize that doesn't answer your question. I should say that radio is slowly making a definite place for good actors and actresses. I am so much more enthusiastic over the possibilities of radio than I ever was about the stage that I may be prejudiced. Radio obviously offers a far greater audience for the artist than any stage, and everything indicates that radio technique in dramatic plays is improving to such an extent that we shall soon be able to put on dramatic programs of as absorbing interest as any stage play. And when that happens the stars in radio plays will be just as well paid as any star ever was on the stage."

WHETHER you agree with Agnes or not, you'll admit that she's a girl who seems to know what she's trying to do. And if you could have heard her expound her convictions I think she would have convinced you. She's certainly an industrious and intelligent young lady and if, anyone's success can be "explained," that's probably the explanation of hers.

The only thing that struck me as incongruous about the whole interview was that such a small, attractive person (five feet three, 114 pounds) could be so impressive . . . sitting on a music rack.

PROGRAM REVIEWS

(Continued)

all of the mob that followed the old Fire Chief himself.

"BUCK ON PARADE"

(Review based on first program)

(NBC-WEAF, Monday at 10:00-11:00 PM-DST)


Comment—Little imagination shown in combining the proven talents of this expensive flock of stars. Individually they were excellent except Arthur Boran, whose imitations lacked conviction and humor. (Disobeying doctor's orders, Arlene Jackson postponed an operation to sing, and had a nurse beside her at the mike. Game kid.)

The Plug—Graham McNamee fans probably found his usual over-enthusiastic

iasm digestive—but the majority of listeners must have resented Boran's imitation of Wiley Post in the testimonial. The faith-shattered public is in no condition to stand this flirtation with the truth. The trick was not only unfair but stupid, as Wiley himself had broadcast for Socony on the same station two hours before.

Opinion—Cut out the faking—get a good comic—add a dash of showmanship, and the show should be a wow.

VERA VAN

(CBS-W ABC, Sunday at 7:00 PM-DST)

Comment—The folks in Marion, Ohio, remember Vera as a child dancer who made the neighbors "O-o-h!" and "A-a-h!" and predict that she would make her mark with her toes. Vaudeville audiences remember her as an excellent dancer who could also sing a popular tune commendably. But Vera had other ideas—worked conscientiously on them—studied voice—and became so popular with West Coast radio fans that CBS brought her East and is building her up for a sponsor. Miss Van has a clear soprano voice that takes high notes without offending the microphone. With her knowledge of rhythm, she can sing hot as well as sweet, but she prefers the classic field.

Opinion—Good prospect for a commercial program.

"LUM AND ABNER"

(NBC-WEAF, Monday through Thursday at 7:30 PM and Friday at 10:30 PM-DST)

Cast—Norris Goff and Chester Lauck

Comment—If you are a customer for hick dialect, here are a couple of rural character players who know how to speak the language. The "cracker" lingo is wrapped around the usual large hunks of homey happenings, perked up with the kind of folksy humor that goes over big with people who like hick dialect. And so if you are one of those who like hick dialect, you will like Lum and Abner because these hick character actors certainly can do hick dialect, and . . . well you probably get the idea. In other words, it's a good hick dialect program.

The Plug—Pretty easy to take. The Fort Dealers, who sponsor the program, seem to realize that their product is fairly well known, so they just concentrate on a few catch-phrases and sneak in an occasional sock during the hick dialect part of the program—or maybe you'd forgotten that I said it was a hick dialect program.

Comment—Entertaining sketches for those who enjoy a good hick dia . . . now, now—put down that brick. I'll quit.
POPULAR TUNES (Continued)
played from merely looking at the black and white notes and lyrics. But there are many songs that require a demonstration, not alone by a piano, but by instruments of the sustained type as well. I believe "Hold Me" is in that class. Had I heard it played moderately slowly by a good dance orchestra, featuring the reeds and strings, I might have realized that the song was very much on the same order as "Tell Me," a tune over which I went into rhapsodies many, many years ago. When I did come to the conclusion that "Hold Me" was a grand tune for popular consumption, it had been whacked out by most of my colleagues on the air. And in many cases it was played and sung so much better than we could ever hope to do it that I felt it best to forget about it entirely.

"THREE WISHES"
By Douglas Furbur and George Posford. Published by Sam Fox Publishing Co.

From the British movie, "The Good Companions," comes a song that we feel is a credit to our repertoire, "Three Wishes." There seems to be something successful about having the word "three" in a song: "Three Little Words," "Three Guesses," "Three On A Match" are examples.

"Three Wishes" is unusually well written. It is, incidentally, one of our first recordings for the new Bluebird 25c Victor record. The proofs of the records, to which my boys and I listened today, were pleasing—especially the record of "Three Wishes." We play the song after the style of Ray Noble, whose English Victor record showed me just how lovely it really could be.

"BLUE PRELUDE"
By Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop. Published by Keit-Engel, Inc.

Just a little bouquet in the general direction of Isham Jones and his orchestra. Two of his boys, Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop, evidently inspired by the prolific output of their director (who has been writing tunes since the World War, and whose run of hits during 1923 and 1924 was unprecedented), have given Isham and the rest of us an unusually fine number.

I would call it a combination of "Song Of The Bayou" and "Chloe," as its thought, rhythm, and general minor quality are a bit like both. It makes a delightful trombone and trumpet feature fox trot. The boys saw fit to make it an oddity, having no verse, and 40 measures.

We take it as what is commonly called "stomp tempo," with accented rhythm, accenting equally the four beats of the measure. The "stomp" idea came partly from Harlem and partly from Mr. Jolson's building up of the last part of his last chorus by stamping his feet on the floor with each beat of the measure—thus stamping into the mind of his audience each word and each note of the composition.

"FREE"
By Dana Susse and Ed Heyman. Published by Harms, Inc.

I have previously mentioned Dana Susse on this page. Her "Jazz Nocturne" brought her into Tin Pan Alley prominence. And her earlier "Whistling In The Dark" and her unusual piano style have made her the subject of much discussion at Lindy's, where musical notables meet daily.

Larry Spier, who was probably responsible for the development of Johnny Green and Ed Heyman in the popular music field, saw fit to merge Dana's unusual melody with a lyric by Ed Heyman. The combination is "Free."

The song haunted me for days after I first heard and played it. As to its chances of becoming a rival to "Hold Me," I have my doubts, because Miss Susse, like Johnny Green, is inclined to write beautiful things which rarely are as easily absorbed as the triter melodic twists of other composers. Still, I thought enough of "Free" to include it in our first Bluebird recordings. The record passed muster (although it sounded as if our rhythm section had gone out for a shave during the chorus).

"RADIO UNCLE" (Continued)

Just place an F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator within your set—forget outdoor aerial troubles—move your set freely, anywhere.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. After tests, the F & H Capacity Aerial Eliminator was chosen by the U. S. Government for use in Naval Hospital.

WE PREDICT THIS TYPE OF AERIAL WILL BE USED PRACTICALLY ENTIRELY IN THE FUTURE.

Each Tested on Actual 127-Mile Reception

Connected by anyone without too much in a moment. No light setup connecting to current used. Fully concealed (close 1 1/2" x four inches).

Satisfied Users Throughout The World

Cape Town, S. Africa—Richard Capacity Aerial Eliminator and find it a very remarkable instrument. Our nearest station 1000 miles away and comes in with loud speaker volume. I have also listened on my loud speaker to six other stations 600 miles away, among them being London, Finland, etc. Kindly send us 72 more F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminators. Signed: Copper Smiling Company.

Schenectady, N. Y.—I take pleasure in expressing my real satisfaction with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator, I can get, with loud speaker-volume, W2F 3066 miles away. It is not only satisfactory—it is wonderful. Signed: Robert Wheeler.

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES
Dept. 33
Fargo, N. Dakota

Radio Fan-Fare
“That’s what puts my act across. I've got to have personality. I got to be a radio artist first and foremost, or the radio station throws me out and the first thing you know your wireless signal service goes haywire. It's worked all right so far, hasn’t it?”

“Yeh, it’s all right. Here’s your money for the last two weeks. The code stays the same, don’t it? ‘You ought to come when your mamma calls’ still means the gang on shore has got everything fixed and it’s all right to land a load that night?”

“Yeh,” said Uncle Tom, “but I’ve been thinking about the code. We've got to keep getting variety and adding new stuff, or my public will get tired of the old patter, and somebody might get wise. I've written a bunch of new messages, just to keep my act fresh.”

He drew another sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to Nails, who opened it, looked it over casually, and read part of it aloud:

“You ought to wash thoroughly behind your neck and ears’ . . . ‘Clean up your cargo and bring everything ashore tonight.’

“Hang up your wash rag . . . ‘Lay low, and don’t try to land anything for a week.'”

AND that is how Mrs. Timothy Tottle, wife of Timothy Tottle and mother of Timothy Tottle, Jr., unwittingly tied up a rum ship for a week and thus temporarily paralyzed an important section of a great American industry. All because Mrs. Tottle had a way of ignoring her husband’s ideas on methods of controlling Junior, and finally took the reins in her own hands and wrote to Uncle Tom about Junior’s wash rag shortcomings. And all because she happened to do it on the second of the month and Uncle Tom got around to answering it on the fourth and because he put Junior’s answer early on his program, and didn’t post that he had a more vital notice for a fictitious Timothy Tottle later, which would signal the boys on the boat to hurry in with everything they had. And because Uncle Tom’s giggling made the boys on the boat so seasick that when they got what they wanted on his program that evening they turned out on him . . . snap . . . like that.

BUT here comes the funnest part of all:

When Timmie Tottle had heard his name on the radio, and the admonition to hang up his wash rag, he had excitedly tuned off Uncle Tom and slipped upstairs and hung up the wash rag in question, and not only hung it up but folded it with great care and precision.

“So!” raged Mr. Tottle to Mrs. Tottle, “you really wrote in to that low-life, did you? Over my head. No respect for my wishes in the matter. I'm nobody around here! What I say doesn’t mean a thing in this house!”

“No, let’s wait and see, Father. Let’s see. It may do Junior some good.”

The next morning, Mrs. Tottle called her husband into the bath room to see a miracle.

“That’s the first time in his life that Timmie ever hung up his wash rag.”

And Timmie hung it up every day from then on.

Mr. Tottle could do nothing but suffer in silence. Uncle Tom was now tuned in every evening twice as loud as ever. Mr. Tottle sat through the program a grim, glum martyr. Mrs. Tottle and Timmie beamed.

But about ten days later, Uncle Tom failed to come on at the usual hour. Without explanation, WQZ substituted a good jazz orchestra in place of the Uncle Tom act.

Mr. Tottle was delighted.

“Somebody has done it at last. Somebody has murdered that guy at last!”

He wasn’t far wrong.

IT SEEMS that Uncle Tom had disappeared from WQZ for three days. And when he had come back, it was with a black eye, ten stitches in his scalp, a court plaster on one cheek, and a bruise on his chin. Evidently he had been out with some rough company, somebody who apparently must have had a reason for being pretty sore at him.

And even a radio artist can’t get away with conduct like that . . . absence from the studio without permission . . . irregular program . . . going out with rowdies.

WQZ had had to give Uncle Tom the air—in the good old-fashioned sense.

SHORT WAVES
(Continued)

parts of the world widely separated by water—the most famous channel being the New York to London circuit. It happens, however, that all conversations worth eavesdropping on are scrambled—so distorted that English sounds exactly like Chinese, and elaborate equipment is required to unscramble the voice on the other end.

Entertainment value: 5%.

ADDING these percentages, we find that, altogether, the entertainment value of short wave reception is about on a par with that of conventional broadcasting. But we have neglected one consideration which, in many instances, tips the scales definitely on the short wave side—namely the appeal to the DX fan. To the twirler of the mid-night dial, short waves offer a new realm of greater pleasure and less prevarication. There is no time, day or night, at which it is not possible, on a good receiver, to pull in stations many thousands of miles away. True, it is often possible to receive European stations via long wave rebroadcasts, but the thrill of direct contact is missing. For the fan to whom the crackling swish of a distant carrier is more enticing than a night’s slumber, we must reverse the order of percentages. The short wave set rates 100%—and the long wave broadcast receiver somewhat less than that.

It is obvious that short wave reception in no way takes the place of long wave reception. Rather, it supplements it. And advantage should be taken of its high entertainment value. The most simple and satisfactory solution to the problem is a high grade combination all wave receiver.

VOICE OF THE LISTENER
(Continued)

Wishing Rano Fan-Fare worldwide success and assuring you that each issue will find a place in my home, I am, Agnes Gearhart, 1746 Arlington Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

In examining the Artist and Program Schedule I find the idea of listing the artists alphabetically is a great help. There are many times when one loses

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PROOFED BY OVER 2 YEARS OF
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1 WINDS LIKE A WATCH

2 VISIBLE INK SUPPLY

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The Conklin Pen Company.

**PROOFED BY OVER 2 YEARS OF GENERAL PUBLIC USE.**
STOOPNAGLE'S SECRETS
(Continued)

her in which was concealed a microphone, and read out of it to her studio audience cryptic society notes like this: "Who was the man in a green sedan who drove to the apartment house at the corner of Unpty-ninth Street and Walloo Avenue last night at ten-forty-six o'clock, stopped and looked up at a window shade on the sixth floor, then went in and stayed until eleven-six and came out and drove away?" Curiosity was as rampant as if the items had been in Winchell's column, while all the time they were being manufactured hap-pily by F. Chase Taylor. It was then that he began to formulate the ideas out of which grew the character of Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

Even now that character is an en-tirely separate one from his own. He steps into it deliberately. It has proved a marvelous escape from his troubles. The tribulations of F. Chase Taylor cannot pursue him into the enty of Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.

THE big reason for the consist-ent freshness of his hu-mor is that it is original. That is why there is in it none of that tired feeling which you can detect in the programs of comedians whose gags were writ-ten or swiped for them by hack joke producers—gags apparently collected on the theory that if something has been sold before it can be sold again (which works pretty well in selling jokes but has yet to build up a lasting following for a comedian). The jokes sound stale no matter how clever and frolicsome the manner of the artist who is breaking his neck to put them over.

Stoopnagle and Budd stick to their own style, refuse to be bothered by the inevitable suggestions of Broad-way-minded professionals. They could not stick to their own humor if they did not understand exactly what their own humor consists of, what under-lying principles are its basis. And those foundation ideas are what they have now broken down and told.

THERE are certain key words al-ways in the back of the creative mind of Colonel Stoopnagle. They are all twenty-five-cent words, but don't let that worry you—they're not that way when they come out.

One word is futility. You and I puzzle and sweat and work hard and play the game according to the rules, and when we are through where are we?

Another word is pretentiousness. The big, the solemn, the self-impor-tant are always the Colonel's favorite targets. A third word is incongruity, which explains the delicious contrast between Stoopnagle's subject and his handling of it that makes everyone think he just happened to be born cockeyed. The fourth word is hu-manity. It is the most important word of all, because by keeping it in mind he brings his humor close to the lives of us, the hundred million.

Now find those four words in the following typically Stoopnagle epi-sode, butchered though it will be in this version. It is the favorite of the Colonel himself and can only be relished by true Stoopnappreciators. (All others change here.)

The construction engineer calls up the financial big shot.

"I just wanted to tell you," he says, "that your billion dollar bridge over the Chesapeake has at last been com-pleted."

"Indeed," says the boss, "why, that is just dandy. I certainly am proud of you boys. I wish I could have been with you for the opening. And so the cars are now whizzing merrily over it?"

"No, sir," the engineer admits with the mild embarrassment of one who has awkwardly upset a tea cup. "You see, sir, we made a slight mistake. We must have forgotten one of the spans, because it doesn't quite reach the other shore."

And the only answer from the big executive, the man who has spent a billion dollars to build a bridge across the Chesapeake, is this:

"Aw, shucks."

Well, we warned you. If you're not a hundred-percenter, you can't fill in with your imagination the fine points of their exposition and get your laugh. But if you can, here is why you got such a deeply satisfying chuckle:

The first key word, pretentiousness, is in the bigness of the bridge, the tumult and the shouting that always go with those stupendous undertak-ings, and the pomposity of the big official who officiates at ceremonials. Colonel Stoopnagle sticks his pin square into these balloons. And the resulting slow deflation is pure Stoop-nagle. "Aw, shucks." Those two words do the job. They are incongruous because they are so inade-quate to the billion-dollar situation. They show up the futility of the most far-flying ambitions, and express the puny despair of all humanity when our best-laid plans bite the dust.

NOT all four key words are always found in every sketch. Some-times three of them, or two, or only one. For instance, futility is Stoopnagle's most precious theme. It sounds pretty pessimistic, doesn't it? One of the curious paradoxes about humor is that the better it is and the closer it approaches real art, the more
I'll Train You at Home to Fill a Good Job in Radio

J. E. Smith
President
National Radio Institute

Many of My Men Make $40 $60 $75 a Week

Radio is making stronger radio operators needed through Civil Service Commission exam No. 15,530 to fill $40, $60, $75 a week position.

ACT NOW & Get my Book FREE

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any student, fee or part of the 15 years of training of National Radio Institute. Find out what Radio offers; about your course, what others who have taken it are doing and making, by about your Money-Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail the coupon for your copy RIGHT NOW.

MAIL NOW for FREE COPY.

J. E. Smith, President
Dept. 375
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obliterating me, and five lines about space-time and full-time Radio Opportunities with how I can trials for them at once. Please print plainly:

Name
Age
City
Scale

Send for my book of information on the opportunities in Radio. It's FREE to the approved student! Make the facts of your opportunities in this field clear to a future N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling receiving sets; to have your own business; to operate on board ships; to be a broadcasting or commercial field station; for television, station, Radio and many other lines. My FREE book gives you full information on Radio's wonderful future, and you can quickly learn at home to be a Radio Technician.

Many Radio Experts Make $40, $60, $75 a Week

Why struggle alone in a dull job with low pay and no future? Start training now for the live wire Radio field. I have doubled and tripled salaries. Many men holding jobs in big Radio get their start through N.R.I. to be Radio Technician.

Many Make $6, $10, $15 a Week Extra Almost at Once

Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but by the day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 25 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood. I will give you Radio equipment for instructing experiments and making tests that look just like the tests of the class. Above is your diploma. Guaranteed to make every type of receiving set make $25, or I'll make you one for $20. Oswego, N. Y., wrote: I have made 20 radio sets in a little over two years' space-time Radio work.

September

pathos and futility and basic pessimism you will find expressed in it. Witness Charlie Chaplin in his great days. Would you call him a cheerful figure?

But the swell part of it all is that these real artists can take the tough things that make us cry in life and use them to make us laugh.

We are all familiar with the feeling of frustration and boredom and helplessness at the routine of life, but not many of us are conscious of just which trifles have mounted up to make our shoulders sag down.

Colonel Stoopnagle, who is himself essentially normal and subject to all of life's petty annoyances, is gifted with the divine ability to select the significant cruder in the eye of the universe. His "irks" are our irks and we get them off our chest through him.

He will get an idea, for instance, on a morning when he is lying in bed too bored down by life's trifles to get up. The closet door is open and he notices that the one elegantly pressed suit hanging there makes all the rest of his clothes look perfectly terrible. Out of that comes the invention of a "permanently wrinkled suit" for hanging in the closet to make your other clothes look natty. The futility theme combined with the humanity chord makes that funny.

You will find that in most Stoopnagle stunts there is a great big thing like the bridge across the Chesapeake. He is always on the lookout for something stupendous to approach from the point of view of small, average Mr. Humanity. Hence the enterprise of selling skylines to small towns. That's why ship-launchings are his meat. And then there is the man who has been given a bottle of champagne. He doesn't like champagne so he buys a yacht to break the bottle over the bow. Passing by a "yacht store" one day in New York, Colonel Stoopnagle could not resist the spectacle of this tremendous salon with its huge brassbound yachts sitting around, and thousands of people going by for whom these things just do not exist. Nobody ever went in to look and the only person in sight in the store was a little man sitting at a desk figuring and looking important. So out of that is worked the idea of the man who goes in a yacht store to buy half a yacht, charges it, has it wrapped up and sent the next day to his apartment. The whole transaction takes place in perfect solemnity. Only after the clerk has figured to the exact cent what exactly half a yacht would cost does he break down and ask why only the bow is being bought. "Because," the purchaser replies, "my daughter is chris-

tening a boat next week and she wants to practice."

Sir Hubert Wilkins had only to start his absurd underwater expedition to the North Pole, forcing us to read columns of front page publicity about it, when he was presented with the S. S. S. S. S. S. Stoopnagle which Stoopnagle and Budd launched with only one slight mishap: it did not float.

We all get a little sick of success stories, so Colonel Stoopnagle interviews "little known personalities of industry" and shows us the man who is engaged in not writing the things you read between the lines in letters. Also the telephone operator in a hotel who busies herself with not calling people who wish not to be called until twelve o'clock. She works much harder than her colleague whose lesser job consists of not calling people until ten o'clock. And there are the hookless hooks for not hanging your mother-in-law's picture—green ones for not hanging it in the dining room, blue ones for not hanging it in the bedroom, and so on.

Nothing would be more fun than to go on quoting chapter and verse for this thesis, but the magazine hasn't been published that would hold all the choice examples of Stoopnaglana. So I'll conclude with a sticker. Even the Colonel can't classify it. He doesn't know why it's funny, but he knows it is truly his own. I think I could analyze it like the rest, but it would be a shame. It's too sweet. I'll leave it to you.

A modest but stuttering sportsman meets a friend. "Well, old chap, and where have you been?" asks the friend.

"Oh, just t-t-t-tiger-hunting," says the sportsman.

"Tiger hunting, eh? Where?"


"Yucatan! Why, there aren't any tigers there. You must mean Africa."

"All right," says our hero with charming acquiescence. "I was in A-A-A-Africa, then."

"How did you catch your tigers?"

"Oh, I worked out a s-s-s-s-system. I s-s-s-sort of snuck up on them and twisted their tails until their heads dropped off."

"Well, have you seen any tigers since you got back to New York?"

"Yes, I have. I saw one only yesterday in my back yard."

"Did you get him?"

"Well, I went down and snuck up on him and got hold of his t-t-tail and twisted it—"

"Until his head dropped off?"

"No, I stopped twisting it."

"For heaven's sake?"

"Well, as I was t-t-t-wistling I got to thinking: What if this is some p-p-p-poor man's tiger?"
SLIPPING AND GRIPPING
(Continued)

to slip. The broadcasts were discon-
tinued only because Phillips Lord (who
played Seth and was the works of the
show) left on a well earned round-the-
world cruising vacation. Accordingly,
we want to give our hat to the author
and cast before their work is forgotten.
The activities of the Parkers and their
friends have always been lush with sen-
timent, but it was never allowed to go so
far that it became a cheap and ridiculous
attempt at tear-jerking. It was really
remarkable how the program always
stopped laying on the hokum just before
it got too heavy to bear. Every per-
former in the cast was good, the
sketches were written with a convincing
naturalness, and the capable direction
kept up the interest of all except those
who just couldn't get aroused over small
town doings. As for us, we're a better
boy for having listened to the folks from
Jonesport.

Phil Cook is, unfortunately, off
the air. We recommend that a sponsor
grab him quick. Phil has one of the
friendliest, most likable personalities in
radio. He's versatile and he's original.
What more do you advertisers want?
Andy Sanuella...Phil Cook's radio
sidekick. Another sure-fire bet for some
sponsor.

Edwin C. Hill...The best in his
business if you'll stand for a little flag
waving and some expressions of opinion
that you may not hold with. We've
never heard a broadcast of Mr. Hill's
that bored us. Barbasol will sponsor
Ed starting Sept. 11. Be sure to tune in.

MISS THESE—Smillin' Ed Mc-
Connell...One of the worst
one man shows ever conceived
because of the sappy combina-
tion of "entertainment" and ad-
vertising. For instance, on a recent pro-
gram Smillin' Ed said, "Well, I'd better
stop talkin' about Acme Ant Killer and
sing you a little hymn...All right,
folks, I'll sing you the verse of "Does
Jesus Care?"" (We should think He
would.)

The best one man programs we've
ever heard were put on several years
ago by one Charley Hamp on behalf of
Dr. Straska's Toothpaste. They were
loaded with advertising and yet Charley
made folks all over the country take it
and like it. He was the first of radio's
singing-playing humorists who could
actually kid the boys and girls into buy-
ing the product. It has been reported
that Charley is now on the West Coast
looking for a sponsor. We hope he
finds a good one quick.

The First Nighter...The old hke
overplayed by Charles Hughes, June
Meredith, and Don Ameche.

Poland Water Program...Ditto,
only much worse.

800 ROOMS—EACH WITH
BATH, SHOWER, RADIO
SINGLE
from $2.50 to $5.00 per day
Weekly from $15.00

DOUBLE
from $3.50 to $6.00 per day
Weekly from $21.00

Something New in New York...
Casino-in-the-Air! For lunch or
tea, dinner or supper. Moderate
prices. No cover or minimum
charge. Music by Scotti and his
Hotel Montclair Dance Orchestra.

HOTEL
MONTCLAIR
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Radio Fan-Fare

Soconyland Sketches...Hick stuff;
veddy, vedy dull.

Gypsy Nina...The sort of voice we
don't appreciate, but she's better than
some who've found sponsors.

Homeschoold Musical Memories...
Josef Koestner's Orchestra, Alice Mock
(soprano), vocal trio, contest, and Ed-
twin Grant. We rate them in that order.
Mr. Guest's extremely folksy personal-
ity doesn't penetrate the microphone.
We've heard him make intensely inter-
esting talks at Father and Son lunch-
eons, Rotary get-togethers, etc., so the
trouble is with radio and not with the
Bungalow Poet.

Potash and Perlmutter...Too bad
this was revived because people are go-
ing to think that Montague Glass' two
Jewish characters were never funny.
The sponsors may not know about their
mistake yet because they are apparently
not perceptive enough to realize how
offensive their dramatized advertising of
Feenamint is.

Chase and Sanborn Coffee Program
—The music and singing is all that is
keeping this one going. Mr. Lahr's
humor is flat and Leo Carrillo's Mas-
ter of Sermonizing is...well, you'd
have to hear some of the things he says
to believe he said them. We understand
that Mr. Lahr has just been given a
65-week contract by Standard Brands.
If this is true then one of two things is
certain. Either Bert has a marvelous
agent, or he has worked out a new radio
technique. We believe it must be the
latter. Mr. Lahr has always been one of
our favorite stage comedians, and it
will be good news to know that he has
at last discovered a formula that will
put his personality over as effectively on
the air as it is behind the footlights.
Lord knows the radio stuff he has been
doing is a discredit to his ability and
showmanship.

GOOD SHOWS—Phil Bak-
er's Armour program with
Harry McNaughton, Roy
Shield's Orchestra, the Merri-
Men, and the Neil Sisters. You
call it madness, but we call it Baker.

The Stinker, Mr. Macht
The Stinker, Mr. Macht

The Sinner, Mr. Macht
The Sinner, Mr. Macht

The Stinker, Mr. Macht
The Stinker, Mr. Macht

The Stinker, Mr. Macht
The Stinker, Mr. Macht

The Stinker, Mr. Macht
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The Stinker, Mr. Macht
The Stinker, Mr. Macht

The Stinker, Mr. Macht
Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paying industry in the world? Do you want to earn big money—more than you ever dreamed possible before? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact the demand far exceeds the available supply.

Greatest Opportunity in Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers more opportunities for fame and success than perhaps any other industry in the world today.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than 7 times as many millions a year as the entire industry did only four years ago. Last year, advertisers spent $37,000,000, while Broadcasting Stations themselves spent millions for sustaining programs. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after—think of the glorious opportunities for the thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Earn Big Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, or if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you can qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money!

But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos 'n' Andy's, Graham MacNames, Olive Palmers, and Floyd Gibbons—why not be among them?

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How it Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make it Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knock of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. S661, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

This Book Sent To You FREE


Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name ___________________________ Age ___________________________
Address ___________________________ ___________________________
City ___________________________ State ___________________________
Ship aboard a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe for a THRILL CRUISE 'ROUND THE WORLD

If you're an adventurer at heart (and aren't we all?) you'll glory in the thrills of cruising the ether-waves via a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe Radio.

Sit right in your own comfortable living room ... there's no sea-bag to pack, no danger to stow, no passports to secure. Just the twist of a single, simple tuning dial and it's "Hi! You're off for strange lands of romance and allure!"

Supreme for Stay-at-Home Listeners

First a shakedown cruise in home waters. Listen on American broadcast stations near and far—coast-to-coast is an easy jaunt. Discover the marvelous capability of this dream ship to carry you anywhere at your will ... with a delightful fidelity of tone that puts you right into the sending studio, giving you every word of speech and every note of music with a glorious perfection that transcends all previous heights of mechanical sound reproduction. Your own ears will tell you so ... and the evidence is backed up by scientific laboratory findings that prove SCOTT radio reproduction to be the closer to perfection yet attained.

As a first venture in short wave reception listen-in on the crime wave as reported by police calls from one end of the land to the other ... a siren drop on gossipy amateur wireless telephony "hams", and hear the airplanes and their ground stations talk back and forth.

Hear Canada and Mexico

Now venture farther! Roam the air-waves to Canada and Mexico. Hear something different ... something typical of these neat-by foreign bands broadcast on wave bands from 15 to 550 meters. Don't fret about the rumors you may have heard that these countries are soon to change wave-lengths ... your SCOTT can be equipped to receive on all bands between 15 and 4,000 meters at a small extra charge.

Listen-in On All of Europe

And now you've "got the feel of your ship." Head out into the open ... start on a fascinating exploration cruise for radio joys that are new and different.

Here's England, with G3R, at Daventry, is sending out the news of the day for the benefit of Colonial listeners-in ... there's peppy music from a famous London hotel ... and at signing off time (midnight in London, but only 6 P.M. Central Standard Time) the chimes of Big Ben, atop the Houses of Parliament, clang sonorously as though you were actually there to hear them in person.

Sip your meetings once again. Cross the Channel and lend an ear to Radio Colonial, Pontoise, France. It's bringing you Parisian music and typically French entertainment.

Varied Programs from Far Countries

Distance still troubles you? Then set your course for Germany ... in a jiffy you're listening to Zeessen, with programs of glorious symphony orchestras, and perhaps a speech by "Handsome Adolf," that will give you a different viewpoint on Hitlerism.

Make port at Madrid, in sunny Spain, and hear EAU broadcasting typical National music. Announcements from this station are considerately made in English as well as Spanish.

Then swing south to Rome and hear the voice of 12R's woman announcer tell you it's "Radio Roma, Napoli," that's on the air. Most likely the following musical program will be opera direct from La Scala, in Milan, or some other musical treat worth going actual miles to hear—and you'll be listening to it, with purity of tone and richness of reproduction that's truly amazing, without stirring from your easy chair at home.

And now for an adventure-trick that holds a supreme "kick" for the radio sensation-seeker! Sail away "down under." Listen in to VK2ME or VK3ME, in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. Hear the call of that famous Kookaburra bird, listen with delight to an interesting and varied program of music and tales on the commercial and scenic attractions of the Antipodes.

Owners' Reports Show Real Ability

And these are but a few of the interesting places to be visited by means of your SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe Receiver, . . . F. L. Sintering, for instance, is a Scott owner who in a six-month's period received 1588 programs from 41 stations in 22 foreign lands. A. G. Luoma got 1261 programs from 75 different stations in 26 countries, and some 200 other SCOTT owners reported reception of 16,459 programs from 320 stations in 46 countries during the same time.

"Can such startling radio performance be true?" you ask. Do you doubt that any but radio professionals can enjoy the delights of exploring the air-waves of the world over, far from the too-familiar programs of broadcast stations here at home? Do you think that it may be possible, but feel that the cost of sufficiently able equipment is more than you can afford for entertainment?

New Value at Moderate Cost

Then set your mind at ease! For such performance is actually possible ... we gladly prove it to you, and back the proof by an iron-clad guarantee of consistent foreign reception.

Laboratory technique, employing the world's most skillful, specially trained engineers and craftsmen in custom-building a receiver constructed to the highest standards of perfection known in radio, makes possible the super-performance of the SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe for any radio-user, regardless of his experience or skill in operating. In this set top efficiency is coupled with absolute simplicity of tuning.

Prohibitively high priced? Not at all! You can have a SCOTT, and enjoy the supreme thrill of mastering the air-waves of all the world, at moderate cost.

Get Complete Details—Mail Coupon!

Because the SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe is one of the truly fine things of the world, custom-built for those discriminating people who demand the best, it is not distributed broadcast, to be casually picked up here, there, or anywhere. To get full particulars regarding it, send PROOF of its performance, and all the information you require, simply send the coupon below direct to the modern scientific laboratories where it is built.

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC. 4456 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. D-80, Chicago, Ill.

Tell me how I can have a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe to take me world-cruising. Include all technical details, proofs of performance, and complete information.

Name: ................................................
Address: ...........................................
City: ............................................ State: .................................
BURNS & ALLEN WERE GAGA EVEN THEN

CAN DANCE MAESTROS DANCE?

ETHEL SHUTTA . . . A house divided by chocolate and tea . . . GEORGE OLSEN

(See page 26)

JEFF MACHAMER • F. G. COOPER

RUDY VALLEE • HARRY EVANS

GOSSIP • HUMOR • REVIEWS
Famous as a composer, concert soloist on the 'cello, and conductor, Rosario Bourdon has just begun his seventh year as leader of Cities Service Orchestra. Before Mr. Bourdon entered radio he had studied, written, or played music in most of the large countries of the world. He was born in Montreal, in 1881, and by the time he was thirteen he had attended the Montcalm School and the Jesuit College in Montreal and the Quebec Musical Academy. Then he went to the conservatory in Ghent, Belgium, and at fourteen became soloist with the Kursal Orchestra of Ostend. Mr. Bourdon once worked in a Canadian saw mill and he swears that it was there he first had the idea of becoming a 'cellist. He composes best before breakfast and he likes baseball, football, golf, and tennis. But he says that movie love scenes annoy him to the point of madness.
What's wrong with Radio?

We keep hearing rumors that radio is not all it might be and you may have read some rather critical statements of programs in the pages of this magazine. Several bits of news have come to our notice lately, indicating not only what may be wrong with radio but also what improvement may be expected soon. In the first place, it looks as if both the networks and the independent stations will be able to sell more of their time to advertisers during the coming year than they have ever sold before. In this event there can be no excuse for inferior programs on the grounds of economy.

And consider the bulletin from Professor Frank N. Freeman, educational psychologist at the University of Chicago, who recently conducted an intelligence test among radio fans. Professor Freeman's figures show that the intelligence of radio audiences is probably higher than the intelligence of the population as a whole, and that radio programs are probably pitched at too low an intellectual level at present.

"It seems to be a common opinion," remarks the professor, "that the average intelligence of the radio audience is only as high as that of the thirteen- or fourteen-year-old child. I am sure that there is a large group of highly intelligent radio listeners, and that it is advisable to keep this group in mind when planning programs."

Since the beginning of radio, broadcasters have talked much and done little about improving their product. Actually they have known practically nothing about who listens to their programs and they have been afraid to take many chances with anything but moron entertainment. We believe the radio people would be willing to try increasing the quality of their programs if they were sure of a good alibi in case the experiment did not work. Professor Freeman's tests, and others like them, should provide that alibi.

Then there's the question of who writes the stuff you hear and how it's written. Variety prints this:

"Stipend for the dramatic serial writer in radio has taken an appreciable boost in the past few months. Freeland confectors of the continued plot are now averaging $50 a 15-minute installment. Not so long ago $25 was the usual return and $35 was considered high.

"So far radio hasn't developed from its own continuity writing field one notable specialist in the serial craft. For this class of material it's still depending on newspapermen and the pulp boys, the latter's knack of turning them out in reams being a heavy asset."

Top men among the serial authoring coterie for radio are Bob Andrews and Roland Martini. . . . At the height of their typecutter pounding Andrews ran up a record of 40,000 words a week, involving 22 programs, and Martini had a total of 30,000 words a week with 13 programs.

Shades of Galsworthy! John might be considered to have been fairly prolific, but he had a wonderful week any time he turned out 4,000 to 5,000 words of good writing. And although Variety mentions $50 as the price of a 15-minute script, the price for those used on the majority of stations will continue being nearer $5 or $10 for the average sustaining program. (And in many cases the writer will be given the opportunity of doing it for nothing just "for the valuable experience.")

Next let's consider the future of announcers: Columbia has now issued a handbook of "don'ts" which
should help the present situation. For instance, the announcer who tells the radio audience what it has been thinking, through the use of some such phrase as "You have just been enjoying . . . " is singled out for re- buke. Under the heading, "Avoiding Comments on Quality," Columbia's handbook has this to say about the practice of divining audience reactions:

"After a speech has been given over the network, do not turn to the speaker and say: 'Thank you, Mr. So-and-so' or 'we appreciate your having spoken' or make any comment of that nature.

"Rather—give just a straight announcement of what has been on the air. In other words, 'You have just listened to Mr. So-and-so talking on such-and-such a subject,' without any additions such as 'the brilliant talk of' or 'the interesting address of' or anything else.

"Avoid the use of such phrases as 'You are being entertained by,' Nor should you say: 'We hope you have enjoyed so-and-so as much as we have here in the studio'."

Announcers also are cautioned against excess wordage of all kinds. An organ is to be referred to merely as an organ and not as "the mighty organ" or "the great organ." Ad libbing of song numbers is to be as concise as possible because "the announcer is apt to become tiresome if he attempts to ad lib extended descriptions of some of the selections played or of the setting." (And how!)

Also included in the manual is a list of program restrictions. One of these forbids direct solicitation of funds by speakers. It is pointed out that in a few instances after a speaker's continuity has been read and approved by the continuity department, he may attempt to inject spontaneous pleas for money in an already approved script. The production man or announcer is instructed to read every speaker's script just before he goes on the air and cut any last-minute insertions of such a character.

"Please bear in mind," reads the rule, "that, though we should be tactful and polite in all instances, these instructions apply regardless of the importance or prominence of the speaker."

In commercial programs, the instructions repeat the recently formed CBS rule of permitting no more than two price announcements in a 15-minute program, providing the sales talk lasts no longer than one and one half minutes; three price mentions in a half-hour program if the sales talk is restricted to six minutes; and five price mentions in an hour show with only six minutes of sales talk.

Other restrictions which the announcers and production men must enforce in commercial programs forbid exaggerated or doubtful claims; misleading statements; infringement of other sponsors' rights through plagiarism or imitation of program ideas or copy slant; doubtful medical advertising; reflection on competitors' goods; speculation promotion; slanderous, obscene, vulgar or repulsive announcements; overloading of a program with advertising, or any advertising matter that may be deemed injurious to Columbia, broadcasting in general, or honest advertising and reputable business.

Hail Columbia! It's a step in the right direction and undoubtedly many other stations will follow suit in their new deal.

All of which brings us to the difficult matter of good and bad taste in radio. Try as they will, the broadcasters have not been able to beat the movies in bad taste, but they have frequently been accused of not caring whether their programs were in good taste or not, so long as they could make them show a profit. The critics have much evidence on their side. Personally, we believe good taste in radio is increasing and, therefore, we were considerably surprised the other day when we learned of certain auditions that Columbia was holding for a prospective client. The program was not bought, happily, because the advertiser did not like it—not because Columbia had any objections to broadcasting it over its network. The person to be featured on the proposed program was the most famous living member of one of Europe's former royal families. The sponsor was Ex-Lax.

... ... ...

It's contagious, that Kentucky Colonel dialect of Al Jolson's. Al had been rehearsing for several hours at the Times Square NBC studio. The boys in Paul Whiteman's band had sat on the stage all that time accompanying Jolson in his musical numbers. Benny, a little Russian violinist with a thick Russian accent, chomped away with his bow—grunting a guttural remark from time to time. Suddenly Paul, on the stand, darted a question at Benny. He blinked his eyes and replied, "Ah couldn't tell yo-all that, Mistah Whaltman." His Russian ancestors rolled round in their graves.

So infectious is Al's dialect that a Broadway wisecracker claims Jolson has the Harlem-born elevator operator in the studio talking like a Mississippi River boat pilot.

At a rehearsal a few days ago, Al confessed to the use of a strange theatrical device when he made the picture, "The Jazz Singer." One of the outstanding parts of that famous picture, you'll recall, was Jolson's singing, in Hebrew, of the song, Kol Nidre. Audiences throughout the country were enraptured, as Jolson, eyes directed heavenward and hands upraised, sang this ancient Jewish
WALTER O'KEEFE AND ETHEL SHUTTA . . . rehearsing a close-harmony duet—with gestures. The title of the song is, "When I'm Nestling With You For Nestle's." On the right they break clean as they come out of the clinch. (George Olsen probably just walked in. Yes, he's her husband. See the story on page 24.)

And here Walter gets all excited as he talks about his product. "Gee whizz, folks," he says, "you must eat Nestle's Chocolate. It will make your hair grow, whiten your teeth, soften your skin, improve your mind" . . . or have we got this mixed up with three other plugs?

DON BESTOR . . . showing what the well dressed maestro will wear. And his music is as slick as his wardrobe.

Left—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present that gorgeous singer of songs, Ethel Shutta." Then (right) Walter steps back and makes a face, just to get the gorgeous singer giggling and make her work harder.
song with great feeling. Al now admits that the heaven-watching eyes were glued to a canvas drop on which were painted, in large letters, the Hebrew words of Kol Nidre.

... ...

ON the radio in this country Morton Downey's name as a whistle is second only to his renown as a singer. But while his whistling here has brought forth only a few letters of complaint and some packages of birdseed, it almost resulted in his arrest in London.

During his recent trip abroad Mort was walking through Burlington Arcade, near Piccadilly, whistling a popular air. A policeman accosted him and threatened to arrest him for disturbing the peace. Mort pleaded for release, saying that he made his living as a whistle in America.

"All right," replied the bobby, "I'll let you go, because you'll never make it doing that here. Move on.

SIGMUND SPAETH, the Tune Detective, who always gets his tune... or his man... has gone in for hoop-a-dooping.

In his regular programs, the eminent scholar of things musical fills in passages where he loses track of the words with a healthy hoop-a-dooping!

"It always helps me out of a hole," says Sig, "and everybody knows the words don't mean a thing anyway.

THE reason Jimmie Mattern insisted on seeing Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in action as soon as he arrived in New York was because he feels that he owes his life indirectly to Fred.

After a few days in the Siberian wastes near Anadyr, Jimmie was on the point of going out of his mind. Then he stumbled onto a small store which boasted a phonograph with one record—"In My Gondola" by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Jimmie says he played it until it was worn out, but he thinks it kept him from going mad because it was his only contact with civilization.

IRV COBB goes all other authors five better in his new book, "One Way to Stop a Panic." He has long been opposed to the idea of having forewords written for his volumes, saying that forewords either try to establish alibis for what follows or just do a bit of moralizing.

But something has apparently happened to the Cobbian mind, for his new work shows a marked reversal of policy. Instead of having one foreword, he has written six of them which pop up at you in various parts of the book.

When Irv isn't broadcasting his own program, he may often be found listening to the various sounds emanating from rehearsals and broadcasts in other studios. Cobb has been particularly intrigued by the technique of various announcers. In the reception room the other day he defined a radio announcer as "a studio grandee with a drawing room manner and a gold-plated set of oratorical tonsils. Even when he's gargling a sore throat a radio announcer sounds eloquent."

ALL the stories you've read about Tony Wons being injured in France during the World War and being brought home to die are the bunk. Tony was in the war, but the doctors didn't become interested in him until long afterwards.

ADD similes: "As uninformed as a radio publicity department."

LENNY HAYTON, that ambitious young maestro, has turned out a new song, "Dizzy Fingers." When the first printed copies were placed in his hands, he glanced through one to see if everything was all right. But everything wasn't all right. There was one wrong note sticking out prominently in the chorus. So Maestro Hayton ordered every copy already off the press destroyed and the edition reprinted.

Lenny is well known as a hard and thorough worker. He was the lone individual burning the midnight oil (by special dispensation of the authorities) in the New York's Public Library the other evening. Requiring an orchestration of an aria from Puccini's "Tosca" for Grace Moore, Lenny was unable to buy a score at short notice. So he worked all night making his own special arrangement of the aria from the library's only score.

ALTHOUGH they have made innumerable personal appearances in vaudeville and motion picture houses and in movie "shorts," there still are people who will not believe the Mills Brothers use only one musical instrument—the guitar. When they returned to the air recently for their first broadcast in many weeks, a phone call came in immediately after their program. It was from a lady who was having trouble with an apartment full of guests. They had just listened to the Mills' program, but not one of them would believe that all the oompahs and things were created by the voices of the boys.

JANE FROMAN put on her show under rather trying circumstances last week. On Friday afternoon a lingering siege of sinus trouble became acutely irritating, but despite her discomfort Jane stepped up to the mike at her appointed time. As soon as the last notes of the program's theme song had been played by Jacques Renard's Orchestra, however, she hurried from the studio to the office of a doctor who was waiting to perform an operation on her nose.

ZEKE, of the hillbilly team of Annie, Judy, and Zeke, is having his own troubles these days finding moss for his horned toad. He brought this odd pet with him from the foothills of Georgia when the outfit came North to broadcast. Zeke says if you want to find out how rare moss is on Broadway just go out and try to buy some.

DURING one of his recent discussions on "the human side of the news," Edwin C. Hill told of some of the thrills of deep sea diving. Among the narratives he recounted was one concerning Jane Gail. Several years ago Miss Gail, a motion picture actress, dove into the shark-infested waters off Bermuda as part of a role in a film she was making. "Despite the dangers," Hill said, "Miss Gail is alive today to tell the story.

Ed should know because Jane is now Mrs. Hill!"

JULIUS TANNEN, the "chatter-box" star of half a dozen Earl Carroll "Vanities," could hardly be called retiring in his new beer program with Phil Silatany's band. But Julius turned out to be a rather modest fellow when he dropped around to the studios for the first rehearsal of the show. The production man in charge of the program introduced himself and, in a sort of relations-cementing manner, said:

"I've seen you quite often on the stage, Mr. Tannen."

"My sympathy, sir," replied Julius.

—The Editors
a stricken toe (pardon me, Mr. Atwell)—I mean foe. Shall we run down the list together? As if we wouldn't anyway .

L O O K A — there's Guy Lombardo.

Smooth rhythms from his side of the floor. Crooked, weaving, puffing, grunting Guy on ours. Attention, Gracie Allen . . . looka George Burns. A dancing dope! Switch from cigars to those supposedly milder cigarettes and pipe the guy at the helm . . . Len Hayton . . . a good bandmaster but what a dancer, what a dancer! Or, as the Greeks might have said if they could have founds words for it, "What a dancer!"

Smiling George Olsen occasionally steps out from behind his teeth to favor the ladies with a two or three step . . . but maybe I was wrong when I said "favor." As a dancer he is, to quote many previously happy ladies, not so forte. (Mr. Olsen disclaims being even eighteen, let alone forte.)

Still, not all orchestra leaders are terrible and a few have even been known to gallop gracefully when left somewhat alone on the dance floor.

Let's check them off quickly as we become nonchalant with a borrowed butt and an air of sang froid:

Ben Bernie in the witness chair chortles, "Yowzir, yowzir, boss, ah sho does dance . . . why; ah was ah hoofer before ah tuhned maestro. Sho nuff."

Rudy Vallee in the now warmed witness chair croons, "Heigh-ho, ah sho nuff does, sho nuff."

Meyer Davis, from wherever he is, lisps, "Does ah dance? Why, honey chile, ah used to run a dancing school, sho nuff."

But now let's desert these synthetic Southerners and contemplate (with the above sang froid) the spectacle of Jacques Renard, ponderous pachyderm of the old school, whirling gay ladies about with ease at the St. Celia or any local ballroom. Cruising nearby under a heavy load is B. A. Rolfe, another portly youth who twirls about with joie de vivre and a lady. Ozzie Nelson is also in this chain gang and he nods politely to Buddy Rogers, who isn't bad—if he says so himself. Phil Harris smothers a chuckle as he admires himself and those Harlem honeys—Ellington, Calloway, and Henderson—as they trip the light fantastic. Scotti, of the Montclair, goes in for the Scottische, of course.

O N LY a small group remains to snivel in the corner. Roger Wolfe Kahn remembers Hannah Williams and her many attempts to teach him steps. Fred Waring can be seen nightly with his two sweet girl singers, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane. They toss a coin to see who dances with him. The loser has to! Eddie Duchin, maestro and ex-pharmacist, is still a drug on the dance floor. Freddie Martin, whose theme song is "I Cover The Waterfront," is all at sea in the waltz. Leo Reisman gets so absorbed in listening for new rhythms that he can't dance to any band.

I could tell you more about hundreds of these maestros, but I must be off for my dancing lesson. I must be off . . .
THE atmosphere in Studio K was electric in more ways than one. It was surcharged with sinister static, most of which was generated by the glitter in Fay Allen's otherwise beautiful eyes. Her lips, which ordinarily shamed the proverbial bow of Cupid, were drawn tightly over little white teeth that ground inaudibly. The knuckles of her hand holding the tiny uke were livid; but the color of her face and exceedingly pretty neck was the red of an angry sunburn. Diminutive—a volcano in a teacup, perhaps, but nevertheless a volcano!

Tod Wallace sat before the concert grand, his chin grim and defiant—eyes steely gray. The nostrils of his adonic nose dilated perceptibly as he breathed, and there was something ominous in the deliberate way he ran his fingers through his black hair. The toe of his right shoe tapped the pedal; then reached out, hooked Fay about the ankle, and dragged her nearer the piano. The corner of his mouth screwed up unpleasantly and she read his lips, rather than heard his off-stage whisper:

"Keep away from that mike—you little hog, you! Maybe someone would like to hear the piano in this theme song."

As the announcer approached the microphone, Fay ground her French heel, worn but still pointed, into her singing partner's foot; then winced as a vicious kick scraped a run in her silken calf.

The announcer addressed the unseen audience: "And now, the Sweethearts of the Air leave us until tomorrow at the same time..."

Fay Allen stroked her uke as Tod's left hand felt out the first soft chord of their closing melody. Their voices mingled in the close harmony of a contralto and tenor:

Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Along life's twisting road,
With roses' bloom our path is strewn—
True love's an easy load.

In a pause between measures Tod reached out and roughly dragged Fay back from the mike. Her right hand darted to his wrist and, when he fingered the keys again, spots of blood were on the cuff of his dress shirt. His lips moved silently in words that were not written on the script. Then:

A kiss each night—each morn a smile,
As Time flies unaware.
With love our guide, naught can divide
The Sweethearts of the Air!

THE final twang of the uke faded simultaneously in Studio K and in the speaker hidden behind a reproduction of Raphael's cupids in Studio H. There were three men in the latter studio—the manager of the broadcasting company's commercial department and two clients. The commercial manager broke the moment of respectful silence.

"Well, gentlemen, how did you like that? Good, eh?"

One of the men flicked his cigarette meditatively with his little finger. "I should say their theme song is a bit er-too-er-well, rather sentimental."

"Aw, no, Harris," the third man interrupted. "That's just what the public want. They like to hear two people sing about how much they love each other. It's the old hokum, but it's always sure-fire."

"Yes, I guess you're probably right," agreed the other.

"Except for that theme song I think they're swell."

Back in Studio K, Fay and Tod glared mutely at each other until the operator in the control room waved through the soundproof glass that they were off the air. Tod spoke to the announcer:

"We'll rehearse in here if it's okay."

"Okay. K Studio is clear for the next two hours."

The inner door closed behind the announcer and the lights went out in the control room.

Fay erupted in harsh grating laughter. "Ha! Ha ha! Rehearse! Rehearse what?"

Tod Wallace turned on her savagely. "Ha! Ha ha! Ditto for everything. I wouldn't play another program with you, you little hog, if they'd give me a coast to coast hookup and a thousand bucks to boot—"

"Who's a hog? It's just self preservation, that's all. With you imitating a boiler factory on the piano, nobody'd hear me if I climbed into the mike!"

"Who the devil wants to hear you anyway?"

"I suppose you think they want to hear you? You!"

Fay threw up her hands. "Oh Lord—and to think I gave up vaudeville to marry you. Cook your breakfasts in a filthy flat, slave, rehearse, and what do I get out of it? A radio career! Ha! Ha again! Twenty dollars a week.
on a sustaining program and abuse from a maniac with
professional jealousy."

Tod started at the domed ceiling as if praying that the
powers above would forgive the blasphemy. He shook his
head sadly. "Professional jealousy. My God! What
next? What next? All you know is what I've taught
you—"

"You taught me—you—Good Lord!"

"Pardon me. My error. I should have said tried to
teach you. You can't be taught. You're tone deaf. You
can't even find the notes on the uke. You don't even
know the difference between A sharp and B flat."

"I do so know the difference."

"Yeh—I thought so. There isn't any!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"And so you gave up vaudeville for me? Well, if it
hadn't been for you, I'd be in Europe now on a concert
tour."

Fay snorted derisively. "You—Europe! With that bel-
low the only way you'd get to Europe'd be on a cattle boat.
Concert tour! Ye gods! All you do is thump with your
left hand and work a tremolo with your right that makes
that Steinway sound like a player piano in a tenth rate
dance hall. Europe ..."

Tod's fingers played a rapid rat-tat-tat on high C. Kay's
rage flared too quickly for the safety valve of words. In a flash of motion

she flung her uke's carrying case. Tod caught it and re-
turned the serve—with precision. Kay's hand went to
her eye.

"You beast! You're the vilest—lowest—"

THE studio door opened, and the commercial manager
entered with his clients. Kay dove into her pocket-
book and came up powdered wisely and too well. The
manager made the introductions—

"Gentlemen—Fay and Tod, the Sweethearts of the Air.
This is Mr. Harris—Mr. Carruthers, of the Maiden's
Dream Perfume Company. They are bringing out a new
perfume which you have inspired—their Sweetheart per-
fume. They are interested in starring you two in a series
of weekly programs. I'll leave you folks to fight it out."
The door swung noiselessly behind the commercial
manager.

Fay and Tod shook their heads simultaneously.
"Nothing doing!" declared Tod.

Fay agreed. "Mr. Wallace and I have decided definite-
ly to appear on no more programs together."

Neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Carruthers seemed prop-
erly disappointed. Both Miss Allen and Mr. Wallace
observed, with slight pique, that Mr. Carruthers appeared
pleased.

"Well, well—" Mr. Carruthers rubbed

Illustrated by GILBERT BUNDY

(Continued on page 48)
"NESTLE'S CHOCOLATEERS"
(NBC-WJZ Friday at 8:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Ethel Shutta, Walter O'Keefe, Don Bestor's Orchestra.

Comment—Judging by the first program of this series, it looks as if the sponsors have picked themselves a real air show. In the first place, Walter O'Keefe is about the nearest thing to home folks that the radio has found. He's thoroughly at ease in the capacity of announcer, performer, and master of ceremonies. And he sounds just like what he is—

GEORGE M. COHAN
... he should talk more

Opinion—Should go to town with the customers.

"GULF HEADLINERS"

Comment—It is impossible to bat out a review every time these Sunday evening shows switch stars. They change comedians often than they advise you to change your oil. So this squib is just to bring the program up to our press date.

The big news of the shows so far was Will Rogers' act with Fred Stone. Their teamwork was a riot, and should be repeated.

George M. Cohan was better on the second program than on the first. His stories in song are cleverly put together and tuneful. Although they offer nothing new they are undoubtedly good popular stuff. (And Al Goodman may take as many bows as he likes for his accompaniments.) In my humble opinion, however, Mr. Cohan would please even more people if he sang less and talked more. Ten minutes of almost continuous singing by one person is too much unless he happens to be a Lawrence Tibbett. Mr. Cohan is due to go off the air soon, but some sponsor will surely bring him back.

Carol Deis (former winner of an Atwater Kent audition), who has appeared occasionally with Mr. Cohan, is exceptionally good. She should be given an opportunity to do more.

Opinion—These Gulf shows maintain a remarkably high standard of entertainment. In addition to an interesting comedian or speaker, they offer the splendid singing of James Melton and the Revelers; the excellent and colorful music of Al Goodman's band; and Harold Tighe's pleasant announcing and unobjectionable advertising blurbs. The definite personality and consistent pace of the programs indicate that some smart bird is directing them.
October

"THE SALAD BOWL REVUE"
(NBC-WEAF Friday at 9:00 PM-EST)

Cast—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa,
Phil Duy, Jack Smart, Roy Atwell,
Ferde Grofe’s Orchestra

Comment—Mr. Allen’s first pro-
gram for his new sponsor was a dis-
appointment. But since then Fred
seems to have hit his stride and his
material is not only better, but it is
also presented with more of the typi-
cal Allen showmanship. Fred’s
humor, at its best, is a nice blend
of some of the oldest and worst gags
ever resurrected, and others that are
has an orchestra that is as fine as
you would expect it to be. And it
seems as if Mr. Grofe, or some other
good judge of music, should insist
on giving Phil Duy better spots on
the program. His singing merits it.

The Plug—Except for the unob-
jectionable and often amusing adver-
tising which Fred Allen springs oc-
casionally, the plugs are just the
same old—oh well, you know.

Opinion—At its best this program
offers the best comedy now on the
air. And the Grofe music is not ex-
celled nor equaled by more than a
handful of radio orchestras.

THE HUMMINGBIRDS
Margaret Speaks, Dorothy Greeley, and Katherine Cavall are the Hummingbirds, Nightingales, and Snow Queens. The man is Whispering Jack Smith, with whom the girls made their first real success in radio.

as fresh as a kid with his first long
pants. The good thing about Fred’s
bad gags is that—thanks to his un-
emotional, twangy delivery—the
worse the gag is the funnier he can
make it sound. The bad thing about
Fred’s good gags is that—because of
this same delivery—they never seem
so funny as they really are. The
Allen personality gives us, however,
one of the most unique and funda-
mentally amusing characters in ra-
dio. We should be grateful for
even this much relief from the legion
of not very funny fellows with com-
pletely stale material.

Portland Hoffa makes a perfect
stooge for her husband. Her as-
sumed ingenuousness is a delight.
Roy Atwell gets his usual share of
laughs with his usual word mix-ups,
and the veteran radio actor, Jack
Smart, is excellent in the sketches.

The musically brilliant Mr. Grofe
supposed to get old John Radio Fan
all worked up. For some reason the
birds who run this air business be-
lieve that old John is not capable of
a single voluntary emotional re-
action. Always he’s got to be tipped
off. Now he’s supposed to get ex-
cited. Now he’s supposed to applaud.
Now he’s supposed to laugh. And,
quite frankly, I think old John is
gesting a bellyfull of it, to put it
plainly. (And Ted. Just as a per-
sonal favor, the next time you are
discussing a contest do not say they
had the game “figuratively won.”
Tck, tck.)

Barbara Maurel’s “songs of ro-
mance” are well chosen and well
sung—Leon Belasco’s music is al-

(Continued on page 45)

THE OLDSMOBILE PROGRAM
(CBS-WABC Tuesday and Thurs-
day at 10:30 PM-EST)

Cast—Ted Husing, Barbara
Maurel, Leon Belasco’s Orchestra,
the Hummingbirds, and Kenneth
Roberts

Comment—Mr. Husing is the star,
and while he is not exactly down-
hearted about himself, he knows how
to pat himself on the back without
straining a verbal elbow. Ted may
consider himself a radio success now
because he has joined the ranks of
reminiscers. When they allow you
to make a living reminiscing, you’re
in. Ted exhumes a flock of anecdotes
which are labelled “Stories Of
Championship Performance,” and
O. K., but something should be done
about the spectators who burst in
with, “My, how exciting!” and “Too,
too thrilling!” This, of course, is

TONY WONS
. . . Ring Lardner cheered him
POPULAR TUNES
An Analysis and Opinion

By RUDY VALLEE

"LAZY BONES"
By Hoagy Carmichael and John Mercer. Published by the Southern Music Publishing Co., Inc.

I'm starting my department this month with "Lazy Bones" because I'm tremendously enthusiastic about this recent hit. And because I find that our audiences share my enthusiasm.

"He—hum! I'm too tired to get out and do any h'atin' tonight."

You might expect a person with as odd a name as Hoagy Carmichael to have some unusual talent. Hoagy's genius lies in being able to "sell" almost anything he plays. His outstanding hit was "Stardust" and for the past few years he has been writing tunes for the Southern Music Publishing Co. It was at their suggestion that Hoagy and I got together one Sunday not long ago and wrote "Old Man Harlem." At the time we realized it would never be a good seller, but it has been a good tune for the dance bands. When last heard from, Hoagy was in the Balkans collecting ideas for unusual tunes and when he comes back he'll find that in "Lazy Bones" he has written a song which beats "Stardust" in popularity.

Johnny Mercer, who wrote the lyrics for "Lazy Bones," is a chap with fine breeding and background. Until now he has written little stuff of the commercial type, his lyrics having been for the better kind of musical comedy music. In writing the verses of a great commercial success Johnny has not, however, compromised at all with the quality of his work, for the lyrics of "Lazy Bones" are highly intelligent and amusing.

One of the greatest tributes to the song is the fact that when it was first played and sung on our Fleischmann broadcast the audience applauded enthusiastically—_even though a glass curtain was between them and us._ That, to you who know your broadcasting, is proof enough that they were greatly pleased.

"WALTZING UP THE SCALE"
By M. K. Irving and Otis Spencer. Published by E. B. Marks Music Corp.

The two gentlemen who wrote "Waltzing Up The Scale" would probably deny that they are amateurs, but so far as I know their names have not echoed within the walls of Tin Pan Alley during the past four or five years. Now they have written a creditable waltz, different in construction and thought. The solfeggio notes of the scale are the mainstay of the lyrics and the melody goes up the scale at the beginning of each phrase. Thus "Waltzing Up The Scale" is unusual enough to provide a welcome relief from the more familiar type of song.

"MY LAST YEAR'S GIRL"
By Lou Alter and Arthur Swanstrom. Published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Both choruses of this one have clever lyrics, which are somewhat reminiscent of "Kitty From Kansas City." Arthur Swanstrom wrote them. You may recall that he and Bobby Connelly were the producers of that grand show, "Sons O' Guns," which featured Lili Damita and Jack Donohue. Now that lean days have fallen on musical comedy, Arthur has gone back to his first love—lyric writing.

Lou Alter is a young, aristocratic looking individual who came down from Boston to write Broadway's and New York City's first musical expression in "Manhattan Serenade." Many of Lou's piano suites and some of his popular tunes are well known. Helen Morgan, who is a close friend of his, has introduced and popularized several of his best songs. Lou has always written the better type of melody and lyrics and I was a trifle surprised, therefore, to learn that he is the author of the odd little idea expressed in "My Last Year's Girl." He probably did it for diversion.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE IN LOVE"
By Allie Wrubel and Ed Grennard. Published by Harms, Inc.

The chorus of this one is unusual because it has only about 20 measures. The story is the old Bill Shakespeare idea set to music and a good piece of work, too.

Being the schottische type of melody, it lends itself particularly to dancers of the Ray Bolger school, who bring out their best steps, kicks, and taps to that rhythm. Tunes of this type are best when played as the Lombardos play them, which is probably one of the reasons that their music is so enjoyable on the dance floor. This song—"Lazy Bones"—and "Don't Blame Me" will probably be our greatest commercial successes on the Bluebird records.

"DON'T BLAME ME"
By Dorothy Fields and Jimmie McHugh. Published by Robbins Music Corporation.

More than a year ago in Detroit, Lew Leslie's "Klowns in Klover" show opened with a good cast and fine songs by Dorothy Fields and Jimmie McHugh. The depression drove the revue out of Detroit into (Continued on page 47)
"This is Schumann-Heink speaking"—it was the voice of opportunity.

Not so many years ago in Great Bend, Kansas, Laura Townsley McCoy was born. When she was three she began taking piano lessons. At nine she made her first public appearance as a musician. A few years later she got a job singing over a Kansas City radio station. One evening, three years ago, she was called to the telephone after one of her broadcasts. A voice said, "Miss McCoy, this is Ernestine Schumann-Heink speaking. I have enjoyed your program and I wish you would come over to my hotel. I'd like so much to talk to you." Madame Schumann-Heink was on her Golden Jubilee tour and when her entourage left Kansas City, Laura went along as companion and assisting artist to the famous contralto. Together they toured the nation, the young soprano alternating with the famous singer in the recitals. The next summer Laura lived at the Schumann-Heink home in California, where the diva coached her protege in operatic roles and taught her vocal technique. That fall Laura came to New York and the Shuberts gave her the lead in "My Maryland." She played Barbara Frietchie, and changed her name to Mary because it was simpler than Laura Townsley. You'll enjoy Mary's songs on the Richfield Country Club programs. Away from the mike Mary is a demon horseback rider and an aviation enthusiast. She isn't afraid of stunt flying, but roller coasters in amusement parks terrify her.
This pair of redheaded youngsters once loaded a couple of midget pianos into an 18-passenger plane and banged away for dear old publicity's sake while the ship soared two miles up in the air over New York. It was the "first successful broadcast of music from an airplane in flight", but just what it proved we couldn't tell you. Since then the girls have done all their stunts on land. Right now they are polishing off a combination of classical and jazz tunes for Johnson's Auto Polish. Peggy and Sandra don't write out any musical score for their programs. They merely get together in one of the big Columbia studios, decide which classics they'd like to scramble with which jazz melodies, and then work on the arrangements until they get something they like. After rehearsing the mixture until they think it jells, they put it in their show—and it usually makes novel and interesting entertainment. Both Peggy and Sandra are musicians from way back. Peggy got her start in Los Angeles when she was six and worked her way up to recitals in Paris and Berlin. Sandra is a Berwick, Pennsylvania, gal who started teasing the piano when she was four. She finally made her debut in vaudeville as accompanist for Howard Marsh. Neither of the girls is married, which just goes to show how dumb bachelors are.
The history of Betty Barthell in radio is another one of those Horatio Alger stories. Only a little more than a year ago Betty was just a Nashville, Tennessee, belle who hadn't even considered becoming a professional entertainer. But then one day Betty sang a song at a charity bazaar or some such social function, and the manager of a local radio station heard her. He haled her into the studio and persuaded her to broadcast. She scored an immediate hit and it wasn't long before the networks got enthusiastic. Now the listeners who belong to the Richfield Country Club are tuning in to hear the dark haired, soft voiced southern gal chant ditties of young love under a great, big yaller Dixie moon.
ARLENE JACKSON

Her first opportunity was an accident—to somebody else

Lady Luck wandered into station KFI, Los Angeles, one day just as Arlene Jackson was being told that she might get an audition—in six weeks or so. Arlene was leaving the studio when an entertainer who was scheduled to go on the air phoned and said an accident would prevent arrival on time for the broadcast. Arlene was called back and asked if she could do the program without any rehearsal. Could she? And how! Half an hour after she stopped singing she was signing a contract. And in another year she was in New York on a network program. If that wasn’t the friendship of Lady Luck, it was probably the fruit of long study and hard work. At the ripe old age of three Arlene entertained a church sociable by rendering that touching ballad, “Dolly, I’m Sorry I Broke You.” At six, Miss Jackson first got chummy with a piano. Later she studied voice, dramatics, and piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and at sixteen landed her first contract as piano soloist on a Chautauqua circuit. She toured Canada, then went into vaudeville, and later journeyed to England to play in London musical comedies. Next came more trouping in the United States and Canada. Arlene’s now on the Buick program and doing nicely, thank you. She works hard and likes it. Every time she broadcasts she’s nervous as a kitten and won’t sing unless she has a handkerchief to massage in her fist.
SLIPPING and GRIPPING

PEOPLE have been complaining about uncomplimentary things we’ve said in this department. Some ask whether we say nice things only if we’re paid for it. The answer is “Yes.” You should see all the bon bons radio artists have sent us so we’ll say they’re lovely. (We sent out a circular letter telling them we had a “sweet tooth.”) And the fruit! We’ve had fruit, too, because the news got around that we’d do it for a big red apple. So they sent us watermelons. Now we’ve had to establish a scale of rates (we can’t live entirely on fruit and candy) and we ask that radio artists be governed accordingly. Hereafter a contralto will be “soothing” for a carton of Chesterfields, an actor or actress will give a “powerful, convincing performance” for a new pair of shoes (size 13), and a torch singer will get us “in a lather” for a new suit ($16.85—two pairs of pants). A comedian can be “screamingly funny” if he’ll buy us a new radio, a writer might be able to “hold us completely absorbed” with a month’s rent, a soprano could perhaps “put us in a dither” by buying us a trip to Bermuda, and an announcer might possibly persuade us that he has “a beautifully mellow delivery, utterly without unctuous”—in return for a Rolls Royce. The tariff may seem a trifle steep, but we’ve just found out what some of the other writing boys are getting. A couple of issues ago we made the mistake of being complimentary without getting a thing for it, but never again. From now on the boys and girls must “kick in” (as we used to say when we were just a mugg) or we pan ‘em. Of course, if they should kick in with a really good performance, that would melt us a little and we’d give them kind words, but not the pretty phrases mentioned above.

And if we don’t get out of this business pretty soon we’ll have to mail out another circular letter and ask them all to send us some cocaine.

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU—A & P GYPSIES

...Still an entertaining program. Nothing spectacular and no tricks—just music carefully selected for quality and variety, Harry Horlick’s good band. Frank Parker’s pleasant singing, and advertising that doesn’t make you bristle.

Jack Frost’s Melody Moments

...Conventional orchestra-and-singer type of show with Josef Pasternack as the satisfactory wand-waver and John Fogarty, Phil Dury, and the Melody Singers taking turns warbling the old timers. Advertising only fair, with cracks against “unidentified sugar” which made us realize, with a start, that all along we’ve been eating unidentified sugar without even dreaming that we were doing it.

American Album of Familiar Music...with Gus Haenschens’s Orchestra, Frank Munn, Elizabeth Lennox, and Ohman and Arden. This one deserves all of its tremendous popularity.

Light Opera Gems...Harold Sanford’s Orchestra and guest soloists doing well by that grand songwriting team, Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Voice of Experience...

Good human interest stuff that has swept the country. Too bad there are now so many imitators because, unless this type of program is done exceedingly well, it’s nothing but simon pure advice-to-the-lovelorn drivel. In the case of The Voice of Experience, we object strenuously to his plugging his sponsors. It makes the listener wonder about the honesty of The Voice’s opinions on the human problems he discusses. The Voice has mentioned Radio Fan-Fare in a couple of his programs and we’re grateful for the free advertising, but those plugs were entirely voluntary on the part of The Voice. If he hadn’t approved of the recent
article about him in Fan-Fare he could have panned us and we wouldn't have kicked.

John B. Kennedy . . . A trenchant writer whose comments combine sharp humor with horse sense. On our list of required listening.

Death Valley Days . . . Well done Western hokum with friendly personalities in the Old Ranger (Tim Frawley) and The Lonesome Cowboy (John White). Popular with the Old Folks At Home. Advertising O. K.
The Cuckoo Hour . . . We'd like to recommend anything that kids the ridiculous aspects of radio, but these programs should sound funnier than they do. Perhaps the edge is taken off the stuff burlesqued by Raymond Knight and his troupe by the fact that it's on tap for any listener eighteen hours a day over several hundred stations. Adelina Thomason, Mary McCoy, Eustace Wyatt, and Jack Arthur are the other Cuckoos who deserve a hand.

• • •

TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM—Just Relax . . . We like what Will Cuppy writes for The New Yorker, but the same kind of humor, as put on by him and Jeanne Owen, doesn't jell on the air.

Ralph Kirby . . . Pretty good voice, but anyone who is called The Dream Singer goes to bat with two strikes on him as far as we're concerned.

One Man's Family . . . Sermons that usually sound like sermons with ideas that will be startling only to shut-ins. Popular on the Pacific Coast for several years, this program is now on the networks. By taking up the problems of a "typical" family it attempts to be outspokenly modern. Somehow it all doesn't seem to carry conviction. Sorry.

Contended Program . . . Good music but the rest is pretty dull unless you like your singing and your sentiment saccharine. There's also poetry of the homely philosophy type. Need we say more?

• • •

PIPE THIS—You can't hate a guy who starts a program by saying, "If hokum's what you want, hokum's what you're gonna get 'cause that's what we've got plenty of"—who calls his entertainment a "disturbance"—who refers to the other performers as "ham actors" and "opera stars of the crossroads"—and who says, "My kingdom for an actor!" That's Pat Binford, folks—the truly appealing master of ceremonies of that row-de-dow Corn Cob Pipe Club show. New entertainers keep bobbing up on these programs and most of them are good. We wish there was space to mention the names of all we've enjoyed. The only regulars who miss are the comedians, Sawdust and Moonshine. They need fresher jokes. Squire Hicks has a swell radio voice. There are, in fact, almost no bad spots in this friendly, impromptu program. You're bound to like its unpretentiousness. Even the advertising is good, except when they make statements like "Men who do things are usually found to be pipe smokers." That's the bunk.

• • •

WANTED: A FLOCK OF SPONSORS—Nobody can say Columbia isn't putting on the sales pressure these days, what with all its unsponsored talent. Prospects either won't pay the price or are taking their time, knowing that if they lose one act they can get another just as good, and maybe for less. Bing Crosby has wanted too much money for radio, as he can make plenty in the movies. Morton Downey, as popular as ever, was piped to St. Louis to interest the beer boys. No go. Camels are nibbling for Mort, Jane Froman, and Stoopnaggle and Budd. Kate Smith, still a tremendous attraction, is willing to talk terms, but wants to look all around first and get just the right spot. She has plenty of work right now anyway—doing an Elsie Janis as chairman of the stage, screen, and radio entertainment committee of the NRA. With John Mills completely recovered after his attack of pneumonia, the Mills brothers and Don Redman's band are back on the networks, but with no advertising to sweeten the weekly pay check. We can't see that their enforced vacation hurt their value to sponsors, and they were certainly going great guns when they went out from under the ether. Connie, Martha, and Vet are back from Europe with Connie's mumps all gone, and the gals are wondering who's going to find a place for them in his ballyhoo budget. They're still the class of the field, but, with all the sister teams that have been imitating them, the public may be getting a bit fed up with that brand of harmony.

All we can say to this raft of talent is, "Happy landings . . . in some nice soft appropriations."

• • •

BOUQUETS—Barbara Maurel has a huge following among those who prefer something slightly classical. Her singing deserves to be featured more than it is . . . Willard Robison's "Synchronized Sermons" and his "Deep River" programs will please even an atheist, probably because they're so unlike real sermons . . . The Southernaires—now there's a negro quartet worth losing a little shuteye on Sunday to hear. They've been on the NBC network three years and should be moved to a later spot so more people can hear them . . . Those exchange programs from Canada are good. Caro Lamoureux, the soprano, and everyone else on the Sous Les Ponts De Paris half-hour (Continued on page 49)
THAR'S "OLD GOLD" IN THEM STILLS

JOHNNY DAVIS . . . is the "scat singer" of the band. Note the hands. Scat singers always rub the thumb and forefinger together as they yell, "Skeet'n Scat'n Hi-de-ho." Silly?

THE BAND . . . in action, with Poley and Johnny at the mike, Fred Waring waving the stick, brother Tom at the piano, and the Lane Sisters, Babs Ryan, and Mandy Lou looking on. Fred calls his mother in Tyrone, Pa., after each broadcast for her criticism.

BABS RYAN . . . christened Blanche, plays the piano and sings with her two brothers. When she was fourteen she taught music in the home village of Davidson, Tenn. Blonde—5 ft. 3 in., —112 pounds—calls all her friends "Tootsie."

PRISCILLA LANE . . . of the Lane Sisters. Fred and Mandy Lou at the other mikes. (Mandy Lou, by the way, is a college graduate.)

POLEY McCLINTOCK . . . has that foghorn voice you hear at odd moments. When not creating giggles with his frogish croaks, Poley plays the drums.
THE PERSONAL

The first time I met George Olsen (who's been doing such a swell job on the Chase and Sanborn Tea program) was in Havana, Cuba. You know, the place where the Presidents always wear their hats, because they never know when they may be leaving. George was playing at the Casino, one of the swellest pastime spots in the world. Not only was he playing with his band, but he was playing with the Casino roulette wheels, and the evening we arrived he hit the house for eight thousand berries.

The gang I was with included Ray Bill, publisher of this magazine; Clair Maxwell, proxy of Life; Bill Curley, managing editor of The New York Evening Journal; Rodney Boone, Hearst ad executive; and the artists, McClelland Barclay and Jefferson Machamer. Mr. Olsen wears what is usually described as a million dollar smile. This night it was a million and eight thousand dollar smile, and he welcomed us in grand style. (Or, rather, eight-grand style.) Everything was hunky dooley until someone in the party remembered that I knew the routine of the Five-Step. In case you don't remember it, this was a dance introduced by George White in one of his "Scandals" and it was danced to a tune of the same name. Mr. Bill and Mr. Maxwell also had a slight knowledge of the steps. I can't explain it now, but it seemed like a good idea at the time for us to show the other Casino guests how the thing went. So George agreed to play the tune. In fact, he insisted. Some of the guests liked it, and one very, very nice Cuban boy threw me a rose. I think he took it out of his hair. But a moment later I heard a dark, squat gentleman saying, "This is an outrage. These Americans should be asked to leave." This bird must have had something on the management, because they seemed to concur in his opinion.

However, it was a very nice party while it lasted, and George was charming. As I remember it, he even agreed to leave with us.

And speaking of policemen, did you ever hear how George started his courtship with his wife, Ethel Shutta? (Ethel has just started a new series of programs with Walter O'Keefe for Nestle's Chocolate.) At the time, Ethel was appearing in "Louis the Fourteenth," with Leon Errol, and also singing one number in the "Follies." To get from one theatre to the other and back again, Mr. Zeigfeld arranged for a motorcycle escort which led her through traffic.

In addition to this double shift Ethel was rehearsing for "Sally." One day she complained that her music was not being played right. Mr. Zeigfeld said, "Speak to the leader, Mr. Olsen, and he'll do something about it." He did—and how! That night when she stepped in her car to travel from "Louis the Fourteenth" to the New Amsterdam Theatre, where the "Follies" were playing, she found a man in the back seat. "I'm Olsen," he said. "I came to discuss your music." From then on she found George waiting every night, and he didn't quit discussing music with her until she finally said "Yes."

But he always complained that he had to woo her under police surveillance.

And in case you are one of the thousands who admire Miss Shutta's work on the air, you may be interested (if you don't already know it) in the pronunciation of her name. The accent is on the last syllable, and the word should be pronounced as if it were written "Shu-tay." (Shu as in "shut."
rived guest, and as she took the woman's hand she dropped a curtsey. "Either that's somebody or her foot slipped," I says to myself. And then taking another look I recognized my former luncheon partner.

"Hello, my friend," she said cordially, giving me a warm handclasp. "How are you, and what new stories have you for me?"

"So you two know each other," said Miss Leary, with a slightly quizzical expression.

"Oh, yes indeed," said my friend graciously, turning to me, "but I am afraid you must tell me again who you are."

"I'm Harry Evans, of New York," I said, being cute. "And now you must tell me who you are."

Miss Leary's face was a study.

"This is the Grand Duchess Marie," she said in a coldly calm voice, "of Russia."

The situation was saved by Marie's laugh, and I never heard a heartier one. When she stopped I said,

"I'm really very sorry, but I guess I didn't catch the name the first time we met."

What happened? She requested that our hostess seat us next to each other at dinner, we gossiped, we swapped stories, we danced—and I never hope to meet a sweeter, more regular person.

All this is apropos of radio because the Grand Duchess has appeared several times on the air, and right now several sponsors are trying to get her signature on contracts.

• • •

THERE have been some interesting tennis matches during the past few months. For instance, there were the Davis Cup matches, the Wightman Cup matches, the Southampton and Newport Invitation Tournaments, and the United States National Championships. But standing out as the most unusual tennis encounter of the year was the recent meeting of Paul Whiteman, NBC maestro, and Dudley Field Malone, internationally known lawyer, at the Atlantic Beach Club.

I speak as one of the two eyewitnesses of this struggle. The other was the artist James Montgomery Flagg, who was Mr. Malone's weekend guest.

It happened late on a Saturday afternoon, after all the regular tennis hounds had perspired and retired from the courts. I was walking down the equally deserted beach when a tennis ball suddenly fell at my feet. Looking around and seeing no one, I concluded that the ball must have come from the tennis courts, though how it could travel that far from home I couldn't imagine. Picking up the ball with the intention of returning it, I trudged over to the courts and there I saw the explanation.

Paul was serving. On his first ball, Dudley ducked, the pill whistled past his ear and hit the backstop on the fly. The next one floated over the net, Dudley charged in with the speed of an antelope and swung at it from Port Arthur, as the boys say. Socko! The ball cleared the backstop by fifty feet and, as Paul ran over to try to get a general idea of where it finally landed, Dudley said

"Aw, the hell with it."

They played four more points, looked around, walked solemnly to the net, shook hands, and started off the court.
“What's the matter?” I asked.
“Don't go, fellows. It's fun. Are you tired?”

They both smiled blandly and shrugged their shoulders. Then I looked around and saw the answer. They had run out of tennis balls. When I offered to lend them some more Paul said,

“No thanks. We never play longer than a dozen balls. That's how we know when the game's over.”

A LITTLE later I was telling some people about the match, and I mentioned the distance I saw Mr. Whiteman get on his last drive.

“You think that was a wild shot?” snorted Mr. Flagg. “Boy, you didn’t see anything. I went out to retrieve a couple of balls they hit, but after I located them I couldn’t bring them back.”

“Why not,” I inquired.

“Because,” Jim replied, “I didn’t have a guest card to the Lido Club.”

(Editor's Note: The Lido Club is several miles from the Atlantic Beach Club . . . at least.)

LATER that evening Kate Smith dropped in at the club for dinner with her manager, Ted Collins, and Mrs. Collins. There’s a threesome you seldom see separated. We had a swell time swapping radio gossip, and finally fell to discussing songs. When I asked her which of the recent crop of ditties she enjoyed singing most, she said,

“There have been so many good tunes lately it is hard to pick one. But I really believe my favorite of the past few months is ‘The Last Roundup.'”

Then I had what I thought was a real inspiration.

“Look here,” I exclaimed in the heat of my hunch, “why don’t you ever sing some of the songs you featured in the show, ‘Flying High’? For instance there’s ‘Without Love.' Say, if any one song really established your popularity on Broadway and led to your radio success, it was that one.”

Kate shook her head slowly, and all the fun went out of her expression.

“I’ve had plenty of requests to sing it,” she said grimly, “but I'll never sing a song from that show again as long as I live.”

Glancing up at Ted, I got one of those unmistakable looks. Then I

(Continued on page 46)
**FAN-FARE'S HUMOR CAFETERIA**

**Radio Comedians Help Yourselves**

**Minister:** Macpherson, I haven't seen you at church lately.

**Macpherson:** Oh, dinna bother yesel' a-bout that, eenister. Ye havena lost ma' business. I'm not gang anywhere else. — *Tit-Bits*

You can't blame the bankers for being sentimental about their golf. It's about the only thing they have that is still above par. — *Judge*

“How can I get my husband to tell me about his business affairs?” a wife asked Dorothy Dix.

Try to get him to buy a new car. — *Atlanta Journal*

First Man (in art museum)—Look! Here's the Mona Lisa.

Second Man—Aw, come on! That dame's smile reminds me of my wife's when she thinks I'm lying. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

An historian announces that women used cosmetics in the middle ages. Women still use cosmetics in the middle ages. — *Punch*

**Lecturer (giving radio audition):** Of course, you all know what the inside of a corpseule is like.

**Studio Official:** Most of us do, but you'd better explain it for the benefit of them as have never been inside one. — *Red Cat*

Did you hear of the Hollywood actress who went to Reno for a divorce and had to wire back for her husband's name? — *Passing Show*

As the doorman ran down the club steps to open the car door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps. “For heaven sake, be careful!” cried the club manager. “They'll think you're a member.” — *Le Rire*

Some folks don't even like to get up to see the dawn of a new era. — *Atlanta Constitution*

“Can I sell you a burglar alarm?” “No, but if you've got anything that will keep my wife from waking up when one visits us, trot it out.” — *Benton Times*

**Father:** What did your father say when you smashed the new car?

**Son:** Shall I leave out the swear words?

**Mother:** Yes, of course.

**Son:** He didn't say a word. — *Indiana Bored Walk*

Steamships, stabilized, lose their roll, whereas business, treated the same way, gets it back. — *Arkansas Gazette*

“How's your daughter's golf?” asked one grande dame of another.

“Oh, she is going around in less and less every week.”

“Yes, I know. But how about her golf?” — *Answers*

A professor at an American university complains that many of his lady undergraduates are more interested in love-affairs than in work. Putting the heart before the course, so to speak. — *Punch*

**Landra:** A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive.

**New Roomer:** Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive.

**Landra:** No'm, they're the professor. — *Annapolis Log*

One way to assure the peace of the world would be to arrange that a nation couldn't have another war until it had paid for the last one. — *American Lumberman*

“Let me see,” said the young man, thoughtfully. “I've got to buy flowers and chocolates and theatre tickets and—”

“Doing mental arithmetic?” asked his friend.

“Sentimental arithmetic,” he sighed. — *Pastime*

“A crocodile is harmless as long as he is occupied,” says an African explorer. Still, we shan't take any chances on being the occupant. — *Atlanta Journal*

**Teacher:** Now, if I write “n-e-w” on the blackboard, what does that spell?

**Johnny:** New.

**Teacher:** Now I'll put a “k” in front of it and what have we?

**Johnny:** Canoe. — *Boston Transcript*
LEAH RAY

she was elected to a fraternity!

How these youngsters do it is beyond us. Two years ago Leah Ray was in high school in Norfolk, Virginia, averaging 94 in all her school work, editing the school paper, and monopolizing the whole football squad. Then she and her folks went to Hollywood, and it wasn't long before she was featured with Phil Harris's orchestra at the swanky Cocoanut Grove. Maurice Chevalier dropped in one night, heard her sing, and immediately cast her for a prominent part in his picture, "A Bedtime Story"—although she had never had either stage or movie experience. For a gal one year out of high school to make the grade in two such hard-boiled spots as Hollywood and Broadway—well, she must have what it takes, that's all! And here's another amazing thing about Leah: She belongs to one of the oldest and largest fraternities for college men! Last year the Stanford University Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega initiated Leah and, whenever the brothers gather in convention, she's on hand to sing their favorite college ditties. Leah is now broadcasting from New York's Pennsylvania Roof, and we recommend that you tune in on her pronto.
BIG PRIZE CONTEST

By R. R. ENDICOTT

THE Big Prize Contest, of which the broadcasters are the high priests, got its original start selling papers, so to speak. You recall the white hot competition among the nation's youth twenty years ago for Shetland ponies, catcher's mitts and shiny new bikes with, yes sir, coaster brakes! Tame stuff, surely, when one realizes that today any child, with much less effort, can become eligible for a Grand Prize of $5,000 merely by letting a few simple rules guide him to answer properly the question, "How can I avoid Bird Cage Mouth?" or "Why do Reed's Irradiated Radishes prevent Social St. Helena?"

The whole technique of the Big Prize Contest has, therefore, changed. It is now the headline act on the Big Time, combining the best features of medicine show and pony contest glorified with better than Ziegfeldian artistry. It is designed to appeal to everyone, so the crowds are pulled in here with a hot-cha-cha and there with a bit of Brahms. The stakes have been multiplied many thousand times, making the Big Prize Contest more popular than any other indoor or outdoor sport.

It is not my intention to minimize the importance of the Big Prize Contest as a social phenomenon by treating it lightly. Neither is it my intention to disparage the suppliers of radio entertainment or the makers of advertisements. After all, whether you like what they do or not, their main job is to give the most people what they most want. Unquestionably, right now, they want contests—chances at big money. And advertisers are willing to give them these chances provided they think they can foresee a profit for themselves. Recently there were so many contests on one of the networks that officials of the company began to hear rumbles of "Nothing but contests," "Lotteries," "Cheap entertainment," "Monotonous," and so on. Now if there is anything a network likes to give its radioafs, it is variety, so a big decision, neatly combining good business with a high feeling for art, was reached: no new contests until one then running was over.

Radio is, of course, the logical medium for carrying the tidings of easy money to the folks because it makes possible a combination of come-on music and the Barker's spiel—the old medicine show technique. And add the fact that in the advertising business, as in every other, it is easier and safer to copy than to create (and usually more profitable) and you have the answer to why contests fill the air. Some show a sales profit above the cost of ballyhoo, overhead and prizes; others do what is known in the trade as a swell educational job. The rest are also-rans, but as yet their sponsors either
gentleman who wrote to one of our largest national advertisers as follows:

Last night you announced, on your radio program, prizes for the largest number of words made from the letters in your trade name. It is likely to cause you many a moment of anguish and I suggest that you take out insurance against—well, against a lot of things. It's this way:

Several months ago I heard a peanut company out in Iowa announce that prizes would be given to those who formed the letters in "Happy Days Peanuts" into the largest number of words. Just as diversion I started. Soon I saw it was more of a job than I thought. So I decided to take a small dictionary of about a thousand pages and make the list systematic. Well, I spent spare time for four evenings and then concluded that I'd better get a larger dictionary. With this I found that

my first list was entirely inadequate so I started all over again.

In all it took me eight evenings and two afternoons, fully eighteen hours. I finally had a list of 1,100 words. The prizes were ten watches and some bags of peanuts. When the contest closed the programs stopped. The awards were never broadcast. I never learned who won.

I lay awake nights spelling words and trying to memorize them to copy next morning only to forget them. I had nightmares in which I thought I had been shipwrecked in an endless sea of alphabet soup. My wife pleaded with me to quit. No, I said. I never quit unless I'm licked but (Continued on page 49)
Rudy Vallee picked Phil Harris to follow him at the Pennsylvania Roof, New York, and if you know how particular Rudy is, that means something. Phil has had a phenomenal rise in the musical world. He and his orchestra were a tremendous hit for eighteen months at Hollywood's famous Cocoanut Grove. Then they moved on to Chicago's College Inn where they scored another amazing success. Phil has made a couple of movies. One, a short called "So This Is Harris," got good reviews. The other, a feature called "Melody Cruise," proved that Phil is not well suited for romantic movie roles. When he was a student at Lebanon Military Academy he organized his first band. It was made up of his classmates, and after graduation he took them on a tour of the United States and Australia. On his return he went into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Los Angeles and has never been away from California for long since. At times there is something reminiscent of the late Bert Williams in Phil's deep and sonorous singing voice. Then, again, he displays vocal mannerisms which bring Harry Richman to mind.

PHIL HARRIS

Bert Williams' low notes—Harry Richman's style
It's gratifying to be able to say truthfully that Peggy's radio acting is equal to her beauty. Nothing further need be said on that point. Peggy plays leading roles in the "Princess Pat" program which is broadcast over an NBC network from Chicago. She can claim the long distance commuting record for radio artists. A year ago she married Hugh Whipple, an announcer who talks to 'em from a Davenport, Iowa, station. Now Peggy makes the trip to Chicago for each of her broadcasts. Although she's only a little more than twenty, Peggy has been in radio about three years. Before that she played in stock a year. She was born in Northumberland, England, educated at Ward-Belmont School in Nashville, Tenn., and at National Park Seminary in Washington. Peggy's a blonde with brown eyes, and without high heels measures five feet three.
LATEST GOSSIP
heard around the studios of
LOCAL STATIONS

Collected by
BARRY STEVENS

KMOX—St. Louis

MERVYLFREIDEL, the live
wire in charge of spreading the
good news at KMOX, reminds us of
this and that: KMOX gets many of
its sound effects from a comedian
known as Checkerboard Sam, whose
versatile vocal chords can imitate a
pack of hounds chasing and killing
a wild cat, two dogs getting a hog
out of a potato patch, and early
morning on a farm—starting with
the rooster and going through the
whole routine of barnyard noises.
Anybody who needs a little more
noise in his life should get in touch
with Sam. That program with Art
Gilham, the well known whispering
pianist, and Tommy the Office Boy
is one you shouldn’t miss.
Art, by the way, recently had a rail-
road car named after him—“The
Art Gilham Special.” It was put ex-
clusively at his disposal for a trip to
the World Fair in Chicago. This
was the first time any railroad has
ever been so nice to a radio per-
former. Dick Macaulay’s “Knut-
krackers” sketches should be
heard, by all means. Dick is author
and chief knutkracker. Not long
ago Dick kidded sponsors who offer
gifts in return for coupons. He
offered a free “Holy Moses Pneu-
matic Hammer” and the fans sent
him stacks of phony cigar bands
and three paper monkey wrenches
. KMOX got a letter the other day
from a deaf man in Arkansas, saying
he listens constantly to programs by
putting a small steel file between his
teeth and then touching his radio
set. Station engineers explain that
steel is sensitive enough to pick up
a wide range of frequencies such as
are used in modern broadcasting
equipment. Carl Hohengarten,
KMOX musical director, is a real
trouper. A few minutes before an
important dramatic audition last
week one of the cast phoned he
couldn’t make it. Frantic search
around the studio revealed no actor
who could take the part. Although
he had never done a dramatic part
and with only a few minutes to go
over the script, Carl did the job so
well that only the producer and the
other actors knew a substitute had
been used. Marvin E. Mueller,
youngest announcer for KMOX, is
a second Phil Cook. Marv has forty
characters he can step into quicker
than you can say KMOX. Tuesday
is audition day at KMOX and
about one hundred aspirants to radio
fame come in for tryouts. They’re
of all ages, from all walks of life,
and they often travel a good many
miles for a chance before the mike.
Last week brought a frail, bent,
poorly dressed woman of seventy
who played concert piano composi-
tions with delicate hands that still
showed evidence of artistic sensi-
tivity, but now refused to do the
bidding of their owner. Another
hopeful was a young boy of seven
who, with doting mother standing
close by, did imitations of famous
people. And next came a trio of
young girls full of hot-cha music;
and so on and on and on. Ralph
Stein, in charge of auditions at
KMOX, is fortunately a swell judge
of human nature. With infinite pa-
tience he listens to everybody, sym-
pathetically breaks the news to those
who won’t do, suggests the proper
training to those who show promise,
and gets all excited over the rare
“find” who possesses the talent
which good radio shows require.
J. L. Van Volkenburg, president of
KMOX, is probably the youngest
man in radio to hold such a promi-
inent position. Van is only 29 years
old. He used to have an act on the
Keith circuit. He is a good musi-
cian and singer, and knows the en-
tertainment business inside and out.
Smart fellow. His life story is al-
most too good to be true. Too bad
Horatio Alger didn’t know about
him. And here’s a tip for other
radio stations to follow: KMOX has
a program, “The Exchange Club,”
which ideas and suggestions sent
in by listeners are broadcast for the
benefit of other listeners. Harold E.
Bolande, staff announcer, is the
originator and “broker of ideas” of
the program. The suggestions range
from novel home-making ideas to
offers for exchanging services for
commodities, like dental service for
a sewing machine, or general repair-
ing for a violin. The program has
become so popular that it’s impos-
sible to broadcast every idea received.
So the KMOX Exchange Bulletin
has been started. It’s published once
a week and prints all the ideas not
given over the air. Subscribers are
charged enough to cover the cost of
printing and mailing, and the bulle-
tin now has a circulation of ten
thousand. Here’s one for the
book: Two listeners, one in Fulton,
New York, and the other in Pine
Bluffs, Arkansas, liked the KMOX
Farm Folks Hour so much that they
actually paid for advertisements in
their local newspapers to tell other
people how good it was so they could
enjoy it, too. There are real radio
fans for you!

KYA—San Francisco

EUGENE MANCINI, romantic
tenor who gained wide popular-
ity as conductor of the “Souvenirs of
Italy” program, is now giving a song
recital every Monday evening. Already the fan mail has proven that Eugene is one of KYA's greatest drawing cards. Bob Robb, the Sports Reviewer, has a brand new commission in the U. S. Army. Bob is a second lieutenant in the Military Intelligence Reserve. If you're at all interested in art, don't miss that new series of talks by Helen Gordon Barker. Helen gives out dope on the Old Masters that any layman can understand. And while you're at it, be sure and catch the act put on three times a week by Eb and Zeb, those funny, funny fellows from Corn Center. Virginia Miller, staff pianist, is celebrating her tenth year in radio. Judging from her looks, Virginia must have started broadcasting when she was in grammar school. Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, well known NBC dramatic players, are worth hearing in that new skit: "Jack and Ethel in Roads to Hollywood." G. Donald Gray, announcer and staff baritone, is passing out cigars. Are you going to tell the youngster what the "G" stands for, Don? Donald Novis is good in that "Strange Adventures in Strange Lands" show on Friday nights. The San Francisco Department of Education is now using KYA regularly for broadcasting timely announcements to teachers and educators. Lester Malloy, high school student announcer who has broadcast weekly editions of high school news for the last twenty months, is now writing a radio column for a newspaper syndicate. Ten papers print Lester's stuff. Nice going, boy. A prominent railroad official tries to set his watch daily by the government time signal relayed by KYA from Mare Island. If he misses the signal he always calls up and gets the correct time. Chef Hanges has found his menu mail a constant blow to his self-respect. Listeners can't seem to get his name right. The latest laugh he got was a letter which started "Dear Chympanzie."

WSM—Nashville

Chuck and Ray, the Harmony Slaves, featured for several years with the Sinclair Minstrels, sing with a card index at their elbows. Whenever a request comes in for a number a card is whipped out of the file and the boys give the listener what he wants. Chuck and Ray have on file all of the popular songs of the last thirty-five years and they have never repeated a number except by urgent request. When WSM was started in 1925 it had a ten-foot office and one secretary, Zena Jones. Although the station now employs about 100 people, almost every business transaction still passes through the hands of Zena. Quiet and unassuming, Zena has never had nor wanted publicity. But those who know the reasons for the success of WSM will gladly tell you that the station has had few assets so valuable as the intelligence and pleasant personality of Zena Jones. Except for the Eiffel Tower, which has recently been used for broadcasting, WSM's new single antenna (878 feet high) is the tallest broadcasting structure in the world. On a stormy day the tip of the antenna pierces the low-lying clouds and acts as a lightning rod, discharging the clouds that become charged with electricity. During the discharge, a blue haze appears around the ball on top of the flagpole which caps the antenna. When the charge in the clouds becomes too great, a bolt of lightning runs down the tower and goes into the ground, although it is not visible more than a quarter of the way down. WSM's gigantic lightning rod thus clears the atmosphere for miles around and is a protection instead of a danger to the immediate community. Facts about WSM's Grand Old Opry: Oscar Stone, the fiddler with Dr. Humphrey Bates and his Possum Hunters, is the father of ten children, and Arthur Smith, head of the Dixie Liners, has just as many. Arthur can play a fiddle until it burns. He says he can play about four hours straight and no one has yet dared to doubt his word. DeFord Bailey, the little hunchbacked colored boy who is the harmonica wizard of the Saturday night shindig, receives letters every week from all over the country asking him what special kind of instrument he plays. The answer is that they're just ordinary little mouth organs. It's the way DeFord handles them that makes them sound different. The Delmore brothers, Alton and Rabon, learned to play those guitars that way a good many years ago in Abbeville. After picking cotton in the hot sun all day they turned to music for diversion in the evening. These two soft spoken but hard fisted boys now have a large repertory of old folk songs that sound as if they might have come out of the Ark itself. Uncle Ed Poplin and the other members of the Poplin Band drive the seventy-five miles between Lewisburg and Nashville every Saturday night just to play in the Grand Old Opry. There's nothing too good we can say about Fred Shriver, the beloved member of the Opry company who passed away a few weeks ago. Blind from infancy, Fred educated himself and studied music. He never whimpered about his affliction. Tapping his way around the city, he did his daily work with a smile and a good word for everybody. He considered that his mission was to entertain people. His entire life was a shining example of courage of the highest order. Little Jimmie Sizemore, the five-year-old radio star,
Not only is Margaret one of radio’s outstanding charmers, through her portrayal of Dorothy Regent in the "Chandu" series (over the Don Lee stations along the Pacific Coast), but she also is very much in demand in the movie studios between her broadcasts. She has a face the camera loves to touch (and one that doesn’t have to be retouched). For the past three years Margaret has been so busy playing Dorothy Regent, making electric transcriptions, and doing film work, that she hasn’t had time for any sort of a vacation. However, we will reserve our sympathy for gals not so generously endowed with talent and good looks.
DIANA CHASE, the Boston deb who gave up Society for the thrills of Broadway and radio. Her rich soprano is heard over WINS, New York.

STUART BUCHANAN and Betty Wobb of the "Omar Khayyam" show on KHJ, Los Angeles. "I loaf you," says Omar, as he lugs the jug and prepares to take a bough.

MARY ROSETTI and Alan Rogers have just received twenty pounds of new gags by air mail. They're two of the principal funsters of "The Royal Order Of Optimistic Doughnuts" program on KNX, Los Angeles.

GINGER, one half of "Bill and Ginger," the popular harmony team that broadcasts from WCAU, Philadelphia. Ginger used to be a dancer, and her real name is Virginia Baker.

TIM RYAN, star of "Tim Ryan's Nite Club" on KPO, San Francisco, was born in New Jersey, raised in Oklahoma, got his stage start in Texas, and covered the country in vaudeville with his present radio partner, Irene Noblette. Swell team of air performers.

FRANK NOVAK, The One Man Band, plays twenty instruments and can be heard over lots of local stations in the recorded "Outdoor Girl" programs.
ART GILHAM, "The Whispering Pianist," who ad libs his way through the program of the Enterprise Cleaning Company over KMOX, St. Louis.

FLORA FERN BLACKSHAW, contralto, and Florence Golden, actress, (who have plenty on the ball) taking it easy at Cincinnati's Coney Island after a hard day at WLW.

"JOE TWIRR," who is the stuttering reporter (and very funny) in the "Royal Order Of Optimistic Doughnuts" skits on KNX, Los Angeles. Joe is radio's Roscoe Ates. If you've seen Mr. Ates on the screen you'll appreciate the compliment.

EILEEN WENZEL, famous "Follies" and "Vanities" beauty, has been heard in a series of beauty talks on WMCA, New York. The rumor is that a sponsor is about to sign Eileen up for another series.

BETTY WEBB (without her drapes this time) is the talented Glenvale, California, girl who plays Mercedes in "The Count Of Monte Crisco" every weekday night over WOR, Newark; WBBM, Chicago; KNX, Los Angeles.

COL. BOB NEWHALL, WLW's Mail Pouch Sportsman, interviews the royalty of sport on his weekly broadcast. Recently Jack Dempsey and Max Baer gave Bob's fans the low-down.
once got 13,000 letters after one fifteen minute broadcast. He and his dad just finished a personal appearance tour through the south and middle west during which they broke fifty-one house records over a period of six months. . . . Arthur "Tiny" Stowe, the popular announcer and continuity writer, went home to Texas for his vacation. Velma Dean, Tiny's wife, has been headlining in vaudeville in Texas this summer. She is back now, singing the blues with the two other members of the Three On A Mike trio. . . . Don't let anybody tell you that religious broadcasts don't have a big following. Especially when the speakers are as interesting as Dr. James I. Vance, Dr. Roger T. Nooe, Dr. John L. Hill, and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. . . . Freddie Rose, the veteran composer and entertainer who is now on the staff of WSM, has just released five brand new songs. Most of Freddie's ditties are what are known as "heart songs." Freddie says he writes about the everyday sparks from the grindstone of life. His latest sparks are: "In My Book Of Dreams," "That Old Leather Pocketbook Of Mother's," "I Am In The Spell Of The Night," "So Happy," and "To Think It Had To Happen To Me." . . . Ole Bill, the Shield Man who broadcasts for the National Life and Accident Insurance Company every evening, has been in radio for more than ten years. His real name is Dean Yocom. He began life on a farm in Kentucky and studied music with several prominent teachers in Chicago. Dean tries to plan his programs so that they will appeal to the whole family and he has become a welcome visitor in tens of thousands of homes. His deep and mellow voice carries with it a friendliness that will not be denied. Dean thinks that radio is a great help to humanity in many ways. He says, for example, that it gives people a chance to express themselves in writing letters, which is good business for Uncle Sam and releases a lot of steam that might break out in more dangerous ways. To prove his point, Dean showed us a letter he got last week: "My Dear Friend—I come to you in a great hour of trouble because I believe you are someone whom I can really trust. I hope you will advise me to the best of your ability in this grave matter and answer me as you would a member of your own family in trouble. The question I am about to ask is more serious than life and death and the inevitability of taxes. I dare not even sign my name, so think this over carefully and give me your unqualified attention. The question is, "Will Jeff ever be as tall as Mutt?" . . .

The University of Kentucky is doing fine work in bringing educational opportunities, through radio, to the sparsely settled and inaccessible sections in the eastern part of the state. Many new "listening centers" have just been established in the Kentucky mountains where schools are few and far between. The names of the communities where the centers have been established may interest you: Caney Creek, Davella, Wooten, Hyden, Dry Hill, Stinnett, Beech Fork, Pippa-pass, Bolyn, Vest, Mars Fork, and Thousand Sticks. Several of the receiving sets put into service are battery sets donated by Kentuckians and residents of nearby states. Mountaineers from miles around come to the centers regularly to listen to educational broadcasts from the university and to 'other worth while programs. Already this method of instruction by radio has been a tremendous success because of the eagerness of the "students" to obtain information and training that they could not otherwise get.

Here and There

When an orchestra leader can keep the personnel of his band intact for three years without a change in the line-up, it's a pretty good indication that he knows how to get the best out of his men and that the orchestra has become "smooth" through working together for such a long period. Norman Cloutier has done this very thing with his Merry Madcaps. Norm has been a member of the WTIC (Hartford, Conn.) staff since 1926 and is now associate musical director of that station, in charge of dance music broadcasts. Before taking up radio he was a bank clerk, with violin playing and orchestra directing as a sideline. When he found himself writing sharps and flats instead of dollar signs and percentage symbols in his ledgers, he resigned his bank job—to the benefit both of the bank and himself—and devoted all his time to music . . . Eddie Peabody, master of the banjo and thirty-one other instruments, is certainly pulling the customers into the Safeway stores with his lively program over KDYL (Salt Lake City) . . . Nancy Garner, the Corsicana, Texas, gal who soprano over WPAA (Dallas), is a niece of John Nance Garner. Remember him?
Here's a girl who's burned plenty of young men up. There's something about that throaty voice that gets 'em. Stay away, television! Frances is a contralto by accident. While she was in a Florida boarding school she had her tonsils out. And the first time she sang after that her lyric soprano had entirely disappeared! During Frances' four years at Southern College she sang on a commercial program over a Tampa station. Rudy Vallee, vacationing in the south, visited the studio and heard her. A week later she was a guest star on a Fleischmann program broadcast from New Orleans. It was a good start, but only after months of hard work did she become a star. Frances is just past twenty-one and weighs about 100 pounds. Her complexion is dark and she has coal black hair. When she sings you could shoot a machine gun on the University of Florida campus and not hit a soul. All the lads are squatting, moon-eyed, around their radios, and thinking of the days when Frances was the belle of their hops. You can't blame, can you?

FRANCES LANGFORD
SHORT-WAVE FAN-FARE

A Department of Radio Information

Conducted by ZEH BOUCK, The Circuit Judge

WHEN winter comes, old man Boreas will undoubtedly bring along with him the usual improvement in short-wave receiving conditions—notably on the 13 to 25 meter band. Long distance short-wave communication is, actually, far less affected by seasonal variations than is long-wave reception. (This is partly because short-wave reception is consistently carried on between winter and summer hemispheres, and partly because summer static is less violent on the high frequencies.) But, even so, generally improved reception should be noted in the U. S. A. as cold weather sets in. Noise on the 25 to 50 meter band should be reduced, fading will be less severe and of slower periods—unless some unsuspected sun-spots go off on a rampage.

RECEIVING SHORT-WAVES

THERE are available to the short-wave broadcast fan several methods of receiving signals below the conventional broadcast band. It is already known that a good broadcast receiver, and does not care to splurge in the wave of short-wave investment, he can supplement his present equipment with an adaptor or a converter.

The adaptor is the cheapest—and also the least efficient—system of short-wave reception. It consists of a device, often incorporating only one tube, which is plugged into the detector socket of the broadcast receiver. The detector tube itself is removed, and usually placed in the adaptor. The adaptor, technically, is nothing more than a short-wave receiver—idem a good one—which utilizes part of the broadcast receiver for amplification and reproduction. The section of the broadcast receiver which contributes the real efficiency on the broadcast waves is eliminated.

The converter is a more complicated and effective arrangement which is connected between the antenna and ground and the broadcast receiver. It converts the short-wave signal to a broadcast wave and turns it over to the broadcast set where it goes through the usual processes. The converter system therefore utilizes the full efficiency of the receiver itself. The principal drawback to the converter is the probability of a high noise level—due usually to poor matching between the converter and receiver. If, in operating a converter, you find the noise considerably worse than on the broadcast waves, take the matter up with a good serviceman and tell him, with a perfectly straight face:

I'm not satisfied with the signal-to-noise ratios, and suspect that a lack of impedance balance between the output of the converter and the input circuit of the receiver is the fault.

gest that you investigate this—probably changing the input circuit to a better match at the intermediate frequency. I'd do it myself, only my signal generator and output wave have been parked up somewhere in the garage with the Russian crown jewels.

If he's not enough of an engineer to make the alteration, have him communicate with the makers of the converter and receiver for detailed information on the most efficient method of combining the two units.

Best short-wave results will be secured with a high grade, single control short-wave superheterodyne, operated altogether independently of your broadcast receiver. However, the most satisfactory all around combination is, as we explained last month, an all-wave receiver. There are several excellent ones on the market.

GENTLEMEN ONLY!

ZFB, Hamilton, Bermuda, on 29.8 meters, provides one side of the international daylight phone channel with WNB, New York. With the exception of some ship-to-shore communication, this is the only traffic of any importance that is usually unscrambled—that is, intelligible on the usual home receiver. The fact that speech may occasionally be of dubious articulation can be blamed on the well known characteristic of the Bermudian land telephone system, rather than on deliberate messing up by an inverter.

We publish this information in order that all of us—gentlemen of course—will eschew the portion of the dial surrounding 29.8 meters and not eavesdrop on private conversations, particularly when they are of a confidential nature. To date we have received requests for additional funds, one bride asking personal information from her mother, and one description of the ingredients and technique going into the manufacture of a Planter's Punch.

However, most of the ZFB—WNB conversations are explanations by the Hamilton operator of why the party at Paget, or Warwick, or Tuckertown cannot be reached for several hours—usually because he is at Elbow Beach, or at the Mid-Ocean Course, or the Riddler's Bay Links, or fishing, or cycling, or has just hung out a "Please do not disturb" sign at the bar.

CUCKOOS AND BUGLE CALLS

IDENTIFYING sounds, borrowed from the zoo and laboratory, seem to be the same order of sine qua non to short-wave radio that the theme song was to the early talkie.

Station VE9HX, Halifax, N. S., broadcasts a four gong signal before each half hour announcement. VE9HX is on the air daily, from 8:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M., and from 5:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M., on 40 meters.

CT1AA takes a tip from the ultimate fate of short-wave fans, and broadcasts the notes of the cuckoo bird before and after broadcasts, and occasionally before announcements or between selections.

CT1AA is Lisbon, Portugal, broadcasting Tuesdays and Fridays on 31.2 meters. Best reception is from 4:00 to 8:00 P. M. —EST.

Rabat, Morocco (no call letters), accompanies announcements with the beat of a metronome. Rabat is on 32.3 meters, daily, and is heard best early in the afternoons in the eastern part of the United States.

VK3ME, Melbourne, Australia, 31.5 meters, reverts to the zoo, opening and closing the program with the laughing notes of the lookakabea bird (sage Doctor Traprock). VK3ME may be received in America early Sunday mornings—about 5:00 A.M.—EST.

Station T4NRH, plumb on 31 meters, goes in for bugle calls between selections. We prefer the bugle calls. T4NRH is located in Heredia, Costa Rica, and broadcasts a daily schedule from 5:00 to 7:00 P. M.—EST.

Daventry, England (GSE, 25.3 meters, GSD, 25.5 meters, GSC, 31.3 meters, GSB, 31.5 meters, and GSA, 49.6 meters), broadcasts a 1000 cycle tuning signal for fifteen minutes preceding each transmission.

DJD, Zeessen, Germany, takes piano lessons and plays six chords over and over for hours at a time. Transmission follows no set schedule and is on 25.5 meters. The piano is excellent.

We had an idea that we had discovered a new one the other day—up here in our rural listening post. The characteristic signal was the faint tinkling of a bell, and it stunned us every time we tried to center the carrier. When we finally discovered that it was all over the dial our suspicions were aroused. A quick investigation disclosed that it was Guernsey—cow, not England—just outside the shack.

SHORT-WAVE ANTI-NOISE ANTENNAS

JUST what can be done in the way of noise reduction on amateur short-wave antennas is a matter of much argument pro and con—the con part being taken, for the greater part, by the manufacturers of inefficient equipment. Noise reduction is based on the basis that if the antenna is high and clear, artificial static, caused by automobiles, power line leakage, etc., will be (Continued on page 48)
Here we see Amos 'n' Andy doing their daily exercise on the balcony of their office high up in a Chicago skyscraper. It seems a little odd, doesn't it, to realize that the boys are really big business men in Chicago besides being in the taxicab business in Harlem? This exercising is not just a publicity stunt, either, we'll have you know. The boys would never be able to do all the work they do unless they kept in the best possible trim. And just think what would happen if one of them became ill and couldn't go on the air! They're now starting the fifth year of their Pepsodent program and we hope that the next four will be even more successful than the last. Amos 'n' Andy fully deserve their great success. They have written every word that they have spoken on the air—more than two million words—which would be no small writing job for several men to do in the same time. One of the amazing things about the partnership is the harmony with which Gosden and Correll work. Correll (Andy) is the balance wheel of the combination. His is the jovial personality that always moves on an even keel. Gosden is the dynamo that drives hard as long as there is an ounce of energy left. Both boys live the parts of their brain children when they are writing the scripts or are in the studios. At other times they regard them as separate characters—two people whom they know very well, but who are in no way connected with the everyday personalities of Messrs. Gosden and Correll.

CHARLES J. CORRELL
"OH, WHAT'S AN INNOCENT GAL TO DO?"

By MARGARET D. WORTHINGTON

It's getting so you don't know what to believe with all the magazines, newspapers, and now radio advertising everything as the best. If people believed all they heard and saw they would be crazy in no time at all.

Take the radio program that advertises Tangee lipstick. I bet no girl will come right out and say that she lets her friend kiss her and that it doesn't come off—the lipstick I mean. I know my friend says, "What do you put that stuff on for? You know I hate it." But a girl can't go around looking as if she were sick or something. I think this stuff about it giving you more charm is a lot of bunk, too, as I don't see any new men rushing around to date me up.

I'm also kind of disappointed in Walter Winchell. I always read every line he writes and I know he tells the truth about most people even though it hurts, but I can't say the same for the lotion he advertises. Maybe I haven't used it long enough, but I got a bottle at Woolworth's and used it almost all up the first couple of nights. I didn't see any change and so I couldn't figure why I should buy more. Walter's sponsor says it will give you charm and that you will be alluring, but I fail to see it. My friend didn't notice it. All he said was, "What is that funny smelly stuff on your hands?" He smelled it because I tried patting his face as I've seen the stars do in the movies, but he didn't like it. So I guess I'll just keep on using Lifebuoy so they can't say I've got B.O. I thought maybe that lotion might help my nails grow but I guess they don't make it for that purpose. Anyway, it didn't help.

My skin is rather dark and I thought from what they said on the radio that maybe that Linit stuff would help make it white. But I tried it and as far as I can see my skin is just as dark as ever and I have to use just as much powder as always. Linit does smell nice but is sort of gritty on the bottom of the tub. Maybe the water was not hot enough to melt all the powder. Anyway, it wasn't very comfortable. I'd like to see some of these girls they claim have all that charm just from using a package of some kind of bath salts. Nobody I know ever gets that kind of results.

And doesn't it make you mad to hear all the things they say about coffee? They say you can do it better on dated coffee. What can you do any better? I tried a can of it to compare with the nineteen-cent kind from the A & P which I have been using. I didn't find that I did anything any better on dated coffee I was late at the office just as often and hated getting up just as much. I got just as sick of trying to curl my hair. I don't think they make those tests on real people. They must use some sort of a mechanical thing which accelerates results because I can't see one bit of difference between the kind of coffee we've always used and the kind they advertise. My mother says she wishes I'd not be such a sucker and buy everything advertised over the radio, but I say to her that she's not progressive. I ask her, "How can you learn anything unless you try new things?" But I guess she wins because we never see anything different after I go and buy the stuff. I guess I ought to take my money and get a permanent wave instead. I wish they would advertise a good place where I could get my hair done to look like Joan Crawford's for about $5, but now that I consider it, I don't recall ever hearing anything advertised over the air that I really wanted and could also afford to buy.

It's a good thing I don't care much about smoking. I try to do it once in a while just to make my friend mad, but that's about all. I listen to the radio to try and find out which one won't hurt my throat and what I hear just about drives me crazy. One minute they tell you not to smoke a cigarette that's toasted and the next minute they say to smoke one that is toasted because it is better for your throat. Then in about fifteen minutes they say that another kind is the only kind that satisfies, and next you hear about a smooth one. Well, honestly, I am just sick from trying to find which one of them is right for me. I guess I'll just have to use one of each in order to be sure that I have the right one, but as long as I don't smoke more than one a day I guess none of them will hurt me.

My friend says he would go crazy if he paid any attention to all the gasoline programs on the air. He says gas is gas and all the poppycock they say about it won't make his car go any faster. I am certainly glad to hear that as you have no idea what a reckless driver he is. He is just a daredevil. I always tell mamma that if I don't come home she'll know I've been killed in an auto accident as my friend just doesn't care how he drives. I really like fast driving, but I have to scream and pretend I don't or there's no telling what he might do. He's very funny that way. He says that soon when you buy a gallon of gasoline you'll be disappointed unless a rabbit jumps out of each can.

I pride myself on being modern, but I do think that some things are better left unsaid. Honestly, it seems as if nothing is in bad taste any more. I thought I'd just die when my friend and I were listening to a program and the announcer started to talk about a laxative. I felt that if I turned the program off it would make things worse because my friend might not have noticed it. I've observed that sometimes when I'm talking to him he's paying no attention to me so I was hoping that he wouldn't notice that program. Well, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar when he said he guessed he'd try some of that stuff sometime. He said he remembered his mother used to give him sulphur and molasses in the spring and he guessed it was about the same thing. I just could not answer him, I felt so terrible. I really felt that I wanted to write to the station and give them a piece of my mind. They don't seem to care how they embarrass us young women these days.
SHOW BOAT ON SHORE LEAVE

LAST Sunday some of the Maxwell House Show Boat troupe decided it was time to get away from it all so they piled into a car, rode up to the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, and had themselves a time. The club photographer thought it was a good chance to get a bit of publicity so he stalked the stars. As long as we’re printing his pictures, we’ll fill up what space is left with some stuff about the boys and girls which you may not know.

Lancelot Patrick (Lanny) Ross, that old lawyer from Columbia, is about to tangle with the talkies. Paramount has just given him a five year contract. Lanny goes to Hollywood in January. They’ll pipe his tenor into the Show Boat program from one of the West Coast stations.

Lanny, by the way, almost had a chance recently to be a Sir Lancelot and rescue a fair maiden in distress. Annette Hanshaw was ill for two weeks and couldn’t sing on the program. The script writers were in a fix because they knew listeners would expect her absence to be explained. The brain trust finally decided to have Annette kidnapped (now there was an original idea!) and then have Lanny gallop up on his charger, knock the kidnappers for a flock of home runs, and bring little Annette back to her breathless public.

The plan was vetoed by the NBC officials (and quite wisely) because of the recent McMath kidnapping in Massachusetts which was supposedly “inspired” by a radio kidnapping.

Conrad Thibault, who not so long ago was a floorwalker, is celebrating his first anniversary this month as a network warbler. Now he is featured on three important commercial programs: Maxwell House, Buick, and Phillip Morris. That’s a phenomenal record, Conrad, and you deserve all your success.

Muriel Wilson isn’t far behind Conrad in the amount of time she puts in on the air. Besides being the Show Boat’s heavy love interest she charms the radioafs (Good God! We’re writing like Winchell!) in Light Opera Gems, Light Opera Nights, and National Opera Company programs. Muriel was born in New York City and still lives in the same house where she let out her first high note. She used to have a job checking up on people who failed to pay their income taxes.

Charles Winninger, a Black River, Wisconsin, boy, started entertaining the folks publicly when he was seven. Crashing New York at twenty-three, he did everything possible to get the critics to notice his work. Finally Alan Dale, the famous play reviewer, summed up a Winninger performance with this line: “Something with a German accent came on the stage.” Charlie now chuckles constantly when he talks into the microphone. Maybe he’s still thinking about Mr. Dale’s remark.
VOICE OF THE LISTENER

I have been a reader of Radio Digest for years and felt very sorry when it began slipping and finally ended in FAN-FARE, which would be more appropriately Fan Fare. Taking an example from your magazine, I am going to criticize, but I hope that my criticism will be constructive.

First, I do not like the pictures. They are too small and are very poorly printed and arranged. One good picture of an artist is better than many poor ones.

Second, the same artists are played up month after month, with only fragmentary write-ups. One good write-up is worth several sketchy ones.

Third, the department which I particularly dislike, "Slipping and Gripping." In a very short time an artist becomes a dear member of the family and one does not like to have him or her publicly annihilated. Just because Tuna has indigestion and is a little deaf in the left ear, must we forsake our favorites? The only way to judge the success of a program is by popular vote, and very popular it is. It is humanly impossible for an artist to register 100%, twelve months of the year. Tuna has only been on the job four months and is showing signs of skidding. After all, what is one man's (or woman's) opinion?

Perhaps you are not aware that you have a very dangerous rival in the magazine called "Radio Stars." This is just a friendly tip.

I wonder if you are courageous enough to print this if severe opinion of your publication—J. L. Nesbith, Union-town, Pennsylvania.

During the past several months I have become an interested reader of your publication and consider it the best radio magazine on the newsstands. This is due not only to your excellent articles, but also to your frank criticism of current programs and popular songs. I particularly admire your practice of not being afraid to mention names in these criticisms, a characteristic notably absent in other radio publications. — WALTER LORD, 4314 Roland Court, Baltimore, Maryland.

Please send me your next number; the one I have is marked Summer Number.

It really is the best radio magazine printed. I also think that a lot of your criticisms have helped, for some of these programs have either got a lot better, or gone off the air entirely.

We like the music of Richard Himber of the Essex House, New York, and the singing of Joe Marsh; also the Hotel Lexington music.

We like Ben Bernie, too, but we know what he is going to say and play before he starts; if he were not so likeable, it would be very tiresome.

Thanks again for the pleasure your magazine gives us.—MRS. CHARLES F. KEENE, HOTEL PARK LANE, CHICAGO.

Your stories are interesting; the pictures are new! I'm particularly grateful for the picture and story of Conrad Thibault. The story alone has made me a Thibault listener. I shouldn't be surprised if I'd break out and echo the "call for Philip Morris"—all of which is neither here nor there, but no doubt would please the sponsor.

The most consistent complaint I hear is the absence of the "Voice of the Listener." No doubt you'll find room for it in your next issue. My only criticism, outside of that, is your proof reader . . .

Other than that, I congratulate you. You've made a rapid stride toward perfection. Keep it up—and the best of luck.

MARY E. LAUBER, 119 WEST ABBOTSFORD AVENUE, GERMANIA, HAMILTON, PA.

I have read the last two issues of your magazine. "Tuneful Topics" by Rudy Vallee, "Radio-Grins," and "Reviewing The Current Programs" appeal to me the most of your monthly features. More informal and "action" photographs of radio performers (like those you have in the Summer Number) will improve the magazine. —O. L. LEE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The last issue is very good, but I like to read more about the artists. MARIE THELLABERGER, 132 NORTH PEARL STREET, COVINGTON, OHIO.

I have just received a copy of your very excellent radio magazine. It is quite the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. Len Hunt, News Editor of "Rhythm," 202 High Holborn, W.C. I, London, England.

Today I received a copy of your magazine and I want to say that I like it very much . . . HAROLD L. ROBERTS, 116 HOBART STREET, JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

I suggest that you run a sort of contest in your magazine in the near future, to note whether the subscribers are willing to pay ten cents more (twenty-five cents in all). If so, you could improve your magazine just that much more. There was a time when I paid thirty-cents for Rano Digger and it was worth it. Prices are going up and you ought to charge more also. NORMAN RICHARD, 3240 ROCHESTER AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Time after time I have purchased the different radio magazines published in the East only to be disappointed. If you want western subscribers you must give western news. MRS. DOROTHY CLARK, 1437 CHESTNUT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Happening to write the following poem to David Ross in appreciation of his poetry and lovely voice reaching me way over here, thousands of miles away, I thought you might like to put it in your magazine.

To David Ross
On wings of music clear Through waves of atmosphere A voice enchanting, bold Dispenses poet's gold.

Through clouds up in the sky O'er mountains steep and high A poet's dreams well told Rings out your poet's gold.

Your hour of poet's gold Brings memories of old To me, my golden share— The bounty of the air.

The past is far gone And life is nearly done A heart that's growing cold Is warmed by poet's gold.

THEODORE CARMEN, 919 STONE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

I like to read the VOL department in the finest radio magazine yet published, RADIO FAN-FARE. I have read a lot of All-Star Orchestras as submitted by other readers of your magazine but just because some of them know the names of some of the players in those orchestras they like to tell the world about it. Here's my idea of what I call a real All-Star Orchestra.

PIANO, HARRY SOSNIAK, HARRY RESER
PIANO, JOHNNY JOHNSON, ABLE LYMAN
BANJO, HARRY JONES, ISHAM JONES
 DRUMS, TED WEEMS, RUDY WEEDSOFT
 BASS, CLAYDE DOERR, MERLE JOHNSON
 TRUMPET, ROLAND JOHNSON, LEHERI LOMBARDO
 1ST TRUMPET, ARTHUR WEEMS
 2ND TRUMPET, LEHERI LOMBARDO
 1ST SAX, RUDY WEEDSOFT
 2ND SAX, MERLE JOHNSON
 3RD SAX, CLAYDE DOERR
 4TH SAX, BEN BERNIE
 ARRANGER, TED WEEMS
 VOCALISTS, RING CROSBY, RUTH ETTING, IRENE TAYLOR, ARTHUR HARRETT, RUDY VALLE.

Why don't you give us the lowdown on some of the leading song writers? I'm sure the readers would be interested in reading about the boys who give us the tunes our favorite orchestras play. By the way, will some of you song writers write to me? Especially you amateur melody composers.

Please give us the story of Isham Jones, will you?

With best wishes to the best radio magazine, I remain, NORMAN ROBINSON, CALUMET, MICHIGAN.
REVIEWING THE CURRENT PROGRAMS

Continued

ways worth while—and the Hummingbirds add a great deal to the program with their humming, incidental singing, instrumental imitations, and clever arrangements. General Motors seems to think a lot of this vocal group. Besides being the Hummingbirds, they are the Nightingales on the Buick program and the Snow Queens of the Frigidaire show.

The Plug—You've already guessed that it's tied up with Husing's tales of championship performance. There's also a lot of chat about Oldsmobile being the Style Leader and about smart centers, smart people, and smart cars. All in all a pretty weak attempt to be sophisticated.

Opinion—A good musical show bearing the almost inevitable burden of silly advertising. The whole program would be greatly improved if they eliminated 80% of the blurs, took the high hat off the other 20%, and got some personality and a little less technical perfection into the talks. As it stands, it's a rather chilly fifteen minutes.

"LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE"

(NBC-WEAF Sunday at 5:30 PM-EST)

Cast—Dale Carnegie, Harold Sanford's Orchestra, John Holbrook

Comment—An interesting program. Dale Carnegie sounds a bit like Ed Hill and his material is also human interest stuff. It's unfortunate, perhaps, that anyone who now talks over the air about people in a warm and friendly fashion is immediately compared to Mr. Hill, whether there is any conscious imitation or not. However, Mr. Carnegie's material is not enough like Mr. Hill's to cause a conflict. Harold Sanford's music is as pleasing as Mr. Carnegie's talks.

The Plug—Sensible advertising well handled by John Holbrook.

Opinion—An appealing, unpretentious show which will entertain you. It is a pleasure to recommend it.

"THE GOLDENROD REVIEW"

(CBS-WABC Friday at 8:30 PM-EST)

Cast—Julius Tannen, Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, Ethel Pastor, the Goldenrod Singers, and Harry Von Zell

Comment—When are the radio people going to learn that it's bad showmanship to give a program too much ballyhoo? The more you promise, the more critical your audience. In "The Goldenrod Review" the announcer describes what's coming as the "fastest moving" variety show on the air. It turns out to be a conventional orchestra-comedian-singer-chorus program. The announcer describes Julius Tannen as "the sharpest wit on the Main Stem." Mr. Tannen is, actually, a moderately amusing comedian who used to be a favorite on the Keith circuit and in musical comedy, but who has never really clicked on the air. The announcer also claims too much for Mr. Spitalny, Ethel Pastor, and the Goldenrod Singers. Of all the members of the cast Mr. Spitalny and the chorus come closest to living up to the superlative. Miss Pastor, who is in the show only occasionally, has a voice almost as good as you're told it's going to be. Misrepresenting the talents of the artists not only hurts their reputation, but disappoints the audience.

The Plug—Here again the claims seem too strong. And if Goldenrod Beer is as different from the advertising as the entertainment is from the ballyhoo—I'll take vanilla.

Opinion—This would be a good program if the exaggeration were eliminated and if Mr. Tannen could bring the quality of his weaker sallies closer to his best brand of humor. Phil Spitalny and the singers will surely be enjoyed by most radio fans.

DON ROSS

(CBS-WABC Tuesday and Thursday at 2:30 PM-EST)

Comment—This program, sponsored by Pontiac, is an experiment to determine whether it's smart to advertise automobiles directly to the housewife by radio. The idea is to catch her off her guard, so to speak, with a romantic approach in the middle of the afternoon. Don Ross is using the vagabond stuff on the gals and telling them what a wonderful car the Pontiac is to vagabound around in. This writer has never cared much for shows in which the singer goes folksy and tries to wheedle and cajole the audience into doing something. And I'm a little tired of hearing anyone get cues for sales talks from long titles. Don Ross has a rich voice which should appeal to the women and it's too bad he can't just sing and let someone else sell the medicine.

Plug—It may be a big success in rural sections although I should think that even the farmers would be getting pretty sick of the synthetic down-country stuff by now.

Opinion—Don Ross will probably make money for his sponsor, but I think he'd make more if he changed his act.

TONY WONS

(CBS-WABC Sunday at 10:45 AM and Monday and Thursday at 11:30 AM-EST)

Cast—Tony Wons, Peggy Keenan, Sandra Phillips, Andre Baruch

Comment—Tony the Boy Wonder is the same old Tony, which means that millions of listeners will keep on thinking there's nobody like him. And other millions will agree, only they won't mean it the same way. (Which reminds me of the cheer Ring Lardner suggested for him: "Tony Wons, Tony twice, holy jumping . . . . . . .") But it certainly is true that homespun philosophers, such as Tony and Edgar Guest, give enjoyment, encouragement, and courage to perfectly estimable people everywhere. I believe that Mr. Wons does what he tries to do well, although I don't see eye to eye with him when he stops right smack in the middle of a smear of philosophy, and whispers, "Say, you're listenin' to me, aren't you?" It gives too many anti-Wonsers a chance to talk back.

The Peggy Keenan-Sandra Phillips piano team is one you'll want to hear, no matter how you feel about Tony.

The Plug—It wouldn't be so bad if they left out the dramatized part ("Why John, that can't be our old car. It looks just like new"). And say, Mr. Baruch, how's to relax a little?

Opinion—Swell entertainment for Wonsers. Good double piano work. And a chance for those who do not crave Moms. Wons to get a lot of venom out of the system.

"JACK ARMSTRONG—ALL AMERICAN BOY"

(CBS-WABC Monday through Saturday at 5:30 PM-EST)

Comment—The Rover Boys are back, only this time one of them is a girl. Why is one a girl? Because girls can eat Wheaties, too, and if girls want to get big and strong so they can bust guys in the nose when guys get frisky, why then girls had better eat Wheaties so they'll get big and strong, etc. I doubt if the original Rover Boys would seem so completely impossible to me now as Jack Armstrong and his little-friends do. Jack and Betty and Billy talk as no boy or girl talks. At least, none I know. The conversation is all carried on in clipped sentences delivered in a staccato manner: "Can't be done. Too risky. Tell you what. Guard the door. Don't show yourself. Yell if he comes. What? No. Won't work. Better guard the door." Every incident is supposed to offer a big
thrill, with Jack, the Master Mind, and his two unimaginative but plucky little friends outwitting the big bad bully and XI and his "desperate gang of international criminals."

The Plug—If you eat Wheaties you'll be like Jack Armstrong—you'll make the football team—you'll catch the international criminals who are trying to steal the secret of your crash-proof airplane—you'll be able to fight for your honor when you get to be a big girl. But to find out all the amazing things you will be able to do you must listen to Jack Armstrong—and is it worth it?

Opinion—The idea of presenting tales for tots that attempt to work the wee ones into a lather of excitement seems foolish and short-sighted. In the first place, it arouses the antagonism of parents, as has been proved by the letters that have flooded the studios objecting to thrillers. Then, too, if the interest of the kiddies is to be kept, the things that are more exciting than the one before, and pretty soon the hard-pressed script writers have to resort to stuff that has a definitely bad effect on youngsters. And some of the attempts to create excitement become so far fetched that the gullible adolescents are no longer taken in.

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"RED DAVIS"

(NBC-WJZ Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8:45 PM-EST beginning Sept, 25th)

Cast—Jack Roseleigh, Curt Arnall, Ethel Blume, Marion Barney

Comment—The Davis family (father, mother, Red, and a kid sister) is another one of those "typical American families" (which are usually unlike any other American family you ever heard of). The Davises, however, are pretty believable home folks. The sketches are frequently amusing, and, even if the writing and acting are a trifle exaggerated, we should still be grateful for the program because it is not filled with the usual phony radio "thrills."

The Plug—Pretty reasonable advertising, comparatively. The Beech-Nut people deserve so much credit for resisting the temptation to put on a synthetic thriller that I hope the show greatly increases the sales of their products.

Opinion—While "Red Davis" is pretty conventional stuff, with no more humor than the average comic strip, it should be successful. Certainly Red is much more of an All American boy than Jack Armstrong. I can't say, however, I believe that people prefer naturalness to the usual affectations of the child radio hero. (It may interest you to know that "Red Davis" is the same story that had a short sustaining run over the NBC about a year ago. It was called "Red Adams" then. This is the first time that an abandoned sustaining script has been dusted off and sold to a sponsor.)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued)

remembered. A girl who was in that show had once told me something about a feud between Kate and one of the other members of the cast. The girl said the affair had made Kate miserable night after night. I took it the way you take a lot of other chatter you hear on Broadway—with a grain of salt. But it is truly true that the mere mention of that show years later, can change Kate Smith's entire mood in a moment.

WALKING along Broadway the other evening, I dropped in at The Silver Dollar to get some clams. (They sell you a cocktail with five clams for ten cents.) Just as I ran into it, I heard a voice I thought I had run into at the clam counter by Lillian Emmert Harts and her husband. Lillian is the society gal who has been appearing in Broadway shows the past two years.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Just came in a Maxwell House broadcast," said Lillian. And so it developed that one of my very good friends is a radio performer and I didn't even know it. She sings in the Maxwell House chorus. Good accent, Lillian, with a very nice voice, and when television comes along...well, take a look at her photograph.

Leon Belasco was the victim of a perfect practical joke the other day. It was framed by Kay Binford, Leon's guitar-ist, and Kay is still talking about it in a restaurant a few nights ago.

The idea of the thing was a fake broadcast, and it was entered into not only by the lad's in the band, but by two Columbia Broadcasting officials. At ten o'clock the orchestra was playing as usual on the roof of the St. Moritz Hotel, when Leon was suddenly called to the phone.

"Hello, Leon? This is Jim, at Columbia. A program that was supposed to go on the air at ten-thirty has just been called off and we've got to have you to fill in for fifteen minutes, so get all set and I'll send a man right over."

Click went the receiver, and Leon was left with nothing to do but get set. Before dance numbers he made up a routine of selections and gave special instructions to the men in the band. The radio man arrived and got the microphone hooked up. At eleven, Leon, a trifle nervous and excited because he had been so rushed, mounted the platform and stood anxiously waiting for the signal. The sound man nodded, and Leon waved his baton. To his amazement the entire band came in right in the middle of his upbeat, but he followed them and they went through their theme song. On the last note the entire brass section was flat. Leon winked his eyes, glared at the men, but carried on. There was nothing else he could do. The announcer said,

"Leon Belasco and his masters of harmony will now play 'Lazy Bones'—as only they can play it."

"No, no," Leon whispered, making frantic gestures. "Not 'Lazy Bones.' We will play 'Stormy Weather.'"

The announcer was calmly looking up at the ceiling and didn't hear him. A look of desperation Leon waved his arms, and the band started playing "Look What I've Got." Leon couldn't believe his ears, and his jaw dropped down on his chest. On the second chorus there was a sudden movement in the orchestra, and Leon's eyes almost popped out.
"Look what I've got, look what you've got!" went the music; and Leon looked. The guitar player held a mandolin; the pianist was blowing a saxophone; the bass-violinist was picking a mandolin; the first trumpeter was poised expectantly over the xylophone; and the drummer was puffing happily on his big red bass. Everybody was perfectly serious. Leon gestured desperately at the announcer. He was still looking at the ceiling. It was more than anybody could stand.

"Say, you idiot," Leon howled. "What is this? Are you crazy?"

And without a word every man in the orchestra dropped his instrument. Leon's face was worth going miles to see.

"Don't raise your voice at me that way," said the bass violinst. "Who do you think you're talking to?"

And with that he picked up his instrument and stalked off the platform—followed by the entire orchestra.

Leon looked over at the announcer, and that gentleman was doubled up on the floor. Then Leon gave it up, and what he said was a classic of descriptive adjectives.

When you run into Mr. Belasco now, all you have to do to set him off is to whistle the first few bars of "Look What I've Got."

**THEY WERE GAGA EVEN THEN**

(Continued)

played a town in which they had friends, they would be driven to a swanky hotel, wait for a moment in the lobby, and then sneak out to a cheaper one.

Playing the Palace Theatre for the first time! They were on the bill for one week, and made such a success that the manager said he'd hold them over if they changed their routine. In those days Burns and Allen hardly dared change a line of their act for fear of ruining something that they knew was successful. So they decided that, rather than stay over and take a chance of spoiling their excellent record, they'd turn down the extra week and leave. However, Georgie Jessel, who had great faith in his act, went to Mr. Burns and Allen, called up the Keith office, said he was George Burns, and okayed the second week. So Georgie and Gracie had to change their act—and the new one was a wow.

The time Burns and Allen followed Ethel Robinson was the "Twelve Pound Look," and everyone in the audience flocked to see Ethel. Burns and Allen were moved from second after intermission to number two on the bill—a humiliating thing! They used to arrive at the theatre card and leave late—to avoid meeting anybody.

Breaking in on the air, Eddie Cantor asked Gracie to go on with him, and George agreed to split the act. Gracie had everybody in stitches, including Eddie and the crew, and a day or two later Burns and Allen made their debut with Rudy Vallee, and shortly after that were signed for Robert Burns Panatela. George and Gracie thought names they used, such as Clap-saddle and Dittenfest, would be unduplicated, and they were safe to use on the air. But they heard from both the Dittenfests of Virginia and the Clapsaddles of Pennsylvania. George wrote to the Dittenfests and told them to get in touch with the Clapsaddles, possibly to form a club!

Burns and Allen making "International House"—in Hollywood during the earthquake! George started to run into an archway on the set, and Gracie ran into what she thought was an elevator. George dashed back to get Gracie and discovered her still standing in the movie prop elevator. At least, she would have died in character.

Gracie going into Macy's to buy a rolling pin for her cook. The sales girls all recognized her and began to scare and whisper, which got Gracie so fussed that she was ashamed to admit she'd come to buy a rolling pin. (She thought it sounded silly.) So Gracie bought a table—which she didn't need at all!

Burns and Allen, vacationing at Palm Springs. George got on a bicycle and tried to show his wife what a big outdoor man he was. Gracie too got on the bicycle and rode down a hill with her feet on the handle bars—scaring George almost to death!

George and Gracie being stopped by a motorcycle cop the other day in Central Park. "Pull over to the curb, you," the cop bellowed. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Well," began Gracie, in spite of George's warning look, "it was this way. I saw you riding behind us sort of fast, so I thought you wanted to race, and I didn't want to spoil your fun, so I raced."

George holding his breath. "Good Lord, was there a story!" said the cop. "You sound like Gracie Allen," Gracie giggled. "No wonder," she chirped, "I am Gracie Allen." She proved it, the cop laughed, shook hands and rode off. As Gracie stepped on the gas, George put his hands on his shoulders, shook his head and said, "Boy, what a life! Never a dull moment."

**POPULAR TUNES**

(Continued)

Chicago, but conditions were almost as bad there and the venture had a short life.

Some of the music was too good for any depression to kill, however, and "Hey Young Fellow" became a nationwide hit. "Don't Blame My Whistle," which had really outstanding riding song of the show, was not released for general consumption until recently, although I hoped Robbins would release it earlier.

Ever since Katherine Perry, a clever colored girl, introduced the song on one of our Thursday night broadcasts recently it has been used by the best bands and vocalists. It may well become a sweeping hit, for it has a good melody and Dorothy Fields has done an excellent job with the lyrics.

**"MISSISSIPPI BASIN"**

By Andy Razaf and Reg Foynest. Published by Joe Davis, Inc.

Here is another "Blue Prelude," except that this time the scene is Dixie. Andy Razaf, the talented colored boy who wrote "S'posin'" and "My Fate Is In Your Hands," and who has shown real talent in lyric writing, has now given us an unusually good "Song Of The Bayou" type of melody and lyric.

He and his collaborator have kept in mind the limitations of the average dance orchestra vocalist and I am grateful that they have put in no exceptionally low or high notes. I thank them, too, for the beautiful middle part of the chorus.

Diminutive Joe Davis, the publisher, used to manage Rudy Wiedoeft. Joe arranged for me to meet Rudy in 1921 when I first came to New York. I've never forgotten Joe's courtesy and the help he has all the good luck in the world with this song.

"I MAY BE DANCING WITH SOMEBODY ELSE"

By Phil Kornheiser. Published by Miller Music, Inc.

Phil has recently become one of the chief executives of Miller Music and this song is his first job for them. For more than 20 years Phil has been one of the most prominent creators of popular songs and I wish him great success with his latest. It is extremely tuneful and lends itself easily to a bright fox trot tempo. I enjoy singing it as one of our opening numbers.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY"

By Ray Klages, Jimmy Monaco, and Jack Meskill. Published by Donaldson, Douglas & Gumble, Inc.

Another one of those depressing songs. But Tin Pan Alley wouldn't be itself without its preponderance of Dixie-Mammy songs and its unrequited love stories.

When two old masters like Ray and Jimmy team up with a comparative newcomer like Jack, something unusual is bound to happen, and for the kind of song it is, they wrote a good one. Dance bands will find the melody easy and enjoyable to play. For the sake of good old Mose Gumble, of the publishing company, I sincerely hope the song surpasses his fondest expectations.
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE  
(Continued)

his hands together—"that fits in more or less with what I had in mind. We were just listening to your program over in Studio H, and it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to make a substitution for one of you—Miss Allen. May I be perfectly frank?"

Fay raised her eyebrows inquiringly. "Of course."

"Well, Miss Allen, I don't think you've got a voice suited to the kind of entertainment we have in mind. I really think we need a singer with a little more training for your end of the program. You see—"

Tod exploded. "More training! How do you get that way? Fay here's one of the finest little natural born singers that ever faced the mike. And even if she hasn't gone the rounds of a half dozen conservatories of music, she can teach a lot of concert stars technique, control, and expression. And she handles that like of her's like Kreisler does his Strad. Listen—I'm willing enough to go on any program you want. But as far as Sweethearts of the Air is concerned you couldn't substitute Lily Pons for Fay."

"I'M INCLINED to agree with Wallace," Harris interrupted. "I rather like Miss Allen's voice. It has a charming quality. And also, Carruthers, we must bear in mind that the sweetheart angle is better exemplified in the female voice. I think what we should do is retain Miss Allen, and ask Mr. Wallace if he is willing to step aside. You were frank before, Carruthers, so I'm sure I'll be pardoned for expressing my candid opinion. You have a technique, Wallace, a sort of player piano technique—no offense meant, you understand—which hardly fits in with the program we are planning. And your voice is not quite what we should like to have. I really think—"

"I for one don't care what you think," Fay interrupted. "And while everybody's being so frank I don't mind telling you that as a judge of music you may be a good perfume manufacturer. If it wasn't for him plugging away and trying to inject something really high class in radio programs, Tod'd be in Europe right now on the concert stage. And that goes for his voice as well as his piano. Tod can do anything he wants. I won't stand in his way. But as far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't play Sweethearts of the Air with Lawrence Tibbett. So there!"

Carruthers and Harris exchanged puzzled looks. Peabody expressed his bewilderment.

"But Miss Allen—Mr. Wallace. We were banking on at least one of you. And we had planned to start rehearsals this week. We wanted to open in Paris next month—"

"Paris!"—both Fay and Tod at once.

"Why, yes—you see, we want to give a Parisian flavor to our Sweetheart perfume. So we were going to make our first broadcast from gay Paree by means of short-waves with a nationwide long-wave hookup over here. Now if you two won't sing alone—won't you reconsider the possibility of teaming up again? You can name your own figure. We bow to your superior knowledge of music. We are trying to do exactly what you have been trying to do—put something really good on the air."

Fay searched her pocketbook for lip-stick. Tod took a deep breath.

"We'll have to think it over," he said.

"We'll get in touch with you tomorrow," Fay added.

Carruthers and Harris nodded, said goodbye, and left.

AS THE door closed behind them, Mr. Harris smiled. "Very nice work, Bill. I think we can pat ourselves on the back. Excellent psychology."

Carruthers agreed. "But I think we'd better share the credit with the control operator who forgot to cut Studio K off from Studio H when they went off the air. Which reminds me that we might be able to see how things are working out."

The two men stopped before the portals of Studio H. As they opened the inner door, they turned and grinned at each other complacently. From the speaker behind the cupids came the sound of music—the soft twang of a uke, a racing tremolo, and two voices in close harmony—

Hand in hand—heart in heart . . .

SHORT-WAVE FAN-FARE  
(Continued)

picked up almost altogether by the down lead. A lead-in which will not pick up the noise (nor a radio program either) is accordingly designed—the idea being that such disturbances are not powerful enough to reach way up to the aerial. This may be so for some disturbances, but certainly does not hold for ignition interference from passing cars. Our own listening post is located some four hundred feet from a main highway, and when the receiver is tuned to maximum sensitivity in the neighborhood of 20 meters (where this interference is at its worst) autos can be detected well over a quarter of a mile away. Obviously, a noise reduction lead-in would do us no good at all—and, as a matter of fact, would only reduce signal strength.

A noise reduction lead-in will be effective only when the down lead passes through a noise area which is greatly attenuated by the time it reaches the antenna. The prevalence of such conditions is, as we have suggested, subject to argument. In the average installation, the short-wave lead-in is a valuable aid if it fails to reduce the effects of artificial static to the expected degree.

THE LINGUIST AT D.J.A.

D.J.A., broadcasting daily from Zeessen, Germany, on 213 meters, puts over an excellent program of music and news broadcasts. Announcements are made in French, Spanish, English, and German. The French and Spanish announcements are couched in typical high school technique—presumably so, anyway, because we can understand them. We take it the English announcements are of the same variety, because we can't understand them. The German is excellent.
RECENTLY, while tuning the short-wave bands, I came upon a program of current Broadway dance music. The reception was of almost perfect fidelity and of almost local volume. Among the tunes I enjoyed were: "I Cover The Waterfront," "A Night In June," "Maybe I Love You Too Much," and others familiar to the American listener. The orchestra, with its fast, novel, and scintillating tempo, was not a bit hard to listen to. I could hardly believe I wasn't listening to a local broadcast until I heard the accented announcement: "Hello, radio friends, this is Roy Fox and the boys playing for you from the Kit Kat Restaurant, London, over the British Empire Short-Wave Station, at Daventry."

If we think our reception is marred by too many program alterations, we should glance for consolation at similar conditions overseas. One "Radio Paris" of the French capital, makes a point of announcing details of its broadcasts three times daily. Three times a day, they believe, is often enough to keep the public informed of changes in program, with Frijule! Foreign stations are government owned, of course, and there are no enormous salaries to lure the stars. Thus the program director faces such frequent obstacles as artists refusing to take part in a broadcast program unless they receive additional rewards, authors holding out because they think their rights have been infringed upon, the occurrence of unexpected and conflicting engagements more important to the talent's time, etc. The station manager considers it fortunate that he has the phonograph always by his side.

REBELLIOUS natives in parts of Africa are being greeted with a new kind of radio reception—in place of bombs! Government airplanes have been equipped with microphones, powerful amplifiers, and loud speakers so that warnings, in the rural areas, may be addressed to them. The booming voices from the sky leave the tribesmen awestruck, and this ingenious device has often made it unnecessary to bomb a village.

WCAU, the modern 50kw. transmitter located in the heart of Philadelphia, is greatly enjoyed by European radio fans. In fact, during the winter months, WCAU is heard better than their short-wave station, WJZAU. While reception fades and is distorted on the low waves, the same program is heard clearly on 1170 keys. The listeners across the Atlantic are extremely well pleased with our "snappy" programs, as they refer to them, and many overseas set owners will stay up until the wee small hours of their morning to hear their favorite program from the land of the free—at least the land of free dialing, for in Europe listeners are taxed every time they use their radio receivers.

Radio Station KGU, Honolulu, was forced to change its transmitting frequency because KOIN, Portland, Oregon, with no more power, was received in sections of the Islands better than the home station. KOIN is over 2,000 miles from Hawaii and operates on the same channel as did KGU. High mountains, which shield the Hawaiian transmitter's radiations from parts of the Territory, get the blame for this phenomenon. When the natives tuned in American jazz instead of Hawaiian guitars, it was time for KGU to make a change.

—GEORGE LILLEY

ODDS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

BIG PRIZE CONTEST

(Continued)

my stubbornness was foolish. For a month my eyes have ached badly. I have had to go to the optician twice and get a new set of glasses. It will cost about twenty-five dollars for eye trouble. I already had a watch and I've decided that peanuts aren't very good for one anyway. And why spend eighteen hours on work, and punish yourself for your eyes, and pocketmaker when you can buy a bag for a nickel. What says we are?

I write this as a friendly warning against suits for nervous breakdowns, loss of eyesight, and loss of earnings by some members of the family as a result of your contest.

Now consider some statistics of the contest held by the company warned against lawsuits: There were twelve prizes totalling $250, first prize $100. The rules were broadcast only twice. The contest lasted only ten days. But more than a hundred thousand people sent in lists and some thirty thousand of the lists exceeded a thousand words. The winning list had twenty-six thousand. So, multiplying the probable number of hours of work per list by the number of contestants, we get more than one million hours of work for a total of $250 cash—less one-quarter of one-tenth of one cent per hour. How a Chinese coolie would laugh if he knew!

When such contests were new it was believed advertisers would benefit because contestants would say the name of the product over and over as they thought of words. Actually, contestants dissect the trade name into letters, list them alphabetically, and never think of the name again as a whole until, in a greatly befuddled and unretentive mental condition, they write it on the envelope that is to hold their entry. Unless, therefore, they have to buy the product to enter, the advertiser probably loses money because now there are so many big word marathons that no single one makes much impression even when it is going on.

But the contests do help paper and pencil manufacturers, alchemists, occultists and psychiatrists. Also the telephone and telegraph companies. Often those who finally deliver themselves of a list of a few hundred words (out of a possible $5,000) wire or phone, at a cost of from one to five dollars, to the police with the judges to cross out a word that was put in by mistake, or to put in a word that has just been thought of, or not to disqualify entries that are late, "because the postman forgot to pick them up."

What's more, publishers of encyclopedias, dictionaries, glossaries and other reference works have been refreshed by a mild flutter in their busi-
We may dismiss the big word contest by saying that it is becoming far less enticing to the millions of people who have made what they consider supreme attempts without ever winning. There does seem, however, to be a long and incandescent future for the mammoth slogan contest and for the super-stupendous educational contest. No mere lull in bad times is going to stop the folks from toying with possibilities for getting rich quick. And certainly no such mild antidote as common sense will ever convince them that they are not all potential writers of snappy advertising copy.

The person who is painstaking and intelligent, therefore, is almost certain to have his entry among the one or two per cent that reach the finals. He will then be in competition, of course, with the professional contestants, who are increasing rapidly. They spend many days on each contest, send in many entries, and go to elaborate lengths to have the entries different in wording, handwriting, signature and geographical origin. This they do by having correspondents in many parts of the country. The belief persists, rather without foundation I think, that sponsors of contests spread the winners thickest where their products need promotion most. Unquestionably this used to be the practice, on the theory that if a winner was picked in Dubuque all the unsuccessful entrants for miles around would think they had almost won.

Some of the slogan and letter contests have attracted more than two million entries. About eighty or ninety per cent are eliminated by the judges with no more than a glance, because some contest rule is broken. It has been learned that people who can't follow rules don't write very good answers. For even in contests that cost a dollar to enter most of the entries are unbelievably bad.

The comparatively few papers that remain after the first examination are read more carefully until there are left only a few more than the total number of prizes. These papers are then turned over to the “official” judges, usually minor celebrities, whose glamour and prestige lend elegance and dignity to the contest. If their critical opinions are not always worth all they are paid for, the best entries still win, because men from the advertising agency are standing ever ready to guide an expert’s erring judgment back to the opinion he is supposed to reach.

The names of the major winners once decided upon, the advertising boys start the check-up to see whether the winners are “worthy.” Standards vary with contests. Here is one an advertising man told me: “We’ve got to be sure none of them are Niggers, or hunks, or anything like that.”

It is distressing to have to report that contestants are even more suspicious of advertisers (and with less cause, as I shall presently show) than are advertisers of contestants. Naturally it is difficult for the man who has spent days on his entry and wins no prize to avoid harsh thoughts. Especially if the winning answers are made public he is able to convince himself that his differed from them only by a word or two and that his words actually were better. Any Big Prize Contest leaves in its wake a heavy cloud of active ill will, or at least the tolerant assumption that the contest was crooked. Some outraged contestants actually sue, presenting evidence to prove that the winners were picked out of a hat. Most of the losers, however, just say to themselves, “Sure it’s a racket, but what of it? Somebody wins, and if I go into enough of them maybe some day I’ll get a break.”

It should be emphasized that a heavy majority of Big Prize Contests are entirely on the level; the sponsors and their advertising agents go to much trouble and expense to make the judging fair.

And, take our word for it, attempts at fraud among contestants are common. In fact, they are so frequent and so patent that one begins to wonder if one’s fellow man, given a choice, is really honest, as the good books say. In one of the largest contests ever held there were hundreds of thousands of duplicate entries, all of poor quality, and even many hundreds run off on multigraph or printing press. Parents filled out entries and gave their ages as twelve to fourteen in order to get the special consideration given to children. Most of these cheats believed that the contest was dishonest or would be judged blameworthy. They decided, accordingly, to keep their entries in their favor. Even the final judges received scores of letters, a few threatening, but most of them suggesting a split of the prize money.

Many contestants try to be, or just are, “different.” Some write their entries in verse, and what verse! Usually, too, these lyricists write: “Please note, this is a poem.” Some fill the paper with their life story, or a plea for help in the present misfortunes. There are those who ridicule the contests or write perfectly irrelevant wisecracks and sign names like Franklin Roosevelt, Gandhi, or Cleopatra. (This often happens in the pay-as-you-enter contests.) They are diatribes against the product advertised, the Government, capitalism and what not. Oddly enough, there are almost no papers covered with answers—and I confess I don’t know why after seeing all the other things entrants have thought of to do.

If there is a rule that a certain contest blank must be used you may be sure that thousands of people will say to themselves, “Well, now, they don’t really mean that. If I make my entry unusual enough they’ll surely give it special consideration.” All kinds of whimsies that take days and even weeks to make are sent in: a beautiful silk patchwork quilt with embroidered words and pictures; tricky electric displays; large books bound in leather with professional art work inside; a volume bound in velvet with a gold cloth bookmark tipped with ermine; wagons, automobiles and airplanes with answers lettered on the sides; and hundreds of less ambitious attempts to be “different.”

In most of such entries the quality of the answers is low indeed; almost always simple words are misspelled. A newspaper ran a contest in which letters were to be supplied to the President as published by the paper daily. One man sent in as his entry a model in wood of the White House, large enough to fill a small bedroom. He neglected to include pictures of the Presidents. He received nothing but the silent maledications of the contest manager who had already been sent over a carload of similar handicraft.

So America’s Prize Sideshow goes, playing to full houses day and night and the land is supposed to be filled with rich, happy, prosperous citizens. As the crooner’s voice fades away, as the band is stilled, thearker, radio script in hand, begins: “And now, ladies and gentlemen, and kiddies too, here is the good news you have been waiting for. Here is how you may win $5,000. Just follow a few simple rules—just write a few simple words—and have the time of your life doing it. (‘Smile in voice’ here according to the script.) Here is all you have to do . . .” And you and I and millions more who say a cynical “Oh, yeah?” are reaching, even while we say it, for our pencils.
Learn at Home to Make More Money

I'll train you quickly for Radio's GOOD spare time and full time jobs...

Mail Coupon for FREE Information

Why slave your life away in a no-future job? Why skimp, why scrape trying to pay your bills? I'll train you quickly for the live-wire field—the field with a future—Radio. $50, $60, $75 a week—that's what many Radio Experts make. $5, $10, $15 a week extra money—that's what many of my students make in their spare time shortly after enrolling. My free book tells you about Radio's spare-time and full-time opportunities—about my tested training—about my students and graduates—what they are doing and making. Get this book. Be a Radio Expert. The Radio field is big enough to absorb many more properly trained men.

I'll train you for jobs like these


Save—learn at home in your spare time

You don't have to leave home and spend $500 to $1,000 to study Radio. I'll train you quickly and inexpensively right in your own home and in your spare time for a good Radio job. You don't need a high school or college education. Many of my successful graduates didn't even finish grammar school. My amazingly practical 50-50 method of training—half with lessons, half with Radio equipment—gives you broad practical experience—makes learning at home easy, fascinating, practical, and rapid.

Turn your spare time into money

My book shows how my special training, instruction material, plans, ideas and my seventeen years experience training men for Radio careers help many students make $200 to $1,000 a year quickly in their spare time. My course is famous as "the one that pays for itself."

Your money back if not satisfied

I'm so sure you will be satisfied with my training that I agree in writing to refund every penny of your money if you are not entirely satisfied with my lessons and instruction service when you finish.

Find out what Radio offers you

Act today. Mail the coupon. My 64-page book will be sent free to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. It tells about Radio's opportunities—explains the eighteen star features of my course—shows letters of what others are doing and making. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon.

J. E. SMITH President
National Radio Institute
Department 3KR3
Washington D.C.

MAIL THIS FOR FREE 64 PAGE BOOK
Ship aboard a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe for a THRILL CRUISE 'ROUND THE WORLD

If you're an adventurer at heart (and aren't we all?) you'll glory in the thrill of cruising the ether-waves via a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe Radio.

Sit right in your own comfortable living room ... there's no sea-bag to pack, no damage to stow, no passports to secure, just the twist of a single, simple tuning dial and it's "Holy You're off for strange lands of romance and allure!"

Supreme for Stay-at-Home Listeners

First a shake-down cruise in home waters. Listen in on American broadcast stations near and far—coast-to-coast is an easy jaunt. Discover the marvelous capability of this dream ship to carry you anywhere at your will ... with a delightful fidelity of tone that puts you right into the sending studio, giving you every word of speech and every note of music with a glorious perfection that transcends all previous heights of mechanical sound reproduction. Your own ears will tell you so ... and the evidence is backed up by scientific laboratory findings that prove SCOTT radio reproduction to be the closest to perfection yet attained.

As a first venture in short wave reception listen-in on the crime wave as reported by police calls from one end of the land to the other ... eyes drop on gossip, amateur wireless telephony "hum," and hear the air-planes and their ground stations talk back and forth.

Hear Canada and Mexico

Now venture farther! Room the air-waves to Canada and Mexico. Hear something different ... something typical of those near-by foreign lands broadcast on wave bands from 15 to 500 meters. Don't fret about the rumors you may have heard that these countries are soon to change wave-lengths ... your SCOTT can be equipped to receive on all bands between 15 and 4,000 meters at a small extra charge.

Listen-In On All of Europe

And now you've "got the feel of your ship." Head out into the open ... start on a fascinating exploration cruise for radio joys that are new and different.

Here's England, first! GSB, at Daventry, is sending out the news of the day for the benefit of Colonial listeners-in ... there's peppy music from a famous London hotel ... and at signing off time (midnight in London, but only 6 P.M. Central Standard Time) the chimes of Big Ben, stop the Houses of Parliament, clang sonorously as though you were actually there to hear them in person.

Slip your moorings once again, Cross the Channel and lend an ear to Radio Colonial, Pernott, France. It's bringing you French music and typically French entertainment.

Varied Programs from Far Countries

Distance still lures you? Then set your course for Germany ... in a jiffy you're listening to Zeeman, with programs of glorious symphony orchestras, and perhaps a speech by "Handsome Adolph" that will give you a different viewpoint on Hitlerism.

Make port at Madrid, in sunny Spain, and hear EAU broadcasting typical National music. Announcements from this station are considerably made in English as well as Spanish.

Then swing south to Rome and hear the voice of 12RO's woman announcer tell you it's "Radio Roma, Napoli," that's the sit. Most likely the following musical program will be opera direct from LaScala, in Milan, or some other musical treat worth going actual miles to hear—and you'll be listening to it, with purity of tone and richness of reproduction that's truly amazing, without straining from your easy chair at home.

And now for an adventure-trek that holds a supreme "kick" for the radio sensation-seeker! Sail away down under. Listen in to VK2ME or VK3ME, in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. Hear the calls of that famous Koorkaburras bird, listen with delight to an interesting and varied program of music and talks on the commercial and scenic attractions of the Antipodes.

Owners' Reports Show Real Ability

And these are but a few of the interesting places to be visited by means of your SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe Receiver ... F. L. Stittinger, for instance, is a Scott owner who in a six-month's period received 1588 programs from 41 stations in 22 foreign lands. A. G. Luoma got 1261 programs from 75 different stations in 26 countries, and some 200 other SCOTT owners reported reception of 16,439 programs from 320 stations in 46 countries during the same time.

"Can such startling radio performance be true?"

you ask. Do you doubt that any but radio professionals can enjoy the delights of exploring the air-waves the world over, far from the too-familiar programs of broadcast stations here at home? Do you think that the thrill will be possible, but feel that the cost of sufficiently able equipment is more than you can afford for entertainment?

New Value at Moderate Cost

Then set your mind at ease! For such performance is actually possible ... we gladly prove it to you, and back the proof by an iron-clad guarantee of consistent foreign reception.

Laboratory technique, employing the world's most skillful, specially trained engineers and craftsmen in custom-building a receiver constructed to the highest standards of perfection known in radio, makes possible the supreme-performance of the SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe for any radio-user, regardless of his experience or skill in operating. In this set top efficiency is coupled with absolute simplicity of tuning.

Prohibitively high prices? Not at all! You can have a SCOTT, and enjoy the supreme thrill of mastering the air-waves of all the world, at moderate cost.

Get Complete Details—Mail Coupon!

Because the SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe is one of the truly fine things of the world, custom-built for those discriminating people who demand the best, it is not distributed broadcast, to be casually picked up here, there, or anywhere. To get full particulars regarding it, absolute PROOF of its performance, and all the information you require, simply send the coupon below direct to the modern scientific laboratories where it is built.

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC. 450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept D-83, Chicago, Ill.

Tell me how I can have a SCOTT ALL-WAVE Deluxe to take me radio-world-cruising. Include all technical details, proofs of performance, and complete information.

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