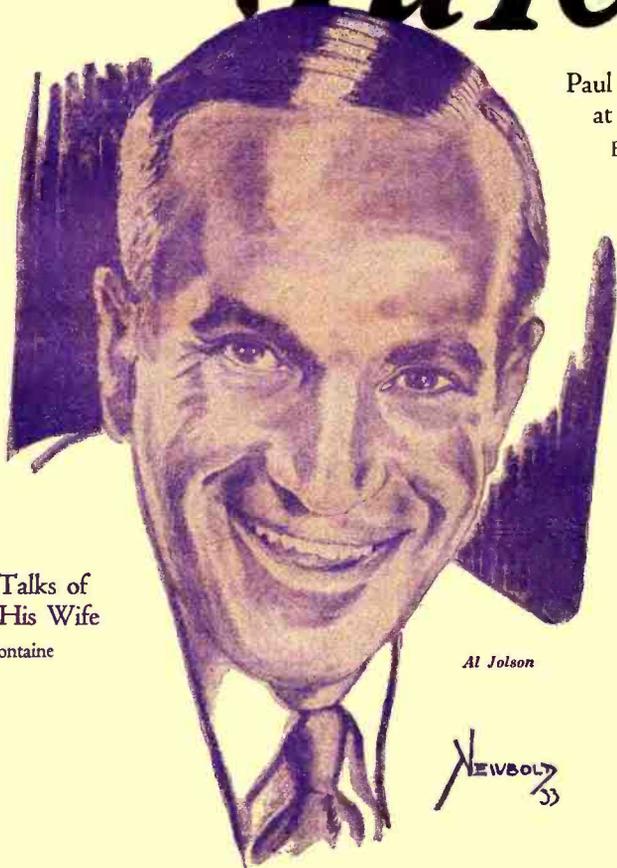


Radio 5¢ Guide

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at Tough Breaks
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PAUL DOUGLAS

... When things are breaking badly, it's funny, and when they're breaking swell, it's fun . . .

THE BEST Christmas present Paul Douglas ever received was a neat little typewritten notice informing him that two weeks from date his services would no longer be required.

For he walked right out of radio station WCAU in Philadelphia, where Santa Claus brought him the old gift, into the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and there, in the short space of a year, won his way into the front rank of big league radio.

For the average individual, being fired at any time would be pretty tough, but being fired on Christmas would be a catastrophe. But catastrophes are never catastrophes for Paul Douglas. He's had plenty of them in his brief career—more perhaps at the age of twenty-six than fall to the lot of the average mortal in a normal lifetime—but he's always been able to laugh them off.

It had been broke on Broadway, and Broadway is a very bad place to be broke. He's beaten an irate crowd of citizens to the railway station by a few jumps when they were bent on taking him apart. That was in Chester, Pa., when the manager of a theatrical company with which Paul was appearing suddenly went away from there with the receipts leaving the citizens of Chester who had purchased tickets holding the bag. Another time Paul landed a job when he needed it most, at a higher salary than he'd ever dreamed of, and then before he'd even gotten the first week's pay, the backer of the show got into a matrimonial jam that made him decide very suddenly to take a trip to Europe for his health.

A series of tough breaks such as that would make many men take to drink; or if they didn't have the price to take to drink, which is a pretty costly procedure as a rule, they would throw up their hands in dismay, and quit trying.

But not Paul Douglas.

It is not so much that this young man is an indomitable soul with bulldog tenacity—although he may be at that, for all I know—as it is that, to him, all those varied reverses had elements of humor. He could get a laugh out of tough breaks, whereupon, of course, they ceased to be tough breaks and became merely funny incidents.

Paul's theatrical debut was made with the Plateau Players, in his native Philadelphia, when he was twenty, He'd never given much thought to a career up until that

time, but the lure of the footlights soon had a strangle hold on him, and when the Plateau Players finally gave up the ghost, he cast about until he landed a job in a stock company.

It was while that company was playing the Washburn Theater in Chester, just a few miles outside Philadelphia, that Paul and another member of the cast returned to the theater one night to find an excited throng milling about the playhouse. They thought it was a fire, but a moment later, when they were recognized, they knew that it was only the citizens who were being burned up.

AFTER a few members of the mob had succeeded in tearing one or two intimate garments from the two surprised young thespians, Paul and his companion reached the wise conclusion that they had better go somewhere right away. They fit out in the direction of the railway station, and a kindly Providence decreed that a train Philadelphia-bound should be pulling out of the station just as they arrived. Later they learned that the manager, in a stifling of business cares, had walked out with the cash on hand, leaving the troupe to tout the old theatrical axiom that the show must go on. But it didn't, and that was what had aroused the Chester citizenry to a distinctly homicidal frame of mind.

Douglas then found his way to Denver, where he landed another stock job with a company whose manager had a better idea of permanency, and the experience he had there says was the most liberal education he ever had toward his subsequent success in radio.

He LAUGHS it TOUGH Breaks

*Paul Douglas Found That
Being Fired on Christmas
Was Just a Kick Upstairs*

By Stanley Yates

He finally tired of Denver, however, and as all actors will sooner or later, came to Broadway with high hopes. But you can't buy shy groceries with high hopes, and for a long, long time, Paul looked fruitlessly for a job.

One day in Sarah's he met Lyman Brown.

"Come to my office at three o'clock tomorrow," Brown commanded. "I have a splendid part for you."

And the next day, it developed that it was a splendid part, with a salary attached that staggered the young actor. And for four weeks he and the rest of the cast rehearsed faithfully and enthusiastically. Then, just before the opening, the backer of the show dropped a boat for Europe, and Douglas found himself right where he'd been before.

Very reasonably, he concluded that you can't live forever without money, so he scraped up carfare to Phila-

delphia, and wandered into the studio of WCAU. He'd never had any radio experience, but he did get an audition, and landed a job on the announcing staff of the Quaker City station then and there.

IN NO time at all, he was WCAU's star announcer, attested to by the fact that when a new \$5,000,000 slaughter house was opened in Philadelphia, and WCAU was entrusted with the job of broadcasting the two-hour dedication ceremonies, Paul was given the assignment.

If you have never dedicated a slaughter house, you have no idea what a tough job it is to keep things zipping along for two hours. But just when it began to appear that the final hour of the dedication would develop into one hour of silence in respect to the ill-fated cattle, the Mayor of Philadelphia moved in sight.

Paul seized upon His Honor eagerly, and explained that the going was getting pretty rough, and the Mayor responded with a one-hour address on the general subject of Forward Strides in City Dressed Meats which saved the day.

Under Douglas' direction, WCAU instituted the first sports period over the radio in Philadelphia. It soon won a tremendous following, and Douglas became widely known to sports fans. His inability to take seriously any of the current luminaries of the world of sports gave his daily column of spiritfulness that won the young radio sports editor wide acclaim.

One night when the sports world happened to be in the doldrums, and there wasn't much of anything to spend ten minutes in saying, Douglas hit on the idea of presenting the entire period in satiric vein. So many requests were received for copies of the broadcast that it was necessary to have it mimeographed, to satisfy the demand. Thereafter, when things were dull, he followed that practice, and WCAU's sports listeners came eventually to prefer dull days to busy ones.

There are times, Douglas says, when he wishes faintly he were back at WCAU instead of being one of the Columbia network's axes, just so he might be conducting that sports period again.

And in his specialty, sports, Douglas pulled a radio boner that made history—and no one except Douglas himself ever noticed it.

Handling the broadcast of the Penn-Notre Dame football game in Philadelphia, Douglas obtained a copy of the starting lineups from both coaches. However, Knute Rockne made a last minute change in his plans and sent a second lining back to the broadcast man in place of his famous quartet of Brill-Savoldi-Schwartz-Carideo. But Douglas didn't hear about that, and for eight minutes of thrilling play, he proceeded blissfully ignorant to credit various backfield players with touchdowns and passes after another. It wasn't until Rockne sent in the regular backs, and the change was announced, that Douglas became aware of his error, but he went right on as though nothing had happened, but he never received a single letter calling attention to the mixup.

Since coming to the Columbia network, Douglas has shared with Ted Husing much of the thrill of the aerial broadcasting. His most thrilling experience was one morning when a shrill telephone yanked him from his bed at an hour he will never become accustomed to, and he received orders to rush to Roosevelt Field.

He climbed into a plane loaded with equipment and a technical man, and after a laborious ground run, the ship took off into a storm flecked sky, bound for Barnegat where the dirigible Akron had crashed to its doom a hours before.

After a while, the pilot turned, and demanded gummy.

"What do you guys and that stuff weigh?" Douglas quickly computed the total, and told him. "Well, God knows where you'll wind up," the optimistic airman responded. "You're five hundred pounds overweight, and this is as high as I can climb."

The ship continued its perilous coastwise voyage, dropping into air pockets from a dangerous height of eight hundred feet, and for six hours they cruised over the grave of the ill-fated dirigible.

Douglas' hobby is writing, and some day he hopes to earn his living with the typewriter. He got off to a good start in that direction at the age of twelve when he received a check for ten dollars for a contribution to *Hot Dog* magazine.

His outstanding characteristic is his persistent refusal to take himself seriously—which is, when you analyze it, just a form of rare modesty. He does get a thrill from being asked for his autograph, but he didn't get mad when a fresh youngster once told him he could get a Ted Husing autograph for five Paul Douglases.

His philosophy of life is that when things are breaking badly, it's funny, and when they're breaking swell, it's fun.

Girls go for him in a big way, and he prefers brunettes, blondes and red-heads. But don't let your hearts go plump at girls, because he is harder to make than a fifty-dollar week.

YOU go to interview Al Jolson about Al Jolson, in spite of the fact that at the time of the interview, everybody else wants to interview Al Jolson about Walter Winchell. And what do you get? You get an interview with Al Jolson about Ruby Keeler.

You Ask Al Jolson About Radio and He Tells You Of His Wife, Ruby Keeler

By Leo Fontaine

You get an interview with Al Jolson about Walter Winchell. And what do you get? You get an interview with Al Jolson about Ruby Keeler.

You get an interview with a man about forty-seven years old, who has been a toptopmer in the show world for years, who has enjoyed the reputation of being America's foremost entertainer on stage and screen, who looks forward somewhat doubtfully to a radio career after a halting and unsatisfactory start in this newly dominant amusement field.

You get an interview with him, but not—except when you prod and painstakingly talk to the specific point—about him. For left to himself, Al Jolson will talk exhaustively, romantically and a bit wistfully about his twenty-four-year-old movie star wife.

And you leave Al Jolson forgetful of what he has said about himself, about his abortive first radio experience, about his radio plans and hopes. You leave him thankful that his remarks on such matters-of-fact, dry-as-dust subjects, which you had thought would be engrossing, are committed to paper in your own peculiar shorthand, so that when you come to set this interview to print, you will remember what he said.

What you carry away with you, ineradicably and without notes, is the intensity of this man's preoccupation with his wife.

In his Al Jolson you see the human, insistent and somehow suggestively melancholy reasoner for that incident in the Hollywood arena when Jolson spectacularly punched Winchell, the peek-and-peek columnist for tabloids, because he suspected Winchell of having referred to Ruby Keeler in his motion picture "Through the Keyhole." You sense and believe and know that that was no tricky gesture for publicity.

This man who attained the summit of entertaining effectiveness with the tears in his voice is no charlatan. He has tears in his heart. He is the heritage of sentiment and, if one percees deeply, sentimentality. His is the elemental nature of one who loves and hates a bit too hard. And because of the extremism of his emotions, he is at bottom a very sad man.

IT WAS just after his arrival from Hollywood, following the "Winchell" episode, that I found him in his suite at the Sherry-Netherlands. He has been dictating something to a secretary, who raced out with a telegram. Jolson sat down, removed the glasses he wears in private, and sighed.

"I'm just sending a wire to the wife," he explained, with something of a boy's eagerness for sympathy. "She sends such sweet ones, it's hard to top her. 'I love you, I love you, I love you.' Try to top that."

Then he looked a bit self-conscious—the man who has faced hundreds of audiences.

"That's why I always send my boy out with those telegrams," he remarked. "I couldn't give them to those telegraph girls myself."

He had to be led by the figurative nose into talking about radio. After all, he was about to prepare for his re-entrance upon the aerial stage, to advertise a salad dressing over the NBC network. And the "opening" was a little more than a week away.

Asked about the salad dressing, Jolson looked vague.

"I don't know," he confessed. "All I know is that Lou Holtz has a feller called Baker in his act and his mother was at that broadcast of Wiseman's at the Times Square studio. She went to a store the next day and said to her grocer, 'I'll bet you don't know what I want.' And the grocer came back, 'Yes, I do—we had three cases, but it's all gone.'"

Three cases of what?

Jolson implied it was the salad dressing.

"This radio business," he confided, "is not to be laughed at. They asked me today if I wanted to rehearse Monday. I said why not tomorrow? Why not right away?"

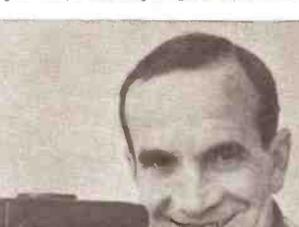
Seven years had elapsed since he first went on the radio, one night on the Dodge Hour. Several months since, he had left the Chevrolet Hour, amid conflicting reports that he was a "dope" and that he was annoyed with radio methods. This time, whatever his former experiences, he was determined to do his best.

The last time I did sit in—Sonny Boy! The Jazz Singer," he said. "This time it's going to be mostly things taken from life. Some things from my own life. Arthur Strong wrote the story of my life ten years ago—he wrote it with Mark Hellinger. There were some fine things in it, but it was written wrong. It should have been in the first person.

"Here's the kind of stuff I'm going to do. A fellow working on a building, sixty-five stories high. War's de-

clared. He gets to be a sergeant. His girl marries somebody else while he's away, thinking he's dead. She's going along the street years after, and sees him, down and out, picking up a butt in the gutter. She says to her husband, 'Stop, I used to know him.' But he looks at her and says, 'I don't remember you.' Stuff out of life. Race track scenes in old Kentucky. I'll take a song and try to dramatize it.

"We'll try that," said the man whose "stuff" was never anything but "good" on stage and screen, "and see if it's good. Then, if we're doing all right, we'll do a musical



AL JOLSON
... He sends a boy out with his telegrams to Ruby ...

comedy in three acts. I'm afraid to do it yet. It's tough to try to pioneer on the radio.

"I don't want to go in for jokes," revealed the man who has been hailed as a "comick" far and wide. "But take a song like 'Old Man River.' You can dramatize that."

There was a poignant hesitation about this great star who no longer knew whether he was good.

"I don't know," he mused. "A fellow you never heard of before comes out in the paper and says Jolson's lousy. You can't fight the mike. You may think you're funny. They may not be laughing in Missoula, Montana. You can't get a 'Sonny Boy' or a 'Jazz Singer' everywhere. The radio's a Frankenstein."

And then, above the conversation, hovered, again, Ruby Keeler. A song from her forthcoming picture, "Footlight Parade," would feature Jolson's first broadcast. "She had telephoned me, 'I'll be listening. I heard you last week.'"

"She's got a feller singing with her in that picture," her husband ruminated. "If I can't sing better than that cuckoo. She has to kiss him in the picture. I saw them and I said to her, 'Honey, get out of pictures. I don't like that.' She thought I was kidding—but I wasn't."

He peered at me with a searching look in his eyes, as if he might like to be commended for feeling that way. He's going to be the Case himself, soon to make a new picture. His radio contract is for forty weeks, but he can take twelve weeks off, whenever he wants to, in a lump or week by week.

"They were very sweet to me," he said.

"The radiol! A fellow who makes cigarettes look at a script and says it's not funny. How does he know it's not funny? Why isn't he producing shows on Broadway if he knows what's funny and what's not funny?"

"If you could only take a radio sketch out to Jersey and try it out, and see it, and change it, if something goes, all right. If something doesn't, throw it out. Change and alter. You can't take a radio sketch and play with it, and hug it to your breast. You may be right now and then—you can't be a hundred per cent."

He said to Ruby, "Honey, let's give up living in hotels. We want a home with this new baby, and if we don't have any next year, we'll adopt a couple."

Ruby again, the wife, honey! They have a beautiful place in Scarsdale. They've never lived in it. A beautiful home "with grounds and vegetables and fruits and flowers." They're "very peculiar people." They don't go anywhere. "If we don't fish, we bathe. If we don't bath, we fish. If neither, we golf." In five years, the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood is the only night club they have visited, "outside of prize fights. We take in all the prizefights."

WINCHELL, again, but Jolson did not mention Winchell. He went on about Ruby.

"If I'm good in radio, I'll give her part of my salary. If I'm not, we've got enough. We don't have to go on working."

The beautiful home with grounds and vegetables and fruits and flowers. A home "with babies." "Ruby has an aunt who's a Mother Superior up in Montreal. I think it's Montreal. When my father heard that, he sent for me and blessed me. I've been blessed in every religion in the world. How can I go wrong?"

For Al Jolson was born Asa Joelson and his father's a rabbi.

"I've got to be going now. Out to Jackson Heights to see momma." The reason why "Mamma" choked the throats of so many listeners.

This was Al Jolson, preparing to find out finally and definitely whether he's "good" on the air. By this time you know, he knows and, you can bet your deflated dollar, Ruby Keeler knows. And that's all that Al Jolson cares about.

... A very sad man ... a comedian
With a tear in his voice ...



FLIGHT from the TERROR

*Tamara, Exotic Singer of
NBC, Barely Escaped with
Her Life in Revolution*

By Willard Quayle

and little children covered in terror. Everywhere was the same cry of terror: "bandits, the bandits are coming!"

"There were few fathers or even sisters in the village with which the inhabitants could protect their homes. Most of the people scurried to hiding. Families were separated, some never to reunite."

Tamara's grandmother, her tired face grim with terror, ran with other women and children from the village. With her, she had Tamara, then about nine years old, and Tamara's baby brother.

The three took refuge in an old straw stack. Hours after hour they cowered, half smothered by the dank mass. Even there, the sounds of havoc reached them as the bandits pillaged the village. As dusk came, the countryside was lit by the fires of burning homes.

TOWARD morning, just when Tamara and her grandmother had begun to hope, danger had passed; they heard the sounds of hoofbeats; then a voice: "Fire that stack."

The elderly woman pressed the children to her in terror. They visioned death in an inferno of rotten straw—or a fate even more gruesome if the bandits discovered their presence. With tacit agreement they chose death by fire. They could hear the bandits striking matches to light the straw. The acrid odor of smoldering, damp hay penetrated their covering. Then, with drunken laughter, the bandits rode on.

With darkness for shelter, Tamara, her brother and grandmother crept out of their hiding place to find the wet straw had refused to burn.

Today Tamara is far from revolutionary Russia. She is in a new, still strange world, and she loves it. Her anguish continues, however, in contrast to this life with the childhood of hardship and danger that now seems so far away.

This poised, sophisticated young lady is no longer an obscure little Russian girl. Thousands each week listen to her songs over the NBC network. Her name has been blazoned on Broadway.

The Russia of her childhood is a thing of the past—but is it forgotten? No, the human mind in a little more than a decade cannot erase vivid impressions of childhood.

Everywhere in Tamara's comfortable Manhattan apartment are reminders of her homeland. The walls are covered with interesting books, many of them by great Russian writers of today and yesterday.

Tamara, in the right mood, will tell of early Russia, and of her desire to see the new Russia, which she is convinced must be an improvement over the old.

Tamara tells of many months of labor in the fields—for the total pay of five pounds of sugar, three pounds of salt, and three yards of cheap calico. These commodities, to Tamara and her family, were as precious as gold. They represented the "extras" or commodities which could not be produced on the scant acres tilled by her father and mother.

Tamara's father had a vision of a promised land—the United States. Months after months he saved to reach his modest fortune. The family dreamed of a land where meat and milk were fresh and plentiful. Their dreams came true. One morning Tamara, her father, mother and brother with hundreds of other immigrants landed on Ellis Island. They were happy in anticipation of life-in the land of the free.

Their knowledge of the language was meagre. In Russian schools, they had learned to read and write English but they had never been taught how to read. The determination which Tamara's father had shown in leaving Russia was now turned to making good in his adopted home. As before, he succeeded.

Tamara and her brother were enrolled in a public school. They learned to play American games. Childlike, they readily adjusted themselves to a new life. American movies gave Tamara the ambition to go on the stage. Amateur theatricals at her high school helped her to gain some training.

When Tamara completed school, she immediately

started to look for a job. The producer of a show hired her for the chorus. Tamara struggled with the jazz tempo, so different from the slow, mournful strains of Russian folk music to which she had always danced. The producer noticed her in the chorus one day.

"That girl is out of place in the chorus," he told a aide. Then to Tamara: "Can you sing?"

Tamara could sing—and, in the last six years, she has become one of radio's and Broadway's best known entertainers.

"Crazy Quilt," "Fire for All," "The New Yorkers" and "Americana" are a few of the shows in which Tamara has played important roles. Next season she will be one of the stars of Max Gordon's musical, "Gowans by Roberta."

She is conservative but always fashionable in dress. She has olive skin, brown eyes, with long lashes, and almost oriental features. In short, one of radio's most striking looking women. Tamara has three favorite colors for her wardrobe. She prefers, in order, black, white and red.

Tamara has never realized her great ambition in life. She loves to sing, but dreams some day of becoming a great dramatic actress.

Because she spends so much time in broadcasting studios and in the theater, she has little interest in night clubs. She rarely misses a dramatic show on Broadway, however, and reads translations of Proust and Knut Hamsun.

"I wouldn't make a good wife because I can't cook," Tamara said, "but I sure can keep a house clean."

She described her cooking as "Messy."

Tamara plans to return to Russia for her first visit next summer.

"I want to see the new Russia," she said. "It is my fondest hope that I will not meet disappointment."

Tamara has been asked much of the winter to a study of negro jazz and spirituals, her favorite forms of American music, which she considers "much better than the popular music written by white composers."

Tamara spends much time in study.

"You see," she explained, "all my competitors have been able to spend a lifetime studying here in America. Now that I am an American I have to catch up with them."

And Tamara, of all people, can remark with proper conviction that, after all, this is a small world.

FOR one night not long ago, she was a member of a gay dinner party atop the roof of one of New York's fashionable hotels. Softly stepping waiters hovered about the table at which she sat. Patrons pointed her out as one of the celebrities present.

Suddenly she descended upon the vast dining room. The orchestra entered and the leader of the band took his place in front of the musicians.

There was a ripple of applause, and he turned to bow. Tamara stiffened in her chair, a look of amazement passing over her beauteous features.

"Leonid!" she whispered dramatically. In a moment she had left her chair, and was striding to the front of the room where the leader of the orchestra stood poised. He sensed a dramatic moment, held the stroke of his baton that would send the orchestra into the strains of a dance.

The wily girl reached his side and peered into his handsome face.

"Leonid," she asked, "Leonid, don't you remember me—Tamara?"

And into the countenance of the orchestra leader, Leon Bekasov, came astounded recognition.

"Tamara!" he exclaimed, nearly speechless with surprise.

And the two sat down and talked, oblivious to the diners who were waiting to dance to the strains of Leon Bekasov's famous orchestra.

For Leon Bekasov, then a mischievous boy, used to pull the pigtail of Tamara, then a pretty little girl, in their native Odessa, in far-off Russia.

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TAMARA

... She dreams of some day becoming a great dramatic actress ...

TAMARA, the vivacious young Russian singer heard over NBC, might well be the heroine of a romantic novel. For tragedy, danger, adventure and courage, all the elements for a stirring tale of blood and struggle, are woven into her life.

Some of Tamara's memories are gay and bright, as those of a successful young woman should be. Others bring pain in recollection.

But Tamara has always looked ahead. She is, and always has been, a very ambitious young girl. Her success has been attained by overcoming obstacles which would have thwarted a less tenacious girl. But, to Tamara, the struggle for success in an alien land was just another adventure.

Tamara was born of parents, neither rich nor poor, in Odessa, Russia, twenty-four years ago. The fact that the date was Friday, October 13, has never caused Tamara any superstitious qualms, because in Russia then every day was unlucky.

Life was fairly comfortable for her in Russia until the gloomy days of the World War, when her father was called from his home into the Czar's service. When Russia withdrew from the conflict, Tamara and her family had moved from the city to a nearby village. There her father tilled the land, and hoped for a peace that was not to be. While she was living in this tiny village, Tamara underwent an experience which, she says, still leaves her cold with terror when she recalls it. Russia was in revolution. Tamara's parents hoped their isolated village would escape the visitation of the Red riders. But there was not even a hamlet lucky enough to miss the ministrations of these blood-craved fiends.

Tamara told her story of that horrible day, when blood ran free in the houses of their village, and the sky was overcast with smoke from burning barns and public buildings.

"We had survived several attacks by roving bands of soldiers or bandits," Tamara related, "but the report of each brought new terror into our hearts. One day bedlam seemed to break loose. Men shouted, women screamed,

HERE are many unusual ways of carrying an honest dollar and one of the most highly specialized of these is by contorting the voice in odd manners.

Leaving ventriloquism aside, the art of warping the vocal cords to produce a sound that they wouldn't ordinarily make dates back into the shades of antiquity. The Oracle at Delphi is one of the most famous examples, and although Homer neglected to make a note of it, probably one of the men in the wooden horse before the gates of Troy imitated an equine whinny to convince the Trojans that the animal was the real McCoy.

Ventriloquism, a development of this urge to fool people with the voice, was popular on the stage for the same reason that it isn't on the air—it must be seen in operation in order to give the auditor the most enjoyment. And for precisely the opposite reason—that it goes over better when you can't see that only one person is doing it—imitations of animals and birds, and character sketches in which one man or woman impersonates many types, are ideally suited to radio.

Voices, either human or animal, are one of the few things that the modern sound-effect man hasn't been able to duplicate convincingly; they must have a living quality that contrivances of metal and wood can't simulate. And as many programs call for voice imitations, and as one out of every three people, roughly estimated, thinks that he or she can out-moo a cow or crow the tail feathers off a rooster, radio studios have been deluged with applicants.

The art (or business?) however is such a specialized matter that of the many who feel "called" to attempt to enter it, few are chosen. Of the imitators of animals and "queer" sounds, Bradley Barker stands at the head of the class, while Robert MacGimsey duplicates bird calls with striking fidelity, Sallie Belle Cox does cry-babies to perfection, and Phil Cook and Jolly Bill each can imitate a dozen types of human voices; the Pickens girls make their voices sound like musical instruments; and "Red Pepper Sam" Costello does a unique character that is neither man nor animal.

These nine artists cover the field over National Broadcasting Company networks, and their pre-eminence in their respective specialties raises what is virtually an impassable barrier to ambitious but less talented imitators. What a show they could put on at the Barnyard Settee, with Barker and MacGimsey as the animals and birds, Costello as the human frog from the duck pond, and the others as the farmer and his wife and baby, the hired man with his guitar, the city slicker, the preacher and all the other characters who might wander in for a drink of cider or a spell of hot-swapping!

ODDLY enough, none of these outstanding imitators intentionally started out to be "that way"; in fact, one of them had no ambition to be in the public eye at all, but was drafted in to fill a crying need. The others were leading perfectly sane and normal lives as stage or radio entertainers in "straight" parts when circumstances or chance called upon them to be somebody they weren't, and disclosed to them a talent they didn't know they possessed, or knowing it, had used it merely as an avocation.

Bradley Barker, for instance, had been on the stage and in silent movies as an actor and director for many years before it ever occurred to him that his ability to twist his vocal cords was a practical asset. When he was a kid, Brad made the startling discovery that he could imitate a cow's voice so well that the real one would pursue him across a field, and this led him to imitate all the other animals in his grandfather's barnyard. When he grew up and went on the stage, playing leading roles with such noted stars as Guy Bates Post, Dustin Farnum and Theodore Roberts, he kept up his imitating as a hobby and for his own amusement.

FIDELITY Radio Voices

In the days when the big movie companies were forming, Brad was leading man with such early stars as King Baggot, Dorothy Phillips and Mary Fuller. When the talkies—or, as they were then justly called, the "squawks"—came in, Barker found himself cast as "sound effects," and more and more he began to find use for his old hobby, imitations of animals and unusual noises, the queerest one being when he imitated the sound of a frying egg in a Jack Holt film called "Submarine." After that, Brad was known around the movie studio as "Fried Egg" Barker.

BRAD, as befits his long experience as an actor, also plays straight talking parts in many NBC programs; but while he might be supplanted in these roles by other capable thespians, there never is any question in a director's mind when the script calls for animal sounds or odd noises which don't exactly come under the head of sound effects. Barker has been on as many as nine different NBC programs in a week. At present his regular weekly programs include the "Miss Lilla" sketches on Tuesday evenings and the "Nursery Rhymes" broadcasts on the same afternoons, and he soon will be doing all sorts of animal imitations when Courtney Riley Cooper's "Circus Days" begins over an NBC network.

And then there's pretty little Sallie Belle Cox, who was drafted into radio without any particular desire on her part for an air career. Sallie was—and is—a very competent swimming instructor in private schools in New York and a counsellor at girls' camps in the summer. To amuse her small charges in the camps, she began to imitate their crying, and became so proficient in the art that her fame spread even to the radio marts. The author of a series of married life sketches heard about her, sought her out and induced her to play the part of the young couple's baby—and after that, whenever a script called for a crying baby, the director put in a rush order for Sallie Belle Cox. Incidentally, she is the baby in the Maxwell House Show Boat programs.

Raised on a plantation in Louisiana, Bob MacGimsey used to have a lot of fun imitating the birds that flocked there in the winter. He was graduated as a lawyer at Sewanee University and practiced in New Orleans, also conducting a real estate business. One day he dropped in to see a friend, an executive of Station WSNB, NBC outlet in New Orleans, and while waiting for him, he sat down at a piano and whistled "The Rosary," producing the melody and harmony simultaneously. His friend came in while Bob was at it, and immediately asked him to go on the air the same evening.

Jolly Bill, who has been entertaining children over the NBC airwaves for 101 these many years, was a newspaper cartoonist, and a highly successful one, before going radio. To give his small admirers the proper lowdown on the subject, he told them he found that he had to impersonate several characters and animals. Now on his current programs he talks and sings in several dialects and imitates wild animals as well as the familiar barnyard pets.

These Artists Make Strange and Fearful Noises with Their Vocal Cords and Thereby Earn a Living

By Ernest S. Colling

The Pickens Sisters were one of the first singing groups to develop the imitation of musical instruments to a fine art. Using the same unique harmonies that make their trio singing so distinctive, the little Gawiga gals produce a vocal effect of stringed instruments calling to their mates that foils the most acute ear. The Three Scamps, Edwin MacDowell, Dal Calkins and Jay Fallon, also use their voices to imitate musical instruments so skillfully that it is difficult to tell whether they are playing or vocalizing.

Bill Costello, better known as "Red Pepper Sam," also is in a class by himself. As Ferdinand Frog in the "Betty Boop" programs he brings forth a noise that would make any self-respecting bullfrog turn green with envy. He was in vaudeville for several years before hooking up with Max Fleischer in his screen cartoon comedies, which later were put on the air by NBC.



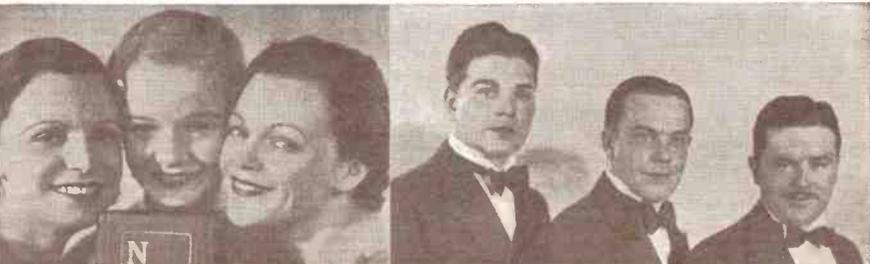
"JOLLY BILL" STEINKE BRADLEY BARKER



PHIL COOK SALLIE BELLE COX WILLIAM COSTELLO (Ferdie the Frog)

THE PICKENS SISTERS
... among the first to imitate musical instruments ...

THE THREE SCAMPS
left to right, Edwin MacDowell, Dal Calkins and Jay Fallon



IN THE ISSUE OF July 28 I printed a letter signed "Paul" in which he appealed for a method of overcoming slipping because of the fun that was looked at him by unthinking companions. I am indebted to Mrs. F. H. of Minneapolis, Minn., for the following letter which I would have sent to Paul had I his full name and address. Lacking that, and knowing that there are many others who would be interested in his letter on slipping, I print it verbatim herewith:

Dear Paul:
 Your appealing letter in RADIO GUIDE of week of July 28 prompts me to write to you, through the "Voice of Experience" in the hope that I may be able to give you some help. I took up and I reached my third year in high school, (though my companions and I were not yet 16 years old) and I spent just about one day in each doctor in Chicago, while making to a professional call, happened to have me speak. At once he said: "Do you know your feet?"

"Well, don't I! Even my teacher likes to tease me by imitating me."
 "The doctor concluded, "has nobody in all these years ever told you what to do to overcome it?"
 "No, never even a suggestion," I said.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something so you needn't ever slip again. You see, slipping is caused by your teeth being open and your tongue against the teeth. You see, when you slip, you can't possibly make the 5 sound unless you close your teeth and slide your tongue against the teeth. How do you try this?"
 "Presto! I can say 5 as well as anybody. And that was the end of my slipping—which I was over fifty years ago. And the good doctor told me many, many other things that I remembered my own and that he had cured many another victim by this same simple, easy method."

I do hope your "mouth was not made wrong" to the extent that you can't make the old doctor's simple rule entirely effective. Just deliberately make the doctor's effort. Keep your teeth closed, and the tongue away from the teeth, and say words and sentences with all the 5's you can think of, and you'll be amazed how quickly the whole process becomes involuntary and natural! And your slipping goes—gone!

Naturally I shall be eager to know how you come out and if my little story and suggestions have helped you. Here's a little complete "5-sound" key to try to see if you can't find some good for installing practice:

"I Trust I Will Sincerely, if you please,
 Miss V. O. of St. Paul, Minn. writes as follows:

ANSWER: Thank you, Mrs. F. H., and let me assure my other readers that I am not a know-all and I am always grateful for any constructive letters such as this are sent to me by my readers or my listeners.

I am eighteen years old, do not smoke, don't drink and don't care for people—they bore me. The young man I am going with is lovely and kind. He is a good, honest, but brags, he's a poor sport and he's selfish, and I can't get along with him. He has been with me since I was 12. I have gone with him almost two years. I have tried to break up several times because I wasn't sure I could last, but each time he begged me to go back and I did. It is just only that makes me do this, or do I really care for him? I can't stand the idea of not going with him—that's just force of habit? I realize that I don't admire or respect him, yet I couldn't help being without him. It is possible to love another without admiring him! MRS. F. H.

ANSWER: First, Miss V. O., let me send you, with my compliments, a pamphlet of mine called "Causes of Inferiority Complex." I am sure it will prove very beneficial to you.

You see, we humans are so constructed that we are interdependent on one another for our very existence. We have been compelled to form groups which we call society. To be normal one must associate with one or more of these groups, and by your own admission this is not true in your case. Granted that you are a friend is boisterous, a braggart and a poor sport, he by no means has a monopoly on these characteristics, for, if you will ask other girls or will observe for yourself, you will find that many other boys are afflicted with these same attributes. I am not trying to take sides with him, but I most emphatically say that he is acting more normally than you are.

Many a boy and girl must acquire a taste for society just as one does for olives. This is essential for the well being of the individual as well as for the best interests of society.

In your case, therefore, I should say it would be highly advantageous for you to have other boy friends; cultivate their acquaintance and make the friendship of other girls; be as natural as you possibly can in their company and do not draw too much into your shell; do not become an object of self-pity, and if necessary assume for a while an interest that you do not feel. Do not go too far and later find that interest will become natural even though started unnaturally. Adjust yourself to society, and you will find society adjusting itself to you.

Get the pamphlet to which I referred and follow these suggestions. I have no doubt that you will not find that life takes on a rosier hue, but a very short time.

By The Voice of Experience.

Dear Voice of Experience:
 It is a little difficult to recall to a man you love before you get married? I have loved this man ever since I was a child of eight, but he only found out about my love five years ago. He is older than I am and has seen much more of the world. He argues that he will bring to each other some day. I am so worried because I certainly do not want to lose him. He has been in the RADIO GUIDE so I can show him your answer. He knows I am writing and asking you for advice and he said I would never get so answer. Please, Voice of Experience, help me.
 YOUR RADIO FRIEND, L. B. M.

ANSWER: Yours, L. B. M., is a serious question that has had to be answered by many another girl who has found herself infatuated with a man whose ideas of good sportsmanship were biased, selfish and one-sided.

"Right" and "wrong" are always relative and no human being is endowed with the prerogative of judgment

Advice for Radio Guide Readers

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

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

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

Your Friend and Advisor VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

in deciding the absoluteness of right or wrong, is of judging the conduct of fellow humans. What is established as "right" in one community or country by social custom or religious edict, is considered wrong in another. What one person can do with impunity, another in attempting to duplicate would find himself or herself conscience-stricken.

There is no question but what illicit relations are frowned upon both spiritually and morally in America. But, aside from the moral issue, the greatest mistake that any girl can make, provided that she anticipates marriage, is to attempt to achieve that end through granting premarital privileges.

The man will argue that marriage will eventually occur, therefore, if the girl really loves him she should be willing to prove that love by her actions. But he should prove his love for her by loving the girl he should prove his love for her by giving her the protection of his name.

The great difficulty is this: Too few of us are able to differentiate between the speech of love and the voice of passion. Love invariably protects its object, even though only of self. Love is never self-centered and invariably expresses itself in terms of what is best for its object. Passion does not consider the ultimate result for its object, but only recognizes the insatiate demands for its own fulfillment.

In the light of these facts, L. B. M., I believe you can see the inadvisability of using the method which you suggest for the purpose of protecting its object, even though marriage. Let me remind you (further that my files are filled with letters relating to the experiences of other girls who had attempted to win by giving, only to find that they were losers from every angle. I certainly do not believe that you would find yourself an exception to the rule.

Dear Voice of Experience:
 I am in love with a man who seems to care nothing at all for me. Last year I was compelled to undergo a serious operation because of him. I have you to credit between the lines just what I mean.

Now, Voice of Experience, I told him of my situation, and he seems both the idea of helping delay the excess of the operation. He married me and I am in. Should I make him pay the bill, or should I force him to marry me? Although I still care for him, should I consent about me whatsoever. What would you advise me to do? Please answer me as an early issue of the RADIO GUIDE.
 E. K.

ANSWER: For the sake, E. K., of a better perspective of your problem, let us, and you, I assume that the problem has been presented to us by some one else and that we have no part in it other than to study and analyze.

Here is a girl who has been caused mental as well as physical anguish on account of a man who shows no concern over either of these conditions, and yet this girl asks the question should I force this man to marry her. Suppose you and I had entered into a partnership and both of us had invested several thousands of dollars together in the venture. Without warning one morning you found that I had absconded with the entire assets of the business, leaving you to shoulder the liabilities. Through an intermediary you finally got in touch with me. Would you feel like proposing to invest heavily again with me in order that you might recover your former losses? Or would you feel that I should be allowed to go my way, warning should be sufficient to warrant your avoiding further business entanglements with me?

I know that you can answer this question without my help.

Now this girl entered into a secret partnership with the man involved. She invested her all only to find that what she figured were assets put into the partnership by him became liabilities for her. Do you think that she would be wise in forcing this man to yoke himself with her in a life partnership, knowing as she does his self-centeredness, his lack of responsibility, his poor sportsmanship? In my opinion she would find that she had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire and her first anguish would become only a forerunner of other and deeper griefs. She would find that mental rattle and nerves instead of bringing him to his senses, and solving the problem for the girl, would only serve to deepen and widen her suffering. It would not change the man.

Every state has definite laws to protect the girl against such treachery as has been described in this letter. Provided that this girl considered financial recompense to be a desirable alternative to want her spreading the details of the clandestine relationship with the man on the public records, she has every right to ask recompense through the agencies of the courts.

However, if the man's ability to pay is doubtful, or if the girl values her reputation among her friends and associates, I would say that it would be wiser for her to forego resorting to these means of righting the wrong that has been done her.

Experience in many times a bitter teacher, but in the event that we profit by our contact with experience and make our mistakes rungs in the ladder which leads toward success, it is possible for us to make even the most disastrous conditions through which we have had to pass minister to a broader education, a wider scope of understanding, a greater field of personality, and in that event we really profit by our own losses and discreetly remain silent about the enormous cost either in money or physical or mental suffering that this experience has exacted.

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE" (Copyright 1937 by Radio Guide, Inc.)

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE, you on the high seas en route to New York aboard the S.S. Algonquin of Bermuda, will arrive on August 25, in time to begin one week's personal appearance on the radio at the Four Seasons Hotel in Brooklyn. In order to reach New York in time to fulfill his engagement, it was necessary for the Voice of Experience to change from the liner Franconia to the Algonquin at New York. The Voice of Experience will be met at the pier by a delegation from the Improved Order of Red Men, who will invest him with life membership in their order, amid colorful ceremonies. During the Voice of Experience's vacation in Manhattan, he was escorted through the capital by a picked police guard in honor of his affiliation with the New York Police Department Honor Legion, and during the trip aboard the city, his winning personality was discovered on a newspaper copy, by RADIO GUIDE containing his story and picture. Identifying him, the crowd became so enthusiastic that it became necessary for the escort to drive them back, lest in the eagerness of the throngs of natives to shake his hand, the Voice of Experience might have been injured. Following his return from his vacation, and his subsequent appearance on the CBS network, the Voice of Experience will continue his part of advice which has been appearing weekly as a feature of RADIO GUIDE.

YALE'S Favorite Orchestra LEADER

JF LITTLE eleven-year-old Bernard Rappoport had made such a lot of noise in the auditorium of the New Haven public school, Barney Rapp might never have formed an orchestra leader.

Little Bernard wasn't crying or yelling; he was the drummer in the newly-formed, public school orchestra. And when an eleven-year-old drummer is trying to attract the attention of someone in the rear of a crowded auditorium, you can very easily see that the rest of the orchestra might just as well pack up their instruments and go home.

The particular occasion when little Bernard got his start toward his present eminence as leader of the orchestra in the Summer Terrace of the Hotel New Yorker, and holder of four of the most sought after spots on the network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was that of the initial concert of the New Haven Public School Band.

The auditorium was packed with fond parents who turned out with all the friends they could persuade to accompany them to hear their various progeny make melody. It was the day before the Thanksgiving holiday, and an elaborate program of vocal and instrumental music had been planned.

The big crowd awaited the first note as they watched the curtains part and reveal the members of the orchestra, seated proudly at their places upon the platform. Just as the music teacher gave the three raps with his baton to signal for the start of the music, little Bernard's eager eyes found his mother, father, three aunts, two uncles and his brother seated far in the rear.

He wanted them to hear him. He knew they didn't care at all about anything else on the program; he was perfectly aware that they had come there just to hear their Barney. So he took good care that they wouldn't be disappointed. He banged away at that drum with a zest that produced so much noise none of the other fond parents and relatives could hear their young hopefuls. In fact, the thing sounded like a drum solo.

THE music teacher stood that as long as he could and then called a halt. He stepped over to where young Barney was seated, and slyly pinched his arm, putting on a little extra pressure by way of venting his just ire.

"Then he made a very tactful suggestion. He couldn't very well throw the youngster out of the orchestra, because you can't punish anybody for trying.

"Bernard," he said, "suppose you take one of those drum sticks and lead the orchestra."

Of course, young Barney was tickled pink; and the aunts, uncles, parents and brother all looked around at the less favored relatives with glances of smug satisfaction.

But most noteworthy of all, Barney Rapp led his first orchestra. Probably that estimable music teacher will never know how instrumental he was in placing a pair of young feet on the pathway to fame.

Unlike the average youth seeking Fate's smiles, Barney did not buy a one-way ticket for Broadway. He stayed right there in his native New Haven; indeed, he became nationally famous before he ever left the home town.

At Yale, he formed his own orchestra, all the members of which graduated at the same time. He received his own sheepskin. Then Barney opened his own supper club, and instantaneously the Pavillon Royale at New Haven became THE smart place to dine and dance. Yale students would no more think of leaving their seats from the mid-year exams than they would think of not taking the current flame to Barney's on Wednesday and Saturday nights, and as for the campus clubs and fraternities—it was never even

*New Haven Knows Only
One Dance Band When
Barney Rapp's in Town*

By Dave Green

and girls—studied their mental and physical reactions to each type of song and rhythm. He watched young America dance golden hours away to the strains of his music, and while he watched he studied their faces and their feet.

discussed who would supply the music for their tea-dansants, proms, or quarterlies. It was always taken for granted that Barney Rapp and his colleagues would be on hand.

And as for Barney, he was studying even harder than he had back in the day when he was cramming to make a passing grade.

He studied these young men and physical reactions to each type of song and rhythm. He watched young America dance golden hours away to the strains of his music, and while he watched he studied their faces and their feet.



... Barney and some of the boys enjoy a moment of relaxation during an engagement at swanky Palm Beach ...

And thus he found out how to play to "Seventeen and Looking For Love." He found that youth liked the music of muted trumpets and singing strings.

But young boys and flapper girls weren't the only ones who caught the allure of Barney's music. Their elders, too, heard of these seductive strains that would bring back to them a few precious hours of long gone youth, and they came to the Pavillon Royale, too. Then they joined in their praises of this youthful music master, until the pean became so loud that Paul Whiteman heard it, and signed Barney up under his banner.

Then, for the first time, the wavy haired youngster left his native city. He toured the country; and learned that everyone everywhere wanted to listen to that magic music that made them forget, for the nonce, that youth had fled.

When Barney returned to New Haven from his tour, he received a welcome that resembled the progress up Broadway of a transatlantic flyer. The university declared a holiday to greet his return, and everything was gay again at the Pavillon Royale.

THEN the Fox-Poll interests asked themselves why they should go on paying fancy prices for big-name Broadway bands when right there in New Haven was an act outfit with a following already made. So they persuaded Barney to double at their theater, and he held that job for one hundred consecutive weeks.

Barney wanted to quit, and return to the Pavillon Royale, but the Fox-Poll people held out the bait of the job as general musical director of the entire circuit. Naturally, an opportunity like that is too good to pass and Barney took it.

And now he's finally reached the Mecca of all bandsmen—a big New York hotel.

BARNEY RAPP ... He plays the Music of Youth ...

Barney's boys will tell you he's a slave driver—but they like him, just the same. Frequently, after the last interpid couple have left the floor of the New Yorker Terrace Room, Barney recharges his hand for his radio program until seven o'clock in the morning.

HE HAS a girl in Kentucky, and instead of playing his songs to her, he communicates with her in code through the words of the introduction to each song. The system developed a grave flaw not long ago when he had to change a song at the last minute, and announced it without putting the announcement into code. The girl was burned up, because when decoded, the announcement "He had made waaa't one you would send to your girl."

The girl in Kentucky will be very bad news to hundreds of fair devotees of tersipchore who have been won by Barney's music and his engaging smile, and the way his eyes catch his coal black hair.

Barney, during his engagement at The New Yorker, is gaining plenty of experience as a nursemaid. But nobody would mind being a nursemaid to such a charming bit of femininity as Babe Miller, the bewitching vocalist. Barney's nightly job is to make sure that Babe has her Graham crackers and milk every night after work, and then escort her dutifully to the elevator.

Broadway will never replace New Haven in Barney Rapp's heart. Every week-end when he can find the time, he motors back to the old home town, and no football star ever received the welcome back to Yale that Barney's townsmen give him on his periodic visits.

Up at Yale, they are still hoping optimistically that Barney will tire of Broadway and come back to them again, so that they may dance and be merry once at the Pavillon Royale.

But their hopes are very likely to be vain, for even if Barney wanted to pack up his bags and his instruments and go home—and frankly, I believe there are times when he would like to—he has a public now which would raise such a mighty howl at the prospect that the chances are he would change his mind.

That is one of the tough aspects of being a public character. You aren't your own boss any more. I know perfectly well that in spite of the fame and the fortune that has come his way since he came to Broadway, Barney Rapp had a lot more fun back there in New Haven. Everybody always envies fellows who are up there on top, but too often they don't stop to consider that side of it.

But I still think someone ought to start a movement to give due though belated recognition to that New Haven public school music teacher.

Ben Bernie 8:00 P.M. CDT

(TUESDAY CONTINUED)

- 7:30 p.m. CDT → 8:30 p.m. CST
KWV—Dave O'Brien
- WAAI—Ronald Slatore
- WFLA—Lou Liss, hostess
- WCFI—Joe Green, host
- WGEZ—Songs of Lithuania
- WJAX—The Smith's Sweet Music (CBS)
- WIND—Hutch Cobb
- WJW—Every Sunday
- WLS—Adventure in Health (NBC)
- WMAQ—Wayne King's Orchestra (NBC)
- 7:45 p.m. CDT → 8:45 p.m. CST
KWV—Three Strings
- WJW—Ted Lewis' Orchestra
- WCFI—Lobby Features
- WGN—Palmer House Ensemble
- WJAX—Sweet Gold (CBS)
- WJW—Bet Gilligan's Orchestra
- WLS—Hicklers (NBC)
- 8:00 p.m. CDT → 7:00 p.m. CST
KWV—Minister Theater, piano (NBC)
- WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra
- WCFI—Lorena Anderson, soprano
- WJW—Memorials' Tunes
- WIND—Modern Nat'l Chorus (CBS)
- WJW—Dorothy, with Edmund Breece
- WGN—The Bernas's Orchestra
- WMAQ—Morin Sisters, harmony team
- WLS—Palmer's Song and Story
- 8:15 p.m. CDT → 7:15 p.m. CST
WBBM—Gus Arban's Orchestra
- WJW—VCEI, Orchestra
- WGN—Charlie Arban's Orchestra
- WJW—Frank Mountain Music
- WJW—Pat Barnes
- 8:30 p.m. CDT → 7:30 p.m. CST
KWV—Russell Glave's Orchestra
- WBBM—Jimmy Greer's Orchestra
- WCFI—Halla Ingle, contralto
- WGN—The Passers by (NBC)
- WGN—Nina Martin, tenor; symphony orchestra (CBS)
- WIND—Vladik Melody Men
- WJW—Molnays Boguslanski, concert pianist (NBC)
- WMAQ—Nellie Quartet; Don Voorhes's Orchestra (NBC)
- 8:45 p.m. CDT → 7:45 p.m. CST
KWV—Mark Fisher's Orchestra
- WJW—Hull Harris' Orchestra
- WCFI—Chief Justice John Poyfalis, etc.
- 8:55 p.m. CDT → 7:55 p.m. CST
WIND—N.R.A. Talk; Indiana Division
- 8:00 p.m. CDT → 8:00 p.m. CST
WGN—Clobb Trotter, emc.
- WBBM—Johnny Hamp's Orchestra
- WCFI—The Art Theater
- WBBM—Household Musical Melodrama
- WCFI—The House of Mystery
- WIND—Catherine Melodics (CBS)
- WJW—Masters' Music Room
- WGN—Lines at State drama (NBC)
- WJW—Melodics of Poland
- 8:15 p.m. CDT → 8:15 p.m. CST
KWV—Julia Stein's Orchestra
- WBBM—Intimate Hollywood Gossip
- WCFI—H. Handers' Orchestra
- WGN—Concert Orchestra
- WJW—Fitzsady Philology; H. Griffith
- 9:00 p.m. CDT → 8:20 p.m. CST
WBBM—Tom Gerun's Orchestra
- 9:30 p.m. CDT → 8:30 p.m. CST
KWV—National Radio Forum (NBC)
- WBBM—Ted Husain; Barbara Maurer, etc.; Harmonica; orchestra, etc. (CBS)
- WGN—Tommy West's Orchestra
- WERN—King's Jesters' Harmony Team (NBC)
- WBBM—Tomorrow's News
- WIND—Dance Orchestra
- WJW—Patron, baritone
- 9:35 p.m. CDT → 8:35 p.m. CST
WGN—Headlines of Other Days
- 9:45 p.m. CDT → 8:45 p.m. CST
WBBM—Ted Husain's Orchestra
- WCFI—Race of Nations
- WERN—Ted Weenus' Orchestra
- WGN—The Dream Stop, chamber music
- WJW—Light Opera (CBS)
- WMAQ—Carlos Molina's Tanga Rumba Orchestra
- 9:50 p.m. CDT → 9:00 p.m. CST
KWV—Sports Reporter
- WJW—Richard Tracheta Talk
- WERN—Amos 'n' Andy (NBC)
- WGN—Buddy Club of the Air
- WBBM—East Chicago Community Program
- WMAQ—Harold Stern's Orchestra (CBS)
- 10:05 p.m. CDT → 9:20 p.m. CST
KWV—Mark Fisher's Orchestra
- 10:15 p.m. CDT → 9:15 p.m. CST
WGN—Harris' Opus, rock
- WERN—Low and Abner (NBC)
- WGN—Old Heidelberg; orchestra
- WMAQ—Henry Merrell's Orchestra (NBC)
- 10:30 p.m. CDT → 9:30 p.m. CST
WCFI—Ernie Hall's Orchestra (NBC)
- WERN—Harris' Opus, rock, rock, orchestra
- WERN—Sports Reporter
- WERN—Harris' King's Orchestra (NBC)
- WIND—John Jones' Orchestra (CBS)
- WIND—Halla Ingle's Orchestra (NBC)
- 10:35 p.m. CDT → 9:35 p.m. CST
WERN—Ted Weenus' Orchestra
- WERN—Tom Gerun's Orchestra
- WCFI—Waddy Wadsworth's Orchestra

PERSONAL AND FEATURES

By Evans Plummer

THUMBNAILED of radiologists

... Phil Baker, nervous, eyes always appearing tired, a friendly smile, a kind of a friendly *ronse*, big glowing bruise when the mike is dead; has serious and Ugg... has about the announcer's future... *Charles Lyon*, almost as handsome as his good-looking wife; has a... has about the announcer's future... *Charles Lyon*, almost as handsome as his good-looking wife; has a... has about the announcer's future...

Amos 'n' Andy: Amos Correll it of the world; Andy Golden rather too self-centered... Myrt and Marge: Mother Myrt keeps nudging you... Marge is still a bit dactylized by it all and the sweet young thing can't get oriented... Bill Hay, a square-minded, canny Scot with violent likes and dislikes... Gene Arnold, a commercial example of spreading the perfume of happiness... Tony Wont, a ironist's man boppily transplanted to Broadway... Harlow Wilson, a holy H'English sort of chap, although use a Briton... Arthur van Harvey, sincere, hard-working and likeable... Beatrice Churchill, will like her Betty of the air-lanes... Harry (Bottle) McNaughton, jovial, sprightly bee... The Orlson, fast talking storehouse of anecdotes... Morton Downey, eye-twinking son of Erin and true lover (of Barbara)... Irena Grew, great big little girl at heart... Mark Fisher, celebrity without the carnival of teatrant... Iva Phillips, keen student and industrious observer... Patricia Ann Manners, slipper little blonde with wisdom... Alice Joy, a true and proud mother... Frank Parker, sprited thoroughbred aspiring still greater heights... Skoopage, a common folk sort of chap, dumb, mick and natural folk.

Ben Bernie, small in stature, big KROG; nervous; likes to chew his cigar; the bride... Pot Kennedy, tiny, fatbilled and afraid of true great ability... Howard Aronson, a young old gent who will have his jokes on the network production men... Howard Aronson, a young old gent who will have his jokes on the network production men... Howard Aronson, a young old gent who will have his jokes on the network production men...

Good Songs Needed

- 10:50 p.m. CDT → 9:50 p.m. CST
WGN—Jan Gabler's Orchestra
- 11:00 p.m. CDT → 10:00 p.m. CST
KWV—Russell Glave's Orchestra
- WCFI—Mike Cavallo's Orchestra
- WBBM—California Crooners
- WJW—Mildred Martin's Orchestra (CBS)
- WMAQ—Phil Harris' Orchestra (NBC)
- WCFI—The Art Theater
- 11:10 p.m. CDT → 10:10 p.m. CST
WGN—Don Carlo's Marimba Orchestra
- WBBM—Tommy West's Orchestra
- WGN—Tommy West's Orchestra
- WERN—Henry Merrell's Orchestra
- 11:20 p.m. CDT → 10:20 p.m. CST
KWV—Mark Fisher's Orchestra (NBC)
- WCFI—Mike Carter's Orchestra (NBC)
- WERN—George Vignos' Orchestra (NBC)
- WERN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra
- WIND—Johnny Hamp's Orchestra (CBS)
- WJW—Lester Leple's Orchestra
- 11:45 p.m. CDT → 10:45 p.m. CST
WCFI—Waddy Wadsworth's Orchestra
- 12:00 M.E. CDT → 11:00 p.m. CST
WERN—Caretter Carnival (NBC)
- WERN—Caretter Carnival (NBC)
- WIND—Lester Leple's Orchestra
- WIND—Lester Leple's Orchestra
- 12:15 p.m. CDT → 11:15 p.m. CST
WGN—Jan Gabler's Orchestra
- WERN—Jan Gabler's Orchestra
- 12:30 p.m. CDT → 11:30 p.m. CST
KWV—Tommy West's Orchestra
- WGN—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra
- WERN—Lester Leple's Orchestra
- 12:45 p.m. CDT → 11:45 p.m. CST
KWV—Julia Stein's Orchestra
- WERN—Julia Stein's Orchestra
- WIND—Hawaiiian Serenade
- 1:00 M.E. CDT → 12:00 M.E. CST
WBBM—Around the Town's Dance Orchestra
- WERN—Lester Leple's Orchestra
- WIND—International Melodics
- 1:15 p.m. CDT → 12:15 p.m. CST
WGN—William's Motion with Bob Griffl...

with making radio transcriptions for world between certain calls... Florning in the radio picture for promotion is the *World's Fair Radio*, operating at Soldiers Field Friday, August 23, for a 17-day run with Sen. James Minotto, owner of 27 Tanager Ranch, as producer. The air tieup is in the wild horse race, each of the twelve teams of which is sponsored by and named after a prominent band leader. Stick wavers so honored are *Charlie Appleby*, *Don Harris*, *Benno Merfeld*, *Wayne King*, *Vincent Lopez*, *Johnny Hamp*, *Hank O'Hare*, *Jack Kemp*, *Mark Fisher*, *Jan Garber*, *Ted Weenus* and *Ted Lewis*—all of whom will be present for the opening day afternoon performance.

Howard Neumiller, one of the sweller pianists, definitely is back at CBS and WBHM beginning Monday... and Eleanor Rella (Billy of Myrt and Marge) reports from Three Rivers, Mich., that she and hubby, Reggie Knorr, have been catching beaucou fish and would send us some if they only knew our address. Yes, Eleanor? Try the Ramo Duo. We received your letter.

Bill Hay, a square-minded, canny Scot with violent likes and dislikes... Gene Arnold, a commercial example of spreading the perfume of happiness... Tony Wont, a ironist's man boppily transplanted to Broadway... Harlow Wilson, a holy H'English sort of chap, although use a Briton... Arthur van Harvey, sincere, hard-working and likeable... Beatrice Churchill, will like her Betty of the air-lanes... Harry (Bottle) McNaughton, jovial, sprightly bee... The Orlson, fast talking storehouse of anecdotes... Morton Downey, eye-twinking son of Erin and true lover (of Barbara)... Irena Grew, great big little girl at heart... Mark Fisher, celebrity without the carnival of teatrant... Iva Phillips, keen student and industrious observer... Patricia Ann Manners, slipper little blonde with wisdom... Alice Joy, a true and proud mother... Frank Parker, sprited thoroughbred aspiring still greater heights... Skoopage, a common folk sort of chap, dumb, mick and natural folk.

MUSIC publishers and songwriters

are signing a vast section of the public, according to George Unger, exec program director of the friendly station, WLS, operating in Chicago by the Prairie Farmer. Mr. Bigger is right. Publishers can complain that the day million copy sale hits or over would do well to examine the trend in lyrics and melody lines ending with "Woe a Tulip," "Perfect Day," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "I Love You Truly," "Sound on a Harless Moon," "Annie Rooney," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Sweet Mystery of Life," "Living Gray Home in the West" and similar songs that HAVE sold big and big level A plum tree for Mr. Biggar and WLS.

It's a 61-2 pound girl at the Wayne Kings, and a dandy boy at the Eddie Greets... Both mothers and babies doing great... Congratulations to four proud parents.

Taglines

AGOS 'N' ANDY are appearing for their first time in years in their own home town; the B. K. Chicago Theater the spot beginning Friday, August 23... so is just finishing a big week there, and at the RKO Palace... Street Singer? That's winding up a busy seven days, what

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Chicago Studio PEEP

By Rollin Wood

HEALTH and How to Attain and Keep It will be *Charlie White's* subject for a talk over **WMAQ**, Saturday, August 26, at 8 a. m. The speaker is recognized as one of Chicago's leading physical culture directors and is a living example of what proper exercise and diet will do. At the age of 13 he was anemic and tubercular. He took up boxing and appeared professionally in the ring at the age of sixteen. From 1908 until 1924, the year of his retirement, White appeared in over 300 boxing contests, 23 times with champions.

Do you remember that musical number called, "In Old Capri"? It was the number *Premier Musoni* of Italy was referring to when he said, "It reminds me of my boyhood days in Capri."

One *Perman* was the *Perman* and now he has another hit; this time it's "Night Time," featured on *Charles P. Hughes' Hot Hits* program over **WELH**. It plays at 9 p. m. *Perman* is an old timer in the radio, although young in years. He first started back in 1923 over **WBH** with *Nick Lucas*.

Roy Waldron, who conducts the **WMAQ Sports Review**, each evening at 1:15, is on a two-week vacation, remaining around the country in an automobile. His tour includes Detroit, through Canada to Niagara Falls, New York, Atlantic City and back home by way of Washington, D. C. While in the East, *Ray* will visit many of the polo stars who participated in the National Indoor Polo Tournament held here last week. *Ray* is athletic officer of 124th Field Artillery.

Guests of coming *Reno Gume* (Star Interviews, broadcast each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, 6:45 p. m. CDT) from the studios of **WJJD**, will include:

Thursday, August 24, *Arthur Street Singer's Tenors*, Saturday, August 26, actress *Alice Hall*; Tuesday, August 29, the *Maple City Four*; Thursday, August 31, *Bubb Pickard* of **WJJD**.

Tony of the "Tony and Joe" sketch heard Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8:45 p. m. over **WCFB**, appeared on last Sunday. We found *Millie Stadium* on Chicago's west side to watch a baseball game and interview *Tony*. In a baseball uniform, on the field. Further questioning revealed that *Tony* played ball with Minneapolis and Columbus of the American Association and Montreal of the International League. At present he is supposed to be the property of the St. Louis Browns and playing ball with *Benjamin* of the International League. At his career is so promising that he is staying in Chicago and forsaking baseball for

A Sunday evening at Old Heidelberg on the lake at the World's Fair, is not complete unless a galaxy of stage, screen and radio stars is

Saturday—Continued

12:45 a. m. CDT ↔ 11:45 a. m. CDT
WVJL—John Stein's Orchestra
WVJL—Johnny Van der Helady Man
WGJL—Don Carlo's Marine Orchestra
 1:00 a. m. CDT ↔ 12:30 a. m. CDT
WVJL—Annexed the Town's Dance Orchestra
WVJL—Bernie's Orchestra
WVJL—Dramatic Program
WVJL—Richard Cole's Orchestra
WVJL—International News
 1:15 a. m. CDT ↔ 12:15 a. m. CDT
WVJL—Hal Kemp's Orchestra
 1:30 a. m. CDT ↔ 12:30 a. m. CDT
WVJL—Out Car
WVJL—Beady Bop's Orchestra
WVJL—Richard Cole's Orchestra
 1:45 a. m. CDT ↔ 12:45 a. m. CDT
WVJL—Hal Kemp's Orchestra
WVJL—Milkmaid's Matinee with *Bob Griffin*

crowds than ever. Many out-of-town visitors include the studio on their planned itinerary while doing the fair.

Eddie Hogan, of *Reno Gume's* advertising department, will demonstrate her versatility, Sunday, August 27, at the annual outing of the Chicago Post office clerks. She will be one of the directing officials *Alex Trostad*, associated with local radio stations for nearly ten years, will be in charge of the athletic events.

"Wedding Gift," another smart *Vera Caspary* romance drama, will be heard at 9:30 p. m. CDT Monday over **NBC** and **WENR** on the *Princess-Pat Pageant* of life and love. In its realistic, yet wondrous manner (*Bernardine Flynn*) will play a prominent part in influencing *Diana Moore*, famous for young acts over-narrated by *Alice Hill*, whether or not she should marry the wealthy young *Ted Putnam* (*Doug Hoys*) and forsake her brilliant career, as recommended by her aunt, *Eleanor Moore* (*Peggy Davis*). Whatever you think, the ending is promised to be happy.

Wayne King has very few superstitions. When on the bandstand, he has one concerning a saxophone. He never wears one, being one of the few saxophone stars in the world who plays without one.

It's a good thing *Eddie Howe*, **WBBM** organist, doesn't play the organ with his nose. The reason: . . . his nose is skinned. *Eddie* is a yachtsman and had the misfortune to get his nose scraped by the mast from his proclivity while clambering about in the shipyard.

Ben Benne's favorite songbird, *Little Jackie Heller*, continues to please with his broadcasts over **WJJD**. With *Musican Ben Kenner's* help his program is proving to be an extremely popular night-time feature.

Truman Bradley, **WBBM** and **CBS** announcer has returned to microphone duties after a siege of influenza.

Twenty-three hundred fan letters each week and the number keeps increasing constantly! The recipient is none other than *Husk O'Hara*, **WJJD's** newest star, broadcasting daily over **KYW** from the Canton Tea Garden in Chicago.

While *Jack Holden* is vacationing this week in Michigan, the *Jack and Joe act* of **WLS** is being carried on by *Joe Kelly* and *Joe Hollister*. More news from the *Prairie Farmation* is that more than 25,000 and possibly 30,000 people witnessed their extra performance of the *National Barn Dance* a week ago last Wednesday in the Court of States

at the Century of Progress! **WLS** moved to the fair for *Farmers' Week* and the stage was a special show. Last Saturday afternoon at 12:30 CST, contests for husband, chicken and hog calling at the fair provided an interesting pickup that evening the Chicago premier of the World's Fair 100-pace *Marathon* band, directed by *Clare Omar Musser*, was heard over **WLS**.

Husband calling, judged for most persuasive, musical and ear-splitting yodles, was won by *Mrs. Jack Owsenjo*. Blue Island, Ill., with *Mrs. Mary Berger* of Goshen, Ind., second, and Mrs. E. J. *Brewer*, of Haskell, Ind., third. Hog calling, decided by sincerity, carrying power and "hog appeal," went to *Joe C. Demerson*, Western, Ill., who already was *McLean County* champ. *Owsenjo* of Princeton, Ill., and *Pooria County* champ, second, and *Arthur Kablembach*, of Marshall County, Ill., third.

Harry Cavusa returns to **WBBM** as the "Sleepy Salts Girl and her Boy Friend" on Monday night, August 28, at 9:30 p. m. CDT. The extremely popular and lauded songstress will be the "tear-stained" voice will be heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the same hour with a male quartet supporting. She herself opens a two-week engagement at the *Parliament Club* on Tuesday, August 29.

present. Last week we noticed *Quin Ryan*, *Robert Wayne*, *Gertrude Van derbilt*, *Pat Flanagan*, *Morin Sisters*, *Paul Sisters*, *Charlie Chase*, *Lillian Gordon*, *Eddie* and *Fannie* (monograph, *Charles Lyon*, *Harlow Wilson*, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Sullivan* and *Bee Churchill*, *Ernie Metzenauer*, leader of one of *Old Heidelberg's* three musical units, was entertaining *Arthur Fryer*, the celebrated band leader, who is his uncle.

Danny Russell, playing over **CBS** and **WBBM** from the *Oriental Gardens*, has an eye for potential musical hits. His latest find is "Rich Man's Blues," by *Frank Magrin*.

Jerry (*Chi-Caw-Wag*) *Sullivan*, scion of an illustrious Irish family, began his business career as messenger for the Chicago Board of Trade. *Vaudeville* called the young entertainer and he became a headline act, touring the country for years until radio held allure for his particular type of program. He was also a sporting figure in baseball and football in his younger days. *Jerry* is heard at 7:30 nightly from **WJJD** and his *Chi-Caw-Wag* is known by many.

The *Galaxy of Stars* program, sponsored by the *Red Star Yeast Company*, heard over **WBBM** at 10:15 p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday is pulling a large amount of mail. *Norm Starr*, *Eddie Howe*, the organist, *Phil Porterfield*, and *Reid Howard* are in the cast.

Eddie and *Fannie Cavanaugh* will be heard *Big Chief Eddie and Squaw Fannie* after Tuesday, September 2, when at the Indian Village at the World's Fair, they are given tribal honors because of their work with the red men. The day *WLS* is also the one on which the **WBBM** radio goosipers and interviewers will entertain all their contest winners at the fair.

On Thursday, September 14, *Eddie* and *Fannie* will make a personal appearance all day in *Milwaukee, Wis.*, at the *Boston Store*.

The *Cavanaugh* broadcasts, from their own studio off the lower promenade of the Chicago Theater at 1 p. m. daily, are attracting greater



—By NICK NICHOLS

★ BUBBA PICKARD

BUBBA was born "Obediah," a member of the famous *Radio Pickard* family of Tennessee. He is now "on his own" and together with the delightfully honey-toned of his guitar may be heard only from **WJJD**.

STARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ **Boguslawski** *Messias Boguslawski*, pianist, has an international reputation.

★ **Linick** *Art Linick* is known from coast to coast as "Mr. Schlagenhauser," premier air comic.

★ **O'Hara** *Johnny O'Hara*, makes sports broadcasts his business. Letters substantiate the fact that he has a "whale of a business."

★ **Beck** *Fred Beck*, organist, is a master of his instrument and is equally at home playing modern of classical selections.

W J J D
 20,000 WATTS
 100.3 METERS
 103.0 KILOCYCLES
 CHICAGO

Voice of the Listener

Readers writing to this department are requested to confine their remarks to 200 words or less. Anonymous communications will be ignored but the name of the writer will not be published unless desired. Address all letters to Voice of the Listener, c/o Radio Guide, 112 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Lovely and Beautiful

Dear V. O. L.:

I have read RADIO GUIDE for two years and I like it. This is the first I've ever written to the GUIDE, but I must say, Hunk O'Hare is a good singer and has a beautiful voice. And Larry Foster is a beautiful tenor. I read in V. O. L. that Hunk has "ruined" "In the Valley of the Moon." That is untrue. Hunk plays it well, and singing is music to my ears.

And about the Barber Sisters. The Barber Sisters are beautiful and can sing. Especially Jean! I adore the way she sings. The Colgate Kids are good players. Hunk O'Hare is my favorite band.

I hope Hunk always plays "In the Valley of the Moon."

Sul Dorote

Dirgey Rubinoff

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

In the August 6 issue of RADIO GUIDE, V. O. L. letter signed "Joe" writes: "I confess good music" said: "Last but not least, Hunk O'Hare and the Colgate Kids have ruined a perfectly beautiful record, "In the Valley of the Moon." He accused it "night!" And just why are these musicians leaders with their "dirgey" nomination to mutilate musical masterpieces?"

Oh all the offenders! I think Rubinoff, of the Sunday night Chans and Sabers, Coffee Hour, is the worst. He turns everything he plays into a dirge. He is so depressing that even the very funny and brilliant Bert Lake cannot escape the gloom cast by Rubinoff. Can nothing be done about it?

Edith Katherine Roberts

See Issue No. 33

Dear V. O. L.:

I am a constant reader of RADIO GUIDE and I have never yet seen anything in the way of praise about George Hall and his Hotel Talk Orchestra. Why not give him credit for having a swell band?

Let us also honor these two wonderful singers of his, none other than Myrtle Lorett and Barry Walls. Why, most everyone delights in hearing them sing. Let's come on, and just once, bring out the talent that is worth while. I hope that RADIO GUIDE will print their pictures next time.

I think quite a few others besides myself would like to hear something about George Hall and his orchestra. To for them one hundred per cent. Three cheers for the swelldest orchestra I've heard in a long time.

Nancy Ravento

Respects Europeans

Dear V. O. L.:

Prospere Isle, Maine

When I read Carl J. Campbell's first letter, I took him to be just another old snitch. But since reading his second letter in last week's edition I am forced to admit that he is a pretty sensible fellow after all, even if I still disagree with him on some points.

Here ought to be said on behalf of the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Symphony, the Golden Gate and other programs of classical music. So far as music is concerned, America is extremely ignorant. Do you think that Europeans would stand for the horrible jazz that we are forced to hear? Do you think that in Italy Kate Smith would be as popular as she is? Do you think that Germany

would stand for that horrible wailing that Bing Crosby forces into our ears? NO! Fondly, most! Europeans from the poorest laborer to the aristocrat prefer the higher type of music.

If this letter is published I hope that V. O. L. fans are going to think that I must be a European. Well, I am not, I have never set foot outside of this country and I am just as good a Yankee as you are. But I have considerable respect for the European appreciation of good music.

New people don't get me wrong. I appreciate good popular music. I mean just say GOOD just and not trash. I mean just say such as Paul Whiteman plays. As far as I am concerned he has always been the "King of Jazz" and still is.

Fred Otten

No Racket

Dear Editor:

I was amused at the line of thought expressing in the answers to La Sena's comments regarding WLS programs. I agree with and wish to add to La Sena's observations.

As a matter of fact, the first thing I can say in favor of WLS are, first, the market broadcast, most or all of which originate here; and second, the classical and jazz broadcasts which are devoid of WLS influence. I have always wondered why intelligent listeners, if there are any, did not object to the lack of programming and such programs which are dashed up daily. Evidently such people do take in the programs that are not so suited to the average person's intelligence.

A year or so ago a singer on a WLS program lapsed in the middle of a half hour and said, "This is so silly I can't remember your name." I can probably persons who think WLS programs are entertaining have never observed that it is in fact a very real deal and thereby discover a world of intelligent, high type entertainment. I don't blame WLS for handing out such stuff as long as they get away with it, but I do blame people for putting up with it. They, not I, are made to injury, we find people spending good money to see their "favorite WLS" in personal appearance that is in a racket, and so on. It is not WLS in announcing such appearances that it makes me wonder if there is a racket connected with it. There is a coeque statement that fits the case at hand, namely, "some people are gluttons for punishment." R. J. Kimber

Or Little Orphan Annie?

Dear V. O. L.:

I'll admit Ben Bernie has a good orchestra, but no matter how good, he can't compete with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

Ben Bernie's gab is in but the things he talks about are not at the ordinary. He belongs on a program with Shipley or some such.

Curly

Battling for Beasley

Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I have never written to you, but after reading about some woman naming a yacht in the issue of August 6-12 about Vaughn de Leath's being put off the air, I just have to write and make a squeal about CBS putting Irene Beasley off the air. Here's hoping a lot of Irene Beasley's friends and fans get behind me and help her back on the air.

It has been more than seven months since she appeared over CBS and I'm sure you know her. So, headed by her "Long Tall Girl from Dixie" before long.

P. S. I enjoy reading RADIO GUIDE very much and I have been reading it for nearly ten years. Yours for continued success.

In Other Words . . .

Dear "Vain":

This is my first attempt to "crash" the V. O. L. page. The current issue of RADIO GUIDE contains two statements which prompt me to send this Pleasure awards Al Johnson presents and Al Pastor gives him five weeks. I was on the first program on August 3 and then again on August 10. I felt that Paul Whiteman's was one hundred per cent perfect, Donna Taylor was one hundred per cent perfect and Al Jolson was very ably supporting the program. Al is a thoroughly good singer and it is true. But since I realize that my views are borne out with two of your articles.

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra with Donna Taylor as M. C. playing a program similar to his concerts of last winter, would be the best bet for its sponsor. The caliber of Paul Whiteman's Orchestra

needs no other so-called name to build it up. It keeps up the good work of RADIO GUIDE, and how about pictures of entire orchestras?

R. N. Putnam

Plums for Mayonnaise?

Dear V. O. L.:

Just a few lines to express my opinion on various stars, orchestras, etc. In the first place, I think Wayne King, Hal Kemp and Buddy Rogers have three of the best orchestras on the air.

And here's a bundle of ghosts to the Better Mayonnaise Co. for putting Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa and Roy Atwell back on the air. They have a most entertaining program, so does Fred Waring.

As for station WLS, I never tire of listening to it. My favorite hill-billy singers are George Golob, Three Little Maids, Maids of the Golden West and the Maple City Four.

In closing I wish RADIO GUIDE more news.

Audrey-Jay Michelson

Not Slightly Fermented

Scranton, Pennsylvania

I have just been reading the August 6 issue of your valuable magazine and I noticed an item from Rock Island, Ill. as the writer of which agrees with some other ill-informed and unsympathetic E. J. Hart, Indiana, in the opinion that Wayne King's orchestra and also Wayne King's saxophone are slightly fermented.

It has been my privilege to hear his program practically every date and several bands, including Duke Ellington, Ted Lewis, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, Les Sauters (Tom Sowers did outfit), Larry Seibel, Art Kassel, Lloyd Hayley, Harry S. Spector, Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Horace Heidt, Gene Gray, Don Bestor, Jack Dorsey, to mention a few, and that but not least the greatest of them all, Wayne King.

My opinion is that Wayne King is the greatest individual saxophonist in the country and that his band is greater than any of the others can ever hope to be. His arrangement cannot be matched and his superiority in every type of modern music is conceded by hundreds of his audience. His critics need only to hear him in person to be convinced.

W. A. R.

A Winchell Way?

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

I also have some morning programs to recommend. I agree with the New Britain Guide, but what about the Don Hill Trio, Judy Hill, Dick Liebert and the Wife of Don? In my humble opinion the Don Hill Trio is the very best trio on the air and Judy Hill has the most interesting fifteen minutes for the children. My three brothers never miss him and the whole family enjoy their breakfast listening to the beautiful harmony and sweet and ten with the trio.

Can you run a story and pictures of them and their associates, Van, for us soon? Also one of Judy Hill and Dick Liebert. I never miss RADIO GUIDE but I sometimes wish you would tell us more about our favorite in a personal way. Here's for a bigger RADIO GUIDE.

Vera Kumbel

Subtle Compliment

Fresport, Illinois

Dear Sir:

In my opinion there is not a better orchestra on the air than HAL KRUPP.

In a recent letter in your DEPARTMENT, I have mentioned "Hal Krupp's band." What a dirty slam. His arrangements are swell, in say nothing of his band.

I don't believe in "Krupp's band" since one of his programs after hearing his arrangement of such a piece as "A Little Suite of Hand Songs." Why don't one of the networks wake up and pick up the best band on the air—Hal Krupp!

As for Wayne King, he could be called "Jazz" if he would have some new pieces. And Jan Gay is good even if he does copy Guy Lombardo.

RADIO GUIDE compares with other radio guides just as Hal Kemp compares with other bands.

Johnny Healy

Best None Too Good

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor:

Something should be done about this: "Believe or Not" as an editorial signed recently in this city by a well known band leader was attacked by one of the best writers on the country as well as on the program and looked like a ten length minor but he wasn't even picked for the finale. The letter contained some harsh abuse which as they chose ten letters signed of his own people.

Let's have more of these contests, it sure is an incentive for bigger and better. I don't know what.

A Riposte

RADIO GAGS and WINNERS

One dollar will be paid for each gag or boner published
Address: 112 Fourth Avenue, New York City

- August 3—Intimate Hollywood News—WCAU—6 p. m.
Announcer: "Next program will come to you direct from Hollywood by electrical transcription"—Helen Quinter, Harry Brown, Penna.
- August 6—Hein and Dunn—CBS—5:25 p. m.
Announcer: "I want to be a spiritualist yesterday." "How was the spiritualist?" "Oh, just medium."—G. S. Wright, Arthur, Ill.
- August 10—World's Fair Reporters—WLS—10:20 p. m.
Announcer: "The show here after the most in convenience."—George Halsey, Jr., Cincinnati, O.
- August 6—Baseloid Game—WGN—10:20 p. m.
Bob Ebon: "Ben Herman got a home run, also two doubles and a single so far this inning.—Ray Lohde, Jr., Fresno, Ill.
- August 8—Buddy Rogers Orchestra—WLS—7:30 p. m.
Announcer: "The orchestra will now play 'You're a Nightingale'—I beg your pardon?—'Oh! Don't Mean a Thing'—Margaret Powers, Chicago, Ill.
- August 8—Morton Downey—CBS—7 p. m.
Announcer: Turn out your loud speakers, for here comes Morton Downey.—Peggy Olive, Providence, R. I.
- August 7—Sheldar Minstrel—WLS—7:18 p. m.
Announcer: "I hope your brother is going to marry a girl named Mary." "Yes, but there's something he'd like to get off his chest before he does." "What's that?"
- Max: "A tetoo with the name 'Lucy'."—Morris McGuff, Knox, Ind.
- August 8—Gold and Sport Flashback—WTAM—11:05 p. m.
Gene Warner: Jimmy Fox is his sixtieth birthday.—Howard Bohn, Williamson, Penna.
- August 10—Hearing Program—WMAQ—8 p. m.
Announcer: "Along Came Love," on a phonograph record.—Dorothy Yates, Elgin, Ill.
- August 9—Heinic and His Graduates—WTAM—1:54 p. m.
Dorsey: "What has four wheels and is a horse?"
- Heinic: "I've got you." "What has four wheels and is a horse?"

Wants Cross Words

Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I have been reading RADIO GUIDE for quite some time. My object in writing the letter is not to pick out any particular feature on the air nor object objections against it because people are entitled to their own opinions.

I want to ask two things. The first is, would you please be good enough to print the letter in the next issue of the Weekly? The letter is one of those that I don't think you should print. I would like to know if one of the features of RADIO GUIDE, such as the cross word puzzles, catch phrases, —an sheet, everything pertaining to radio, etc. If you would like to see any particular feature of RADIO GUIDE that you would be willing to find out if there are other people who would enjoy this feature.

HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27—N. R. A. Talk, Senator William M. Aiken, NBC-WENR at 10:15 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28—"The Ideas Back of Wheat Adjustment," M. L. Wilson, Chief of Wheat Production Control, CBS-WIND at 10:30 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 31—Automotive Engineers Dinner, Awarding Bendix Trophies for Trans-Continental Flight and Guggenheim Medal for Aeronautical Achievement During Past Year; Speakers, NBC-WENR at 9:30 p. m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27—Bert Lahr, Homay Bailey and Les Sims, with Rubinoff, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.
George M. Cohan, Revelers and Al Goodman's Orchestra, NBC-WGAR at 8 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28—Minsirel Show, NBC-WLS at 9 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 29—Ben Bernie and his band, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30—Fannie Brice and George Olsen's music, NBC-WLS at 9 p. m.
Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's Orchestra, CBS-WN at 8:30 p. m.
"Mandy Lou," Bill Metia and Fred Waring's Orchestra, CBS-WGN at 9 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 31—Guest comedians with Rudy Vallee's Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.
Molasses at January, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Muriel Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1—Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shurtz and Don Bestor's Orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p. m.
Fred Allen, Roy Aswell, Portland Wolf, Terde Urol's Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.
Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield's Orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.
Chas Chase and Hugh O'Connell, Les Wiley and Paul Small and Victor Young's Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.
Lum and Abner's Old Time Friday Night Social, NBC-WENR at 9:30 p. m.
SEPTEMBER 2—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, NBC-WENR at 6:30 p. m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27—Columbia Symphony Orchestra, CBS-WIND at 2 p. m., also Wednesday at 10 p. m.; CBS-WGN Monday at 9:45 p. m.
Wayne King's Sunday Serenade over NBC-WLS at 2 p. m.; NBC-WMAQ Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and NBC-WENR Thursday at 8:30 p. m.
Light Opera, "The Sorcerer," NBC-WLS at 7 p. m.
American Album of Familiar Music, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.
Willard Robison's Synoposered Sermon, CBS-WIND at 4 p. m., also Deep River Orchestra Thursday at 9 p. m. and Saturday at 8:30 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28—Ferdie Grofe's Orchestra, Conrad Tibbault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p. m.; also Wednesday at 8 p. m.
Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.
Joseph Pasternak's Melody Moments, guest artist, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p. m.
Guy Haenschel's Orchestra, Ohman and Arden, Conrad Tibbault and Arlene Jackson, NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30—Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 31—Presenting Mark Wornow, Gertrude Niesen and Melodiers, CBS-WIND at 9 p. m.
Paul Whiteman's Orchestra with Al Johnson, Deems Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton and others, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27—John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WBBM at 6:30 p. m. Second episode at 7:15 p. m. on CBS-WN.
The First Dress Suit, NBC-KY W at 8:30 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28—Drake's Drums, NBC-WMAQ at 5:30 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 29—Miniature Theater, "Op-o'-Me-Thumb," NBC-KY W at 8 p. m.
Lives at Stake, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.
Talkie Picture Time, NBC-WMAQ at 10:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30—One Man's Family, NBC-KY W at 8:30 p. m.

VOCALISTS

CHARLES CARLILE—CBS-WIND Tuesday at 7 p. m. with Gladys Rice; Wednesday at 7:15 p. m. with Rhoda Arnold and Saturday at 8:15 p. m. with Esther Leaf.
HARRIET CRUISE—WBBM Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 p. m.
JOHN L. FOGARTY—NBC-WLS Thursday at 7:30 p. m.
KATE SMITH—CBS-WGN Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
MILDRED BAILEY—CBS-WBBM Saturday at 6:15 p. m.
NINO MARTINI—CBS-WGN Tuesday at 8:30 p. m.
OLGA CRIVENTIS ALBANI—NBC-WMAQ Thursday at 6:15 p. m.
PAT KENNEDY—NBC-KY W Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:45 a. m.
TITO GUZAR—CBS-WIND Sunday at 6 p. m.

NEWS

BOAKE CARTER—CBS-WBBM daily at 6:45 p. m. excepting Saturday and Sunday.
COL. LOUIS McLENNY HOWE interviewed by Walter Trumbull, NBC-WMAQ Sunday at 9 p. m.
EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIND Wednesday and Friday at 9:45 p. m.
FLOYD GIBBONS, The Headline Hunter—NBC-KY W Fridays at 4:15 p. m.
LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WLW daily at 5:45 p. m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

SPORTS

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29—Ted Husing, CBS-WBBM at 9:30 p. m., also Thursday.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1—Grantland Rice, CBS-WISN at 8:30 p. m.

REVIEWING RADIO

By Mike Porter

ONE of the many distasteful things about being a columnist is the ease with which a heart may be broken by a paragraph—intentionally or otherwise. The urge for interesting customers sometimes makes one forget that. I don't happen to be one of those guys who can say or do a cruel thing—and let it ride. That's why today, although he hasn't complained or even called, I feel it the square thing to do to say a few things about Al Johnson which I am sure, more than outweigh the shortcomings with which I endowed him, anonymously, in last week's issue. Frankly at that time, I didn't know all that I know now about Johnson. I resented him because at the outset of his radio work, we didn't like it off, and then there was the Winchell episode, and no columnist likes the notion of a columnist being smacked down.

But now, I hope I am courageous enough to set Al right with the audience. I have another piece of him—a portrait of the Johnson off stage, off the air—Johnson in private life.

For instance, I have learned of the time when, in the market crash, he lost in one day a million dollars. On the next day, he gave away ten thousand dollars, to be distributed among 5,000 people, with which to buy food!

I hadn't known that he maintains eight beds at the Saranac Lake sanitarium, year in and year out, for the ill, be they white, black, Protestant, Catholic or Jew.

He is also a regular contributor to the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant charities.

Not long ago a Negro applied to Johnson. He told Johnson that he had a large family, in need of food; that he was talented, had written a show, book, music and lyrics, and needed \$25,000 to finance it. Johnson gave him the money, and never even went to see the opening. The show, inci-

dentally, was a flop, and Johnson never has seen the man he helped, since.

It wasn't long ago, that in a Western city, a child was kidnapped. The parents were too frightened to appeal to the police, and they did not have even a fraction of the ransom demanded. Johnson was playing the town, learned of the plight of the parents, through underworld channels contacted the kidnappers, paid the ransom—and bit off his head; his remains remained a secret until this minute!

From Eddie Seltow, the Broadway columnist of the New York Daily News, I have learned of the time Johnson went to a racetrack, bet on a nag, which won the race. But it seems as the horse crossed the finish line, the jockey dropped dead from excitement. Johnson was so affected by the incident that he sent his winnings, which amounted to \$5,000, and his personal check for \$1,000 to the jockey's family.

On another occasion, Johnson went to the Walter Reed Hospital with a large troop of other entertainers, to give the patients a show. When it was all over, Johnson found a lad on crutches limping into the ball. Tears were flowing down the patient's cheeks. A minor operation had caused him to miss the entertainment. Johnson was so affected, he called the other entertainers together, and gave the show all over again for one veteran.

TO GET back to the Winchell incident, I happen to know that Johnson, at heart, is very, very sorry about it—that he likes and admires Winchell. But the truth of the matter is, Johnson was seeing red when he smacked Walter. He had read in a movie column a tip that Winchell's forthcoming movie was to deal with the life of Mrs. Johnson, whom you know as Ruby Keeler. Johnson

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31—Columbia Dramatic Unit, Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Body Snatcher," CBS-WIND at 7:30 p. m.

Death Valley Days, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1—The First Nighter, NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2—Tales of the Titans: Willie Collier—"The Dream Woman," NBC-KY W at 8 p. m. K-Seven, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

happens to be madly in love with Ruby, whose life is really blameless, and without stopping to learn whether the columnist's life was accurate, he became more snappy than ever he had been in his life, especially when he found that Ruby, too, had read the item, and was crying bitterly. Unreasonably, he sought out Winchell, who by the way is perfectly blameless in the matter, since he never had thought of writing Mrs. Johnson into his picture. Then the unfortunate climax came, and two life-long friends reached the parting of the ways. One wishes they'd get together and patch it up.

Here's something else that I have discovered about the meany unger, who is a highly emotional guy. He knows better than most of us, that radio is a tough battle for him. You can't gesticulate, grin, and mug before a blind audience; all his life, Johnson has been "selling his songs with gestures, grimaces and histrionics."

He knows better than most of us that the mike is a cruel, ruthless and unemotional bit of mechanism, demanding that all the fire of soul, the dramatic qualities, the comedic phasers of performing as well as the necessary little touches of pathos, be done by the vocal chords. And this, Johnson has set himself to master. He has been offered another picture contract, but swears, so his friends tell me, that Winchell, the stage star, is over-acting like a god to hell itself to have worked out his salvation as a radio artist, and certainly will not have convinced himself one way or another, in his present 13-week career, that he is a success—or a hopeless failure.

I think this gives the other side of Johnson. I hope that it sets me right too. I don't want to be cruel, and I don't like being apologetic either. Perhaps this piece about Johnson will spare me a little. But at any rate, I feel better.

So that's that!