

Radio ^{dist} 5¢ Guide

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Wild Waves Croon
To Radio Stars
By Bob Taplinger



Nathaniel Yonteff

Phil Harris Wooded
Lady Luck
By Stanley Yates

Phil Harris

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE" Solves YOUR Problems

ATLANTIC CITY, the mecca for visitors from everywhere, has one of the most unusual radio studios in this country. It is the only broadcasting room situated over an ocean. Located on the outer edge of the famous Steel Pier—for out on the wide, rolling Atlantic—is the Ocean Studio of station WPG, the appropriate call letters for the World's Playground.

VOICE of the SEA

came dashing up to the pier, frantically waving her hands, and calling for her husband. But he didn't hear—he was telling about his experiences from fifty feet below."

Ocean Studio of WPG Is Scene of Many Notable And Unusual Broadcasts

By Bob Taplinger

official outlet—a compliment, indeed.

But it was about some of these "firsts" that we asked for details from Mr. Spence. In his roomy office, located with the main studio in the mammoth Convention Hall, overlooking the Boardwalk, this hospitable, soft-voiced radio man reminisced.

"There was the time back in 1924," Mr. Spence told me, "that the first undersea broadcast was staged. It was our plan to have a professional deep sea diver descend from the end of the pier and from the ocean bottom give a detailed description of what was to be seen. To make this technically possible, we had to devise some way in which to insert the microphone in the diving helmet without risk of impairing its security. This was done by putting the microphone on top of a sponge which, in turn, was to be placed on the diver's head. But at the last minute, our professional diver got cold feet—the idea of broadcasting from the ocean's bed was too uncanny for him—so he quit."

WERE you able to go on with the broadcast?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. Spence replied. "A Philadelphia doctor was at the scene. We said since he was such a good talker he was the man for the job. Nothing was said about the fact that diving skill was necessary. But finally we convinced him, and he agreed to go down to the sea. The doctor was only a little over five feet, and the diving suit was for a full-sized man, but we tied up the outfit to meet his size. The broadcast was a success, but the doctor's wife who was listening in at the shore,

Mr. Spence also told me about another "first" with which his station is credited. Back in the same year—1924—Norman Brokenshire, now the Chesterfield air salesman, broadcast a description of a Shriners' parade. It was the premiere broadcast of an outdoor news event, and wire had to be strung for blocks over telephone poles to make possible the word-picture of the parade.

The first indoor football game, played on a regulation field in the Convention Hall, was broadcast from the shore over the CBS nation-wide network several years ago. Horse shows, hockey games, marble matches and other diversified events all have been radioed through the facilities of WPG.

HAVE you heard the story about the Four Hawaiians?" asked Mr. Spence.

I told him that I had heard Joe Cook relate his famous trade-mark yarn on a number of occasions.

"But this story is about four other Hawaiians. A few summers ago we'd lower the microphone each day over the right side of the pier to catch the ocean's waves, just as we're now doing. Only then, the Hawaiian high divers, who performed from the lofty platforms at the end would scramble for coins tossed to them in the water by visitors on the pier. These four divers were very proficient at diving for the money from their positions in the water. But sometimes when they missed the coins as they settled to the bottom, the Hawaiians would rise to the surface, and in good old American slang would voice their best cuss words. We didn't know anything about it until a flood of complaints came in from listeners. The microphone suspended above the water had picked up their flow of language. So we took the mike to the other side thereafter."

Today finds the WPG studios the haven of many of radio's outstanding performers who spend time in Atlantic City. During their stay at the resort, their broadcasts over the CBS chain are picked up from the main studios in the Convention Hall. Mr. Spence has played host to Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Little Jack Little, Guy Lombardo and a host of other notables of the air.

Looking down upon us from their frames were Ben Turpin, Lon Chaney, a dozen beautiful Miss Americas, Jack Dempsey, who made his first microphone appearance there while training for Georges Carpentier, a number of important business and government people, and Rudolph Valentino.



THE LATE RUDOLPH VALENTINO
Photographed before a WPG microphone four days before his death

Here, a million people annually have the opportunity to witness actual broadcasts in an atmosphere of sociability and informality. But it is during these summer days that this site is most attractive and prominent. Visitors view the performers through a glass window from a comfortable reception room. The entire scheme is carried out along nautical lines, so that one might imagine oneself on a trans-Atlantic ship, what with portholes, ship's bell, a small lifeboat suspended from the ceiling, and, of course, the omnipresent ocean. And, as on shipboard, every afternoon, tea and refreshments are served to the guests—through courtesy of the sponsors and the station itself.

It is from this unusual locale that many resort programs are wafted over the nation-wide Columbia network for WPG is one of its voices. In keeping with the season, the Columbia System arranges for many hours of programs to come from the famous seashore resort. The idea of having their sets tuned to a feature from a summer spot strikes a harmonious note with most listeners.

But radio artists must not only arrive at the Steel Pier in time for their broadcasts, but they must gauge the minutes necessary for them to trek the distance from the pier entrance on the Wooden Way to the Studio itself. Often, startled spectators would see singers and musicians dashing the length of the pier as if it were a staged footrace. One group of musicians, however, solve the problem of reaching the studio in ample time by hiring a sailing yacht and navigating direct to the station.

From the Ocean Studio microphones are lowered over the side of the pier to bring the roar of the waves to the sweltering inland cities. This is a feature of many of the broadcasts from Atlantic City, and although it doesn't help cool off the listeners, it does make a nice, cooling sound. WPG is the municipal station, but it has been leased to CBS for a long term. Edwin M. Spence, director, has handled its affairs since its first program went out on the air-waves in 1923. His enterprise has been largely responsible for the station's success and popularity, and also for the large number of "firsts" to its credit. Only recently, the New Jersey State Police decided upon having WPG as its

LUE BARTLETT (Miss Atlantic City) broadcasting from the beach



Ted Husing and Irene Rich reporting the Easter Parade on the Boardwalk. (Left) Pete, the famous movie dog, barking into WPG's microphone (Below) Steel Pier, site of Ocean Studio.



That Booming BASSO

WHENEVER Phil Harris opens a magazine and sees one of those advertisements about the man who said "They laughed when I sat down at the piano" or "They were amazed when I addressed the waiter in French" he gets a big kick out of it. Because he knows exactly how that gentleman felt.

Will the Deep Tones of Phil Harris Drive the Crooners to Oblivion?

By Stanley Yates

While they didn't exactly laugh when he got up to sing, they might have if they had known how dubious he felt about it. You see, he'd never done it before. But if the gentleman in the advertisement panicked 'em when he sat down at the piano, his maiden effort was not one-two-three with that of young Mr. Harris.

At any rate, I presume it was not, because I do know that young Mr. Harris is now entertaining large numbers of the customers atop the roof of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, and over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company, while I have heard no subsequent reports of progress from the anonymous piano player.

But to get back to that first time that the debonair and handsome Harris got up to sing. That was in the Balboa Beach Hotel in California, and occurred about four years ago when Harris was staying there on a vacation.

He had been an orchestra leader for some time, and had toured the country with his band, but aside from some occasional impromptu warbling in the bath tub, he had never done anything in the way of vocalizing.

However, while he was taking his well earned rest at the Balboa Beach Hotel, the orchestra leader who was playing there at the time suddenly was taken ill. Unable to obtain a substitute in time for the evening show, the worried manager recalled that among his guests was a young man who had already made quite a name for himself musically. So he put out the SOS sign for Phil Harris.

"But I can't sing," Harris objected.

"Well, you can try, can't you?" persisted the manager. Naturally, there wasn't much Harris could say to that. Because, when you come right down to it, anybody can try to sing. And besides, he always had a hankering to sing anyhow. So he figured that if the manager could take a chance, with all he had at stake, these wasn't any good reason why he couldn't take a chance himself.

That happened one afternoon. Within a few hours from the time of his conversation with the manager of the hotel, Phil Harris was well along the road to fame which reached its height a short time ago when he followed Rudy Vallee into the Pennsylvania Roof.

Quick work, that.

Of course, that all took place four years ago, but that initial effort at the Balboa Beach Hotel made Harris so instantly popular on the coast that other hotels started to angle for the talented young singer with very appetizing offers, and the result was that ever since, he has been filling highly lucrative spots in the Balboa Beach, the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, the Ambassador in Los Angeles, the Cocoanut Grove, home grounds of Bing Crosby.

Personally, I am a trifle vague about what you might call Phil Harris. Certainly you couldn't call him a crooner. Maybe they will coin a new word—that's how "crooner" broke into the dictionary in the first place, you know—a new word to describe what it is that he does with that deep, lilting *basso-profundo* voice of his. I was about to suggest "Bassooner" then without stopping to consider, the word "Bassinot" occurred. So I figured perhaps it would be better and safer to simply call him Phil Harris.

There ~~is~~ be something about Phil Harris which sets him apart from other artists of his kind, because husbands seem to like him as well as wives. I mean, like his work on the radio. Just mention the name of any orchestra leader whose platinum vocal cords throw thousands and thousands of wives into sentimental trances every night. Just mention the name, and a pained expression is practically certain to flit across the husband's countenance—an expression that will convey to you the idea that the husband's fondest wish would be to slip a little arsenic into the entertainer's coffee.

BUT husbands are not that way at all about Phil Harris.

He is far, far handsomer than the average husband believes himself to be, and that is going some. And his deep notes make the average housewife utterly indifferent to the fate of the dinner dishes.

But here is a letter selected at random from Harris' large batch of daily fan mail that will show you, perhaps, what I mean:

"My wife," this particular husband wrote, "says that when you sing, you remind her of a great big honey bear. I enjoy your singing myself, so that makes one thing at any rate that we can agree about."

The only serious complaint Harris has received came from a rancher's wife in Wyoming. She wanted him to change the time of his broadcasts.

"I have to wait until 12:15 to hear you," she bemoaned, "and as I have to be up every morning at 4:30 to milk the cows, it is hard on me."

Of course, it would be pretty hard on the cows if she overslept some morning, too, but that is the cows' prob-

lem because it wasn't possible for Harris with the request. You just can't please

Harris' rise to radio fame began with obtained at the age of ten, when he received five dollars a week for playing the drums in an orchestra. And five dollars a week is important money for a young man of ten. Harris' father thought so, too, so he took the five dollars himself.

That engagement ended when Phil entered the Hume Fogg School in his native Nashville. On his graduation from there, he entered Lebanon Military Academy. At that time, he had some vague notion that he might like to become a writer. However, his initial efforts along that line, when he wrote home for money, proved so unprofitable he abandoned literature in favor of music.

Since then, he has written some music, for which he was paid.

Having continued his musical studies while in military school, Harris was all set to take a job that offered with Ruth Stonehouse's Orpheum (Continued on Page 18)



... Cheating at solitaire—wonder what will happen if he catches himself? ...

... On the beach with his pet, Scottie ...

... His tastes in home decorations are a trifle bizarre ...

... Putting the shot ...



DICK LEIBERT wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth—but

He Likes Them BIG

dwarf Primo Camera. He is a licensed airplane pilot—but he still looks wistful every time that dirigible passes!

His favorite feminine vocalist is Kate Smith. His favorite columnist is Alexander Woollcott. And he doesn't know how he's ever going to forgive Paul Whiteman!

Dick Leibert, Who Plays World's Largest Organ, Seeks Even Bigger Things

By George Lottman

When you meet him, you'll agree that he's got the biggest smile, the biggest heart, and the biggest sense of humor of anyone you've ever come across—everything but the biggest head!

It isn't that he doesn't appreciate the little things in life; but even though he knows they're free, he'd rather have the big things . . . and pay for 'em! With him, everything is on a grand scale. He *thinks* in broad terms; even when he uses a typewriter, he generally writes all capitals!

Leibert's home-town was Bethlehem, Pa. At the age of eleven, he gave a successful piano concert in that city. He studied piano for twelve years, under Hans Roemer, an old German music master. Roemer, who is now living out west, where he trains choral societies, was a tough teacher to please. He never yelled or scolded when his pupils gave imperfect performances. His conduct was more subtle, but fully as effective. If Dick came to a lesson unprepared, Hans would turn his back during the rendition and suck the end of an orange. And those kids got to know that the first acrid odor of orange peel was their cue to pick up their music and get out as fast as their legs would carry them!

They might have begun to realize it later, during his school days. Even in athletics, *size* unconsciously dominated his judgments. He deserted golf for tennis, tennis for baseball, and baseball for football. At George Washington University, from which he received his Bachelor of Arts degree, his two "buddies" were both over six feet tall. As a senior, he edited the year-book . . . and it's never been as big before or since!

It wasn't all smooth sailing, of course. During wartime, Dick was a lad of fourteen summers, and by some strange coincidence, a corresponding number of winters. Fired with enthusiasm, patriotism, and idealistic yearnings, he tried to enlist. Five separate times, he swiped his father's great-coat, modified his voice to a husky bass, and staunchly swore to an extra seven years of age. Finally, he gave up the attempt. But, not to be daunted, he determined to get some sort of job through which he could feel he was "doing his bit." He got a job with the Bethlehem Steel Company, and out of the small weekly wage he received for his labors, he regularly contributed a big chunk to such organizations as the American Red Cross. It was while he was working there that he met with the accident which almost ruined his professional career. A heavy casting fell on his index finger, and at first it was thought that he would be permanently disabled from playing.

When, as a youngster, he decided to plan his career, he chose the arts, because to him they represented the highest factor in modern civilization. Of all the arts, he found music the most profound, all-embracing field. His first choice for musical instruments was the piano, because of its size. He spent years practising and perfecting his technique. Then one day, he chanced to wander in to a neighboring theater, which featured organ solos.

From then on, he haunted the place. He used to spend every day there, arriving in the morning when the doors were first opened, and remaining until the last show had been concluded. The organist noticed the youth's interest, got talking to him, and mentioned him to the management. Then one day the organist was taken sick. His place had to be filled immediately; Dick was summoned and given the job. He had never actually played an organ in his life, but his piano experience and his native feeling for the console stood him in good stead. Good enough, anyway, for the theater people, because they engaged him as a regular featured artist.

You know, of course, that he was saved from such a tragic fate. But what you may not have known is the poetic justice which intervened to save him. It was through the splendid promptness and efficiency of the local Red Cross that emergency surgery was able to perform the successful operation!

THE rest of the story follows logically enough. From the small theater where Dick got his start, he went on to bigger and bigger places. Until now, at last, he is ace organist for the Radio City Music Hall—the biggest theater in the world.

And Leibert's personal tastes are in perfect accord with his career. He has no patience with tight shoes, tiny uncomfortable chairs, or Austins; his shoes, furniture, and car are all the largest he can possibly afford. His only pet is a Great Dane, huilt along lines that would

At left, you see Dick Leibert in a formal portrait; lower left, Dick at the console of the great Radio City Music Hall organ and lower right, Dick with one of the world's largest beer goblets

Today, his hands are insured for \$30,000. They are so delicate that he wears no rings . . . they irritate him. As a matter of fact, he never affects any jewelry at all, with the single exception of a pledge pin. It's the Kappa Sigma fraternity pin. They pledged him when he was in college, but he didn't join. Felt he couldn't afford it financially, since he was working his way through, and helping to support his family. Since then, they've made him an honorary member, and added his name to the roster of famous members.

He's crazy about fires. He's been known to get up at all hours of the night to chase fire engines. Among his special enthusiasms are well-salted grapefruit, moonlight dips *au naturel*, fancy ice-skating, loud pajamas, Peter Arno's drawings, sea-food dinners, speedboats, zoos, and "quiet" signs. Some of his aversions are sissy beer glasses, warm showers, black shoes worn with brown suits, and fifths at bridge.

He's an accomplished composer, one of his important works for the organ being "Valse Rhythmique," which he has played on the air and at theaters. He usually does his practising between two and four in the morning. It is his claim that the bigness and vastness of the music hall at that hour "get you." Whenever he happens to feel especially worried about anything, he finds great solace in opening the organ up wide on some good old fashioned hymn.

That's the real Dick Leibert—the story behind the handsome blond young man at the console. He wanted big things—and now, at the age of twenty-five, he is playing the biggest organ ever built, at Radio City, the biggest theater in the world, under the management and personal mentorship of Roxy, known to have the biggest conceptions of showmanship in all the business. Besides this, Dick has the biggest air schedule any organist has ever boasted; his new program brings his total number of weekly broadcasts to fifteen.



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IF YOU really want to find out what's whirling around inside Arlene Jackson's pretty golden blonde head it is recommended that you engage her in a ride out into the open. It is extremely refreshing to come in contact with a wholesome fresh-air girl who is more concerned about a good bridle path or how to landscape a rock garden than she is in night clubs and the "hot spots" of the big city.

It was your reporter's good fortune to meet this young and charming radio songbird on such a hike along the picturesque bridle path which skirts in and out along the Hutchinson River Parkway. She is vivacious and thoughtful, with a sharp sense of humor. She says she works hard, but she likes it and she's so anxious that her radio friends enjoy her efforts too that she's as nervous as a kitten every time she faces the microphone. She won't sing unless she holds a handkerchief and at the end of her program it is a damp ball of linen in her hand.

But her greatest diversion and pastime is out in the open and I promise that you are not likely to get much "sluip" talk from Arlene if you meet her on her daily canter.

"Thinking she would be glad to discuss radio, I said "Arlene, I was glad to hear you landed the new NBC Buick program . . ."

Without replying she said, "Isn't that a glorious view ahead? It reminds me of the Rockies. Don't you think it's like Banff, Alberta?"

Since I hadn't been through Banff on horseback, I didn't know. And I ventured another observation that I thought might intrigue her.

"You must be pleased to know Gustave Haenschen is conducting the orchestra on your first commercial program?"

"But this path," she continued, "is different from the narrow, sometimes dangerous trails along the Rockies. Which reminds me, while I was there I wrote a 'Hymn of Praise' to those Rockies."

Unaware until now that she was a poet as well as an expert equestrienne, I asked her for a copy of this poem, and she said if she could remember it she would write it down, but she had left all her verse and short stories at her home in Toronto. And she added "Maybe it's just as well."

"And I understand you also write all your own continuity for your sustaining periods on the NBC?" I observed.

"Which reminds me," she chirped back, "I should like to show you some of the china I designed. I once took first prize for china decoration at the National Exposition in Toronto. And my Pekinese dogs are considered the best in Canada. They often win the Sweepstakes in the International Dog Show at home."

"That's fine," I said, "and you are to be congratulated also on your success on the radio. It is less than six months since you made your debut on the NBC network, isn't it?"

"Yes, it was last November and, before I left home I had mulched the iris in my garden. You know, with severe winters, it is safest to mulch with straw or marsh hay so that the air is admitted and the covering not matted down too solidly. Irises suspected of being a little tender are best protected by a box, opened at the south end. And don't be in a hurry to uncover them in the Spring."

It developed that Miss Jackson's interest in flowers and plants dates back to her school days at Loretto Abbey in Toronto.

AT THE ripe age of three she made her first appearance, singing a touching ballad entitled "Dolly, I'm Sorry I Broke You," at a church affair, and here also she gave her first demonstration of temperament when she flatly refused to warble to an organ accompaniment.

At the age of six the future radio star first chummed up to a piano and made the startling discovery that proper manipulation of the keys produced pleasing sounds. After that, she says, the poor instrument was worn almost to shreds from constant use until she finished her preliminary schooling and entered the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

We appeared to be getting along famously up to this point, when she spied a beautiful rock garden along the highway.

"Do you know the best time to cut flowers is early in the day. Cut the blooms before nine o'clock in the morning or just before dusk. As a general rule the flowers should be cut before they have grown full size. There are exceptions, notably the gladioli, which should be cut after the first bud has opened. Cut peonies when the outer petals begin to unfold. Roses should be cut when the flowers become somewhat pliable."

Promising to remember, I tried again to turn the conversation to radio and seemed to find response when she was asked how she came to first appear on the air. It happened while she was touring in California. She had applied for an audition at station KFI, Los Angeles, and was told that she would surely get one—in six weeks or so. As she

A Galloping Interview With Arlene Jackson

NBC Songbird from Canada Likes to Talk About Open Air Subjects Not Herself

By Mark A. Luescher

Of course, that depends largely on how you look at it. Certainly I didn't get much of the information I had expected to get from this charming young songster, but then, to compensate for that, I did get a lot that I didn't expect to get. So there you are. But I hope I haven't

given you the impression that Miss Jackson doesn't take an interest in her radio work, because that certainly would be an erroneous one. She is just as much wrapped up in her radio singing as she is in her daily canter, in her rock garden, in her writing—in fact, just as much so as in all the multifarious activities which make her life one interesting diversion after another.

I THINK perhaps if I had cornered her in the studio, amid things radio, she would have told me more about radio—but in that case, I don't believe I would have found it as interesting as the talk I did have with her.

And, of course, I hope you feel the same way about it after having read the feeble attempt I have made at setting down on paper some idea of what Arlene Jackson, the person, is like. After all, you are already familiar with her radio work, for who isn't?

So I'll take the opportunity here, Miss Jackson, to reply to that last remark you made when I left you—that about not having gotten all the information I wanted.

Although I cannot help but feel that some day Miss Jackson and I may meet where there is nothing to distract her attention from radio, so that I may hear a little more about that. But I cannot imagine offhand any circumstances under which this charming songbird's thoughts could be distracted for any length of time from the things she loves.

... Too bad for you television isn't here ...

turned sadly away, there happened one of those things that make people believe that there must be some justice after all. An act which was scheduled to go on the air phoned at the last minute that an accident would prevent arrival on time for the broadcast. The studio manager looked at Arlene hopefully.

"If you had brought your music and accompanist, we could have given you a chance right now," he said.

Was that duck soup to Arlene Music?—she knew by heart a hundred numbers. Accompanist?—she herself could make a piano sit up and beg for more. In five minutes, she was on the balmy California air, and half an hour after that she was signing her name on the dotted line.

... Here is Arlene riding at Banff, Alberta, in the Canadian Rockies ...



... A kilocycle kiss for her listeners ...

Arlene was a smash hit over KFI and continued her programs there for nearly a year. Then the far-reaching arm of the NBC New York studios reached out and plucked her from the orange groves and klieg lights of Hollywood.

She prizes a letter of introduction Beatrice Lillie gave her to John F. Royal which she has never presented. She told me this as she dismounted. Her morning canter was over.

As I helped her into her car, I asked if she was going back to the studio for rehearsal.

"No," she said, "I'm going to New Rochelle to lunch with May Singhi Breen and this afternoon we're going up to Wykagyl Country Club for eighteen holes of golf. I'll have to hurry back early for dinner as a publisher is coming early this evening to hear some serious overtures I have written. Sorry our chat was so short. I guess you didn't get all the information you wanted."



DEAR Voice of Experience: I am the mother of four children. Three give me no trouble at all. The second boy, twelve, has been a source of great unhappiness to his father and myself since he was six. Soon after this boy started school, he commenced to take money out of my pocketbook. After a while, he removed money from his teacher's purse or anyone's else. And not a few pennies, either. He has taken as much as five dollars at a time. His father and I talked to the boy, tried to impress on him just what this would lead to, but our talks had no apparent effect. We then decided to try punishment. We used the whip. It was wasted effort.

I had to go to school so often to hear such facts. The principal and myself talked the matter over, and she asked me to take him to a hospital with a letter to the psychologist. After many days under his care and observation, this doctor pronounced the boy 100 per cent normal.

He has spent two months at the Detention Home, three weeks under the care of the Big Brothers. He has now started to take letters out of the mailboxes in the apartment house where we live, and I am wondering where it will all end.

WORRIED MOTHER

ANSWER: Mother—that is as much space as I will have to give to the letter. You have a boy that you have tried everything with, and still he steals.

That boy has something wrong with him that is causing that kleptomania. There are doctors that will go into a thorough research. It takes not just a psychologist. A psychologist can examine that boy from now until Doom's Day and not tell him what is wrong with him. He needs someone that knows pathological psychology to handle his case. I wouldn't want to see him go to a detention home, but you must protect the brothers and sisters in your family, and society. You have got to protect yourself. You must protect those people in the apartment house. Get that boy, then, into the hands of a good pathological psychologist, and at once. It is the only solution to your problem.

Dear Voice of Experience:

I have in my heart an unusual love for children. As far back as I can remember, I have held as my highest ambition that wonderful thing known as motherhood. Three years ago, I married the man I loved. How happy I was! Not only did I look forward to a new happy life, but, oh, a wonderful life too. I had gained entrance into that gateway—the gateway through which I was longing to pass. Words cannot describe how I felt. Night after night, I lay awake thinking, dreaming about my babies. My babies! I said it over and over again: "I am going to have children!" In my thoughts, I saw them enter into the world. I heard their first faint cry. I bathed them. I dressed them. I suckled them. I watched them grow. I saw them take their first steps. Yes, I cared for them during their sicknesses. I heard the first words they uttered. I heard them call me mother.

But those thoughts have never been realized. I have been to a man who is an expert obstetrician and well learned in other phases of that field. There have been thorough examinations, testings, etc., and, mind you, I am physically fit. There is nothing wrong. The doctor suggested an operation which might help. To this, I eagerly submitted. This meant nothing. Either meant nothing. Lying in a hospital meant nothing to me so far as discomfort was concerned, as long as they would help me to attain my longed-for happiness. But still no results. No, it is not my husband's fault, for he, too, has submitted to examination, and the fault lies with me. But what is that fault? All my life I have been used to luxuries. My husband is able to give me the same luxuries. We have a beautiful home and are able to give the little ones we long for everything their hearts could possibly desire.

Why has God instilled in me such a strong love for children and then deemed it wise for me to go through life without them? When I think of those couples who cannot afford families but go on having children, and the unwed women who have gone to death's door through a mistake; and those women who shoot themselves because they don't want another mouth to feed; and then think how very much I would sacrifice just to become a mother, I almost go insane.

"Have patience, my child," say the doctors. Patience! I thought I was blessed with that virtue, but it seems to have been exhausted long ago. Always I build new hopes, but each year brings the same disappointment, the same sorrow. I feel that I cannot go on.

Can't you, won't you please give me some word of encouragement? My dreams are shattered, my aching arms are outstretched, but they are empty, because I am

CHILDLESS

ANSWER: And to me that wail, pitiful wail, has come hundreds of times, but it never comes but what I feel—oh, if only I could adjudicate matters. Here is a family that are fighting, they are doing everything, breaking laws or anything else, in order to avoid more mouths to feed. And here are others, praying and pleading and coaxing and teasing, trying to find the epic of fatherhood and motherhood, but fruitlessly. I say, I wish it were possible to adjudicate such a situation.

But this woman says, "Why has God frowned upon me?" God has nothing to do with that. Did you know, my friends, that over among the savages of the fifty-three tribes that I have researched—the Maoris of New Zealand, and many of the tribes of Africa, the Zulus and the Gogas, and many other tribes—do you know that there isn't such a thing as childlessness there? You never hear of sterility or barrenness.

Now, why? It is because they live an instinctive life. It is because they have learned to obey laws of Nature. They are instinctive creatures. We have something that they don't have, in as great proportion as we do, and that is choice. We choose what we are going to do and when we are going to do it, and we have become so victimized by the appeal of our five senses, that we do things that

YOUR Problems SOLVED

By The Voice of Experience

please those senses regardless of whether it is going to rebound to the benefit of the body or not. And, as a result, many of us can take any examination in the world; we are perfectly physically fit to all outward intents and purposes, yet there is no result in the big thing of life that we are appealing for.

My friend, I have a little pamphlet entitled "The Childless Home" in which I have very carefully traced the many things that will cause anyone that is physically fit to be unable to reproduce their kind. I have shown those causes; traced them clear back to their inception; and have delineated methods of eliminating those causes. And I will assure you of this: that, if there is any possibility whatsoever of attaining your goal, that pamphlet will render that possible for you.

If you will give me your name and address, I will be glad, upon my return from vacation, to send this pamphlet to you, or to any other husbands or wives who are faced

other things than just a legal ceremony that make a man and a woman husband and wife. And I believe there is just as much immortality inside of wedlock as there is outside. Take that for what it is worth, but

that is my own personal belief.

And I believe that, if a woman is absolutely cold toward a man from every standpoint, to the point even that he is anathema to her, that his babies have been completely left alone (she has had to take care of them), then I believe, if that man comes back and tries, on the grounds that she is his wife, to demand of her whatever may come with the marriage ceremony, I certainly believe that it is not only wrong to the man, to the woman, but to the children.

If I were in that woman's place, I certainly would not take the man back. Now, that is just my own personal advice. Take it for what it is worth.

On the other hand, if a woman deliberately leaves a man's home and goes out and becomes promiscuous, and then finds herself in need and wants to come back, love being dead on both sides, I would say exactly the same thing to the man that I have just said in this case to the woman.

DEAR Voice of Experience: Which should a husband select to sit in the front seat of the car with him, his wife or his mother? My husband hasn't seen his mother for two years and we are going to visit her this summer. He insists on my riding in the back of our car and allowing my mother-in-law to take my customary place in the front seat at his side. It will not matter if there are three or five riding with us. I don't feel it is my mother-in-law's place to expect me to take a back seat for her. What shall I do?

DISGUSTED WITH THE IN-LAWS

ANSWER: My friend, if you will allow me to say so in kindness, I think you are most unreasonable. You say that you are disgusted with your in-laws. Remember just as they are in-laws to you, you are an in-law to them. In your brief letter you have given me no reason to feel that you are justified in being disgusted with in-laws in general, and, although I have frequently said I do not believe there is a roof big enough to house a family of in-laws permanently, I certainly do believe that regular visits should be made and the friendliest of relations maintained.

If your mother-in-law were living constantly in your home, and your husband showed preference over you for his mother regularly, then I would say you would have justifiable grounds for complaints. But I take it you are just going to visit with your husband's mother for a few weeks this summer. Your husband hasn't seen his mother for two years, and in preparing for your visit you and your husband are already getting started on the wrong foot by arguing as to who shall sit in the front seat when you go out for drives while you are guests in his mother's home.

Just imagine that you are a little older than you are and had a son that was married whom you hadn't seen for two years, and he was coming home to visit you, bringing with him his young wife. Now how would you feel if she demanded that you sit in the back seat because everywhere that you went because at home she was accustomed to sitting by his side, and, therefore, was unwilling to give up her seat to anybody. Would you not say that she was selfish and inconsiderate of you and your feelings? Put yourself in her shoes.

I have found, my friend, that much of the in-law friction evident so universally is based on selfishness and intolerance, and my suggestion to you is this: If you want to make your visit a pleasant one and take back home with you a husband who is refreshed and happy and contented, pocket a little of your selfishness while you are in his mother's home and extend to her the same tolerance and kindness that you would want your son's wife to extend to you were he bringing her to visit in your home, and I'll guarantee you that you'll not only make the visit very much more pleasant for the in-laws and for your husband, but you'll get much more enjoyment out of that visit yourself. At least, try it for a little while and see if it doesn't work.

HERE is the briefest letter that I have ever received. It is just a sentence composed of five words; comes from Kansas City, and is signed "Fred."

It reads: "I think you're the nerfs."

ANSWER: My compliments, Fred, upon your wonderfully magnanimous nature and, particularly, upon your evident enormous brain capacity. A genius that could compose such a letter certainly must have a brilliant future ahead of him. Permit me to wish you a well-deserved success!

Your Friend and Adviser,
"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"
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Advice for Radio Guide Readers



Your Friend and Adviser
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

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

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

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

with the same difficulty. Drop me a postcard or a letter, care of the RADIO GUIDE, 112 Fourth Ave., New York City, and I will mail you the pamphlet with my compliments.

HERE is a letter that is written to me by a woman who is considering herself in pretty dire circumstances. Let's see whether she is or not.

Dear Voice of Experience: Won't you please try to help me! I haven't a soul in this world whom I can call friend. I am twenty-two, and have two babies. Only in terms of years I am young when I married. I was willing to make sacrifices for the sake of love. I did make those sacrifices. When he was depressed, I urged him to greater efforts and success. But, Voice of Experience, I married a musician. Do you know what that means!

Can anyone visualize what it means for a quiet, conservative girl to marry a theatrical man? My husband played piano on a vaudeville circuit for three years. He became infatuated with a married woman ten years older than himself. He knew the pain that he was causing me. He knew the wrong he was doing to his own babies. He knew the difficulties that he was causing himself. He knew he was taking her away from her husband, and someone else would take her away from him. All this he knew. Yet he was willing to go through with it.

Finally, he left me, not legally—just walked out. I had a queer sense of acute loneliness. I made a bonfire of love and duty and everything fine and noble, and danced around it until nothing remained but a heap of ashes. It was so hard to forget, but I forgot. And now, Jack wants to come back. What shall I do!

R. S.

ANSWER: What should you do? It depends entirely upon what it is going to mean to you and the children—not to what it is going to mean to him.

Now, if he wants you as a crutch to lean upon, he has forsaken every vestige of responsibility on your part to him through his deliberately walking out on you. On the other hand, if you take him back, how is it going to affect these two children of yours? You say that your love is dead for him. You wouldn't make a home for him. In other words, in my belief, you would not be even married to him. Oh, legally, you are his wife, yes. But there are

The Baker Boys Who Make Dough

They Call Them "Happy Wonders,"
And Here's the Low-down Told by
One of the Members of the Outfit

YOU all know the words of this song as well as we do. Three nights a week you hear it come bouncing over the air waves from CBS stations here and there and yonder:

*Yobo Yobo Yobo Yobo
We are the bakers who mix the dough
And bake the bread in an oven slow.
Hmrrab for the Wonder Bakers!
Yobo Yobo Yobo*

Would you like to know the fellows behind those voices? Let's go back a few years—six turbulent, exciting, thrilling years and

Over in London a young American pianist is co-starting with Nora Bayes in the smartest clubs and drawing rooms in the fashionable West End. He plays ultra modern things that are, contrary to some "modern" music, charming and understandable. And London loves him. His name? Will Donaldson

Early and late you see a stalwart young fellow trudging across the campus at Indiana University. Good looking, with a friendly easy smile, yet dead in earnest . . . working day and night tending furnaces, singing in church, working in the library, doing anything and everything to earn his way; studying in between times toward a coveted Phi Beta Kappa key and a scholarship to the Juilliard School in New York where he may give that fine baritone voice a chance . . . incessant effort that only a magnificent physique and an iron will can endure. Wherever he goes you'll hear: "Hi, Phil Ducey"

Broadway . . . The house lights dim and the slowly rising curtain reveals the colorful mountain scenes of "Rose Marie" . . . a lovely lyric tenor voice comes floating down

*"Oh Rose Marie, I love you
I'm always dreaming of you"*

and hastily scanned programs reveal the name of the handsome young tenor to be Jack Parker

It's Sunday night in California. The First Christian Church at Bakersfield is filled to its fifteen hundred capacity. A young preacher—ridiculously young for so important a church—leads the singing, directs a choir of eighty voices and an orchestra in a sweeping crescendo of glad tidings, launches into an impassioned plea for joy in religion, happiness and love and joy in the church instead of strait-laced gloom and primness . . . happy in the knowledge of doing good and helping others . . . yet dimly within his soul hearing the call of the strange new music that's sweeping the country . . . of rhythms that make the pulse beat . . . rhythms that beckon Frank Luther from the sweet happy life of the house of prayer . . . irresistible rhythms

Yobo Yobo Yobo Yobo

What stranger-than-fiction influence brought these four together in Steinway Hall that day in 1927? Perhaps the blind following of an ideal.

For they did come together some way. They were introduced to each other by somebody, and as they chatted together, they spoke of music—of their ideas of musical style and expression. And each of the four found that his own ideas, that'd been poo-poo'd as "too modern" by everyone he knew, were held by the other three

"Let's get together" . . . Will Donaldson sat at the piano and began the study of what three voices and a piano could do

Yobo Yobo

And every day for four hours they worked, from April to July—singing, changing, singing, experimenting, singing . . . but they weren't looking for a job. They were developing a new vocal style to supplant the vodo-de-os that blared from radios and phonographs everywhere; working for the sheer joy of it. They soon found their studio filled with listeners, who, when the rehearsal was over, would go away saying: "It's new to me—but I like it"

Now over on Madison Avenue officials of a huge haking company were planning with their advertising counsel to try radio as an advertising medium for their bread

Let's see now: what do people want to hear? W'but

By Frank Luther

*and who can we get
and how? . . . They
heard about the four
young moderns and*

their new ideas of singing songs together. They took Herman Knoll's dance band. Now let's see. We'll call these boys bakers. Bakers of Wonder Bread . . . I've got it—the Happy Wonder Bakers. Now we need a theme song

Frank Moulton, the famed Gilbert and Sullivan actor, wrote the words, and Will Donaldson wrote the rollicking tune. They brought it in. Everybody liked it. And a few nights later, standing before a microphone, broadcasting to countless thousands, Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Phil Ducey sang for the first time: *Yobo Yobo Yobo Yobo
We are the bakers who mix the dough*

And bake the bread in an oven slow

That's how it began. And it was just a beginning. For four years they sang that song, and hundreds of others as well, all arranged by Will Donaldson

The rest of the program varied as time went on. Jolly Bill Steinke was the genial Master Baker the first season. Herman Knoll changed his activities and Frank Black, one of the foremost of American conductors and arrangers, took the baton . . . Under the production genius of Herb Sanford, famous composers appeared as guest stars: Chas. K. ("After the Ball") Harris; Herman ("Yuba") Hupfeld; Harry ("Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie") Von Tilzer; Walter ("My Blue Heaven") Donaldson; George ("Rhapsody in Blue") Gershwin; Harry ("Sweet Adeline") Armstrong; Sigmund ("Student Prince") Romberg; Kay ("Fine and Dandy") Swift, and many, many others.

But I'm getting ahead of the story. The popularity of the program's group of singers brought them offers from other programs. And they sang on the best of them.

And before I forget it, probably my only claim to fame is: I thought of the name Men About Town.

At first nobody liked it. Nat Shilkret said it sounded like a bunch of rounders. Others said, "What's a man about town anyway?" But gradually the name has gained favor, until now it's (but I'll not brag, though I'd like to).

HERE is a lot to write about the boys. They've done some fine things; they're regular fellows; they're real artists, but they're business men, too; they don't break contracts, and they know how to come into a program and cooperate intelligently with the director and producer to help give a finished, enjoyable performance.

Will Donaldson. To me that's a name to conjure with. To meet Bill—pleasant, immaculately dressed, charming, you'll never dream that he's one of the two greatest living vocal arrangers. He's done so many things so well that he darn near baffles description. He started out to be a painter; studied at the Art Student's League until his modernistic ideas expanded beyond those old walls, then he turned to philosophy and the piano. For six years he toured the country as a pianist, but spending most of his time studying the philosophers; until today he's the finest philosopher I know. He knows Socrates, Spinoza, Marx and Dewey like you'd like to know bridge.

Bill has the domed forehead of the thinker, quick warm blue eyes that smile at you through white gold glasses; small hands; and he always dimly reminds me of my elder brother who didn't come back from France. His tailor makes him double-breasted grays and blues, quite London, and he's invariably smart.

He has a home in town and a country place up the Hudson, a new car that he races around in, a frank-speak-



THE BAKERS IN PERSON

. . . Left to right, Will Donaldson, the author himself, Jack Parker, and Phil Ducey

ing wife. His chief diversion other than the philosophers, is shooting. He has his own shooting range in the country, and pop-pops pigeons and bulleeyes by the hour.

But you never really get to know Bill. He's too deep. I sit down to talk with him and in a few minutes he's way beyond my mental depth. But he has a swell sense of humor. Kindly, intelligent, smart, modern, and one of the grandest persons alive. And I ought to know.

Well, there's Jack Parker. What a man! He could be a wrestling champion if he wanted to. Shoulders and arms like Carnera, but as playful as a bull pup. Brown curly hair, blue eyes, and a startlingly classic nose, high cheeks, wide-at-the-back jaws and a short neck.

Jack loves to tinker with motors. Crazy about 'em. He takes the motors of his car express cruiser apart just to see what's in 'em. Doesn't play golf or shoot or play bridge—just plays with motors.

Jack has a most unusual lyric tenor voice. One of the purest voices I've ever heard, it has a luscious Irish ring to it—yet he's Swedish-German. He's done some fine things. Sang the leading male role in Rose Marie, Blossom Time, Gypsy Love and the Follies. Fell in love with one of Mr. Ziegfeld's beauties and married her. Has a daughter that's his double.

Oh yes, spends his spare time thinking up funny and naughty-naughty parodies of new hit tunes.

And here's Phil Ducey—and darn near everybody in broadcasting's his friend, he's that popular. Blond curly hair, blue eyes, considered handsome by all the blues singers and sopranos; square chin, a forehead like Bill's, square muscular shoulders, a big booming voice that rings around the studio, and he's usually smiling. Phil has undoubtedly one of the finest voices on the air, and I believe he'll soon rank with Larry Tibbett and John Charles Thomas as a baritone. He sings "Old Man River," "Danny Deever" and "Stormy Weather" like nobody.

Crazy about golf. Plays in the low seventies and beat his club champion the other day in tournament, and he's only played three years. He has one of the best beautiful homes in Larchmont, a charming wife and a son and daughter. One of the worst drivers I've ever seen behind a wheel, he never has a serious accident—just lots and lots of little ones. He collects bumpers. And whistles out of tune.

I think I told you he's from Indiana. Rochester. Worked his way through Indiana U., won a Phi Beta Kappa key and a scholarship to the Juilliard School in New York, married his boyhood sweetheart, came to New York, worked nights and studied days, went into musical comedy ("Good News") then to the Men About Town (pardon me again—the Happy Wonder Bakers).

"Yobo, Yobo, Yobo—"

Well, that's the Happy Wonder Bakers.

Sunday, August 13 Features: Willard Robison 5:00 P.M. EDT Summer Concert 8:30 P.M. EDT

11:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 10:30 a.m. EST
 CBS—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ: WORC WDRC
 NBC—Blue—The Rondoliers, male quartet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 WOR—Elsie Thompson, organ recital

11:45 a.m. EDT ↔ 10:45 a.m. EST
 CBS—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ: WABC
 NBC—Blue—Antobal's Cubans: WJZ KDKA
 WBZ-WBZA—Metropolitan Organ Recital; Arthur Martel, organist

12:00 Noon EDT ↔ 11:00 a.m. EST
 WAAB—Symphonic Album
 WCAU—Sale Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ (CBS)
 WCHS—Major Jones' Capitol Family (NBC)
 WNAC—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ (CBS)
 WDR—Boys and Girls in Many Lands; Marion Wall

12:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 11:15 a.m. EST
 NBC—Diu—Radio City Concert; Symphony Orchestra; chorus and soloists: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 NBC—Ited—Seeing the Other America; Edward M. Tomlinson; WFAE WTAG WCHS WGY

8:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 a.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Tune Pictures; George Blake, pianist; mixed quartet; Mary Merker, soprano; Itelco Jenke, contralto; Richard Maxwell, tenor; Curt Peterson, baritone; WJZ

CBS—Morning Musicals; Emery Deutsch's Orchestra; Helen Board, soprano; WABC
 NBC—Ited—Melody Hour; guest soloist; Grande Trio: WFAE
 WEAN—Dudley Radio Carolers
 WNAC—Dudley Radio Carolers

8:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:30 a.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Lew White, organist: WJZ

8:45 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:45 a.m. EST
 WEAN—The Deer Slayer, drama
 WNAC—News Flashes; Weather Forecast

9:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 8:00 a.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Children's Hour; vocal and instrumental concert; recitation; and dramatic reading: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA

CBS—Junior Rugie, children's program: WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN WORC
 NBC—Red—The Balladeers, male chorus; instrumental trio: WFAE WGY WCHS
 WJZ WBZ WBZA

9:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 8:30 a.m. EST
 NBC—Red—One Man Band; Frank Novak; WFAE WCHS

WGY—Schenectady Federation Church Service

9:45 a.m. EDT ↔ 8:45 a.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Alden Edkins, bass-baritone: WFAE WCHS
 WJZ WBZ WBZA

10:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 9:00 a.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Southland Sketches; South-easterns male quartet: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA

CBS—Melody Parades: WADC WAAB WDRC WORC WCAU WEAN
 NBC—Red—South Sea Islanders: WFAE WCHS WGY WTAG

WNAC—The Watch Tower Program

10:15 a.m. EDT ↔ 9:15 a.m. EST
 WNAC—Uncle Bob Houghton, children's program

10:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 9:30 a.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Mraicna Marimba Typica Orchestra: WFAE WGY
 NBC—Blue—Samovar Serenade; Balalaika orchestra; tenor: WJZ KDKA

WAAB—Morning Service; Tremont Baptist Church
 WBZ-WBZA—Safely Crusades; sketch
 WCHS—State Street Congregational Church Service
 WDR—The Moderns; Dorothy Minty, violinist; Olga Zuodel, cellist; Mercedes Hennett, pianist
 WORC—Watchtower Service

10:45 a.m. EDT ↔ 9:45 a.m. EST
 CBS—Marion Curley, pianist: WABC WDRC WCAU WORC
 WBZ-WBZA—Weather, Temperature
 WEAN—Rjarne Erickson, tenor
 WNAC—First Church of Christ Scientist

11:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 10:00 a.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Hall and Gruen, piano team: WFAE WGY

CBS—Itelco Arnold and Roger Kinne, duets: WDRC WORC
 NBC—Blue—Morning Musicals: guest artist; string quartet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA

CBS—Children's Hour: WABC
 WCAU—Children's Hour with Stan Lee
 WEAN—Morning Service; First Baptist Church of Providence
 WEEI—Morning Service; Cathedral Church of St. Paul

11:15 a.m. EDT ↔ 10:15 a.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Major Rowan's Capitol Family; Maria Silveria, soprano; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Four Minute Men, male quartet; Waldio Mayo, violinist; orchestra: WFAE WGY WTAG
 WDR—Jennie Gatowska, soloist

For Your Album



Buddy Rogers

Christened Charles, but his sister nicknamed him Buddy and it stuck . . . left Hollywood more than a year ago after a successful picture career to fulfill his life's ambition to lead an orchestra . . . his California Cavaliers have been starring in New York and over NBC network, and recently set boxoffice records on tour . . . main ambition, now that he's an orchestra leader, is to break 80 at golf . . . a year ago he couldn't break a hundred, but he's improving . . . speaks Spanish fluently and sleeps in pajama tops only . . . lives with his parents . . . does not mind criticism because he feels that it's only one man's opinion . . . sleeps soundly and doesn't snore . . . prefers beer to champagne . . . next to golf, likes tennis and swimming . . . was a basketball star in high school and college . . . answers all his own fan mail . . . likes to buy new clothes and automobiles . . . denies he is extravagant, and says clothes and cars are necessities . . . owns a Cadillac and a Dupont, and drives both himself . . . admits he gets a thrill out of being stared at and asked for his autograph . . . insists that actors who claim that bores 'em are pulling a fast one . . . bates to dance, but likes to play for dancers . . . likes to entertain, and likes dogs, but hates cats . . . has a police dog named Baron . . . prefers New York to Hollywood, but has a lovely Spanish type bame in the movie Alcega . . . likes blondes, brunettes and red-heads . . . is easy to please when it comes to femininity . . . was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904, and his name, Charles Rogers, contains 13 letters . . . but he doesn't care . . . claims walking under a ladder brings him good luck . . . eats anything . . . likes spinach . . . right now he is commuting between Chicago and New York in order to make a picture, "Take a Chance."

CBS—Willard Robison's Synopated Sermon: WABC WNAC WDRC WEAN WCAU WOIC
 NBC—Ited—Paul Ash's Orchestra: WFAE WTAG WGY WCHS WEEI
 KDKA—Vesper Services from Shady Side Presbyterian Church
 WAAB—Francis J. Cronin, organist
 WOR—Shady Lanes; orchestra

5:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:15 p.m. EST
 CBS—Vera Van, contralto: WABC WNAC WDRC WEAN WCAU WORC

5:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:30 p.m. EST
 CBS—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson: WADC WAAB WDRC WEAN WCAU WORC
 NBC—Red—Clyde Doer's Saxophone Ortri: WFAE WTAG WEEI WCHS WGY
 NBC—Blue—Eva Jessye Choir: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 WNAC—Strange Adventures in Strange Lands
 WOR—Newark String Trio

5:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:45 p.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Le Trio Romantique, string trio: WFAE WEEI WTAG WGY WCHS
 WNAC—Francis J. Cronin, organist

6:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Light Opera; Chorus and Soloists: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 CBS—Eddie Durbin's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WCAU WDRC WEAN WORC
 NBC—Red—Catholic Hour: WFAE WTAG WCHS WGY WEEI
 KDKA—Press News Reeler
 WAAB—Tom Anderson's Orchestra
 WDR—Red Languer and Jane; orchestra

6:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:15 p.m. EST
 KDKA—Weather and Sports
 WAAB—Dancehall Stories; News; Weather
 WCAU—Young America

6:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:30 p.m. EST
 CBS—On the Air Tonight: WAAB
 NBC—Red—Palkhol Novelty Ensemble: WFAE WEEI WGY WTAG WCHS
 CBS—Chicago Knights: WAAB WDRC WEAN WORC
 KDKA—To be announced
 WBZ-WBZA—Sports Review, Bill Williams
 WCAU—Watch Tower Program
 WNAC—Baseball Scores; News Flashes; Weather Forecast
 WOR—Margaret Anglin Presents; Poetry Readings; organ

6:35 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:35 p.m. EST
 CBS—Chicago Knights: WABC

6:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:45 p.m. EST
 WBZ-WBZA—Itank Keene's Connecticut Hill Billies
 WCAU—Chicago Knights (CBS)
 WNAC—Salon Gems, concert music
 WDR—To be announced
 WDRC—Dance Marathon

7:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Jules Lande, troubadour of the violin: WJZ WRZ WRZA
 CBS—The Gauchos; Vincent Sorey's Orchestra; Tito Guizar, tenor: WABC WNAC WDRC WEAN WCAU WORC
 NBC—Red—Olga, Countess Albani, soprano: WFAE WTAG WCHS WGY WEEI
 KDKA—Jack Pettit's Orchestra
 WAAB—Evening Service, Tremont Baptist Church
 WDR—Irving Aaronson's Orchestra

7:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:15 p.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Horse Sense Philosophers, Andrew F. Kelly: WFAE WEEI WTAG WCHS
 WGY—Carnelo Casella, pianist

7:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:30 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—"Wisdom of the Ages," dramatic sketch: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 CBS—John Henry, Black River Giant; negro dramatization: WADC WDRC WNAC WCAU WEAN WORC
 NBC—Red—Russian Symphonic Choir: WFAE WTAG WCHS WGY
 WEEI—Garden Talk; News Dispatches
 WDR—Radio Revue; Roxanne and her Orchestra
 WTIC—Tarzan of the Apes; sketch

7:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:45 p.m. EST
 CBS—Chicago Variety Program: WABC WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN WORC
 WTIC—Dave Borros' Five Sharps

7:50 p.m. EDT ↔ 6:50 p.m. EST
 WOR—WOR Spotlight; Merle Johnston, conductor

8:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Chautauqua Program; Choir and Soloists; Harrison Puffer, pianist: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Rubinoff's Orchestra; Bert Lahr, comedian; Lee Sims and Homay Bailey: WFAE WTIC WTAG WCHS WGY
 WEEI—The Jenney Concert; Ruby Newman's Orchestra; Del Castillo, organist, Vocal Sextet
 WOR—Marlyn Naek, songs with orchestra
 WORC—Chicago Variety Program (CBS)

8:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:15 p.m. EST
 CBS—John Henry, Black River Giant; negro dramatization: WABC WCAU WDRC WORC WEAN WNAC
 WDR—To be announced

8:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:30 p.m. EST
 CBS—Philadelphia Summer Concert: Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra: WABC WDRC WAAB WCAU
 KDKA—News of the Air
 WEAN—Walter Smith's Concert Band
 WNAC—Walter Smith's Concert Band
 WDR—Choir Invincible; vocalists; orchestra
 WORC—Walter Smith's Concert Band

8:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:45 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Floyd Gibbons, The World's Fair Reporter; WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA

9:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Headliners; Guest Star: Al Gouffau's Orchestra; The Hevelius, quartet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round; Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra; Men About Town Quartet: WFAE WTIC WGY
 WCHS—Sears Roebuck Program
 WEEI—Fox Fur Program
 WOR—Marion Packard and Frederick Bilstol, two pianos
 WTAG—Town Talk Quarter Hour

9:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:15 p.m. EST
 WDR—WOR Spotlight; vocalists and orchestra
 WTAG—The Buccaneers

9:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:30 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Goldman Band Concert; Edwin Franko Goldman, conductor: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—American Album of Familiar Music: WFAE WTAG WGY WCHS WEEI
 WCAU—Fox Fur Trappers
 WEAN—Beethoven Memorial Foundation; Helen Jamieson, concert pianist; Frances Foster, soprano
 WNAC—Beethoven Memorial Foundation Program
 WORC—Philadelphia Summer Concerts (CBS)
 WTIC—Walter Haggood on Sports

9:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 8:45 p.m. EST
 WCAU—Around the Console
 WOR—"Some Call It Lark," Rod Aikell
 WTIC—Fred Wade, tenor

10:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Ited—Walter Trumbull's Interview of Col. Louis Howe, Secretary to President Roosevelt: WFAE WCHS WGY WTIC WTAG WEEI
 WBZ-WBZA—New England Vacationers; Wharf Players
 WEAN—Joe Rines' Orchestra
 WNAC—Joe Rines' Orchestra
 WDR—Opera and Concert Hour—New York Opera Association

10:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:15 p.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Impressions of Italy; Ina de Martino, soprano; Giuseppe di Benedetto, tenor; orchestra: WFAE WTAG WTIC WGY WCHS WEEI

10:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:30 p.m. EST
 CBS—Frsidie Rich Entertainers: WABC WEAN WDRC WCAU WORC WNAC
 NBC—Blue—Green Brothers' Novelty Orchestra; Major, Sharp and Minor, girls' trio: WJZ KDKA
 WAAB—Baseball Scores; News Flashes; Weather

10:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 9:45 p.m. EST
 NBC—Red—Seth Parker's Neighbors: WFAE WCHS WGY WTAG WEEI
 WBZ-WBZA—Last Minute News Flashes
 WNAC—Baseball Scores; Weather Report; News Flashes
 WTIC—Merry Madeups, dance orchestra

11:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:00 p.m. EST
 CBS—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra: WADC WEAN WDRC WNAC
 NBC—Blue—Bertie and Betty, comedy sketch: WJZ
 KDKA—Sport Review
 WBZ-WBZA—Weather; Sports Review
 WCAU—Boake Carter, talk
 WDR—Charles Hageston's Orchestra

11:15 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:15 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—The Four Horsemen, male quartet: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 NBC—Red—Orchestral Gems; orchestra direction Moshe Aranow: WFAE WCHS WTIC WGY

WCAU—The Meistersinger
 WEAN—Last Minute News Flashes

11:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 10:30 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Birdie Messner's Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA
 CBS—Jerry Freeman's Orchestra: WABC WNAC WDRC WEAN WCAU
 WOR—Bet Lew's Orchestra

12:00 Mid. EDT ↔ 11:00 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Dance Nocturne; William Steers' Orchestra: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA
 CBS—Isham Jones' Orchestra: WABC WNAC WCAU WEAN
 NBC—Red—William Scott's Orchestras: WFAE WTIC WGY
 WDR—Anthony Trini's Orchestra

12:30 a.m. EDT ↔ 11:30 p.m. EST
 NBC—Blue—Carlos Molina's Orchestras: WJZ WBZ WBZA
 CBS—Ted Lewis' Orchestra: WABC WEAN WNAC WCAU
 NBC—Ited—Bud Shay's Orchestra: WFAE WTIC

Water Carnival 10:30 P.M. EDT

Friday, August 18 Tales of Titans 8:00 P.M. EDT

(THURSDAY CONTINUED) 5:35 p.m. EDT ↔ 4:35 p.m. EST WOR—Indian Pow Wow; Lone Bear

NBC—Red—The Goldbergs; comedy sketch: WEAF WGSII WTAG WEEI WGY

8:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 a.m. EST NBC—Blue—Martha and Hal, songs and patter: WJZ WBZ WDZA

NBC—Blue—Goldman Dand Concert, direction Edwin Franko Goldman: WJZ KDKA WBZ WDZA

12:20 p.m. EDT ↔ 11:20 a.m. EST WOR—The Romance of Life Insurance, Richard Meany

Thursday—continued

NBC—Red—Bob Grant's Orchestra with Helen Morgan: WEAF WTAG WGSII WEEI WGY

NBC—Blue—Herald Knight's Orchestra: WABC WCAU WDRC WDRC

2:45 p.m. EDT ↔ 1:45 p.m. EST NBC—Blue—Sisters of the Skillet: songs and patter: WJZ WDZ WBZA

8:00 a.m. EDT ↔ 7:00 a.m. EST
CBS—Salon Musicale: WABC WDRC
NBC—Blue—The Wife Saver, humorous skit: WJZ KDKA WBZ WBZA

WBZ-WBZA—Boy Scout Sketch
WBZ—State Public Health Talk
WEEI—Morning Parade (NBC)
WDR—Stamp Club; Sigmund Rothschild, speaker

1:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 12:30 p.m. EST
NBC—Blue—National Grange Program; guest speakers: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA

6:00 p.m. EDT ↔ 5:00 p.m. EST
NBC—Blue—Ernie Holst's Orchestra: WJZ WBZ WBZA
CBS—Irving Conn's Orchestra: WABC WAAC WCAU WDRC WORC

8:30 p.m. EDT ↔ 7:30 p.m. EST
NBC—Blue—Stadium Concert by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Willem Van Hoogerstraten, conductor: WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA

PLUMS and PRUNES + + +

By Evans Plummer

WHAT'S going to happen to *Fu Manchu*, the villainous? . . . We asked around a bit this past week, and here's the lowdown!

Dr. Fu Manchu will not sell hand lotion this fall. Although the agency handling the chap balm account has an option on the insidious gent until August 15, they admit that there is little chance that it will be exercised, because, as one of the agency's executives diagnosed the situation, "the ladies don't like him."

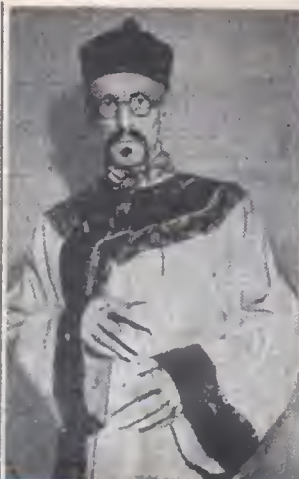
In other words, Doc Manchu lacks in sex appeal. On the other hand, owners of the Sax Rohmer air script rights maintain that Fuey had it aplenty in the original form, but that he was mismanaged and lost it when his criminal side was overemphasized—or something like that.

Anyway, there are several large eastern sponsors who are waiting for the present option to expire so that they may put Dr. Fu Manchu to work for them. So after all, you may very likely hear Big Ben and the cry of the dacots again.

Campaign, with First Nighter on a wide NBC network, has reserved Sunday afternoon time on NBC and another spot on CBS. The formula for the new shows, however, will be romance. There is talk, by the way, that *Luxor*, the Armour cosmetic division, is dickering for Charles P. Hughes' *Talkie Picture Time*, if the proper network can be cleared. *Princess Pat* has gone NBC Monday nights with love dramas. It looks as if cosmetics and their romantic plays will be the heavy time users in 1933-34.

The NBC-daily newspaper jointly sponsored stratosphere balloon ascension proved the old adage:

"All that goes up comes down." The difficulty was that it came down too soon. Better luck next time. Which reminds us of *Betty Compton's* quantation of husband *Jimmy Walker* in *Winchell's* column last week, saying "Always, in poli-



DR. FU MANCHU . . . but will he return? . . .

tics, be kind to the people going up, for you'll meet the same people coming down."

All of which has nothing to do with balloon ascensions, but nevertheless is sage advice to young radio artists.

Nazi Air Abuse

GLOBE investigating *Carleton Smith* reports an unparalleled abuse of broadcasting by Germany's Nazi government over the Bavarian station in Munich. *Dr. Dollfuss*, the Austrian premier, was called a traitor, and his policy was said to be hacked by French and Czech money.

The Nazi broadcast finished with an exhortation (not published in the press) to the Austrian party members who are deprived there of their newspapers, to pass along all printed

propaganda that they could lay their hands on, and to "cut the Swastika on every tree and rock in Austria."

The Ravag, Austria's broadcasting syndicate, has protested to the International Broadcast Union and threatened to use the new Austrian high-powered transmitter near Vienna to drown out Munich in the future. European countries have already done this to propaganda broadcast from Moscow.

Plums and—

AFTER getting several earfuls of the *Lou Holtz* chatter, and tuning back expectantly several Fridays in a row to be sure, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Holtz deserves several carloads of prunes for poor performances. Last Friday (August 4), he not only rated his usual low quality, but he sounded intoxicated. Checking with a N'Yawk stooge, we learned that he not only did *be* appear to be quite cockeyed, but so did the good announcer, *Norman Brokenshire*. Mr. Holtz even delivered a series of profane epithets to the studio audience, prior to his going on the air, for, as he said, "I can't do this on the air." Disgusting! *Grace Moore*, we deeply sympathize with you for having to work with such colleagues. You and your voice deserve better company. Your sponsor should add to his "Music That Satisfies" slogan, "and Comedians Who Don't."

The same night, an hour earlier on the other network, *Fred Allen* premiered for his mayonnaise sponsor. The jury is still out on the opener, but as for us, we still think Allen is top in comedy on the airwaves. His plummy show was aided immeasurably by *Roy Atwell*, much to our pleasure (and distress because his addition made a liar out of us), and *Ferde Grofe* did the music proud. Many plums to you, *Allen-Atwell-Hoffa-Grofe*.

Until television arrives (which it probably never will except in the



ALICE HILL . . . her pet's a blue monkey . . .

pay-as-you-enter theater), *Al Jolson* might just as well remove his vocal chords from the ether and apply them behind the foot and klieg lights more successfully. His *11 bit-man* program effort of last Thursday (August 3), despite the broken-down alibi of sponsor interference which disappeared when *Kraft-Phonovix* gave him a free mouth, was far from Jolson-in-person. We fear that Al can sing but one kind of song; a kind that requires dramatic acrobatics to tear your heart apart, and consequently a variety that was not written for unseeing radio.

Sorry, Al, but you rate only a prune.

Vox Prunes Pop

MR. D. J. DAY, of Portland, Me., writes:

"While you're throwing fruit around so careless like why not drop a few nice luscious plums in *Kubard Humber's* lap, especially for his performance of 'Lazy Bones' at 1:30

p. m., July 28, with his Essex House Ensemble. Personally, I like his style and music better than any other ensemble on the air." (Okay, Day, but we-all Chicagoans never have limber piped to a nearby outlet, so how were we to know?)

"And I will be glad when *Center* gets back." (We won't!)

"How about some plums for 'One Man's Family' Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m., NHC-WEAF? That program certainly deserves some." (All right, pal.)

"Plums to your colleagues *Porter* and *Leavis*. I dare you to mention this letter." (We also think they deserve many plums, and that's the only reason your letter was mentioned; not because of the date.)

Taglines

SO DEAR old *Russ Colombo* is to double for *Al Jolson* in *Winchell's* new flicker. Why didn't they use *Cantor* or *Fessel* who know Jolson's act much better . . . *Ole Olson* and *Chic Johnson* had an important NBC audition last Wednesday morning, and in the show were the *King's Jesters*, *Harry Sosik's* orchestra and Announcer *Charles Lyon*. The prospect is *Swift's* Brookfield butter. Oly anu. Chick panicked them . . . *Frank Parker*, the swell Gypsy tenor, like a Gypsy likes horses—riding and betting them . . . *Alice Hill*, the Princess Pat NBC dramatic lead, owns a blue monkey who responds to French orders . . . *Bob Elson*, the CBS-WGN ball-caster, has hitched up with *Virginia Voeller*, daughter of *Dr. John J.* of Rogers Park, and good luck to youse . . . Add romances, *Clava* and *Lu's Eve* (Helen King) first saw her future hubby on a Chi elevated train, flirted, by coincidence then met him through her room-mate, was engaged in two and married in six weeks—super girl . . . *Dudja* know *Fred Allen* started as a juggler and turned comedian when he dropped all six eggs? And (shh!) he plays the saxophone in private.

A VISIT to the BBC STUDIOS + + + With Carleton Smith

IF WE had continued our journey around London the other day, we would have come past the corner where the British Broadcasting Company hides itself modestly behind palaces of haberdashery and All Souls' Church. The site is oddly shaped, rather like a lop-sided potato or sausage balloon tapering to a roughly rounded nose on one side and bulging out on another.

The new *Broadcasting House* goes straight up on all sides to the full height the London Building Act permits—which, in the twenty-third year of His Majesty's reign, is slightly more than 100 feet. The simple exterior of the building need not detain us, but we may proceed through the main entrance to see *Eric Gill's* symbolic statue, "The Sower." Passing over the well-appointed offices, we come at once to the buried studio block, the holy of holies, London's most direct contact with the Empire.

The Studios

THE studios are more concisely arranged than those in some of our broadcasting emporiums. In the second basement is the vaudeville studio, with a small gallery for auditors and with stands for spotlights—without either of which the vaudeville artist feels abashed and awkward. Off to the side is the television room.

On the next floor up (still below the street level) is the Concert Hall, used for all the larger ensembles and containing the Grand Organ, just completed. This organ has 2,826 pipes (I didn't count them)



"At ease!" Carleton Smith measures up against one of the lofty guards at Buckingham Palace, London.

and the controlling cable has 10,000 tiny silver wires (engineers' figures).

On the floor and in the gallery of the Concert studio, 550 of the public are able to enjoy the concerts. This hall is quite the finest thing in the building.

The religious services are held in a special room—one that strives to be a temple where "Calvinist and Catholic, Jew and Muslim may be equally at home." As a concession to the conservatism and weakness of British human nature, it was de-

vised by the authorities that one of the "talks" studios should be definitely traditional in flavor. It was feared that elderly dons and clergymen, so far from being stimulated and put at their best by the naked simplicity of functionalism and metal furniture, would be definitely frightened of it. So a little library, with every sham which could be crowded into so small a space, was devised for their comfort. The pretty little room receives light from a large artificial window

draped with curtains festooned in true Regency style. The chief decoration of the walls is provided by bookcases filled with book-backs gummed onto the plaster. There is an artificial fireplace, and over the mantelpiece a portrait of *George Washington*. It is a "cosy" room—an epithet which could not possibly be applied to the other studios.

These other studios are the really exciting rooms in Broadcasting House. They are the result of efforts to design something which is supremely fitted to its purpose, which stimulates the user, something alive, brave, and new. They are designed functionally, as we might say, for talks, gramophone records, plays, etc., and they are all on the floors above.

The interior of these studios is the most important example of untraditional decoration yet completed anywhere in England. Anyhow, a description reads:

The accumulated rubbish or wisdom of the ages has been washed away, and something which is definitely and entirely new has taken its place. Such a phenomenon has never occurred before in the world's history. But similar phenomena are not so rare in America as in Europe.

Ventilation

THE ventilation and lighting of BBC's twenty-two studios, which get no fresh air from windows, no light from windows, is one of the remarkable feats of modern science. When it is remembered that the

normal crowd for these studios will disseminate very nearly twenty gallons of water hourly, the difficulty of the business will at once become apparent. To get rid of the heat is also troublesome. An ordinary theater will be icy cold on a winter's day, and will require a great deal of heat to make it comfortable—yet by the time the interval comes round, the heat given off by the audience will already be greater than most people like. No wonder the refrigerating machine at Broadcasting House has a cooling capacity sufficient to make 200 tons of ice for every day in the year.

And, with all this machinery in operation, the work of broadcasting may be carried on by the little army of speakers, players and announcers, with perfect efficiency and in a very enviable state of physical comfort.

WANTED RADIO TALENT PROGRAM IDEAS

Today's demands for NEW and ORIGINAL Radio Talent and Ideas never were better. **HUSK O'HARE**, nationally known Radio Star, has personally interested himself in giving you the benefit of his 14 years experience in broadcasting over the CBS and NBC Radio Stations through the "HUSK O'HARE SCHOOL OF THE AIR" Valuable Information. Proven Suggestions and Advice for those with Radio Talent and Ideas for Radio Programs. This is your chance of a lifetime. One of the surest ways of attaining your place in Radio. A sheet out to Radio Success. \$1.00 Money Order Only! Signifying your sincerity brings you Radio Information and details costing thousands of dollars and that has taken 14 years to compile. "HUSK O'HARE SCHOOL OF THE AIR" 3636 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

ALONG the AIRIALTO + + +

With Frank Luther
(Battling for Martin Lewis)

MARTY LEWIS the old smoothie, is taking a well-earned vacation. And before you reach my signature at the end of whatever this is going to be, you'll probably be broadcasting for Marty to come home and prevent a recurrence.

But I'm glad he gave me this opportunity to talk to you. And here's what I'd like to do:

I'd like to tell you what radio folk are really like. You read about this one crooning an angry cop out of a ticket, that one starting out to be a ditch digger and ending up an ether idol, another doing this or that unusual thing. . . . ALL of them surrounded by glamour and money and gorgeous women and stooges.

Well, the publicity boys believe in building up a strange, fantastic, colorful, romantic vision of the radio raves in your mind. They mean well. And maybe it's all for the best.

But honest and truly, they're just as usual, as honestly real and human as you and your uncle and the soda squirt in the corner drug store. I'm not kidding. They worry about rent and whooping cough and why mama doesn't write; they have as much trouble finding a place to park as you do; you probably play better bridge and understand the N. R. A. campaign as well. . . . Come vacation time, they tear out for the same places you do. . . . I mean, they're real, honest to goodness flesh and blood people, same as anybody else. For instance:

Edwin C. Hill walks home from work as casually as if he swung an empty dinner-bucket. . . . Burly Dan Koss calls the lovely Jane Franan "mama". . . . Mildred Bailey peeks into all the studios just like any out-of-towner. . . . Ted Husing wishes he were a flyer. . . . Big-bearded Kate Smith won't have a picture taken with her glasses on. . . . Ben Bernie takes his shirt off when it gets hot. . . . Roxey's proud of his family.

Nellie Revell likes fried chicken. . . . Carson Robison loves to putter around with grass and johnny-jump-ups and a bunch of rocks, making a garden. . . . Jim Wallington hags about fish he's caught, but never has a photograph to prove it. . . . Willard Robison blushes when you compliment him. . . . Eddie Duchin dislikes cold weather. . . . Frank Black hates to get a new hat—so he gets three at one time. . . . Al Jolson cranes his neck with everybody else to see Ruby Keeler get off the train.

Gus Haechen likes to wear rubber boots—and he's a terrible shot with a 22. . . . B. A. Rolfe loses his glasses—in his other pocket. . . . Phil Ducey pronounces "water" like watter, a la Indiana. . . . Dave Rubinoff can't remember names. . . . Peter Dixon and Alvine Berry have to hurry home because the baby has tonsillitis. . . . Ethel Waters gets her biggest kick out of bawling her aun ptes.

Gladys Rice adores her mother. . . . Henry Neely, the old stager, smokes a pipe and hags about his hens and strawberries. . . . Tiny Ruffner rides the subway. . . . Don Voorhees likes spaghetti. . . . Eddie Smalle hurries and still he's late. . . . Herb Polesie's hair won't stay combed. . . . Lee Wilky doesn't sit up straight at the table. . . . Lonis Dean likes to talk about way down home in California.

Taylor Holmes talks doggy talk to dogs. . . . Phil Ohman bales to help with spring housecleaning. . . . Vic Arden doesn't like to get up. . . . Jack Parker's golf score reads like a thermometer in the Sahara at noon on Fourth of July. . . . Conrad Thibault takes his coal off at dinner. . . . K-7 forgets whether it's Tuesday or Friday. Johnny Marvin feels like a cow-



CARSON ROBISON . . . putters with rock gardens . . .

boy when he puts on a sombrero. . . . Paul Whiteman likes to wear gay golf knickers. . . . Zora Layman's all smiles when the sun shines, pouty when it rains. . . . Frank Parker can get lost on a highway in broad daylight. . . . Scrappy Lambert thinks his baby is the prettiest, nicest, smartest in the world and that it looks exactly like its father. . . . Ramona boasts about good old Kansas City. . . . Elliot Shaw gets hay fever. . . . Len Stokes forgets when he was to meet who. . . . Freddy Rich eats too fast. . . . George Olsen likes to sit sid-way-down in a chair. . . . and Rudy Vallee sometimes wishes he were a heavyweight boxer.

And there they are.

High Hat?

ANOTHER thing: Some people have the impression that radio headliners are a pampered lot, making too much money, living fast lives and concerned chiefly in inflating the old ego, not giving a *dee-ay-en* about you listeners.

Granted a few may veer in that direction. But they're rare, rare exceptions to this rule—that:

More than money, more than fame, more than anything else in the world, they want you to like them and the things they do. They work their heads off to try to do just what will please you the most. If they succeed—the money usually doesn't count a lot. I mean that. Whatever it is in them that makes them artists, makes them live and strive for your approval more than anything else.

As a class, radio artists are hard working, fairly-early-to-bed-and-pretty-early-to-rise fellows and girls; generous with each other, not jealous—that is, not very; busy raising a family or helping dad with the mortgage back home, or Bud or little sister through college, saving toward the day when someone else will be in that swell spot—when they'll get back to the suburbs or the old home town and go into business or sell insurance or cars or real estate or keep house and watch the grocery bills.

Just like you do. (If you're still reading, I'm flattered to death). And I hope you'll believe the picture I've given you of these human, lovable people I'm privileged to work with for it comes sincerely from

FRANK LUTHER

Say—look at all the space—!



EDWIN C. HILL . . . walks home from work . . .

thought this was the bottom of the page. Can't leave it blank. Well, let's see.

PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT:

NBC's Ed Whitney, who can imitate the sound of anything an earth, got himself married the other day. (I wonder if Eddie can make a noise like eleven

d'clock when he comes in at 3 a. m.?) . . . They tune the studio pianos every day. . . . A whisper sounds louder in the studio than when you talk in a low voice. . . . Herbie Clear at WMCA looks like a new star. He's a combination of Little Jack Little and shush-shush Jack Smith, and he's a swell pianist. . . . Instrumental stars like trumpeter Manny Chue, accordionist Charles Maguante, trombonist Tom Dorsey, fiddlers Lon Raderman, Murray Kellner, and guitarist Johnny Cali often make a grand (\$1,000 to you) a week. . . . NBC studios are let-letted A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H and I, while Columbia's are numbered. . . . Fred Waring's Lane sisters told me they haven't tasted good corn-on-the-cob since they left Iowa. . . . a microphone costs a lot of money. . . . Phil Lord's voice goes around the world in a second while it'll take him a year and a half in his boat. . . . NBC's Jack Higgins knows who published every popular tune of the last twenty years and when the show it was in and who sang it. . . . Nat Shilkret's vacationing all over Europe. . . . Johnny Seagle was born in Paris, speaks a Tennessee dialect and became a daddy last week. . . . M. H. Aylesworth had Messrs. Antos 'n' Andrew H. Brown as his guests here last week-end. . . . The studio floors ride an springs, like your little white bed. . . . Paul Whiteman, Leo Reisman, Vic Young, Harry Salter and Giny Lombardo never play the fiddle any more. . . . every program has its own chartered set-up of mikes, sound effects, and music stands. . . . all fine cymbals are made by one man in a little Turkish village. . . . musicians call the bass viol a dog bause.

Did you know it? Well, it's a fact.

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Mrs. M. B. L., Plainfield, N. J.; Alexander McQueen of "Nothing But the Truth" is off the air for the present. He has, however, plans for returning this fall. No information on King Bard's whereabouts.

J. A. L., Miami, Fla.; Glen Cross is the baritone with NBC's Leaders Trio heard on the Saturday Morning Parade. He can be addressed at National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

G. S. L. B. and G. L., Chicago, Ill.; Emery Deutsch will be 27 years old this autumn. He is medium height, has dark hair and black eyes, and is still single. He is a regular staff conductor with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

F. J. W., Calais, Me.; Larry Murphy, former tenor with the Roundtowners Quartet, was, when last heard of, with Ben Selvin's Orchestra.

E. K., Philadelphia, Pa.; Buck Rogers was played by Mathew Crowley, Wilma Deering by Adele Ronson, Dr. Huer by Edgar Stelbi, Black Barney by Jack Roseleigh and Prof. Smith by Louis Hector in the Buck Rogers series. Arthur Hughes played the Octopus. Buck Rogers was directed by Claro D'Angelo.

R. S. A., New York City; Isham Jones' three broadcasts during the week of June 12 originated in Cincinnati where the Jones band was then playing. Charles Barner's Orchestra is on the road.

J. McK., Elizabeth, Ill.; Everett Mitchell is neither on vacation nor is he no longer associated with NBC. He still does his NBC Farm and Home Hour from Chicago as well as other occasional programs.

J. R., Philadelphia, Pa.; Russ Columbo is out on the coast, not doing much of anything, we hear.

R. L. W., Washington, D. C.; Carl Moore's Orchestra is on tour now and is not scheduled to be at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago this season. Announcer Louis Dean is 33 years old.

G. McB., Waterloo, Ind.; Description of Dick Stable appeared in Radio Guide, issue of August 6-12, in other words, last week. Fred Waring is 31 years of age, has brown hair and eyes, weighs about 140 pounds and stands five foot eight inches. He is currently not married, but has been married and divorced. Tom Waring is 29 years old, has black hair and brown eyes, weighs 151 pounds and stands five foot eight and one half inches. He is not married. The drummer with the frog voice, "Poley" McClintock, is married. He is five foot ten and one half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes and is 32 years old. The WLS Arkansas Woodchopper is not married.

THAT BOOMING BASSO + + + By Stanley Yates

(Continued from Page 3)

Circuit Band in 1923, and with the band, he toured the country, and even went as far afield as Honolulu and Australia. When he returned, he played for a while in Detroit, and then went to California where he organized his own band. It was while there that he ran into his lucky break at the Balboa Beach Hotel which put him on the map as a radio artist of the first magnitude.

Harris, upon his debut at the Pennsylvania Roof, had but one regret. That was because he had not brought his string of polo ponies east with him. While in California, he became an adept at the hazardous game, and got together a flock of oat-consumers that was the envy

of California polo circles. However, when he gets settled in New York, he is going to have them packed up, or whatever you do with polo ponies, and sent along east. Because Harris cannot take his polo or leave it alone.

It would be too unfair to the feminine readers to leave off without a brief description, for those in the East particularly are more familiar with Harris' captivating voice and music than his appearance. So gather 'round, girls, for an eye-ful

Harris is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall. He weighs 168 pounds, and has wavy brown hair. The hair alone would be a sufficient answer to any maiden's prayer. He likes brown and gray suits. His fan mail is highly diversified, and

has included such items as rings, dogs, home-made fudge and hand-made neckties. One woman wrote him two letters daily for two years. I did not find out why she stopped. It was probably when they raised the postal rates. A thing like that can run you into money in the course of a year. It would come to \$21.00, to be exact.

His favorite color is maroon, and his favorite state California. California would be my favorite state too if I had as much luck there as Harris has had.

He is extremely modest, and attributes all his success to a series of lucky breaks. Of course, he's not entirely correct about that but it's a refreshing point of view to hear from a successful radio star.

To France, July 14 was Bastille Day. To Don Koss and his lovely wife, Jane Franman, July 14 was a cause for celebration for different reasons. On that date Jane started her Frigidaire series over CBS and hubby Don signed for his Pontiac series. On the same July day, they jointly signed a contract to appear in this fall's edition of the "Follies," to be produced by the Shuberts. Jane is also busy these days with the WABC local program for King's Beer.

John Corigliano appears as violin soloist with Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony on August 13, and the date coincides with the fact the 13 is his big number. Last August 13 he played as soloist with the Little Symphony under Philip James. His first concert with the noted operatic bass, Cchapiun, was last November 13. In the following month, on December 13, he returned as soloist with Barlow. The influence of the number carries an into his domestic life as well, for he got married and sailed on a European honeymoon on a June 13. The young couple returned to America exactly a year later on the next June 13.

Esther Leal has arrived in New York from her home in Omaha and is preparing to take charge of the Wurliizer keyboard in the Paramount Organ Studio as substitute for petite sister Anne on the latter's Columbia programs during her vacation, the last two weeks in August. Except for last summer, when a movie theater contract kept her in Omaha, Esther has made the annual trip to New York to take her sister's place for the last four years. During the past year, Esther has been giving Sunday organ recitals at the Joslyn Memorial Museum, Omaha's cultural center.

HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL

MONDAY, AUGUST 14—Charles J. Brand, Co-administrator of the Adjustment Act, speaking on "The Nation's Stake in Wheat Adjustment." CBS-WABC network at 11:30 p. m.
Fifth Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Speakers: Hou Newton D. Baker, Rt. Sir Herbert Samuel of Great Britain, Dr. Hu Shih of China and Dr. Inazo Nitobe of Japan, NBC-WJZ network at 11:15 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 15—Debate between Walter Pitkin and William Harlan Hale, "Does Life Begin at 40?" NBC-WJZ network at 4:45 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16—Eva Le Gallienne, readings, NBC-WJZ network at 7:15 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 17—Water Carnival from the Floating Theater, Century of Progress, NBC-WJZ network at 10:30 p. m.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 19—Fourth Chicagoland Music Festival, CBS-WABC network at 10 p. m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13—Bert Lahr, Homay Bailey and Lee Smys with Rubinoff, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
Will Rogers and Fred Stone, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 14—Mustrel Show, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.
Arthur Boran, Ohman and Arden, Conrad Thibault, Arlene Jackson, Songsmiths, Nightingales, Gus Haenschen's Orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 10:30 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 15—Ben Bernie and his Band, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
Taylor Holmes, "The Fire Chief's Uncle," Graham McNamee, Don Voorhees' band, NBC-WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16—Fannie Brice and George Olsen's music, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 17—Guest comedians with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
Molasses n' January, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw and Muriel Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 18—Julius Fannen with Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, WABC-CBS network at 8:30 p. m.
Fred Allen, Ferde Grofe's Orchestra, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield's orchestra, NBC-WJZ network at 9:30 p. m.
Lum and Abner's Oldtime Friday Night Soiree, NBC-WEAF network at 10:30 p. m.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 19—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p. m.
Ray Knight's Cuckoo Program, NBC-WJZ network at 10:30 p. m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony orchestra, CBS-WABC network at 3 p. m., also Monday at 10:45 p. m. and Wednesday and Friday at 11 p. m.
National Opera Concert, NBC-WJZ network at 3 p. m.
Willard Robinson's Syncopated Sermon, CBS-WABC network at 5 p. m., also Thursday at 10 p. m.
Light Opera: "Princess Ida," NBC-WJZ network at 6 p. m., and "Beggar's Student" Tuesday at 8 p. m.
Chautauqua Program, NBC-WJZ network at 8 p. m.
Philadelphia Summer Concert from Robin Hood Dell, CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p. m., also Saturday.
American Album of Familiar Music, NBC-WEAF network at 9:30 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 14—Ferde Grofe's Orchestra: Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WEAF network at 8:45 p. m., also Wednesday at 9 p. m.
Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m.
Andre Kostelanetz Presents Gladys Rice and Evan Evans, CBS-WABC network at 10 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 15—Julia Sanderson and Frank Grumit, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Stadium Concert, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m., also Saturday at 8:30 p. m.
Light Opera Gems, CBS-WABC network at 10:45 p. m.
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16—Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 17—Presenting Mark Warnow, Gertrude Niesen and Four Clubmen Quartet, CBS-WABC network at 9 p. m.
Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Al Jolson, Deems Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton and others, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 18—Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 19—"Sous Les Ponts de Paris," musical from Canada, NBC-WEAF network at 8:30 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13—Wisdom of the Ages with Janet Beecher and Olive Wyndham, NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p. m.
John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WABC network at 7:30 p. m., second episode at 8:15 p. m.
MONDAY, AUGUST 14—Radio Guild Drama, NBC-WJZ network at 4 p. m.
The Theater of Today, "Dr. Winter's Secret," CBS-WABC network at 9 p. m.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 15—Lives at Stake, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m.
Miss Lilla, NBC-WJZ network at 10:30 p. m.
Talkie Picture Time, NBC-WEAF network at 11:30 p. m.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 17—Columbia Dramatic Guild, CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p. m.
Death Valley Days, NBC-WJZ network at 9 p. m.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18—Tales of the Titans, "A Lear of the Steppes," NBC-WJZ network at 8 p. m.
The First Nighter, NBC-WJZ network at 10 p. m.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 19—"The Optimistic Mrs. Jones" with George Frame Brown, NBC-WEAF network at 7:45 p. m.

VOCALISTS

EVAN EVANS—WABC-CBS network Friday at 2:30 p. m. and Saturday at 8 p. m.
GLADYS RICE—CBS-WABC network Thursday at 10:45 p. m.
HOWARD MARRI—CBS-WABC network Wednesday at 10:30 p. m.
JANE FROMAN—CBS-WABC network Monday at 6:45 p. m. and Friday at 10:30 p. m.
JOHN FOGARTY—NBC-WJZ network Thursday at 8:30 p. m.
KATE SMITH—CBS-WABC network Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p. m.
MILDRED BAILEY—CBS-WABC network Thursday at 6:30 p. m., and Saturday at 7:15 p. m.
MORTON DOWNEY—CBS-WABC network Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 p. m.
NINO MARTINI—CBS-WABC network Tuesday at 9:30 p. m.
OLGA, COUNTESS ALBANI—NBC-WEAF network Sunday at 7 p. m., and Thursday at 7:15 p. m.
PAT KENNEDY—NBC-WJZ network Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:45 p. m.
TITO GUILZAR—CBS-WABC network Sunday at 7 p. m., and Saturday at 5:45 p. m.
VERA VAN—CBS-WABC network Sunday at 5:15 p. m.; Wednesday and Friday at 9:15 p. m.

SPORTS

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15—Ted Husing, CBS-WABC network at 10:30 p. m., also Thursday, "Athletics" Wednesday at 6:45 p. m. James Dunn, motion picture star, guest.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 18—Grantland Rice, CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p. m.

NEWS

BOAKE CARFER—CBS-WABC network daily at 7:45 p. m., excepting Sunday and Saturday.
COL. LOUIS McHENRY HOWE—Interviewed on National Affairs by Walter Trumbull, NBC-WEAF network at 10 p. m. Sunday.
EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WABC network Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 p. m.
FLOYD GIBBONS, World's Fair Reporter—NBC-WJZ network Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 8:45 p. m.
LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WJZ network daily at 6:45 p. m., excepting Sunday and Saturday.
NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT, "Clues to the News"—NBC-WJZ network Wednesday at 4:30 p. m.

REVIEWING RADIO *By Mike Porter*

SOME sort of industrial code, of course, will have to be submitted to Washington by the broadcasting stations. As *Al Goodman*, the Gulf Oil maestro who'll soon be working with *George M. Cohan* on that program, says, he hopes the NRA won't turn out to mean "No Radio Auditions."

Seriously, however, the majority of band leaders will put in a bid for a code clause to insure fairness in the matter of commercial auditions.

A very quaint practice has been in force for years in this respect. A sponsor wants an act or a show, and he calls for an audition. It is no great trouble for a singer or comedian to give an audition. But when it comes to band leaders, they are required to pay their musicians for every audition as well as rehearsal. Occasionally a leader will give twenty samples to a prospective sponsor and then lose the account. I know of six maestros who have gone broke in this manner. Under the proposed clause, the prospective sponsor would be forced to pay for the auditions—and in case the band is employed by him, the maestro will be willing to split the audition costs.

Another certainly so far as the code is concerned, will be the shortening of the hours of the engineering forces from fifty-five hours to forty hours a week. In anticipation of this the major networks are already hiring additional technicians.

Today's story:

They tell it of *Jacques Renard*, who is more rotund than ever, that he went into a shop and purchased a fountain pen. When the pretty salesgirl had filled it for him,

Jacques began scribbling to test the point.

For lack of anything else to write, he repeated "tempus fugit" several times. As he was leaving, the gal behind the counter said:

"If anything goes wrong with the pen, Mr. Fugit, just bring it back—and by the way, did anybody ever tell you that you are a double of Jacques Renard, the orchestra leader?"

It is interesting at this time when professional ethics are being linked with industry and recovery, to note the rules for musicians laid down by the seventeenth century equivalent of the musical union in France and Germany. Meyer Davis dug them up the other day. They read:

"No musician, be he master, assistant or apprentice shall divert himself by singing or performing coarse obscenities and thus vex innocent souls, particularly the innocence of youth."

(The guy who wrote that rule, must have seen *Tim Pan Alley* coming).

"No man shall dare perform on dishonorable instruments such as bagpipes, sheep horns, burdy gurdies and triangles, such as those used by beggars on the street."

Somehow after the illness of *John Mills*, the basso of the *Mills Brothers* quartet, word got around the country that John was dead. To add credence to this report, the Mills boys had been off the air, until the other day, for months. Then they went on a one-shot program, just to prove that John was alive. Now, the Mills Brothers are about to begin a two-a-week series via *Columbia*. They start on the night of August 21.

For the first time in radio history, rival sponsors, with rival bands, and rival announcers, are warring dirty cracks at each other by way of the same station and chain. The *Kroft-Phoenix Thursday show* with *Whiteman, Jolson and Howard Clancy* is belittling the *Hellman mayonnaise*, while the latter, with *Fred Allen, Ferde Grofe and Tiny Ruffner*, is using the Friday night spell to ridicule *Miracle dressing*. They say that *Clancy and Ruffner* are scowling at each other; everybody knows that *Whiteman and Grofe* are on the outs again, and even the control engineers on the opposing bills are rising each other. It would bring the matter to perfection if *Winchell* should go on the *Allen program* to balance *Jolson*, on the competing show. Even the sponsors and agencies are feuding.

FEW people, even the wise guys along Radio Row, were aware that CBS faced a stoppage of broadcasting last week, when *Joe Colledge* (that's his name!), an engineer, was requested to resign. It turned out that Colledge was organizing the engineers into the electrical union and CBS didn't care particularly about the plan. The majority of the technical staff, peeved at Colledge's dismissal, threatened a walkout, but it was stopped by official temporizing. However, the pot is still boiling.

Duke Ellington and the *Barwell Sisters* will be home in America by the time you read this . . . One act plays will constitute the next dramatic enterprise of WJZ . . . Hundreds of customers want to know what *Guy Lombardo* will do this winter. Well, he won't go back into the Roosevelt but will have a spot all his own—and OWNED BY THE LOMBARDO BAND, right smack in New York.