Beauties Storm Studios

HOLLYWOOD'S "Golden Age" is about to be duplicated in radio. When Hollywood magnetized the youth and beauty of America, and drew to its casting bureaus tens of thousands of fame-seeking young girls, that was its "Golden Age." That day has passed, and now Hollywood does its utmost to discourage the further influx of aspiring young talent. It has become overloaded with youth, and there is not work for one fifth of the girls who are trying to crash the movies in 1932.

Today the "Golden Age" of radio is dawning. The cloud-touching air castles of New York and Chicago have become the Meccas of countless thousands of young girls who spend their savings on a few new frocks and a railroad ticket and speed to the nation's metropolis. A great new field of entertainment is demanding talent, and when there is even the remotest possibility of quick fame and fat pay checks, the youth of the country is swift to answer. With the opening of the Rockefeller Center, Radio City, the broad-

(Continued on Page Five)
David Ross Wins Air Diction Award

David Ross, the CBS announcer who was runner-up in the diction award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters last year, climbed the top rung this week and won the Academy's 1932 gold medal. The award was announced by Prof. George Pierce Baker of Yale, chairman of the Academy's Committee on Good Diction on the Radio.

Ross has been a Columbia announcer for about four years, joining the network after a few years as a radio and newspaper writer after a varied business career. A native of New York, Ross, like so many other famous New Yorkers, was a newspaperman. He matriculated at the College of the City of New York and enrolled for a liberal arts course, until his father, whose dreams had a bucolic tendency, convinced him his future lay in scientific farming. He left C. C. N. Y. to take an agricultural course at Rutgers University. It wasn't long before he turned from the paths of agriculture to face the tumultuous world.

One of his early jobs was supervisor of an orphan asylum. He had his finger on the drama, coaching an amateur group at a summer camp and a neighborhood settlement. The advertising business held him for a while. He wrote copy and sent out direct mail pieces.

The high spot of Ross' pre-radio career was, most likely, his job as secretary to a temperamental Russian baroness, who wanted to write the inside stories of great Russian intrigues.

Ross landed in radio when he was asked one night to fill in for an absent entertainer. The station manager liked his voice and the next thing he knew he was an announcer. He had been writing poetry since his college days, and so it was natural for him to reach verse on the air, when occasion permitted. One night, when the talent for an hour program didn't put in an appearance, Ross filled in by reading Edgar Allan Poe's works for the entire program.

Ross' poetry has been published in The Nation and The New Republic. Among the groups that solicit David Ross have been the Arabic and Around the Samovar.

White Takes Fans Hiking in Chicago

Charlie White, former lightweight champion who broadcasts muscle building exercises over WGN at 9 a.m. each morning, is going to make his radio fans slim and healthy if it's the last thing he ever attempts. Charlie is conducting a hiking class through Lincoln Park on Sunday mornings. And it's a great thing, say the plump ladies of Chicago.

A week ago this health enthusiast announced that he would hold setting-up exercises on the Oak Street beach after the hike. Imagine Charlie's surprise when he found 2500 anxious ladies in costumes ranging from bathing suits to fur coats, waiting on the beach when he arrived. Each of them went through every exercise and now they're asking for more.

Open Air Opera Season Nov. 24

The radio operatic season opens officially on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, when NBC presents its 14th series of operatic broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Lily Pons, celebrated young French coloratura, and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi will sing the leading roles in the Opera Company's first production of the season, "Lakmé." The entire second act will be carried over NBC beginning at 2:15 p.m.

"Lakme" is the opera in which Mme. Pons made her European debut and her rendition of the famous "Bell Song" from the production created a sensation among Metropolitan audiences last year. The song will be included in the NBC broadcast.

NBC has installed special new velocity or "ribbon" type microphones at the opera house which promise to make the operatic broadcasts clearer and more perfect than they have ever been.

Assorted national, coast-to-coast programs will reach listeners through NBC facilities during the entire winter season of Metropolitan Opera. Details of the weekly schedule will be available shortly and special broadcasts will be announced from time to time.

Kate Smith on Air from California

Kate Smith for the next few weeks will do her broadcasting from the movie lots of Hollywood, California. An especially built radio studio has been constructed for the "Song Bird" in the Paramount Studios where she is at work on her first feature picture, a Fannie Hurst story called "Nice Girl."

A direct wire from California will carry Kate Smith's programs to WABC, New York, whence it will be routed over the basic network. Her program on Monday, November 14, will mark the first radio broadcast to reach Americans from the Holy Land.

Week's New Programs

The following new programs and changes of schedule in old programs will go into effect this week:

- WMAQ-NBC-5:30 p.m. "Laws That Safeguard Society," series by Dean Gleason L. Archer, of Suffolk Law School, Boston.
- WBBM-USN-3:55 p.m. "America's Great Street Speakers" by Thomas L. Bliss interviews literary celebrities.
- WLS-NBC-7 p.m. Russian Gaieties, musical broadcast.
- WLS-NBC-7:30 p.m. Bed Adams, drama.
- WMAQ-NBC-4-4 p.m. Blue and White Marimba Band.
- WGN-9:15 a.m. Sports Calendar.
- WGN-9:35 a.m. "Top O' The Morning."
Announce 'IT' Girl Winner Next Week; Shutta in Lead

The winner of Radio Guide's first annual "IT" Girl popularity poll to choose the Queen of the Air will be announced in next week's issue. All ballots must be in the Radio Guide office by Saturday, November 12. This week, for the convenience of any who have not yet voted, a last ballot is to be found on page two—but it must be in Radio Guide's office by the closing date of the poll or it will not be counted.

With more than 30,000 ballots counted, and with only a few days left before the close of this nation-wide poll, Ethel Shutta has once again climbed into the lead with 4,592 votes while Marge Damerel, star of "Myrt and Marge," is in second place with 4,423. For four weeks the lovely wife of George Olsen has battled Marge for the lead. First one, and then the other, has forged to the front, but at no time have they ever been separated by more than a few hundred votes.

Verna Burke is clinging to third place. She has 3,312 ballots and is within striking distance of the leaders. Pressing on her heels is Irma Glen, the enchanting organism, and fifth is Irene Wicker, the "Singing Lady."

Linda Parker, the star vocalist of WLS, is next, and she is closely followed by Connie Boswell and Kate Smith, who loomed as early favorites. In ninth place is Ruth Etting, the "Manic That Satisfies" favorite, who has climbed steadily during the past week. Her admirers started casting their ballots late, but she is expected to finish considerably higher in the listing. Judging from the number of votes received within the last few days.

The charming Dorothy Lamour, whose picture you see at the top of this page, is in tenth place and holding her own. Miss Lamour, one of the most beautiful of all radio artists, has been rushing towards stardom. She is heard with Herbie Kay's orchestra.

Radio Guide's offices have been deluged with phone calls from those anxious to learn the latest news about the race for first place. Rarely has a popularity poll been so close as the race between Ethel Shutta and Marge. The blonde wife of George Olsen has been recently singing with his orchestra on the Lucky Strike Hour, and she has drawn thousands of fan letters, it is understood.

Immediately after the announcement of the winner of the poll, Radio Guide will award the loving cup to radio's "IT" Girl of 1932. A cup will be awarded each year.

Radio Guide believes that the more than 30,000 ballots received thus far present an accurate cross-section of the nation's population. Ballots were received from every state, as well as Canada and Mexico.

LAST "IT" GIRL BALLOT ON PAGE TWO
THEY will tell you themselves, will Amos ‘n Andy, that it’s a tough racket broadcasting day in and day out the same old hours, the same old characters and the same old situations. It gets terribly monotonous and on their nerves (and yours?) So, when Charles Correll told me the other night that the immortal six-week negro gag was going to drop its Saturday night tryout with the nation, I was not as surprised as you may be.

Rumors have long reported that Correll and Godsen wished a real vacation. But toothpaste and antiseptic had to be long ago. 30 years of the old. No, Andy will soon be off of $400.

Your Rano Gunne, challenged likeable Charlie Correll, “claims we are skipping in New York and Chicago. Maybe we are, but over the nation as a whole, we are still on top. If you don’t believe it, watch the monthly C.

We continued chatting. I learned something else of interest to me and probably to you. Neither of the A. and A. team has ever referred to the Goldberg, Myrt and Marge or any other sketch of like nature. Why? Because Correll and Godsen fear that their nonsense may be influenced by the AMs of A.

Off a Lice Mike—

Jack Holden, WLS mikeman, will be tuning classics from programs in January. The stork’s a busy guy at the Prairie Farmer Club, Cleveland. Famous for his Club m.c. for WDBM and now star sales man there, has settled down to a full business schedule. His committances nightly to Des Plaines, and...

Charlie is running for alderman in the suburban, why not kindly GRAND, because, has caused him to study the tongue in order to stump?

Harriet Cruise, tillietest of the Midwestern soundbirds, goes in big for contract bridge (and all new rules and all jigsaw puzzles). That fellow Al Jolson was in town last week, talking over his Chevy program with Ben Burtt. Jolson extravaganza has become almost any air’s own. NBC Concert Service has booked Mario Chamise to sing November 30 at Orchestra Hall, and will be there. Gene Autry, record disc-sellng yodeling cowboy of WJJD and WLS, is appearing with his blue-eyed, blonde and blue-eyed.

Patricia Ann Manns (Myrt and Marge’s “Gruen”) and Jerry Wald a bottle of headphones!

Dorothy Lee is goofy over batonier Smith Nash, Jr., five-year-old of the WJKS-CBS box, great Art Linnick with a raspberry and a “Heilo-oo, everyone” and T. Vincent Lodge, II, economic John Prune, the two or three possible studio heads sit in the control room and listen. Their faces are impassive as the auditions progress.

Then a new face, hardly different from the ones that have come before, is in front of the microphone. She begins to sing, and the stolid executives come to life. They ask her to try the number again. She does. They nod their heads, mark her name on a pad, and her career has begun. Within a week she may be signed on a commercial program at $300 a week. But more often she is tried out on a few broadcasts, and then placed on a sustaining hour. Then the studios watch the fan mail. If it shows a steady increase their judgement is justified. If the mail is laggard, she is crossed off as another who couldn’t quite make the grade. For after all the public is the final judge.

What happens to the failures? They don’t give up easily. They try other studios, they tutor under professional instructors, they make every effort to get that “break.” And finally, when their funds are gone, there is a wire home, and a special delivery letter the return, and the girl goes back to that little Iowa, or Georgia, or Tennessee town.

But for every one who couldn’t afford the castles in the clouds, there are now ten to take her place in the long line that wends its way to the audition studios. There is gold there, quite gold, and the gold rush is on. But the muggins can only be unearthed by “something different.”
News! News! News!

Political Air Blunders

The presidential campaign over, Raoul Agnew's Washington writer, Martin Codel, always alert and well advised, reviews the fight for office from a radio standpoint, finds it floundered—for a reason. That reason, according to Codel, was that fact that all the parties failed to attach adequately trained radio men to their staffs. Three great faults seem outstanding in Codel's over-lengthy campaign speeches; the fact that audiences were irritated when favoriting喘息was cancelled so that public speeches could be extended beyond the scheduled time—a bad psychological effect; the fact that local stations frequently aired party speeches while networks aired another at the same time, for the same party. Codel concludes that all such blunders could have been avoided if more expert knowledge of radio had been used, states that Hoover's campaign was handled more intelligently than Roosevelt's; predicts better campaigns next '36.

Britain's Combination

In England eight powerful regional stations, each of them using "twin waves," will replace, within the next two years, the twenty-one smaller stations now in operation. Idea was hit upon by the British Broadcasting Corporation to get the best out of both the national programs originating in London studios and local program originating in each station. The same transmitter will broadcast on two wave lengths simultaneously, one wave carrying the network offering the other the local program.

Movie Awards on Air

Motion picture artists will award them-selves prizes for productivity and merita-faction while WABC-Columbia audiences lis-
ten in on Friday, November 18, at 12:30 a m. Suave Conrad Nagel will precipitate and character actor Lionel Barrymore will present the awards. Comedy hits from Laurel and Hardy, Harpo and Groucho Marx. Promi-

Newspaper Invasion

Newspapers, until recently distinctly antag-

Orchestrating Doings

Harry Sonnik and his orchestra, of "Pen-

Columbia's newest, youngest, and possibly best looking announcer is Carlyle Stevens. A few months ago he was trying to sell a radio play. After arguing with a station manager for a few hours, the broadcasting mogul decided his voice was better than his play. So he became an announcer.

(Orchestra is led by Leon Vitale)

Harry Sonnik and his orchestra, of "Penn-

Guy Lombardo and Ben Bernie are lead-

By line for awards are Helene Hayes and Marie Dressler, best actresses; Fredric March and Wallace Beery, best actors. Occasion is the annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences held in the Fista Room of the Am-

Radio's Largest Family

"Radio's largest family" is the "Myrt and Marge" skit heard for one year now over Columbia. One hundred and thirty-five characters have crossed the studio stage of this skit, lived their brief lives, passed quietly on. Two of the characters were murdered (Ray Hunt, Harry Duffy), Ellen Jones was killed by a street car. Another (Gangster Hunter) was behind bars. Thirty-five of the characters have received fan mail, but the most popular members of "radio's largest family" are Myrt, Marge, Jack Arnold, Glenn, Clarence, Jimmie, Cora, Billie, Sanfhell, Hayfield, and Pat.

HOTEL BERKSHIRE

Convenient to the Merchandise Mart and the Furniture Mart, close to the shopping, theatre and wholesale districts...on the "Near-North Side."

The spacious, quaint lobby of 17th Century design speaks of homesickness the minute you enter the hotel...while the modern service and equipment afford every comfort and convenience.

An attractive English Grill adjoins the lobby. Rates priced to meet present conditions...every room with bath...$1.75 and up.

SPECIAL WEEKLY RATES TO PERMANENT GUESTS

ONE OF THE POPULAR WENZEL HOTELS

E. A. WOTTEN, Mgr.

Tel. SUPERIOR 8222

15 East Ohio Street

CHICAGO

SATURDAY

Clara, Lu 'n' En-WENZ-NBC, 9:15 a.m. Today's Children-WENZ, 10:45 a.m. Today's Children-WENZ, 11:15 a.m. Crooners-The Manhattan-KW, 7:45 p.m. Crooners-The Manhattan-KW, 8:15 p.m. The New Yorkers-WBBM-CBS, 5:30 p.m. The Comic Boccherini-WENZ, 4:45 p.m. The Comic Boccherini-WENZ, 5:15 p.m. Country Doctor-WGN-CBS, 9:45 p.m. Sons of the Pioneers-WBBM-CBS, 10:30 p.m. The Secret Sinner-WBBM-CBS, 11:00 p.m.

WAKEM AND WHIPPLE

235 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Whitehall 6746

Magie Tubes—know for the first time just how much those precision built tubes take to improve the performance of any radio receiver—old or new!
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:50 PM</td>
<td>WMAQ—Hotel New York Orchestra (NBC)</td>
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<td>12:55 PM</td>
<td>WBBS—Chicago Desert Early Program</td>
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<td>1:00 PM</td>
<td>KWW—Dan Rapp's Orchestra (NBC)</td>
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<td>WBBM—Hummer's Orchestra</td>
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<td>WMAQ—Sentimental Ring</td>
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<td>WLCX—California, Waldman Door</td>
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<td>WCNR—Words and Music, stately ensemble</td>
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<td>1:15 PM</td>
<td>WDJ—Bob Green</td>
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<td>WJIB—Kay Webster</td>
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<td>WLS—Rex and Glen</td>
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<td>1:20 PM</td>
<td>WMAG—Adult Education Program</td>
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<td>WIBO—Ozark Program</td>
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<td>1:25 PM</td>
<td>WGN—Notary Club Luncheon</td>
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<td>1:30 PM</td>
<td>WJFL—Baron Political Talk</td>
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<td>WAWF—Paul Sande</td>
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<td>WBBM—Clara Miller's Dance (CBS)</td>
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<td>WBBM—Pop Concert</td>
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<td>WJIB—Waltz Program</td>
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<td>1:45 PM</td>
<td>WMAG—Board of Trade</td>
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<td>1:50 PM</td>
<td>KYW—Prudence F. Paul's Talk</td>
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<td>WAWF—Flowers</td>
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<td>WLS—American School of the Air (CBS)</td>
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<td>2:00 PM</td>
<td>WJFL—Variety Program</td>
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<td>WJDB—Yesterday's Carson</td>
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<td>WKJ—Needlecraft Lady</td>
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<td>2:15 PM</td>
<td>WMAG—Public School Program</td>
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<td>2:20 PM</td>
<td>KYW—Today's Times; orchestra and vocalists</td>
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<td>2:25 PM</td>
<td>WAWF—Christmas Specials</td>
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<td>WBBM—Burton's Beauty Chat</td>
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<td>WBBM—Love Boat</td>
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<td>WIBO—Radio America; Edible and Famole Cavanagh</td>
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<td>3:00 PM</td>
<td>WJIB—Ralph Irons</td>
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<td>WJIB—CBS Radio; Scott Circle</td>
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<td>WJQL—Quarter Hour of Three Favorite Things; Three Centuries</td>
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<td>3:25 PM</td>
<td>WJFL—Radio Troubadours; Orchetra (NBC)</td>
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<td>3:30 PM</td>
<td>WJIB—Variety Music</td>
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<td>3:35 PM</td>
<td>WLS—Homesommette; Aire Chairs Traveling</td>
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<td>4:00 PM</td>
<td>WJFL—Free Talk</td>
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<td>WAWF—Women's Radio Review (NBC)</td>
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<td>4:00 PM</td>
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<td>WIBO—Parts and Pieces</td>
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<td>4:05 PM</td>
<td>WIBO—Baker home management</td>
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**SPECIALS FOR TODAY**

**FOR LOG OF LOCAL STATIONS SEE PAGE 4**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:30 PM</td>
<td>WBNR—Beau Boop Dramatization</td>
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<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>WGN-CBS—Abbe LaMano's Orchestra</td>
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<td>7:45 PM</td>
<td>WGN-CBS—The Street Singer; Music That Satisfies</td>
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<td>8:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM—Waltz四五's Plantation Days</td>
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<td>8:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM—Waltz-five Spade Music</td>
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<td>8:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM—Associated Real Estate Tax Payers (NBC)</td>
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<td>WBNR—Beau Boop Dramatization</td>
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**TALK—SING—PLAY THRU YOUR OWN RADIO**

Entertainment of the new improved World Microphone. Tape radio parties. How to tune in "You Hit The Air". Why you have no end of fun—and you may uncover some hidden treasures to install. Send Check, Money Order or Stamps.
Winning Mikritics

Radio Guide will pay one dollar for any Mikritics accepted and printed in this column. Mikritics are remarks of any kind made on the air which will interest other people. They may be amusing, inspiring, funny, pathetic, or queer.

Here are the rules: The quotation should not exceed fifty words. It must be accompanied by the name of the person who made it, the exact time it was heard, and the station from which it was heard. The name and address of the sender must be attached. Any number of Mikritics may be sent by one person. Address your letters to Mikrite, care of Radio Guide.

This week's winners:

Best Foods Boys—October 26—7:30 p.m. WJW.

Billy: “Ernie, you embarrassed me terribly at dinner last night.

Ernie: “How was that, Bill?”

Billy: “When my dear old mother asked if you would have some corn you passed your glass.”

Nina Finch Comer

Burns and Allen—October 26—9:18 p.m. WCAU.

Gracie: “See that fellow over there—he’s an Englishman.”

George: “How do you know?”

Gracie: “He’s eating alphabet soup and he’s dropping his b’s.”

B. Fackler

Tony Wons—October 31—8:41 a.m. KMOX.

“Marriage will be a success when we forget about the ‘ideal’ and think about the ‘square deal’.”

Mrs. J. R. Crotts

Texaco Fire Chief—October 25—8:56 p.m. WMAQ.

Graham: “Here’s a letter from a man who can’t sleep at night.”

Ed Wynn: “Tell him to get a reviving bed and he’ll sleep like a top.”

Eleanor Davis

Sinclair Wiener Minitrulls—October 17—8:10 p.m. WLS.

Gene: “I hear your father was killed in an explosion. Cliff, how did it happen?”

Cliff: “My mother says it was too much yeast, but I believe it was too much sugar.”

M. J. Rogers

Best Foods Hour—October 21—6:44 p.m. WMAQ.

Ernie: “We’re still not so bad as the traffic cop who has to whistle for his living.”

James K. Munn

Dick Good's Minitrulls—October 31—4:53 p.m. WTMJ.

Interlocutor: “What kind of toothpaste do you use, Sambo?”

Sambo: “I don’t use any bos, my teeth ain’t loose.”

Bertram R. Braucher

Texaco Fire Chief—October 25—8:53 p.m. WMAQ.

Wife: “Baby ate some chicken which didn’t agree with him.”

Hubby: “Croquette?”

Wife: “Not yet, but he’s very sick.”

Matthew Gerut

Slick Strike—October 27—9:30 p.m. WNEW.

Walter: “Do you know what a myth is?”

Baron: “Why yes, a myth is a female moth.”

Mrs. T. Riecke

Despite the loyal support of his friends (Rubinoff and James Wallington), Eddie Cantor wasn’t elected President after all. So this is his victory smile. And his song is “the winner loses.” Cantor is heard each Sunday night on the Chase and Sanborn Hour at 7 p.m. over NBC-WMAQ, along with Rubinoff’s orchestra.

• REVIEWING RADIO •

By Mike Porter

We poor, myopic historians have been altogether too neglectful of those unnamed, frequently uncoutch, but hitherto canonized gag men. We have failed to appreciate their generic qualities or their modest anonymity, for many weeks, since the virus of comedy attacked radio, they have labored in the manufacture of the ammunition which Ed Wynn, Ed Cantor, Jack Benny, Jack Pearl, and the other sentimentally salaried sills of the air discharge devastatingly into the ether. These gay and gay ghosts are genii whose broats are damped with perspiration as they build prodigious libraries of paraphrasings on the seven original jokes, and purvey them in refined and pertinent condition to the homes where we sit back and applaud without a thought of the heart-breaking work of generating a funny phrase or a sapient silly.

At last, however, these homogenous heroes are reaching out for their share of glory, even if the reaching means strife among themselves. For glory gets business, and not all of them can be Al Boasbergs and quietly lined wines and witty wares to such talk as Cantor, Harold Lloyd, Bernie, Benny Baker and Burns and Allen. Boasberg, a fre agent nowadays, currently retains the crown, but Dave Freeman, the current humor liberan and researcher for Ed Wynn, is a close second. Harry Cohen is who sharps among the quiet and suave sophistries of Jack Benny and a versatile and clever fellow whom we call Billy Wells invests those Munchausen whoppers for Jack Pearl. Ed Prebble is Mr. Wynn’s jokeren. What a life it is! In the recent past, one act and one routine were sufficient for a stage jester even unto an entire year. With radio’s wide coverage, there must now be a new and fresh one every week, and sometimes twice a week. Duplication—and few can avoid it—is almost fatal, for if two funny fellows pull the same sheares inconceivably on the same night, or in the same week, the second one is accused of thefting.

That is why, of course, even though they are in rivalry, the gag men are now considering a sort of consolidation of effort, a hearing house where they can stage longer skits and chart their scripts, and thus avoid disaster.

From these fellows I learn that each spends at least two hours of his working day— and right—on a single gag that consumes only five or five seconds on the air. Is it any wonder, considering the demand for such stuff, that they expect to be paid from fifty to seventy-five grand a year? And aren’t they entitled to a pot or the back once in a while? It is their industry that is making radio history as surely as the Wynnys, Benaiss, Pearl and Cantors are making it.

We just heard that next on the list of radio sillsies will be Lou Holtz, the walking stick manipulator, who’s been auditioning at WABC for weeks. Ben Lyon, the movie lard, who thinks he is a comedian too, and George Gallagher also have the radio bug and flew from the Coast to New York last week to court the microphone.

For some mysterious reason, Ray Perkins and Peter Van Steeden will lose from the air on November 24. The Barbados sponsors have given NBC a three-week notice of cancellation.

I give one page to contemplate how many friends (and votes) Messrs. Hoover (Continued on Page Twenty)

The Editor’s Mail Box

Radio Guide readers are invited to ask questions concerning their radio favorites and broadcasts. If the information is interesting, we will print it in this column.

No personal replies will be made.

Flora Hays—“Through Lighted Windows” with character actress June Dillon, has been withdrawn from NBC networks for an indefinite period. No reason is given for the termination of this fine program.

Isabel Gabriel—Miss Kalajan, who sings every Sunday at 4:45 p.m. over WBBR in Brooklyn is a native of Brooklyn with considerable experience in concert singing. She is of medium height, has dark hair, blue eyes, and is married. Miss Kalajan, whose pet hobby is writing poetry, is a proficient linguist.

R. H.—William Breton is no longer announcing over Columbia networks. Kenneth Roberts, Columbia announcer, is not the same Kenneth Roberts who writes for the Saturday Evening Post.

So many people have written us this week asking why Everett Mitchell no longer announces the Farm and Home Hour over NBC that it would be impossible to name them here. Mitchell was first put on the program in Wallace Buttersworth’s place because Butterworth had a time conflict and could not handle it. Butterworth, now free of that period, resumes his original job on the Farm and Home and Mitchell announces other NBC rural programs. Savoy.

Kay and Anna Muller—Block and Sully are not broadcasting on a regular schedule. They have been heard as guest artists on the Fleischmann program.

Louis L.—Ruth Etting is five feet, four inches tall. Her hair is light brown, not blonde.

IT LIGHTS IT WRITES

Here in the ultra-ultra in personal paraphernalial, a pencil-lighter combination that is new, beautiful, light and efficient. Eligible grade materials and workmanship. Ideal as gifts, bridge prizes or contest awards.

Uses standard leads and flints. Has large eraser. Equipped with extra supply of leads. Large air-tight, leak-proof fuel chamber. Lights instantly. Cap is arranged to hold metal and bakelite barrel. The bakelite sections are finished in orange, red, green, blue and black.

Sand Stamps, Money Order and Checks Accepted

ALBERT C. SCHROEDER

“The Best for Less”

433 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, Ill.
WLS-Pahl
WGN-Good
WJJ
WLS-Weather
WLS-Smile
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WAAF-Farm Folks
Wednesday,
WCFL-German Entertainment
WBBM-J.
WAAF-Sine
WGN-Good
WLS-Produce
WMAQ-Vic
WIBO-Musical
WG
WrFL-Time
WIBO-Smiles
WC
WLS-Joily
WLS-Steamboat
WMAQ-Our
WBBM-Burnham's
WBBM-News
WLS-Mac
WMAQ-Banjoleers
ES-Sunshine
ES-Musical
ES-The
N-Board
O-Melodies
Oklahoma
Musteal Tinte
and
Tower
Daily Food, Colonel Goodbody (NBC)
and
Swee
and Sacie; comedy duo (NBC)
and
Salvo's
Comely
Glenn;
comedy and songs (NBC)
and
of
Program
Wicker
Crocker
Time
Lick
Music
inspirational
music.
Tine
Melodies
6:55
15:45
Morning
and
Ridge
Special
Tine
Special
6:45
10:25
A.M.
10:30 A.M.
WGN-Hank
KYW-Marmola
300
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Omaha. Paul,
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pounds,
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cost
stolen. He notified police. The next morning they discovered three hoboys sleeping in Paul's coat in a boxcar.

FRANKIE "HALF PINT" JAXON

If This Song's Too Hot.....

Cool It If You Can.....

And today, just the same as ever, Frankie "Half Pint" Jaxon says "FAN IT."

Seven o'clock and WJJD listeners know it's "Pan It Time." And still the letters come in about how hot this boy is. He's had them from all over. One man sent him a bill for $7.50 the other day, saying that's what it cost him to have his radio cabinet refinished after one of Frankie's broadcasts. It seems that the radio got so hot, it cracked the wall on the cabinet.

One woman keeps her radio in the refrigerator when his program is on, another one files his bacon, and a farmer in Indiana puts his set in the barn so that he can save on his heating bill.

And now many "Pan It Fans" are seeing and hearing the little "Half Pint" in person, because he has been playing in theatres all around Chicago. So...GET YOURSELF A FIVE CENT PAND AND PAN IT!

Here is the program that has many friends. Conducted by Art Linick, alias Mr Schlegenhauer, whose "Halll0000 Chicago" has been a magic password on the air in Chicago for almost ten years. Happy-Go-Lucky Time is on the air from WJJD every morning from 7:45 to 10:00 and on Sunday from 10:30 to 2:30 P.M. Listen to Schlegenhauer and ask him about his "Dunking Club".

—ADVERTISEMENT—

Paul, the Protector

While buying a new overcoat the other day, Paul Whiteman was reminded of his experience a few years ago in Omaha. Paul,
Connie Boswell—Samaritan

By Pat Frank

THIS is the tale of three people, a crippled coffee salesman, his baby daughter, lamed by infantile paralysis, and enchanting Connie Boswell, applauded throughout the country as one of the really good singers of radio. Between the first two and the third there was but one bond. Connie Boswell herself is a cripple.

There were three people, a hard-working man selling from door to door despite his infirmity; a puzzled child who couldn’t quite understand why her legs didn’t operate like those of other children, and the radio star whose voice made millions forget that she was lame.

There were three cripples. But now there are only two. The child who faced an empty life is well again. The world can thank Connie Boswell for giving that little girl the use of her legs, although Connie can but feebly her own.

The father’s name is Charles Probstein, of New York City.

He was born as normal as any child, but a nurse dropped him when he was an infant. His spine was paralyzed. He was hopelessly crippled for life. But Probstein had courage. He refused to be a burden upon his family or the state. He went to school, and studied. But his eyes were misty when he tells how he envied his fellow students as they played. “No boy can realize what fun it is to play baseball until he can never play the game,” he says.

Probstein quit school and tried to find a job. “Can you make a house to house canvass?” he was asked.

“Certainly,” said Probstein. He forgot his limp, and for thirteen years he trekked from door to door. In 1929 he married, and June 9, 1930 his daughter was born. He named her Rita Helene. He was happy.

Two months later the infant was stricken with infantile paralysis. “I thought we would go insane,” said Probstein. “Her legs were disabled. The very thought of having another crippled person in the family was almost too much to bear. We called in the doctor to doctor to doctor. They could do nothing.” Probstein crumpled, limp with the knowledge that his only child would be a cripple like himself.

One day he was reading Jack Foster’s radio column in the New York World-Telegram. A paragraph said that Connie Boswell, also a victim of infantile paralysis, was being treated by a famous specialist.

Probstein wrote Jack Foster, and Foster replied, saying that he had referred the letter to Miss Boswell. If you don’t believe radio favorites read their mail, listen to this. Connie gets thousands of letters every week. But less than two days after he wrote the letter, Probstein received a letter from the noted surgeon. The doctor cannot be identified here. It would be contrary to professional ethics.

The surgeon invited Probstein to bring the baby for an examination, free of charge. He’d do everything in his power, the letter indicated, to help a friend of Miss Boswell’s.

So Probstein carried the baby to the fashionable offices on Fifty-Fifth Street. It was his last chance. The surgeon examined the baby’s warped legs. He lifted her head and said that a cure was possible.

“I’m only a salesman working on a commission,” said Probstein, “but I’m willing to pay for whatever treatment will be necessary. I may not be able to pay for it all now, but I’ll do it if I have to save for the rest of my life.”

“Bring the baby back in two days,” said the doctor. But before he brought the baby back, Probstein took the child to see Connie. She was singing at the New York Paramount then. In her dressing room they chatted for hours—the limping father, the crippled child, the star.

The next day the treatments started. The doctor and the child were in the operating room. Probstein was outside. The physician brought the baby back. “We’ll keep this up, and she’ll grow well,” he said. Probstein reached into his pocket and pulled out ten dollars. “Will this be all right for the first payment?” “I can’t take it,” said the doctor. “What’s the big idea?” said Probstein. “I’m not taking any charity.”

They argued for fifteen minutes. Finally the doctor told his story. “Miss Boswell left word that we should absolutely refuse any payment from you. She is going to pay for the treatments until the child is cured. She insists upon it. She will have it no other way.”

Probstein capitulated. Here’s what he says now: “I understand that it is running into several thousand dollars. I still take Rita to the doctor. The treatment is not quite finished.

“I turn back the pages. It is ten months now. From a hopelessly cripple, the baby is now running around. We owe it all to our ‘Little Angel.’ That’s what we call her—our ‘Little Angel.’

“We pray for her day and night. We pray that she shall live to see the day when Miss Boswell begins to walk—like our daughter.

“When normal times return I’m going to pay back every cent she spent to cure our child.

“Connie Boswell has finally brought happiness into my life. Otherwise our future would have been forever darkened. Could she have done anything greater than give a little child a chance at life? We expect another child soon. And you can bet your life that if it’s a girl she’s going to be named Connie Boswell Probstein.”

What has Connie got to say? Nothing. She is silent. Connie doesn’t believe that kindness should be advertised. To her, kindness is literally its own reward.

But when Connie came back to New York the other day from New Orleans, the child met her at the station, and deluged her with flowers, and romped around on legs that were still a little shaky—but worked.

The coffee salesman, on his crutches, stood and watched. Connie was seated. I don’t know what passed through their minds as they saw that the paralysis gripped from the waist down. But I have an idea what the child must have been thinking. To little Rita, Connie must be more than an Angel. She must be a sort of Goddess. Who but a Goddess could give back her legs?
**Don't Believe Your Ears**

**By Al Williamson**

"F**iction is greater than truth." At least that is the way the National Broadcasting Company's chief sound technician in Chicago, H. G. Ashbaucher, is beginning to feel about an old adage.

When a radio listener hears a locomotive or an automobile in a broadcast he realizes that these conveyances are not in the studio, but few really know the actual work that goes on "behind the scenes" to produce these sounds. Somebody may ask, "Why not use actual objects that fit in the studio?" and Ashbaucher answers, "Fair enough question. The only trouble is that even if the delicate broadcasting apparatus could carry the 'load' of the actual sound, experimentation has shown that few objects sound the same over the air as they do to the naked ear." For the latter reason the last thing to be tried for a sound effect is the object itself. This has led to several amusing experiences where the technicians have worked for weeks and found that the original was the only thing that "sounded." Among these few exceptions to the rule are the automobile horn (muffled), street car gong, fire bell, police whistle, school bell and door. Imagination and the sound of rolling waves may carry the listening radio audience to the ocean, but the sound men have created their oceans with a barrel hoop between two investment drum heads and crushed rice which is rolled between the skins. The street noise background needed for such shows as the First Nighters and Rin Tin Tin Thrillers is effected by holding a roller skate on a revolving metal roller.

**RAIN** is made by dropping rice and small gravel into a funnel, through a three foot hose and into a box filled with crumpled paper. An elevator stopping and the opening of its door are brought to listeners by the clicking of a lock and a roller skate on a three foot board. Thunder is made by rattling a 4 ft. by 4 ft. tin sheet on a carpet. The swish of the surf is a scrub brush rubbed on a screen. If wheels are locked and rubber tires are heard as a car skids across the pavement before a collision do not fear for the life of your favorite hero or heroine acting in that show; it is only the sound technician rubbing an inverted metal cup over a steel plate. Strawberry boxes are used for crashes of automobiles, airplanes and trains as the background and cover for explosions and the cracking of fire. There are two classes of hoof beats. Two sink plungers are used for those on the order of plodding mules or milk wagon horses; mallets on a plush covered piece of wood take care of stage coaches and galloping horses. Even the squeaks of harnesses, doors and gates are reproduced. For these the handle is screwed into a floor brush. All sound effects were not made as easily as those above. Oftentimes the producer wishes to put his audience inside a moving airplane, automobile or motor boat. For these, different shaped fans, driven by an electric motor, were fashioned. An attached hose is switched to the correct fan and the hose end of the hose is placed before the mike.

**IN** making wind, a four bladed fan with arms one and one-half feet in length is driven by a small motor. Reeds are attached to each blade and a rheostat controls the velocity of the wind. Should the wind grow very strong and a storm, hurricane or tornado come upon the suffering actors, compressed air is blown through a metal tube one foot long and two inches in diameter. On the tube are twelve miniature sirens and the number turned on is decided by the strength of the tornado or hurricane. Should you look through the window of an observation room at the NBC studios, and see Mr. Ashbaucher crumpling celluloid before the microphone, you may be sure that something is on fire, probably a house. If the fire grows larger and spreads to the neighboring forest, the wind machine is also brought out, but this time instead of reeds, gummed paper will be attached to the blades to affect the rumbling background.

In a recent dramatic show, a dam was dynamited and the raging torrent was heard as it tore everything in its path. The sound-man was calmly directing a shower-bath attachment, connected to a compressed air tank, into a wash tub standing on end in a large "mud box." In the tub were stones and gravel and the effect was made as the air bubbled in the water and threw the gravel and stones against the tub.

Many weeks were needed to find the correct sound in some cases. When Amos 'n Andy first went on the air with their OK Hotel a real switchboard was constructed, but in the words of the technicians, "it sounded like a house falling down." The best results are now obtained in a cigar box with a buzzer and a battery. A flop is a closet latch which acts as the switch plug. The newer creation cost less than a dollar to construct.

When the vibration of a steamboat engine was wanted, stamping on the studio floor was tried, pounding hammers on wood and mat, and then a four foot iron pipe was suspended from a support on a spring and set in motion with a downward pull. The vibrating engine was heard on the Rin Tin Tin Thriller broadcast the next evening. A bicycle was tried in the Orphan Annie broadcast, but was set aside to be used as a threshing machine. An egg beater sounded too tinny and a fishing reel did not sound exactly like the meshing of the gear and chain. A grindstone now sits on the shelf of the sound effect room as the effects are filed.

Each sound effect is not used every day; sometimes it is needed only once in two years. For this reason all effects are labeled—because they do not sound as they appear—catalogued, and given a permanent space on the shelf of the sound effect room. Each day finds new requests placed beside the old ones as radio carries on.

Who ever heard of a crooner tossing boxing gloves? We never did, until we saw the picture of Russ Columbo in the ring with King Levinsky. But don't be worried, they're good friends, and Russ boxes only for exercise. Below you see the lovely Lee Wiley, blues singer heard with Leo Reseman's orchestra on the Pond's program over an NBC-WENE network at 8:30 p.m., Fridays. Luscious Lee is getting bags of fan mail.
Wednesday Programs [Continued]

6:15 p.m. WENR-NBC—The Royal Vagabonds; impersonations
7:45 p.m. WMAQ—Judy Deeny's Orchestra
8:00 p.m. WGN-CBS—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra; Burns and Allen
8:30 p.m. WGN-CBS—Evo Crime Club; mystery drama
9:15 p.m. WENR-CBS—Easy Aces; comedy sketch

SPECIALS FOR TODAY

FOR LOG OF LOCAL STATIONS SEE PAGE 4

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7:45 p.m. WMAQ—Judy Deeny's Orchestra
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9:15 p.m. WENR-CBS—Easy Aces; comedy sketch
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF will never broadcast.
"You had better not ask me about the radio," he told me last week. "I am not familiar with many American programs, but it seems to me that an artist should not do too much broadcasting. It seems as if he cannot hear and he cannot be heard..."

Mr. Rachmaninoff believes that because so many people are in the towns where the radio is performing, they should come to hear and see him. "For another reason, too, I dislike the radio," he says. "I know that I play better when I have an audience. And I think listeners have a keener sense of the music when they are in the presence of the artist."

Mr. Rachmaninoff's opinion. If you do not agree with it, you must respect it. There are many who, knowing the fame that has been built up for him alone, feel that an artist's popularity would be enhanced, and appreciation of his art spread through broadcasting. They believe that radio helps him as the phonograph did.

In the case of the phonograph, however, the artist is not actually present. Somehow, you have a greater satisfaction in knowing that at her request you are listening. The artist is personally present before the microphone. The question is, then, are you moved to go and see a great recitalist after hearing him on the radio? Mr. Rachmaninoff thinks you are right. And he may be right. I know that often I have stayed at home from Sunday afternoon recitals that I would otherwise have attended because Mr. Toscanini was conducting.

NO matter what your feeling regarding Mr. Rachmaninoff's opinion about broadcasting, you must know that he is not the kind of artist that he sometimes seems on the stage. He is not aloof, but very shy. He has been particularly studied in his career as a pianist and composer and is only natural to him. As an artist, he is an individual. As a person, he stands alone. But you sense in him a warmth and friendliness that comes through the heavy yellow gloves he wears during intermissions and immediately after his concert.

While I was with him backstage, a rather pudgy little boy knocked on his door. "I play your Prelude," said the boy.
"It's in G flat," said Mr. Rachmaninoff. "Which one?"
"I don't know," the little boy answered dutifully.

"It must be the C-Sharp Minor," said the artist.

Mr. Rachmaninoff is tired of playing this piece. Like Paderewski with his "Minuet," Chopin with his "Cradle Song," and Brahms with "At Dawning," or Fritz Schell with Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," he is trying to live it down. The public will not let him. And when he finally played it, as his seventh encore, stage hands heard him say before beginning it, "Oh, My God!, in tones not unlike the famous three with which the Prelude begins.

All Hall! Chaliapin!

T HIS week marks the return to our country of Feodor Chaliapin. Absent for four seasons, the greatest of living bassos is a welcome sight. He has conducted admirers throughout the country who will remember as long as they live the momentary miniatures of life that his genius has impressed into their consciousness. He has broadcast before, and he should be heard on the air often this season.

For it is only in song that you can know Chaliapin.

When he talks with you, there is a strange emotional separation—an aloofness that surrounds his person. He is always off somewhere else. Even while he is discussing the processes by which he found himself as an interpolator, you feel this absence. He is wandering around somewhere, current in which you never seem to be.

But when he thumbs his little book and impressively touches it on the piano, after having selected the next number, he becomes yours. And you are his. No singer carries more deeply into the depths of his creating soul as does Chaliapin. Not for a single moment can you escape him, when he starts his brooding incantation.

It matters little what his spontaneous touch has chosen—whether to become the comically drunken miler, the sardonic teller of the tale of the flute, or the Boris whose arrow drips with the clammy sweat of death. He is as compelling in one as in another. His voice may break now and then, as it did when I heard him this summer. But you hardly notice. By predilection he is an artist, and by habit, he uses his voice as a means to concentrated, conveyed, almost visualized characterization. His skill is used in quest of a deeper expression of humanity. With verse and music aiding, his tones set the scene, and it may be that he is more conscious of the instant vital, vivid, complete, and possessing.

The Soviet Republics have never forgotten those kindly days when they let the adoration and the pride of the Russian stage slip between their fingers and settle abroad. Soon we may see him in his film version of "Don Quixote," but films today can not catch his genius. The microphone does, strange as it may seem for one who is so often thought of as a dramatist. To my mind, no singer living has more to offer an appreciative audience than Mr. Chaliapin—"The People's Singer"—with or without the title.

Symphony Broadcasts

T HERE are now five outstanding symphony series, in addition to Howard Barlow's nightly programs. The first in the week is Erno Rapee's NBC orchestra which lists "Tschaikowsky's Fourth" and Richard Strauss' tone poem "Don Juan." Immediate following is the premiere broadcast of the week, Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic Symphony. After this week, Mr. Toscanini will be heard two more Sundays before he goes on his winter vacation, and Maurice Sendak comes to make his debut with the orchestra the first Sunday of December.

Walter Damrosch includes in his Music Appreciation Hour this Friday the Overture to Beethoven's Eroica and a Mozart Symphony. On the afternoon of the same day, Lothrop Stoddard, NBC broadcasts another in his series from the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and has announced some Saturday afternoon concerts to be heard soon.

Ernest Schelling is again directing the Philharmonic Symphony children's concerts on Saturday afternoon. So the radio takes good care of the lovers of symphonic music.

Opera-lovers have their treat waiting when the Metropolitan gets under way next week. The current season of sixteen weeks will be supplemented with Lawrence Tibbett singing in the title role of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," a part of which we heard broadcast last season. The earliest novelty is to be Richard Strauss' "Elektra" on the first Saturday afternoon of December. Gertrude Kaper will sing the title role, and Arthur Bodansky will conduct. In January, Louis Gruenberg's setting of "Emporer Jones" will show us how O'Neill behaves on the opera stage.

HELLO FOLKS

THIS IS EDWARD BAKER of New London, Conn.

RADIO AMUSEMENT GUIDE Page 15

RADIO GUIDE 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

Telephone WABash 8848

After reading all the ads in the Radio Guide for the last few months, I think I'd like to tell you about my experience.

My mother told me one day that she'd seen the Radio Guide wanted salesman and would I like to try it? Well, I didn't know how it'd work out but I said sure. This is my first week selling and I've got seven customers. I know lots of the fellows have got more but everybody says I'll sell more each week, and boy, I think the Guide is sure swell. My mother does too. She has been reading it for a long time.

I am twelve years old. In the seventh grade at school and I like to listen to the radio. I like stories best, and my favorite is "Bucky." One of the best things about selling the Guide is getting your picture in the paper. I sure hope you put mine in. Maybe you only like to print about boys with more sales than I have, but that's because I still take some time out after school to play baseball. Boy, that sure is some sport. I'd rather play that game than anything else except maybe making lots of money and saving it.

If any of you fellows have tips on how to sell more Guides, I think it would be a good idea to write them in your letters. When I make more sales, I'll write again and tell you about it.

Well, that's about all fellows. Guess I'll sign off now.

You too—any boy in America—can earn GOOD spending money by becoming a Radio Guide salesman. When you become a Star Salesman you get a prize, too. Come on into the Radio Guide. In addition, we will give you free letterheads carrying your picture, name and identification as a representative of Radio Guide. We will also send you a fine copper engraving of your photograph which you can use to print letters of yourself.

Write, Phone or Call

The Schoenwald Corp.
22 S. Clark St., Chicago 1, Ill.

This is the last week for your set

For fidelity of tone at any volume—for improved selectivity and sensitivity—for freedom from distortion and tube noise—to tube with...
THE FUN FACTORY!
Opened by Loe Slaven
The Maple City Four!
Presented by
RADIO GUIDE
Featuring the "Maple City Four in Minastera, "Uncle Pat" and the Maple City 4!

IN RESPONSE TO MANY RADIO GUIDE READERS

Un mail bag has been so full in recent weeks of queries from men and women who want details of our Neighborhood Representation Plan that we believe there may be others who would like the same information.

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THE FUN FACTORY!
Opened by Loe Slaven
The Maple City Four!
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Name ........................................
Address .....................................
The Real McCoy—Born with a Horn in His Mouth

SOME little boys have a passion for being policemen, or firemen, or railroad engineers. And others have an inordinate craving for ice cream sodas, or marbles, or air rifles. Clyde McCoy never wanted to do anything butoot a horn. Most of the boys who wanted to be policemen or firemen grew up to be bank presidents, or street cleaners, or automobile salesmen. But Clyde McCoy has never done anything except toot a horn.

He was born in the sleepy little town of Ashland, Kentucky. His family wasn't well-to-do. His father was a barber. That was twenty-eight years ago. When he was six years old his father wanted to give him a goat for a Christmas present. In Ashland, Kentucky, in those days, the boy who owned a goat was king. But Clyde didn't want a goat. He'd seen the town band march by. He loved the beat of martial music. Clyde McCoy wanted a horn. His mother agreed with him. "Think of the racket of a horn," said McCoy, Sr. "Have you ever smelled a goat?" queried Mrs. McCoy. Clyde got his horn. It was an old melophone.

And just to show you what singleness of purpose can do, Clyde rode the notes of this magic horn out of dingy Ashland, out of obscurity, out from the ruck of thousands of other musics. To the tune of his "Sugar Blues" he rode into fame. He rode into the lavish Gold Coast Room of the exclusive Drake Hotel in Chicago, where he has a contract which will last through 1933. He broadcasts two or three times a day over WGN and the networks. Astute observers call his band one of the coming favorites on the air. They predict a glorious future for this twenty-eight-year-old music maker.

He's the real musical McCoy. The real stuff. He lives, eats, and sleeps music. And when he waves his baton in the Gold Coast Room the debutantes, and be-jewelled dowagers, and multi-millionaire Chicanos dance until their feet ache. They can't help it. His music is infectious, vivid. "You know," he says, "it's funny about the tunes people like. The old ones seem to like fast, hot rhythm, and the young ones like their music slow. That's the way it is at these swanky hotels. Now down south, at college dances, it's different."

Clyde can tell you a lot about those southern college grooves. You see, he joined a bonfire band when he was fourteen—the "Louisville Loons." The war was just over, the country was wild over ragtime; it was the beginning of the so-called "jazz age." Clyde had been playing in the Manseley Methodist Church choir band in Portsmouth, Ohio, just across the river from Ashland. The choir was so crowded that he had to stick his slide trombone out of the window. That didn't suit Clyde. He wanted room to expand. And anyway he had the blues fever in his blood. He can make a trumpet wall like no other man in America.

The evolution of a maestro! Just above you see Clyde McCoy at the age of nine months. And the lad with the trombone is the real McCoy at seven, when he played in the church choir. Upper right is Clyde at fifteen, saxophonist for the Louisville Loons. At eighteen he sported a straw hat and was a star.

A peculiar band—the Louisville Loons. There were seven of them, and most of them were older than thirty. They split their receipts seven ways and sometimes McCoy, beside his fourteen years, received as much as $50 a week.

College dances were their specialty, and for seven years the Louisville Loons, famed throughout the South, journeyed from campus to campus, playing at proms, football celebrations, homecoming days.

"Those southern college dances are the best celebrations on earth," says Clyde. "They used to go wild over the orchestra. You weren't only musicians. You were part of the crowd. And you had to have a good time. Sometimes, after one of those dances, a whole flock of people would ride on the train with us to the next town. And some of the best boosters would follow us from college to college. Yes, sir, the South sure was orchestra crazy."

After the Louisville Loons, Clyde started his own orchestra and in 1925 he went on the radio in Louisville, for the first time. The broadcast was scheduled on the same day as the Kentucky Derby. The radio wasn't anything to speak of, in those days, and everyone in Clyde's orchestra except the pianist and the drummer went to see the Derby. The two who remained pretended they were a whole band when the program went on the air.

Clyde believes that the great bands of the present are all being made by radio popularity. "Almost all orchestra leaders, like myself, save their best tunes for the hours they will be on the air," Clyde says. "We try to save diversified numbers for those hours. Radio is the big thing nowadays."

Clyde works hard and long in rehearsals. His band is probably the youngest "big-time" outfit in the country—average age twenty-two. "It takes a young musician to catch the spirit of the modern song," says Clyde.

Clyde lives with his mother, kindly, fifty-eight years old. She thinks he's the greatest guy ever to put foot on this earth. He worships her. She stays up every night until the last dancer has gone, and then she cooks waffles in his apartment while Clyde and the boys play a few hands of penny ante poker. Usually they get to bed by four or five. "You don't mind staying up all night every night after you get used to it," he said.

And he gets up about noon and at three o'clock is rehearsing or sending a program over the air. In between times he practices on the saxophone or the trumpet. He's never satisfied. He always seeks improvement. He's a swell maestro—the real McCoy.
SPECIALS FOR TODAY
FOR LOG OF LOCAL STATIONS SEE PAGE 4

1:30 p.m. WBBM-CBS—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
6:45 p.m. WJD—Radio Guide's Program; Red Grange
7:30 p.m. WGN—CBS—March of Time; dramatized news events
8:00 p.m. WGN—CBS—All-American Football Show; chorus and orchestra
9:00 p.m. WENR-NBC—Al Jolson, songs; Big Six of the Air

11:15 P.M.
WIDB—Golden Voice
WIBV—Walls Time
WIBL—Albert P. Greene, pianist
WLS—Livestock and Grain Markets
WIDQ—Dave Rose, pianist
WMAQ—Board of Trade
WIBL—Radio Guide's Program
WIBM—Concert Pitch (NRC)
WIBV—Live Stock Market; Weather Summary
WIGC—Glenn Grant and Lawrence Strike
WIDQ—K. E. Reporter
WIDQ—Poet's Corner
WIDQ—Swinging Spanish
WMAQ—Today's Tune, orchestra and vocals
WIFA—Chicago on Parade
WIGC—Children's House Ensemble
WIBL—Radio Guide's Edible and Fannie Cavanaugh
WIGC—Light Classics
WIBM—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
WIDQ—Bebi Sally and Bob Babcock
WIGC—Echoes of Erin (NRC)
WIBV—Home Hour

1:25 P.M.
WIBV—Variety Music
WLS—WLS Parade; Margaret Morton McKay
WIBB—Morning In Motion (NRC)
WIDQ—Sports Shopper
WIDQ—Mun Hit and Low Down
WIFA—Men of Song
WIBB—Hotel Lincoln; Management
WIDQ—Today's Tune, orchestra and vocals
WIFA—Washington's Birthday
WIDQ—Mr. Letters' Express
WIBB—Virginia Clarke; Gene and Charlie
WIBB—Fifteen Minutes With You; Gene Arnold
WJD—Frankie Marvin
WIDQ—National Farm and Home Hour (NRC)
WIFA—Bulletin Board
WIBB—Frank Wilson and Julia Stein
WIBV—Home Service
WIBB—Board of Trade Reports
WIBV—Buckley Busters
WIBB—Columbia Classics (CBS)
WIBB—Wings of Songs (NBC)
WIDQ—Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen
WIBB—Interlude
WIGC—Painted Dreams
WIDQ—11:45 A.M.
WIFA—Kitty Barnes, pianist
WIBV—Pat Flannan's Bowling Congress
WICA—Sunshine for Six-Top
WIDQ—Daily Times News Flashes
WLS—Weather Reports; Livestock Estimations
WILS—Weather Reports; Livestock Estimations
WIGC—Good Health and Training Program
WMAQ—News Reporter

7:00 A.M.
WIDQ—11:30 NOON
WIFA—Non-time Music
WIBB—Non-Market Markets
WICL—Popular Music
WILB—Mid-day Service
WIBB—Walla-Walla
WIBB—George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)
WIBB—Catalynne Cameron—Clyde Four
WIBB—Hotel New Yorker (NRC)
WIBB—Sunday Laboratory Service
WIBB—Organ Interlude

12:15 P.M.
WBBM—Edna Waters' Women's Club
WIBV—Markets
WIBB—Season's Dress fits
WIFA—Farm Flashes
WMAQ—New Flash Album

3:00 P.M.
WBBM—WBBM-O'Brien's Homemakers Program
WIBB—Palais de Orchis Orchestra (NRC)
WIBB—Rainier House Orchestras
WIBB—Atlantic City Steel Orchestra (CBS)
WIBB—Hotel New Yorker Orchestra (NRC)
WIBB—Kunzhelinky's Classic Orchestra
WIBB—Hotel National Orchestra (NRC)
WIBB—American Hunting Society
WIBB—Symphony Fanatics
WIBB—American School of the Air (CBS)
WIBB—Executive Chef
WIBB—Dusk
WIBB—Hotel New Yorker Orchestra (NRC)
WIBB—Kunzhelinky's Classic Orchestra
WIBB—Hotel Radio Orchestra
WIBB—Organ Pipe and Idaho Reading
WIBV—Burlington Organ Recital

4:15 P.M.
WIBB—Dancing Notes
WIBB—Baritone Organ
WIBB—Culinary Cavalcade, dramas (NBC)
WIBB—Centry Ensemble

5:15 P.M.
WIBB—Young Mother's Club
WIBB—Daily Times News Flashes
WIBB—Earle Tanner, lyric tenor
WIBB—Gibson Guitarists
WIBB—Tony and Joe
WIBB—Mr. Pappy (NBC)
WIBB—Moosheart Children's Club
WIBB—Mandels' Orchestra
WIBB—The Fisk Family (NRC)
WIBB—Three Strings
WIBB—Radio Review; Rachmaninoff's Symphony
WIBB—Coliseum, Walkathon
WIBB—Concert Encores
WIBB—Jarrie Carpenter, organist
WIBB—Silver Melody Singer
WIBB—Universal Moments
WIBB—Mel Sistel at the Piano
WIBB—Captain Jack; Adventure series (CBS)
WIBB—Peter Pan
WIBB—Waldorf Astoria Orchestra (NBC)
WIBB—Pols in Song
WIBB—The Devil Bird
WIBB—Waldorf Astoria Teachers
WIBB—Mandels' Orchestra
WIBB—Pioneers of Song
WIBB—Yvon and Sons, opera
WIBB—Hotel New Yorker Orchestra
WIBB—Concert Orchestra
WIBB—The Pippin
WIBB—The Spellbinder

6:15 P.M.
WIBB—Martin Balsam's Hydros Ice Cream Party
WIBB—Children's choral group
WIBB—Shahim's Radio Review (NRC)
WIBB—Shahim's Talk, Illinois State Medical Society
WIBB—Mr. Logan, home management
WIBB—Jeanette Barrington, reader
WIBB—Popular Singers
WIBB—Lusk Musicale Program
WIBB—Mr. Letters' Express
WIBB—The Dink Flashes
WIBB—The Fifth Movement
WIBB—Mr. Letters' Express
WIBB—Juliette of the Alps
WIBB—Peyton M. Mossell, talk story
WIBB—Concert Orchestra
WIBB—Judy's Pipe
WIBB—The Spellbinder

7:30 P.M.
WIBB—Dorothy Atkinson's Piano
WIBB—Ohio State University Band
WIBB—Savannah Symphony
WIBB—Dr. H. N. Busenbark
WIBB—Kris Kringle Variety
WIBB—Christie's Magician
WIBB—Standard Oil Field
WIBB—Bulletin Board, Labor Flashes
WIBB—Golden Voice
WIBB—Farm Yard Folks
WIBB—Howard Thurston, magician (NRC)

8:00 P.M.
WIBB—The Wild
WIBB—World's Fair Program
WIBB—National Protective Insurance
WIBB—March of Time (CBS)
WIBB—Silver Trio
WIBB—Club Mayflower Orchestra
WIBB—NBC—Old Time Music
WIBB—Kilograms Variety
WIBB—Kahle's Miss 78, Sam, the Barber Man (CBS)
WIBB—Epistles of History
WIBB—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
WIBB—Daily News of the Air
WIBB—Catskill State
WIBB—National Protective Insurance
WIBB—March of Time (CBS)
WIBB—Silver Trio
WIBB—Club Mayflower Orchestra
WIBB—NBC—Old Time Music
WIBB—Kilograms Variety
WIBB—Kahle's Miss 78, Sam, the Barber Man (CBS)
WIBB—Epistles of History
WIBB—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
WIBB—Daily News of the Air

9:00 P.M.
WIBB—The Wild
WIBB—World's Fair Program
WIBB—National Protective Insurance
WIBB—March of Time (CBS)
WIBB—Silver Trio
WIBB—Club Mayflower Orchestra
WIBB—NBC—Old Time Music
WIBB—Kilograms Variety
WIBB—Kahle's Miss 78, Sam, the Barber Man (CBS)
WIBB—Epistles of History
WIBB—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
WIBB—Daily News of the Air

10:00 P.M.
WIBB—The Wild
WIBB—World's Fair Program
WIBB—National Protective Insurance
WIBB—March of Time (CBS)
WIBB—Silver Trio
WIBB—Club Mayflower Orchestra
WIBB—NBC—Old Time Music
WIBB—Kilograms Variety
WIBB—Kahle's Miss 78, Sam, the Barber Man (CBS)
WIBB—Epistles of History
WIBB—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
WIBB—Daily News of the Air

11:00 P.M.
WIBB—The Wild
WIBB—World's Fair Program
WIBB—National Protective Insurance
WIBB—March of Time (CBS)
WIBB—Silver Trio
WIBB—Club Mayflower Orchestra
WIBB—NBC—Old Time Music
WIBB—Kilograms Variety
WIBB—Kahle's Miss 78, Sam, the Barber Man (CBS)
WIBB—Epistles of History
WIBB—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
WIBB—Daily News of the Air

Radio Guide's
THREE STAR SPECIAL
Friday Night Nov. 18th 6:45 P.M.
WIBB—Chicago" Hour
WIBB—Waltz Reel, tenor
WIBB—Dances of Hawaii
WIBB—Kahle's Service
WIBB—Kahle's Service
WIBB—Kahle's Service
WIBB—Kahle's Service

12:00 A.M.
WIBB—Whitey Breen's Party
WIBB—Murphy's Restaurant
WIBB—Schlagenheim's Party

from whom a calf had been taken away.  
Heard Bick's imitation of a calf's cry of anguish,  
and caused no end of trouble one of the main streets of  
Richmond.
Along the Airialto
By Jerry Walc

Editor’s Note—Jerry Wald has been ill for the past week. So we are reprinting one of his columns of two years ago, which you’re sure you’ll find will make enjoyable reading.

Radioing Through History With Paper and Typewriter!

The Adam and Eve, who occupy that Garden of Eden suite, are holding auditions for baby carriage salesmen! . . . Ted Husing will air that Cain and Abel scene from Eden’s Thirty Acres! . . . Tongue is still wagging to wad about Pharaoh’s daughter! They suspect a lad named Moses! Jonah will radio those newflashles from the Whale tonight . . . Delilah will chat upon the Art of Bobbing, via the Fig Leaf Network! . . . Nero is angling in on that “Keep the Home fires Burning” model King Solomon microphones next Tuesday on “Wild Women I Have Known” . . . Plato is the new radio scribbler for the “Roman-in Through Radio” magazine! . . . Edna Wallace Hopper is what the Hoppers will tag that new offspring! . . . As per usual, Graham McNamee announced the winning name of that chariot race in the arena yesterday . . . They’re plotting to build a wooden horse to be used as an old man’s home for the retired Radio Broadcasting Company’s vice-presidents!

Edna Wallace Hopper announces her twenty-first birthday and throws a feed for the ether critics! . . . Caesar and Mark Antony are feeding over that NBC (Nile Broadcasting) getto! . . . Burbank is clasping loudly the news of his son’s joying his work! . . . Within the next fortnight the NBC will announce the acquisition of Bobbie Jones as a lecturer. His first effort will be the “Stone Age Period, or the Beginning of History.” Mark Twain is to have an audience with a tangle crew of dusky music makers, and set the tempo at that Cotton Club spot in the Black Belt. . . . Flop is looking for Edna in the room, already!

That flood in Virginia, Ark.-anassa, was caused by Kate Smith, Jacques Renard and Paul Whiteman—sudden desire to plunge into a local lake! . . . For a cheerful earful catch that shot-by-shot description of the Battle of Bunker Hill, with illustrated tunes by the Purist British Red Coats . . . Harry Von Zell will word-sling the fray!

George Washington and Martha are holding hands as they sing those delightful love songs of yesteryear. . . . Georgy is toying with an offer to become the Big Sex of the Air! . . . The Czar of Russia also made a debut at the debut of that Savannah linen program, and will warble “Volga Boatmen.” . . . Edna Wallace Hopper announced the sixtieth anniversary of her birthday! . . . Theodore Roosevelt denied that Lindsay Gibbons was vaccinated with a vic- trola needle! . . . In lecturing the CBS announcers yesterday, Noah Webster told them that, “You call it madness, but I pronounce it bliss!” . . . By means catch Jimmy Melton soloing “There’s a Long, Long Trail Winding” on that Daniel Boone period tonight! . . . That ancient gentleman who wriggled from the deep outside of Vice-President John Royal’s office was identified as Rip Van Winkle, who said that somebody had sent him there for an audition. . . . Great consternation arose today when fifty-eight minute men reported for their brass band concert over that Columbia-That-Rules the Waves station . . . Three cigar companies (give centers) are angling with Vice-President Marshall to act as master of ceremonies for their radio presentations.

Reports persist that the Waterman Fountain Pen Company attempted to secure authenticing rights for that Independence signing affair, with John Hancock taking firm out for a simulcast program from NBC . . . They say that Paul Revere is negotiating for fifteen grand a year to ride for the Centennial Park Horse-Riding Academy . . . Miles Standish is receiving sympathy for intruding that delicate mission to that saxophone yodler, John Alden, who gummed the works with that pretty-dubbed Priscilla No.

Maine claim that Valley Forge is a cheap cop-off! “The Great Romance,” tell us that reports from Independence Hall, Pennsylvania, say that Ben Franklin turned down Bill Blythe for grand for the cracked Liberty Bell, which Paley wanted to use to rivul the chimes of the third that Fifth Avenue W. . . . Edna Wallace Hopper’s seventy-fifth birthday passed quietly last week, but became that channel was successful in dragging her off the air before she got started!

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN has just been named vice-president in charge of programs at NBC and has promised some startling new talent, with the wise boys around Radio Row nodding their negative heads. . . . In celebration of the departure of Benedict Arnold, members of the Continental Army Gee Club are singing “I’ll Be Glad When You’re Dead, You Rascal, You!” . . . Lord Cornwallis just turned out to Washington Crossing on the Delaware, labeling it “Row, Row, Row.” . . . And George Cohan, writer of famous patriotic songs, is angling with three publishers for his new effort, which he calls “Lafayette, We Are Here!” . . . Cal Coolidge, upon being asked if he was going to handle the microphone on the big description of Cantilla’s great production, piped: “I do not choose to talk!” . . . Whispers from Buckingham Palace are to the effect that, while listening to Jean Malin’s broadcasting, Queen Victoria laughed so hard she broke a corset. . . . Samson, the hair taller, sounds like a pansy on the air! . . . They’ve struck up another tobacco on Colonial Coast—rebounds on Colonel Tobacco (in North Carolina . . . Jacques Renard has a new chum! . . . The Spanish squall will be wired in from Cuba . . . A younger named Teddy Roosevelt will charge up San Juan Hill by courtesy of Herbert’s Home of Blue White Alarm Clocks! . . . A song called “Dardanella” has just been published—big title! It’s sure to flop . . . General Custer will take Bing Crosby on that Western trip through the desert to scare away the Indians! . . . a general who speak on that “Southern Melodies” period . . . which will feature an octet of light-hearted vocalists, made to look like Confederate soldiers . . . Masa Bob Tailinger will interview the Jerry Sisters and Jenny Library about the “Artist Program” . . . THE WOLDS HAD EARS! . . . Edna Wallace Hopper announced her twentieth birthday!

Slate Red Grange Game Program

Radio City’s art studio programs from station WJJD every Friday evening have brought before the microphone some of the most outstanding adventurers, explorers, authors, and scientists, including Dr. William McGover, Dr. Allen D. Albert,Dr. Owen Rowe O’Neill, Dr. Faye Cooper Cole and Stanley Graham.

On this week’s program, the featured guest is “Red” Grange himself, known to fame as the “Galloping Ghost” of football.

Since “Red’s” college days at the University of Illinois, he has successfully starred in the movies and is still playing amazing football in the role of captain of the famous Chicago Bears. “Red” is now a newcomer to radio, possessing a natural radio voice. His knowledge of football is intimate, for he has been in the game for a number of years.

Another feature of this program is the use of the popular Jessie and Gladys advice line, which is handled by the two well-known radio actresses.

Comedy Dorothy Joyce is one of the rising stars among the vocalists. You hear her over a KYW-NBC network Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m., broadcasting with Dan Russo.

Reviewing Radio
—By Mike Porter

(Continued from Page Ten)

and Roosevelt lost by the slimmest manage- ment of their radio campaigns. The cutting in on popular features by their speeches didn’t help them a great deal. As William Harding, the NBC’s political commentator, re- marked sagely, “When a great statesman crowds a crooner from the air waves, it doesn’t get him any votes.” I have met hundreds of listeners who ranted at the political intrusions on the air and threatened to take it out on the candidates.

That reminds me that President Hoover was booted unmercifully during his air campaign. He was ordered around like a schoolboy, told how to speak; in- structed about his infections (if any) and pretty generally manhandled—by a radio announcer. He liked it. Indeed, every bit of his radio activity was directed by Hefor Prouven, of the Washington NBC staff, who accompanied him on his tours. The President must have liked it, for he wouldn’t hear of having any other microphone butterfly with him.

No foolin’! Television, the scouts tell me, is preparing pressure groups around that concealing corner. Money says it’s so. For there’s to be a tie-up with the movies on a big scale. A great radio expression is now authenticated; the same yarn that comes to me is that Howard Hughes, Adolph Zukor, Ralph Kahn, A. C. Blumenfeld, vice-president and the emi- nent gore have combined their dough with other capital, and will see the over the 300-acre Phelps Manor Country Club at Teaneck, N. J., and transform it into a combined tele- vision plant where television shows will be screened and trans- mitted.

Fred Allen boys, enjoy the pleads with me so to let it be known that he is not Gracie Allen’s dicky brother.

And at last, we’ve criticized those awful British accentures out of the Eno Crime Club drama.

AS MODERN AS TOMORROW
LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL

Truly one of America’s finest hoteleries with every refinement of the sumptuous hotel. And a price range that’s really modest.

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM
700 ROOMS
All Guest Facilities

$3 Up

WALTER L. JACKSON
Managing Director

Baltimore, Maryland
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<th>TIME</th>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>WGS—Sunshine Special</td>
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<td>WAF—Farm Folks</td>
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Programs For Saturday, November 19
Graham's Flying Colors

Dear Sir:

I don't agree with the statement in your issue of this week's Guide re Graham McNamara's "stolen star." I haven't met anyone who has not said on a sports event, "I hope it's Graham McNamara announcing." Ed Wyson appeared twice on the air without him and the broadcast fell flat. Even if Graham does go down it will be with flying colors and as one of the best and most genial announcers ever.

"Fairplay"

Friendly Linda
Rock Island, Illinois

Dear Editor:

My votes went for Linda Parker of WLS, Chicago. She has one of the sweetest voices on the air and lots of personality. Linda comes from the friendly station in the country and that is one reason I have chosen her as radio's "IT" Girl. Linda Fan

A Vote for Smith
Hamilton, Ohio

Dear Editor:

My vote is cast for Kate Smith, radio's real "IT" girl. She has a voice that attracts and is loved by a big majority of listeners, and her personal popularity is hard to beat. Also, she is forever doing kindnesses to others, such as visiting hospitals, helping the sick and crippled, spreading sunshine and happiness wherever she goes.

Mrs. B. Thornburg

Women—All to the Good
Youngstown, Ohio

Gentlemen:

My experience with women announcers has been limited, but those I have heard have been all to the good, and I certainly wish that some of the announcers on some nation-wide hookup were near as subtle and as well balanced in their ideas and the airing of them.

W. H. Blesser

The "Forgotten Announcers"
Bayside, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am convinced that the "forgotten man" exists. In the radio world he is the announcer. When the Canada Dry program concluded its second series, the stars lost no time in complimenting each other, but everyone seemed to forget the reliable announcer, George Hicks, who without a doubt, is one of NBC's best announcers. In conclusion—we think George Hicks is swell.

Radio Announcer Fan

An Admire, Carleton
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

We enjoyed Carleton Smith's article very much this week. He "shows up" Leopold Stokowski as a great balleto artist as well as a great orchestra conductor. At the same time he is unerring in his praise of Mr. Stokowski. We followed Mr. Smith's suggestions regarding some good musical programs which he gave in last week's issue and we found, as usual, that his recommendations were excellent.

Loretta Covey
P.S. This week's Radioodities were just a little bit unkind, weren't they?

Give 'Em a Break

Dear Sir:

Gosh, what good ides is being lost because of restricted opportunity. For example, the "Song Merchant" who peddles his songs over WIPN. Ever hear him? Sings all languages. Seems to be deserving of a break. Listen in, all you fans, and see if I'm right.

Harry C. Cowan

Hell's Bells, Take Notice
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

If Art Kasel wanted to be selfish about his composition, "Hell's Bells," he wouldn't have given other leaders copies of the orchestration. Almost every one would expect the composer to play his own number better than any one else. We certainly think Dan Russo deserves credit for playing such a complicated number almost as well as the composer.

We hope Janice of Sterling, Illinois, who commented on this in Voice of the Listener, will please take notice.

Helen and Bernie Kercher

An "IT" Man Contest?
Urbana, Illinois

Dear Radio Guide:

I have started buying the Rozo Guse and I sure think it is interesting. I would like to see a picture of Hugh Cross, and his life history. And let's have a contest for the most popular man in radio.

Mary Lakey

Are Guides Intoxicating?
Kittanning, Pa.

Voice of the Listener:

Some folks think that what country needs is a good five cent glass of beer, but I believe that you have fulfilled a greater need by this excellent little mag. I have never understood why Mildred Bailey has not been built up like Kate Smith, for she certainly has the stuff. Is it lack of a clever press agent or am I prejudiced?

To me the lovely voice of Mildred seems to express every human emotion. There is happiness, pathos, heartbreak or what have you.

T. A. M.

A Jazz King Contest?
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Sir:

Now that we've had a contest for the girls, let's have one for the orchestra leaders. I'm sure it would be interesting.

Rose Purcell

Jane Should Win
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Unless Jane Jenkins wins the "IT" Girl contest she will have been done a grave injustice. She is the loveliest girl on the air. She is not only the most beautiful and appealing singer on the air from any station, but she can sing any kind of a song. She and her two charming sisters ought to be advertising something more appropriate than cigars.

"A Pickens"