Voice of Experience Unmasks Himself

Phil Cook—Radio’s Mad Hatter
By J. Vance Babb

What Your Favorite Radio Star’s Voice Looks Like, by William J. Thomas
You Can LOOK at Your VOICE

NBC's New Recording Instrument "Marks on Graph Chart a 'Picture' of Every Sound Over the Network"

By William J. Thomas

Within two weeks after the first broadcast machines had been installed, a general improvement all along the line had been noted as the various engineers, forced by the cold facts embodied in the recordings of the machine, were compelled to go on their toes and start again.

BECASUOF the mechanical limitations of transmission lines, vacuum tubes, and other electrical equipment, it is necessary to keep the sound volume of program within restricted limits. The engineer checks this by means of a galvanometer on his control panel. It is his duty to hold the needle between the figures 10 and 20 on his graduated index. If the volume drops below 10, he must boost it by increasing the electrical current. If it jumps above 20, he reduces the electrical current. This little trick is known as "riding the gain" and requires extensive training and experience if the sounds are to seem natural.

By means of the graphs, the engineer has a permanent record of his volume control, and these are invaluable aids to him in studying certain voices or types of music which he has found difficult to control. Thus the engineer, by study of the graphs, is able to improve the quality of many voices and eliminate their defects.

And artists, too, have found the graphs, or "pictures" of their voices, great assistance to their efforts at self-improvement. Improvement described by means of the mysterious inked lines has been made plain to them.

Typical broadcasts are comparatively easy to identify by a study of the graphs. The wild liveliness from Harlem’s Cotton Club, for instance, a record as wild as its own shrill cacophonies. But by way of contrast, chamber music appears on the graph paper in highly subdivided form, its many sustained lines broken with fewer and less extreme peaks. Soprano voices stimulate great activity of the recording needle, while blues singers and bass voices remain within comparatively restricted limits. Engineers find deep tones easy to control, but high ones difficult to keep on their toes every moment of the broadcast.

But possibly only the engineers themselves appreciate the almost invaluable assistance which the delicate machinery of the graph machines lends them in their work, and the assistance the little ever-moving needle is to the artist in the improvement of the quality of performance. Such devices as the new graph machine have brought radio from where it was in the crystal set era to its present period of efficiency. Many such improvements, invisible to the eye and inaudible to the ear of the radio listener, have been directly brought into being, their advent unaccompanied by any fault, but their effect combining to bring the great industry step by step nearer to ultimate perfection.

Announcement

Beginning with the issue of June 13, The Voice of Experience will conduct a special department in Radio Guide, answering questions on solving problems for readers of this periodical. Write "The Voice of Experience" to take care of part of the load which is impossible to answer either over the air or by hand. They will answer your questions to "The Voice of Experience," care of Radio Guide, 124 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Radio Mystery
MARCH UNMASKS

Adviser to "Thousands Reveals Why He Prefers to Remain Just a 'Voice' to His Vast Audience"

By "The Voice of Experience"

Editor's Notes: Because of the large number of inquiries received concerning the Voice of Experience, Rano Groin has asked the Voice to present for its readers the facts concerning his identity.

LET me start by saying that my name is M. Sayle Taylor. I do not use that name over the air. To my listeners, I am only the "VOICE OF EXPERIENCE," an unidentified Voice attempting to solve baffling human problems. For years, I used my name in connection with my broadcasts, and became anonymous only a year ago when I started my series over WOR. Let me tell you why.

Experience people are different. Shy and self-conscious when called upon to present their own intimate problems to a personality, a man with a name, a person who presumably has the same frailties and weaknesses with which they are endowed. Doctors recognize this fact.

However, when one's confidant is anonymous, an unknown who keeps utterly away from the personal equation, they are more drawn to him, speak more freely; and burshless himself of the complicated tangles that worry him.

So, after a conference with officials of station WOR, it was decided that I would be equally anonymous, known to them only as the "Voice of Experience," and that I would keep the name of Taylor strictly for my private life. The success of this experiment was evidenced by the phenomenal growth of the mail response. Since the first of last November, mail records of the station show an average of more than a thousand letters a day.

Now that is the one reason, and the only reason, that I refrained from using my own name. There was no thought of creating a mystery about the broadcast, of setting up a fanfare of bulkyshoo and hoopla about my name and personality. It was simply that my work was the better for being done anonymously, and from whatever angle you look at it, I cannot but conclude that it is my work which is important—therefore my own personality must go by the board in favor of my work.

When my sponsors transferred my efforts from station WOR, to stations W2K, W20Z, etc., I had hoped I could continue indefinitely merely as the "Voice of Experience." But there was one factor with which I had not reckoned—human nature.

Human nature is peculiar. Scarcely a day goes by but I receive one or more letters from individuals who claim to know who I am. I wish I had the space to list the individuals, in all walks of life, who my listeners claim is actually the "Voice of Experience." There's no harm meant by these people, of course. They are just a little smarter than the rest of the world, and they just want to know how smart they are. There is no damage done to anybody or anything.

But some are different. Wrong identities, truth identities, half-truths and falsehoods are spread about my characteristics, my personal habits and my background of experience in such a way as to give a decidedly wrong impression.

Now I fully recognize the responsibility that rests upon me in addressing vast audiences each day, particularly in view of the fact that I am offering to help in the solution of problems that lie close to the hearts of my listeners. I am deeply grateful for the loyalty that has been evidenced by tens of thousands of these friends. I want to justify in every sense of the word, that loyalty and friendship.

Therefore, once and for all I wish to clear up any apprehensions about myself. I want to make it clear who I am and what I have done. In justice to all who do me the honor of daily broadcastings and in order to correct the mistakes and half-truths of these would-be detectives, I wish to offer a frank explanation of the background which led me to the use of my name, the "Voice of Experience."

My family is well known in the state of my nativity. My father spent fifty-five years as an evangelist, and my mother devoted forty-two years of her life to reclamation work in the slums. My grandparents were well-to-do.

As a lad I had an ambition to be a musician. Fortunately I was endowed with a fairly precocious musical sense. I had been allowed to do so would have spent every waking hour in my books. Being naturally musically inclined, I was given an excellent education in piano and pipe organ by my parents, with the result that I was able to earn my tuition and expenses through college by means of concerts and teaching.

My first post-war and pre-medical work was not work to me; it was genuine pleasure. Night after night found me in the biological laboratory burning the midnight oil experimenting. This turned me out quite industrious, the situation a mere that certain definite statements were contained in our textbooks. I wanted to prove or disprove these statements through my own laboratory experiments.

I was during this preparation for a medical career that my ambitions died a-borning. An automobile crash crushed my hands in thirty-two places, leaving them crippled for the delicate surgery of science. Although I regained the ordinary use of my hands, that coordination and synchronization of muscles and nerves so necessary in the delicate work of the surgeon was gone. Needless to say my musical career also was terminated. But it was to be smashed with one fell blow of fate, but life had to go on. Was it so unnatural that then I should turn from the solution of man's physical ailments to the study of his mental and emotional ills? That I should enter the fields of social or psychological work in both of which I was well trained.

I am indebted to the late Dr. Windsor, at that time associated with the Johns Hopkins Medical School, for the decision that turned my life into the channels it has followed. He entered my life at a propitious time, when the casts were still on my hands, and urged me to enter the life-work considered at that time as both empirical and unorthodox—a scientific research into the emotions of the human race.

"Know thee thyself, presume not God to scan;
"The proper study of mankind is man."

How true and logical this thought that Pope expressed in his Essay on Man. My first, and, indeed, my entire job, was to study man. At Dr. Windsor's suggestion, I first exhaust the incomplete scientific literature of that time dealing with man's emotional problems, and then set about studying man himself.

The literature is secured, but where to find a laboratory in which to test out the many theories regarding man's deviation from the normal in emotional—which of course matters? Only one such laboratory was available, the tending district of a large city—a laboratory in which the research worker does the vestments of a social worker.

My expenses were taken care of by my wealth of relatives. That settled, I plunged deep into the drug of humanity, its mounting, comforting—and always learning. As a social worker I was a friend to dope-heads, to prostitutes, to degenerates and to fallen women. As conscientiously as any scientist ever attempted to interpret the laws of mathematics or the laws of physics by experiment, in a physician's laboratory, I was prayerfully as any scientist ever sought to reach a correct interpretation of the Scriptures, I approached the task of finding out why these people were what they were. I hoped, you see, to establish the normal, and, by tracing the abnormal back to its sources, to learn if possible methods for averting the many tangents upon which so many human feet were treading.

Oh, how many hundreds of broken lives passed before our feet! Many that were given to me, as their confidant, their stories, and each case I carefully recorded and charted, to be compiled into a vast symposium of data about that most important of all subjects, human life. In the years that I devoted to this study, surrounded by the habits of the demimonde, I confined myself to a clean, business-like and scientific approach to the problem. I came out of that human laboratory—the old Barbary Coast reaped with every kind of filth)—as clean mentally and physically as the day that I entered it. And I brought with me a fund of information that I challenge anyone, anywhere, to duplicate from any other source.

My experience in the underworld gave me a true insight into the causes of the eternal triangle, promiscuity in sex-life; "misunderstood" husbands; frigid wives; early senility; women rendered old or semi-invalid—all the common skeletons of the clout of the nation's sex-life.

I had asked all these people: "Where did you first learn about sex?" All but a handful told me: "In the gutter." Would these people have been what they were, if there had not been this world's lack of information on the tabooed and misunderstood subject of Sex?

O. ARMED with many new theories and this mass of documented evidence, facts and figures regarding the causes of frigidity, incompatibility and divorce, I set out to get this information to those I knew needed it so badly. I began, first, with a series of private lectures and over Chautauqua circuits. Naturally, because of the intimate character of the information I wished to impart, I met with many obstacles. People were afraid of Sex, far more than they are today, and, truly an honest, respectable citizen considered the subject one never to be discussed in the open—although often the same citizen would smoother over questionable rivalries. However, I segregated my audiences; spoke this time to men, that time to women; one time, not even the smug citizen mentioned above, could ever question the subject-matter of my presentation, or feel that I approached the subject in anything but the coldly scientific manner in which I had conducted my researches.

Gradually my work spread. I was invited by superintendents of large city school systems and by the directors of hygiene of great universities, to address their classes, and I have in my files today their letters thanking me and congratulating me for the same way in which I handled so delicate a topic.

It has been estimated that four and one-half million American men and women have accepted the honor of attending my lectures in the last ten years. I have spoken before almost every conceivable type of audience and organization; I (Continued on Page 6)
He Gave up Medicine To Become a Tenor

Tito Guizar, CBS Mexican Star, Became a Singer Over Protests of His Parents

By Donald Couper

Tito Guizar . . . He likes to play his guitar . . .

THE SCENE: a plot of open ground before the medical building of the National University in Mexico City; the students: a tall handsome youth of seventeen leaning against a green palm tree; guitar in hand, head thrown back, singing native melodies to an admiring group of fellow students; the result: Tito Guizar, the romantic tenor whose mellow voice is carried to thousands of homes throughout America over the facilities of the CBS-WBBM network—instead of Tito Guizar, the distinguished physician his parents sought to make him.

Like so many other artists whose names are now household words, Tito Guizar went through the age-old struggle between the carefully laid plans of his forebears and his own strong convictions. In the somewhat smug atmosphere of Mexican society the career of professional artist was not considered comme il faut, and Tito's parents were shocked at his desire to go on the stage. His mother was a talented vocalist and pianist and his father a skilled guitarist and mandolinist—but of course only as amateurs who employed their musical gifts purely for their own amusement.

So Tito was encouraged to study music in the duller manner and set off to medical school to glorify the Guizar name in a way befitting his distinguished ancestry. But Tito had other ideas. When he was officially in the university laboratory poring over dusty tomes and scientific test tubes, he was actually in the green gardens surrounding the college buildings, sprawled out on the grass singing to the trees. His fellow students soon discovered Tito's outdoor laboratory, recognized his talents, and became an admiring throng of enthusiastic listeners. Hence by discreet invitation, Tito left college!

Before college days, the youth had attended the Conservatory of Music in Mexico City. While studying there he had appeared in numerous society theatricals, and made a name for himself as a promising amateur artist. The little village of Guadalajara, where he was born, numbered only a few thousand inhabitants; and Tito soon became one of the most famous citizens. He learned the fundamentals of music as a child, taking lessons in composition, harmony, voice and piano. Throughout all of his school days he found little inspiration in academic studies, and spent most of his time in class secretly composing love songs and serenades. The sincere admiration of his fellows at college convinced Tito that he could be successful in his work for which he longed, and parental counseling, arguments, and threats meant nothing to him straightway offered him a six-months' contract for recording. In 1929 he came to New York to make records of his unique renditions of Spanish and Mexican songs. At the expiration of his original contract he was offered another one, but by this time officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System had heard his mellow voice and signed him to a long-term engagement. When asked by the Columbia officials what his greatest ambition was, Tito replied that he wanted to be able to combine the sweet quality of John McCormack's voice with the perfected technique of Tito Schipa. His natural gifts and his intensive training had prepared him for such an attempt, and the response to his broadcasts seems to indicate that he has not been entirely unsuccessful.

While studying popular music in Mexico City, Tito attended many musical comedy and revue performances. The most popular sobriquet of the season, Nana Novigela, was partly the reason. About five feet three inches tall, slender, brown-haired and brown-eyed, Miss Novigela was equally talented as a dancer and as a singer. Her unusual beauty fascinated him, and the quality of her voice haunted him. He began by learning all the songs she sang—and ended by marrying her. Mrs. Guizar soon retired from the stage and became Tito's manager and teacher. Not only was she skilled in the popular melodies which were then strange to Tito, but she spoke a splendid English and knew something of American life. An amusing tidbit on Tito's linguistic abilities is the story that at an earlier time he asked his nurse to make him a copy of the New York City telephone book. The nurse was flabbergasted and finally informed Tito that she could not do as he wished.

THE GUizar FAMILY

Introducing Miss Nena Guizar, born May 18, and her fond parents...

BUT Tito had not yet found exactly the career of which he dreamed. He wanted something a little less stiff and formal than the role of Grand Opera hero. Thus he began to combine the classic technique he had worked so hard to attain with more popular material. He studied Mexican and Spanish folk songs and popular melodies, arranging them in classic style. His method was novel and his original interpretation of the current hits of the day struck a new note. After developing an extensive repertory, Guizar was starred at the Politeama theater in Mexico City where he had an unbridled run of six months. His former college companions flocked to hear him in his new role, and even his father, who had at all but dismissed him, was forced to recognize his success. The school which had scorned even the idea of a professional career for any of its members became his most constant support—and Tito had made good.

Representatives of the Victor Talking Machine Company heard several of his performances in Mexico City and

www.americanradiohistory.com
Liberty. He was a substantial business man, and he had a job which, no doubt, had he wished he might still have to do. But it is a fortunate thing for radio listeners that he did not still have trouble with it. For if he had, think of the entertainment you would have missed.

Another secret of Cook's success lies in the opinion of those of you who have been following his continuously popular broadcasts during the past nine years. It is the fact that the actor's extreme versatility provides any possibility of his act "going stale." He can introduce new characters at will, for he needs do it one into the script, and there you are.

And so Phil Cook bids fair to continue as radio's One-Man-Show until he wants to retire, and here's hoping that will be a long, long while from now.

Back of his success on the air lies his fanatical devotion. His radio career, following his high school, in which the various personalities of the show gain a firm grip on their heads.

He was the herald of the days when a boy's Latin course was the equivalent of a radio career. If you don't believe it, just look at the enitre.

On his headgear remains the fact, comparatively few people realized that it was more than a passing fad. Phil Cook saw not only vast possibilities, he made a careful study of radio while it was still in its infancy and what he found convinced him that for his particular methods of artistry, it was the medium he desired.

So he went into radio. Phil, that at one time virtually no one did anything else but make up radio as a means of entertainment. Some men gained success in the profession; others entered it through force of circumstances. Phil Cook is one of the very few, if not indeed the only one, who, at that early date, stepped into a radio career on his own initiative.

... Give versatile Phil Cook eight hats, and he will give you eight different characters, as Terry Tube, upper left, and Jerry Jar, upper right: Pompey, upper center, the voluble Italian lunch room proprietor, is achieved by pressing a hat to a sharp peak; Pat the cop, center left; Max Bloom, the clothing merchant, center right; Algy, Max's shoe clerk, in the silk toppper, lower center; Doc Miller, the conscientious drug store proprietor and the town's leading citizen, wears the decorative panama shown at the lower right; and Snoozy, the singing newsboy, lower left, wears his cap backwards.
Stoopnocracy Department

Conducted by Col. Stoopnagle & Bud

Mystery Man of Radio Unimasks

(Continued from Page 3)

even went into the theaters in order to bring these facts before as many people as possible. Probably in this I was ill-advised, for during this time many sax- rackets took the platform, interested solely in making money through salacious, pseudo-scientific sex-shows, and I found in many centers I visited an unwarranted stigma attached to any scan- lecturer.

Certainly, I have never con- sidered myself in a class with these people; my work has never been salacious, nor anything but the sin- cere exposition of facts badly needed in every walk of life. At any rate, some- times I had to live down that stigma created by others. I let my presentation stand on its own merits.

Now as to my entrance into radio. As radio grew in popularity, many in- vitations were extended to me by the managers of local stations to conduct a series of discussions over the air. The fact that so many problems submitted to me in my personal audience was of such a nature as to lend themselves to the cosmopolitan character of the audience, prompted me more than seven years ago to start my first round-table discussion at a microphone.

The popular response with which these broadcasts met caused me to use the radio as almost every city I visited, in conjunction with my personal appearances. In view of the splendid reception given my radio work and as much as my work on the public platform was misunderstood because of the delicate character of the matter presented, I decided to give up personal appearances entirely, and devote my entire time to the solution of problems over the air.

However, just as I was misunder- stand in my efforts on behalf of marital harmony and compatibility when on the lecture platform, so some have been in- clined to misconstrue my motives and misinterpret my purposes when I at- tempted to solve with a clean mind and decent language some of the more in- tumidating problems of life submitted to me by my unseen listeners.

The fact, however, that for every letter or critical or cynical character which I have received during the last year, my records show that I have re- ceived more than 3,000 of a compliment- ary character, justifies me in the belief that the majority of my listeners are accepting my messages in the construc- tive spirit in which they are given.

MY I take this opportunity to ex- press my appreciation to Radio Guide for having given me the opportunity of explaining briefly my background of twenty-five years in the field of sociology which should, in some measure, allow me the privilege of speak- ing as a "Voice of Experience," and let me assure my readers that, in the event they decide to send their problems to me, whether signed or unsigned, I shall treat those problems with confidence, and with sympathy and sympathetically at- tempt to answer as many of these letters in my daily broadcasts as time permits. A number of years ago, the late William Jennings Bryan, whom I had the privilege of meeting in public debate, thoroughly familiar with the kind of work that I was attempting to do in the nature of a public relations, paid me the following tribute:

"I consider this man a real emanci- pant of the American home."

Humblly and conscientiously, I am attempting to do no more than to merit that tribute; to win and to hold your interest and your friendship; to be able to be rightly termed, your friend and adviser, the "Voice of Experience."

ONE DAY'S OUTGOING MAIL

... So heavy is the mail received and sent out daily by "The Voice of Experience" that a large staff of assistants and clerks is needed to handle it ...
WHEN you consider that Rosaline Greene first entered the field of radio drama when radio was the merest im-
fast, and not a very lusty infant at that, and when you consider further that she has had more hours on the air than any other dramatic actress--well, perhaps it is fortunate that this article is illustrated.

For you would never sus-
pect that one so youthful and alluring could be so definitely in the veteran class until you looked at the accompanying photograph of the pretty star of the National Broadcasting Company. But then, of course, you must take into consider-
ation that radio is still so new, so fresh, so brisk, and
so firm, in short troupers.

The truth of the matter is that Rosaline Greene, although she has played in more dramatic roles than she can recall, has been on the air for nine years since she first entered radio work over station WGY in Schenectady, New York. Most folks in radio can remember, is still a very young person.

Of course, if you knew her, you would understand that she will be young even after she has been in radio nineteen years, instead of only nine. For, of all the volatile people in radio, I doubt if there is one who is more in love with life than Rosaline Greene and Ponce de Leon. The rest of the experts to the contrary, there is nothing which will capture eternal youth so thoroughly as being wholly in love with life.

Rosaline lives for the ex-
periences which each moment may bring. She feels deeply, responds vividly to every ex-
ternal stimulus, holds it, cher-
iishes it, puts it into herself. Nothing counts save the ex-
perience of the moment.

All of which, when you analyse it, is just another way of saying that she is not only a dramatic actress, but that she is a great dramatic actress.

BEGIN in love with life as Rosaline Greene is, and then be more natural than that her radio work, being so vital and inapplicable a part of her life, should come in for a goodly share of her love. Quite naturally then it follows that each phase of her work, each character she portrays before the micro-
phones, should become as real and vivid as though it had been beside her for a few minutes be-
fore she rode down Fifth Avenue in a Fifth Avenue bus.

Which is precisely the case. When Rosaline steps into a role, there is more room for Rosaline. She discards her real self entirely for the time being. The radio char-
acter she is portraying, be it Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat, with all the soft appeal of the deep-
seal south, or an Oriental nurse, with passion, or a grit-
torn mother wrangled from her sobbing little broad--each is the Rosaline Greene that is to appear on the air, so that he may tune in. In eight years now, that man has never missed a single one of her hundreds and hundreds of air appearances.

His letters bear fetching witness to the sunshine and happiness her broadcasts bring in the dark.

Indeed, although in the drama, and more particularly in radio drama, the play is usually the thing in the radio drama in which Rosaline Greene is featured, it turns out more often that Rosaline Greene is the thing. At least, that is the reaction you get from listeners--because it has been noted in many instances that for years now a large group of radio listeners has been choosing its radio fare on the basis of whether or not Rosaline Greene was on the cast.

Perhaps in trying to portray for you the real Rosaline Greene, I may seem to have digressed into a dissertation on Rosaline Greene's work, but that is because Rosaline Greene and Rosaline Greene's work are so closely inter-
twined that to talk of the one, you must talk of the other. The usual things that are factors in the life of the average young and beautiful actress--her hobbies, what she eats for breakfast, what she reads, the friends she likes--are more incidental to Rosaline Greene, because her work is her hobby; she has her work for breakfast; she reads her scripts; her friends are the characters she sympathetically portrays--if you see what I mean.

That has been pretty much the case since 1924.

OR it was in 1924 that Rosaline became the leading lady in the radio drama, Miss Rosaline Greene, as she was then "known," and later, "Miss Rosaline Greene." She made her radio debut while at the University of Western Ontario and at the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

At that time Rosaline was not even an upperclass woman in college. She was a sophomore when WGY, pioneer broad-
casting station and now the National Broadcasting Com-
pany's associate in Schenectady, offered radio auditions to seniors at the college. Although Rosaline was not a senior, she was not passing up any bets, so she trooped along for an audition, and got it.

Edward H. Smith, director of the station, gave her her first mike test, and immediately he recognized a voice quality and ability peculiarly adapted to the radio. The result was that Rosaline was the only one from the school later invited to play with a professional cast which put on the first radio dramatic series, starting with "The Merchant of Brentwood," in 1924.

Rosaline became so nervous over her impending debut on the air that on the day it was to occur, she lost the use of her voice entirely. She rushed immediately to the city of physicians to physician, seeking aid, but she got nothing more than kindly counsel. None seemingly could offer her any remedy.

So she went to the station at the appointed time, and put on a small show of something she had been doing with consider-
able regularity ever since.

She interspersed her radio work with her schola-
sic work during the next two years until her gradu-
ation from the College at Albany--she is now a full

Rosaline Greene, One of Radio's Pioneer Dramatic Actresses, Is Very Serious About Her Career

By Richard Spencer

SHE Rehearses on Fifth Avenue BUSES

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able regularity ever since.
Radio Guide

Sunday, June 25

For Your Album

vincen sorrent

Vincen Sorrent was born in 1915 in Toton, Italy. He is a composer, lyricist, and pianist, known for his contributions to the world of music. His father, Salvatore Sorrent, was an interior decorator, and his mother, Emma Sorrent, was a concert pianist. He was educated in Toronto, and later went to a Conservatory in the city that he studied engineering. When he was an engineer, his mother gave him his first music lesson, and his godfather, an engineer, taught him the fundamentals of music. His father was a musician, and his mother gave him his first music lesson, and his godfather, an engineer, taught him the fundamentals of music. He was sent to a musical conservatory in Toronto, and when he was twelve years old, he played his first concert at the Royal Theater in his native city, and became an accomplished pianist. He has composed many songs, both popular and classical. He is well-known and is often referred to as "the King of Piano."
Radio Guide

Monday, June 26

7:00 P.M. CST

WBBM—Potash and Perlmutter

7:30 P.M. CST

Minstrels

8:00 P.M. CST

WMAQ—Sedan Thrillbait; Freda Guide's Oratorio Society (NBC)

8:50 P.M. CST

WBBM—Margaret Rondell; Mike Gifford's Band (NBC)

9:00 P.M. CST

WBBM—Hubert Green; Chicago Symphony Orchestra

9:30 P.M. CST

WBBM—Moments of the Day—Kemper, Barny Van, and the Dobbs Orchestra (NBC)

10:00 P.M. CST

WBBM—Windy City Singers (NBC)

10:30 P.M. CST

WBBM—Ladies' Night Out: Four Masters (NBC)

11:00 P.M. CST

WBBM—Boston Symphony Orchestra (NBC)

11:30 P.M. CST

WBBM—Chicago Symphony Orchestra (NBC)

11:45 P.M. CST

WBBM—Band of the Southland (NBC)
Tuesday, June 27

Crime Clues

0:00 p.m. CST

WAYE—The Rhythm of the Air

1:00 p.m. CST

WABC—David Wayne

2:00 p.m. CST

WMAQ—Don Irwin's WIND

3:00 p.m. CST

WGN—Tom Garcia's WGN

4:00 p.m. CST

WSBC—Popular WIND

5:00 p.m. CST

WIND—Melody

6:00 p.m. CST

WCFL—To Be Announced

7:00 p.m. CST

WMAQ—Dan Amos's WMAQ

8:00 p.m. CST

WJJD—Radio Guide

9:00 p.m. CST

KYW—The Tomorrow's N-Tomorrow's Guide Program

10:00 p.m. CST

WGN—Mid-day News

11:00 p.m. CST

WJJD—Radio Guide

Program listings are current when published by Radio Guide, but sale of time by stations and networks and the national emergency often cause deviations which the stations cannot control.
Radio Guide

PLUMS AND PRUNES

SITTING in a preview of the Phil Harris feature length film, "The Million Dollar Baby," which opens June 23, at the Chicago RKO Palace—the same day of his NBC program debut—and following that with a preview of "The Million Dollar Baby," an exciting kick in the pants for radio, it is a rare and fortuitous thing that has gone brush with critic. The short excursion out of line, however, was worthwhile in that it helped our confidence that a new approach in which to begin this column. It's this.

Harris has had no publicity drive. His music comes out of the Los Angeles studio, where, sold itself to the tunesprit. Wayne King wives from print, but look where he's got gone! Gay Lombardo has arid and can has that a press agent had nothing to do with crossing your troubles. Rudy Vallee's band didn't make or unmake him. Jazz King Ben Bernie, the old big band, is a former promotion, and one promotion and one would never have spun to the top in the past three years on these aloof as if she herself, even one, matter, although his vocalists and soloists, not with a good. It's Bernie's close-to-the-customer, homey, and of gal that he had to his king. Right now, Mark Fish and Hal Kemp are pulling Detroit.

One of the ridiculous situations is the excessive space given to bands and bandmasters in the other writers. (See our lead above!) Perhaps the orchestra eventually back up, the backbone of popular records, and maybe we're concluding, but we are beginning to believe that we radio editors and other columnists go long on tamals because it assurs them free entertainment, food and drink when they go places to do things.

Bing crosby with the stick uppers likewise means in acknowledgment of its, or taking when a writer enters a cabaret. Shades of Fence George. Most opponent, the number of readers, as, the manager and Albert Lasker himself, suggested that it would be a matter of time. We must answer to our friends.

Wayne King spent a lot of time at the Dells with the sleek, hand- some Kingfish, but the record ranges are aiy to you, instead of the "best dressed bandman" Hugh McGinn, who is the right of way. . . . Happy Jack Krasky is in New York starting July 1. . . . S. W. Davis's secretaries at Dearborn, Michigan, have moved to his San Antonio's farm for the heat, and is writing her letters in a swing. Baker reports, says Scotty, "Becky Sharp," knows her weather, she sleeps in the cold bath tub (what about the girl) . . . "Irma Grant's" children today. . . . Another woman in audience. It's "Roman-Butterstorm," and Irma Grant's hugging a girl for aig, age 21 to 22. . . .2. . . . Another woman in audience. "In view of the heat" . . . "I would like to get away from it all.

Taglines

THAT auto accident in which Paul Whiteman's car was wiped out last week, on a narrow country road, Charles Dickson, who was just about wash up cars for Paul although no one was hurt, Paul's better situation for cars on thealu. The rumor mongers have it that Whiteman may replace Roy Howard's music in the "Armour Hour," but we doubt it. He'll soon be selling cheese on that N.Y. area which requires that Bernie is getting up early. Monday morning to sell cheese for his brewer at 11 a.m. CDT over a Chicago-St. Paul-Milwaukee caroon-on chain. How about a rye bread commercial, Maestro?

Beatrice Campbell, the Betty Drake of Don and Betty, like her atmosphere, neither drinks cocktails nor smokes. The Merionaires are to be spotted on a new commercial.

Goodman ace is in N.Y. until his return to the world. Goodman is in the kitchen, the old home, hearing "I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SHY" on the high CGS tenor, is back on the job after a bill, and in the meantime lost his father's and, like little pet puppy became paralyzed. Tough luck, son. He's returning, "In view of the heat" . . . "I would like to get away from it all."

Liquid Powder for the arms! and, with but free for evening use. Excellent-in-excellent powder that makes a stunning mother for beauty. Established 1859-54 years. More than 100 big pages, 12x1610 lightning watercolor, marked paper, sturdy binding. You'll use it while playing your wife, while you're out. On the shelf, in the room.

Makeup for the street, theatre and studio. Used and endorsed by leading actors and actresses because Watson's products are pure, blend easily and never set hard. Exquisite Cold Cream—an excellent cleanser, skin food and cleanser. Watson's Face Powder in expensive quantity on any wonderfully and does not look thin and heavy. Large Powder for the arms and, with but free for evening use. Excellent-excellent powder that makes a stunning mother for beauty. Established 1859-54 years. More than 100 big pages, 12x1610 lightning watercolor, marked paper, sturdy binding. You'll use it while playing your wife, while you're out. On the shelf, in the room.

IT'S YOURS WITHOUT COST

A Century of Progress Exposition and the City of Chicago

More than 100 big pages, 12x1610 lightning watercolor, marked paper, sturdy binding. You'll use it while playing your wife, while you're out. On the shelf, in the room.

The NATIONAL TRAVEL GUIDE

"I'm going to Chicago!" "What about theatre?" "See the Sky playing at home!" "Is there a church of our denomination near Barber's Country?" "Can you give me the address of others?" Check full of information and handily illustrated. Score of special features fanned by Travel FEER with a year's subscription for the RADIO GUIDE at $2.00

RETAILS AT

Per our September, for $1.00

RADIO GUIDE

123 Plymouth Court, Chicago, III.

Gentlemen: Enrolled please send $7.00 for which send me The National TRAVEL GUIDE at $1.00 and enter my subscription to Radio Guide for One Subscription. New Subscription. Renewal

Name _____________________________ State ______________

Address ____________________________ Town ________________________
Radio Guide Presents: Jack and Joe
"Two Lottieancies of the Air"
Wednesday, 8:30 A. M.

WLS 870 kilocycles

Price $1.50

Singers to Net
You don't have to fret or worry with the Lombard Golf Course. It is automatically recorded. The numbered markers will go from each hole in the course but will keep the turnouts on your score.

COMPLETE SCORE
When you have finished game record the number of each hole played. The small white markers will direct you to the first hole, and the center disk will keep the score.

A GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT
Here, at last, is what every golfer has been waiting for; a hodge-podge, convenient counter; one that keeps accurate record of every stroke. No more guessing or more forgetting, the Lombard Golf Course will keep your score.

Equipment: Instrument. Made of genuine nickel silver, shaped like a golf club. It makes a splendid addition to every set of golf clubs. It is unique, and you will never be without it.

ALBERT C. SCHROEDER
The Red Fox
423 Plymouth Ct., CHICAGO, ILL.
Radio Guide

Friday, June 30

**WGN**
4:00 p.m. CDT **= 4:00 p.m. CST**
WGN—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

2:15 p.m. CDT **= 3:15 p.m. CST**
WGN—Sid Lery of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, (NBC)

2:00 p.m. CDT **= 3:00 p.m. CST**
WGN—Rex Maas, tenor

1:00 p.m. CDT **= 2:00 p.m. CST**
WGN—Rex Maas, tenor

9:00 a.m. CDT **= 10:00 a.m. CST**
WGN—Johnell Christmas, pianist; (NBC)

6:00 a.m. CDT **= 7:00 a.m. CST**
WGN—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

**WLS**
2:00 p.m. CDT **= 3:00 p.m. CST**
WLS—Bobby Stan, tenor; John Phillips, pianist

1:00 p.m. CDT **= 2:00 p.m. CST**
WLS—Alice Joyce, pianist; (NBC)

**WBBM**
3:00 p.m. CDT **= 4:00 p.m. CST**
WBBM—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

2:15 p.m. CDT **= 3:15 p.m. CST**
WBBM—Sid Lery of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, (NBC)

2:00 p.m. CDT **= 3:00 p.m. CST**
WBBM—Rex Maas, tenor

1:00 p.m. CDT **= 2:00 p.m. CST**
WBBM—Rex Maas, tenor

9:00 a.m. CDT **= 10:00 a.m. CST**
WBBM—Johnell Christmas, pianist; (NBC)

6:00 a.m. CDT **= 7:00 a.m. CST**
WBBM—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

**WMAQ**
4:00 p.m. CDT **= 5:00 p.m. CST**
WMAQ—Margaret Sholl, tenor; William Miller, pianist

2:15 p.m. CDT **= 3:15 p.m. CST**
WMAQ—Sid Lery of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, (NBC)

2:00 p.m. CDT **= 3:00 p.m. CST**
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6:00 a.m. CDT **= 7:00 a.m. CST**
WMAQ—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

**WBBF**
4:00 p.m. CDT **= 5:00 p.m. CST**
WBBF—Jackie Fellows, tenor; Norm Neumark, pianist

2:15 p.m. CDT **= 3:15 p.m. CST**
WBBF—Sid Lery of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, (NBC)

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WBBF—Rex Maas, tenor

1:00 p.m. CDT **= 2:00 p.m. CST**
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Radio Guide

One of the momentous effects of passing the summer dog-drums, we believe this summer's opera will be broadcasts.

The Metropolitan has been saved for a least a season. In part, the Opera program has come from radio. An appeal for funds went out over the networks and there was a ready response from those who gathered around to hear operatic tunes literally on the loudspeaker.

When one considers that these thousands of music-lovers who tune in on the Metropolitan broadcasts are accustomed to receive their entertainment without any more effort or expense than by merely twirling a dial, Mrs. Lucretia Bori chronicled, “I consider the response as indicative of the ardor of friends that have been won over to opera through radio. The enthusiasm reflected in the letters in appreciation of the operatic broadcasts is so sincere and overwhelming that it is often one to believe the invisible audience may yet prove the savior of the Metropolitan.

Operatic Reforms

Mrs. Bori is right. If opera is to survive, it must go to the large numbers on the networks. Every new and then and there some important event takes place on a network. It must find an audience in the audience is considerable in every network. The usual controversy continues over what is to be considered operatic in a network. If the networks are not to be left to the commercial exploiter, it must be made clear that every performance is of an American and unifying and lasting plan- lability. In short, the average operatic performance borders on the other.

There is merit in this reasoning. Opera is unable to compete with the theater today. Older works should be recaptured in the light of “mod- ern” stage methods and lighting. Traditional programming would wind up with profit. Therefore an attempt should be made to have both operatic and dramatic shows, to state-the soap opera of the radio gives the audience to the winds with profit. It is also expected that it will be the director who is going to be in charge of the production.

The Editor's Mail Box

M. L. M., Chicago—Eddie and Fannie at the piano, do they two-year contract with ABC? Fannie is “just born,” thus buying the when and where. They went off the air with the cancellation of course, that the situation is worth following.

Opera Broadcast

What I am interested in pointing out is that this reform is not so portentous as some people think. He likes opera, it is because of the music and the way it is played and sung. He does not attempt to perform a duty, his main concern is to be seen by somebody socially, but to enjoy the music. He may be considered the rather meaning- less and nonfictional plot. But he has opened the doors of the boom, and the semaphoric art.

With three of those fuzzy voices, artfully used, in the principal roles, Galsset and the Troubadours, are just as big hits with the radio audience as when they were on radio. Listeners in large part, are still gratified by those moments when they hear and recognize some of the famous arts that they learned from the phonograph.

From all appearances, Mr. Gatti-Connolly will be illustrated for following his customary procedure. There will be his usual choice of stars, and the networks will have a field full of young, fresh artists, due to the fact that he has taken on his new, young men, of them Americans.

The repertoire will be principally the classics, with an occasional murder, Merry Mount and Salome. Mr. Gatti-Connolly is famous for his "Radio Adapter," but a GENUINE RADIO ADAPTOR, THE GEN-RAD SHORT WAVE CONVERTER, can be obtained at your local dealer.

The GEN-RAD is listed for $2.00, less tubes, but when a complete set with tubes listed for only $3.95, should be considered. This offer is good for only a limited time.
Chicago Studio PEEPS

Radio Guide
By Rollin Wood

MORE than two score outstanding radio stars from the leading studios in Chicago to do their specialties in person Monday, June 26, at the Auditorium Theater. Proceeds will be used by the benefit fund created to finance the summer recreation of the Camps for the children from the various ethnic groups.

There will be six masters of ceremonies. Gene Arnold, Pat Hurley, Quin Ryan, Max Miro, Vincent Virgă, Clara, Lu "E", the WLS White Dance Stars, Em. Bob Wilson Art Lunch. Becky Pickard, Mary Williams, Gene and Paul King will present.

Included in the list are Edward Guest, Fibber McGee, Joker and Higby, Vincent Virgă, Clara, Lu "E", the WLS White Dance Stars, Em. Bob Wilson Art Lunch. Becky Pickard, Mary Williams, Gene and Paul King will present.

Effective Wednesday of this week, Ronan Gompertz, the voice of "in the know" in CBS and the WOR radio schedule will have over 45,000 stations tuned in to his programs. This is the highest in the country.

Estelle Sherman of WNBC tells us that the time is coming on the Commercials Program's last week was washed up and the final tally of listeners tuned real 5 p.m. Thanks for the correction, Miss Sherman.

Phil Porterfield, the baritone soloist, has a program, "Sunday in the air". The program is listed for thirteen weeks and is heard Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6:15 a.m. over WBBM.

Peg Miller, pianist, is a member of the WLS Chicago studio. She is heard at 10:30 p.m. Tuesday and 9:30 on Wednesday over WBBM.

The Chicago Tribune's Weather Bureau issued a weather advisory for southern Illinois, warning that a cold front is approaching. The weather bureau said that the temperature is expected to drop sharply, causing widespread snowfall and freezing conditions.

The Prairie Rangers, four veterans of Kansas, all born within a few miles of one another, comprise WLS's tour of voices and instruments. Top it Charles Chick Hilt, left; Floyd, Solly (Dolores) Holm, right; Shelly Atkinson, one of those rare birds, a left-handed fiddler; bottom, Jack Taylor.

Jack Taylor, leader, has opened a new commercial series over WMAQ. Eddie and his orchestra are picked up by the Starday Tavern at the John F. Harding Hotel, every night except Sunday. The program will feature some member of the floor show each week.

The Princess Pat Paynter has selected a romantic play for their next air show. Underclad Woman is the title and tells of an orphan girl, accused of theft and protected by a charming young man whose fate is uncertain in the case and becomes the girl's guardian. Irene Wheeler will play the role of the girl while the show is heard Mondays over WBBM at 8:30 p.m.

The Hotel Crescent Saloon Restaurant, formerly heard over WGN, has switched to WORL. Every Wednesday night at 8:30, programs are under the direction of Robert Hollingsworth.

Little Peggy Miller, age 9, has gained the WJJD Children's staff in presenting her art and voice in a combined effort. She has written some new songs and recorded them on the WJJD station.

Maurice Sherman has taken the place of Tom Garan at the WBBM Blue Ribbon Casino on the grounds of the Century of Progress.

Harlan Haynes, baritone soloist now heard with Mark Fisher and his Edgewater Beach Hotel Orchestra, is the voice heard on the WLS Chicago studio last year.

Norman Rear, sports announcer, has a model studio built in his office. He can give auditions, voice tests and broadcasts without moving from his desk. His newspaper connections include the Chicago Daily News, The Heart Building, DCI and others. He is the soloist with the orchestra of the Chicago Studio PEEPS.

Radio News from WJJD

1130 Kilocycles
20,006 Watts
265.3 Meters

The New Deal

WHEN a new deal was declared for WJJD April first, Joe Allabough, pioneer in radio, was entrusted with the job of shuffling the cards. As program director, and with a free hand in things, he has accomplished much, and gone far in improving the station. A director of radio features until its programs match the situation. Besides programming, he lends his excellent announcing to several special programs, such as The Sunday, and the Joe Allabough's radio, WJJD, is one of the middlewest's most popular stations.

Popular also was Allabough's voice. He did considerable singing in those hectic days. Since then he has directed a station in Canada, and once more back in the States, has done a fine job of putting WJJD back on the air.

Your Neighbor, a new feature on WJJD Mondays and Thursdays at 8 p.m., is the domestic home life type of program but handled in a different manner. The contents is written by Frances O'neu, who also directs the show. "Tune the 'mous'," offers decidedly complex arguments that will give waves new angles. It is a delightful presentation.

Another pleasing voice on WJJD is that of Judy Rogers who is presented from the Kimball Hall studios with Fred Bech, organist, nightly at 7:30 p.m., except Saturday and Sunday. Judy is an Arkansas girl, with her singing voice, having sung from many stations in every sector of the country.

A New public service feature to be put on WJJD soon will bring "The Spanish Airs", written and produced by the Continental Radio Network, to the airwaves. The program will be broadcast daily from 12 to 1 p.m., and will feature the music of Spain.

The new staff at WJJD had its first outdoor party the other evening at Greenleaf Avenue Beach and a "fine time was had by all." The Prima Company, sponsors of the White Sox baseball broadcasts, supplied the send well with the warm waters. Ladale Ilia, the princess of basketball, is the hostess of the event, while her husband, the Chicago Bandwagons, supplied the music. The Chicago Bandwagons is the new band that is formed by the Prima Company.

Dick Nichols, "the Cartoonist of the Air," heard twice daily over WJJD, 10:45 a.m. and 1:45 p.m., has been besieged by studio attaches to sketch them. He did a great deal of this in Hollywood. Some of the sketches will be presented in the Prima Company's "Use."
Radio Guide

By Mike Porter

REVIEWING RADIO

The little yarn which Walter Wanger presented from Los Angeles about the radio copy is a suggestion which, if executed, will, I believe, do a great deal of good.

Walter tells of the police routine on the coast. The cops there do not pound the sidewalks, but cruise in squad cars, and take all assignments from the cop announcer at the transmitter. After each order, this cautious police officer, who evidently believes that all radio personalities should be treated alike, sends out the cruising lads: "How am I doing, boys?"

How much more interesting the cruising copy would be if it were more than a routine, if for instance, the New York Police Department should invite aged announcers to masquerade. The "Barefoot Pilot," for instance, might take a two-hour stretch at the mike and dramatize each murder case by adding Munchausen traits. Ed if you might add to the copy:

"There's a murder in the Bronx. Car No. 65 proceed to Adams Street and 32nd Ave. where the bodies of a man and woman, who are believed to be his wife and her seducer, have been discovered on the sidewalk. Call another car and have him check the bank and go on the lookout for the inquest lady."

Walter believes that each good lead in a story is worth a thousand words of talk. Therefore, as told before, they insist, in such cases, on a peculiarly radio lyric, and thus clean up the dirty prose.

I wonder if it doesn't invite the re-enthrallment of the audience, which managed to take care of its own morals before radio? I wonder, too, if it wouldn't be a great deal better to leave the radio chains to allow the audience to manage its own morals on their own. If dirty interpretations are put on songs, it is up to the listener to say so. The veil of the radio announcer is lifting; the dirt is right under the lantern. Shall we have a new police officer? More likely, we shall hear mention of the jumble of stars, or as they sometimes call them, the "stella" heard on the air. There is everything in this, I believe, but the lack of will to remove the rascal from the air. Several well-fed radio performers have made much of delinquency and others suggest that Fathers and Coaches won't go back on the air. The programme, "The Good Pal," informs us exclusively, at least, that they are always there in the past, that they will be back on the air with a bigger budget than ever. I am just too busy to do that. I must duct a full children's hour once a week.

Fall Prospacts

The boss and some few other people have inquired of me if there are going to be any new big names on the air this autumn. Half a dozen newcomers are already showing promise of elevating themselves to the radio heights. I think that among the first water stars this fall we shall find Anthony Frome whom we know now as NBC's Port Prince. This man has worked into radio rather unconsciously, but he undoubtedly has that certain something that makes top notch artists. Few people, I imagine, know that he was once a rabbi; that he gave up religion because he thought it was not exactly up to his ideals of perfection.

Fredy Bergman has attained such success and I expect him to attack the top level before the winter sets in.

There is everything indication, too, that Paul Revere and the young policeman will be moving along before the snow falls. Among the youthful orchestra leaders, Reggio Childs, now at the Radio City Music Hall, York, shows the most promise—and it is likely that he will hold that spot all winter.

Barbara Blair, already a theatrical big name, has remarkable possibilities. She is a top star in all money and will certainly attack the top level very soon. She has a chemise of talent and is one of the most promising girls the radio has ever had. Miss Dwyer is a possibility for the air. But the drama of this season will not hold the predominating position, I fear. I can read the signs. Variety shows will be this year's vogue—a fact which gives you an idea of the foresight of Mr. Rudy Vallée.

Before you know it, there'll be two Chesterfield shows a week, too. And that means Lennye Hayton will be among the "names," if he isn't already.

KNOW YOUR STARS? THEN TRY FOR THE $1,000

For Playing STAR STATIC GAME

20 BIG CASH PRIZES

1st $500
2nd $250
3rd $100
Two prizes of $25, five prizes of $10 and ten prizes of 50 cents each.

BEGIN THIS ENTERTAINING PASTIME TODAY. THE RULES:

HOW TO COMPETE: Cut the poem in each group of printed copy printed in RADIO GUIDE weekly and paste it on their proper places to form picture of the stars. Number each picture. Paste all of the stars in one group on a large sheet of paper and label the paper "Group No. 1, Group No. 2, etc." Leave room at the bottom of paper to print your name and address plainly. Also room for names of stars, their sponsors and slogans used by sponsors on their programs. It is not necessary to buy a copy of RADIO GUIDE to compete. The picture may be copied or traced. The RADIO GUIDE may be examined at public libraries or at its office free of charge. The picture may be posted in paper envelopes or in its frame.

HOLD PICTURES: Star Contest Contest is made up of 15 groups, one of which will appear weekly in RADIO GUIDE until the last of the series is printed. After pasting up these pictures, hold them all until complete, then compose the series.

WHERE TO SEND ENTRIES: When you have completed the series of 15 groups, send them by first class mail, postpaid receipt, to Star Static Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois, CLOSING DATE: The last group will be published in issue of July 20-August 5. All entries must be postmarked on or later than midnight, August 15.

ELIGIBILITY: Every person except employees of RADIO GUIDE or members of their families is eligible to compete. JUDGES: A committee of judges will be appointed by RADIO GUIDE and all entrants must accept their decision as final. RADIO GUIDE will return none of these entries and will not correspond with contestants about this contest. PRIZES: In event two or more contestants tie for any of the prizes, the winning contestants will be required to submit slogans suitable for use by sponsors. The tying contestant for any prize whose slogan is declared best by the judges will be awarded the prize. After receiving pre- pared slogan, should the judges decide a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

BACK COPIES MAY BE ORDERED FROM

CAPA
TAP TRAPP
MOLLY GODBER
FLOYD GIBBONS

Radio Guide

423 Plymouth Court
Chicago, Ill.
What! No Cowboys

Dear Editor:

We Texans have rather a hard time living up to the expectations and impressions of our fellow countrymen. We are a large company and represent every type clerk and business office worker in the country. To assume that every Texan goes about with a tin horn and singing tooted-boned cowboy ballad in a red bandanna as an indication that all New York. We were born drunks and speak of the radio with a shrill "a." I feel that all of my boyhood dreams were realized on a very large scale of this vast state and have no complaint. The feeling that became so pictured in many amusing stories has recurred.

We Texans of my particular type essay and produce music of every type from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera to "Alca." and in our lighter moments reenact everything from "Frannie and Edmond" to "Bespoke in Blue."

Come down southers, Dorothy Lee Grey, and I'll introduce you to minute and select taste of anything. Also, I'll introduce you to a bit of our Southern Hospitality.

Mrs. B. J. George

Age 11, Loves Crime

Ludington, Michigan

V. O. L. Editor

I read Joseph Robbink Jr.'s letter on mystery defense. I am eleven years old but I got a kick out of your letter. My dad and I sit down to the radio at seven o'clock and just listen. You can let your son do not think we do the right thing, they ought to try it. The only thing they ever do to please me is to show me Spencer Dryden comes through with flying colors. What did you write about there being enough children's programs is right. If children want to listen to the Crime, let them. They'll soon get money so you can do the mystic story that may be just for them and have never heard one, know nothing about it. Listen in and see if I'm right, you'll get a good surprise for doing household chores and writing in.

John M. Young

April 10, 1940

Foul Sundays

St. Sigismond

Voice of the Listener:

I want to suggest that we consider an inspector in radio listeners. Last Sunday afternoon, the DJ of one of the three stations in Chicago broadcasting the same basketball game. While I was working, three of the radio stations in Chicago, 850 KST, station that "Hear" and "Your and that you plan to do with this game. This has happened two Sundays in succession. How can this be remedied? Or must it go on all summer? As there are three or more stations servicing as outlet for Roses and Dryden that can be tuned in. (Do you like WJYK, 500 kc.)

F. H. Sitter

Good, Bad Showboat

Dear RADIO GUIDE:

The "Mendall Home Showboat" program on June 3rd was tense of the best and same of the showboat on the air. Larry Ross was, as usual, the best feature. I consider his voice the most pleasing of all the lowdowns I hear. His charming and refined manner contrast strongly with the raucous manners of the other announcers. While his dogie voice is very good and his act is just right, he seems to have a poor announcer. It is hard to imagine him as a real meander. He is not very distant far enough to be a showboat. "Uncle Henry" is amusing. His yodel

Vauhn De Leath


Gentlemen:

In a recent issue of RADIO GUIDE, I have seen a report that you have made some really common sense remarks. I agree with you and I certainly hope that all those young radio announcers that watch the Gilbert that a good phonograph record broadcast is most to be preferred to a "Whitney." I feel, and I feel, that you are a real "catchphrase" seeking and "The league." **

Sincere compliments to your magazine.

Mrs. Jack Gibbon

In Defense of "Music"

Tonawanda, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

The V. O. L. is a very interesting page. The way folks defend their favorite radio performers under exciting reading such an advertisement for the performer. This Vicky De Leath has become an advertisement for music. The lyrics of all Vicky De Leath songs (with the word music) are as follows. The lines have been translated into a famous American song. The performer is always off pitch and has a very poor voice, at any rate. As a supervisor of school music I have come to observe that the pupils who enjoy the Vicky De Leath music dance one way and say poor voices in all grades of school.

If I sell at any price, I

Mildred A. Evans

Furor over Fannie

Dear Voice of the Listener,

I am so interested over David Gerber's last letter regarding the effect on my initial the V. O. L. I am not so sure how to answer it. Fannie is one of our favorite entertainers and we go out about our house to make the.createTextNode("0590") of this text to our radio friends for real enjoyment.

The 

F. W. R. Porter

We Want Wallington

Tallahassee, Fla.

Gentlemen:

In this week's issue, June 4th, I find the enjoinder of one of our patrons, Martin L. L. of Lyons, New York. Martin is a member of the New York Public Research Club concerning the new V. O. L. program, which is a real pleasure to patients and feel that it does "N.C.'s" like only the most of Fannie. The1086.

(continued on page 19)

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(continued on page 19)
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL
MONDAY, JUNE 26—Addressee by Postmaster General James A. Farley, "The New Administration to Date," NBC-WTMJ network at 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28—Ardalising Guggenheim Medal to Juan de la Cerva, inventor of astrogoniometer. Speakers, A. A. Porter, Prof. Am Society of Engineers, and Harold Picciric, NBC-WIND network at 10:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 1—Great American, Airspeed Track Horse Race, CBS-WIND network at 2:45 p.m.

COMEDY
SUNDAY, JUNE 25—Betty Lake, Barney Bailey and Lee Nones with Rubinoff, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 26—Minstrel Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m. Potash and Perlmutter, NBC-WLS at 7:30 p.m., also Wednesday, Phil Cook, NBC-WLS at 7:45 p.m., also Wednesday and Friday.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27—Ben Bernie and his band, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m. Ed Wynn, Graham McManus and Don Venos' Bands, NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28—Fannie Brice and George Gobel's music, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

Irving C. Cobb, humorist, CBS-WGO at 8 p.m., "First Friday."

Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's Orchestra, CBS-WLS at 9:30 p.m.

"Mandy Lou," Bill Melia and Fred Waring's orchestra, NBC-WGN at 9:45 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29—Guest comic with Rudy Vallee, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.

Mount Rainier Henry, Kenner Rose, Annette Hanshaw and Muriel Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p.m.

Jack Pearl and Rudolph Munchausen, NBC-WBN at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30—Tom Howard and Ted Bergman, Herbert Pohlese and Harry Salter's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.

Hugh O'Connell and Ika Chase, with Lee Wiley, Paul Small and Victor Young's orchestra, NBC-WBN at 9:30 p.m.

Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shudde's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.

Lou Holtz, with Grace Moore and Leonard Hayton's orchestra, CBS-WGN at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 1—Ray Knight's Cuckoo Program, NBC-KYW at 9:30 p.m.

MUSIC
SUNDAY, JUNE 26—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony Orchestra, CBS-WIND network at 10:30 p.m., also Wednesday, and Thursday.

American Album of Familiar Music. NBC-WENR at 8:45 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 26—Harry Reiser's Ekstinos, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

Ferde Grofe's Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p.m., also Wednesday and Saturday at 9 p.m.

Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WBN at 8 p.m.

Pentas Tranquilitas Melody Moments, NBC-WBN at 8:30 p.m., Phil Durie, baritone, guest soloist.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30—Josef Koenster's Musical Memories, NBC-WENR, Light Opera Gems, CBS-WGO at 9:45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30—Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, WENR at 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29—Century of Progress Festival Orchestra, with Frederick Stock, conducting, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30—Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-KYW at 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 1—Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Stadwijk, Van Houtzen, conducting, NBC-KYW at 7:30 p.m.

PLAYS
SUNDAY, JUNE 30—Pages of Romance, Ernest Trues, guest star, NBC-WLS at 10:30 p.m.

Great Moments in History; "Roosevelt at San Juan Hill," NBC-WMAQ at 10:30 p.m.

Columbia Dramatic Guild, Washington Irving's "The School for Scandal," Vernon's Orchestra, NBC-WGO at 10:30 p.m.

John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WBBM at 9 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27—Crime Cues, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m., also Wednesday.

Along the ARIAL T

We're really going to live up to our title this week, because the world famous "Along the Arial" is with us. We went places, saw things and a good time was had by all.

Sunday night we went abroad the Italian liner Conte di Savoia to attend the broadcast and party honoring Nino Martini. Columbus presented him with the customary medal which they award annually to the person who, they consider, contributed most to radio. This honor was bestowed upon Martini because he is the first one to go from radio to opera. The ship's salon, where the presentation was broadcast, was thronged with people, many of them members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who were there to welcome Martini into their fold.

Thursday night we made our regular weekly visit to Rudy Vallee's Variety Program (I heard you say, gee I wish it were Friday). The studio was packed as usual. Walter O'Keeffe started the show off, and gave a good example of what he would like to have done when he was master of ceremonies on the Magic Carpet. He didn't use any script and was very much at ease. As a matter of fact, we didn't know if or when he realized there was a microphone directly in front of him. From where we sat, we could see the members of the Notre Dame Glee Club standing in the wings waiting to go out to do their turn. They weren't paying any attention to the broadcast. All eyes were on platinum blonde Mary Kay, whose singing we consider very lackluster. A brother radio reviewer of ours slept right in back of us, leaned over to whisper in our ear that he was in hearty accord with our program over, we rushed out of the studio and headed for the Waldorf Astoria.

We arrived and found three thousand people waiting for the Vincenzi-Feld Orchestra, Freddie Lane and Andre Kostelanetz program to start. It was a nice gesture on the part of the sponsor to hire the hotel's huge grand ballroom so that all those who had written in requesting tickets to witness the broadcast could be accommodated. After the orchestra's roll of honor to all of its new series, but refrained from making any comment—hoping there would be a chance for the better. When Flourid started the control room where we were sitting and asked a radio editor beside us how he registered, our colleague censured him for the time-wise stories he was using. Lou replied, "What am I to do? Where am I to find new jokes?" This is a sad admission from a supposed comedian, and gives you an idea of what to expect from the balance of the schedule. We are inclined to agree with N. W. Hirst, of Cincinnati, O., whose letter appeared on the "Voice of the Listener" page last issue voicing his disappointment in Flourid.

ST WAS just before the B. A. Rolls Saturday night broadcast. The studio was filling rapidly. The conductor of the orchestra was surrounded by the usual preface, "All is under his management," and the like. A real storm broke, and the dedicator wondered much how much Flourid had to do with bringing on that sticky air. And speaking of the sky—"we"—we got no snow for we're in Chi.

Along the ARIAL T

With Martin Lewis