Radio Guide

Singin' Sam, the Farmer
By Douglas Connah

Tell Your Troubles to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE
Harry Frankel

...He's been on the farm all summer...

I
NE evening last spring...

...Swimming hole..."...he has pitched a television program, at the time when he was living in New York and broadcasting from WABC studios.

Sam," the veteran troubadour assured me, "this little in one place has it all over the tropics. I've been on the go for more than twenty years now, and I guess there isn't a state in the country I haven't played several times. You can bet it sure is a relief to just set down in one place and let your voice travel all over for you. There's only one other thing I could ask for. New York is a mighty fine place, young feller, but I'm a small-town boy and I guess I always will be a small-town boy. Now, if I could just live on the farm back in old Richmond, Indiana, and do my broadcastin' from out that way, I just couldn't...

Radio's FARMER...

want any better. Huntin’ and fishin’ and playin’ golf, and just putting around the old farm—that’s what I like.

Well, Singin' Sam has had his wish, and he's been in Seventh Heaven all summer. Back in May he returned to the old home town, commuting once a week to WKRC in Cincinnati, sixty miles away, and his broadcasts have been relayed to the rest of the Columbia network from that point. Outside a business trip or so and a couple of personal appearances in the middle west, he has practically all summer to devote to "hunstin’ and fishin’ and playin’ golf and just putterin’ around the old farm.

A few weeks ago he made a quick trip in again, out again business trip to New York and came around to WABC to make one broadcast at that time. I thought I'd get together with him for a nice quiet talk and find out just what he'd been up to during the summer. I was all wrong there. When I stepped into the studio I found Sam, brown as a berry and the perfect picture of the healthy devotee of the great outdoors, surrounded by a milling group of friends, admirers, and former studio associates who, like me, had got wind of his presence and had come to greet him.

After the program Sam was heading right back to Richmond, and the best I could muster was a few pleasant but often-interrupted snatches of conversation. So I dropped a line to my good friend Chuck Wise of WABX, who got on the troubadour's trail. Through Chuck's good offices I got a pretty fair idea of just how the old trooper has been holding himself while he's been at play. Sam—or Harry Frankel, to use the name that appears on his Mch certificate—was born in Richmond. His first tones—soprano at that time—were chanted in Lexington, Kentucky, but he moved to Richmond when he was eight and grew up there to healthy young manhood. He retains an unusual amount of affection for that spot, and I'm sure that no other radio artist has bestowed as much publicity on his home town as Singin' Sam has on his. He's a small-town boy who boasts about being one, and there's nothing he won't do for that home town of his.

And Richmond recollects with an equal show of love for Sam, who is one of the most favored of favorite sons. Walk around the town where Sam's on the air, and just try to find a radio that aren't tuned in to his program. Maybe, after trying it, you'd rather take up the pleasant pastime of combing haystacks for pets and needles. I sure would.

Then once this summer a mammoth civic minstrel show was held in Richmond, and during the four days run who keep the place up, but the owner himself acts as overseer and everything that is done is under his personal supervision. More often than not, too, you'll find him pitching in and doing a good share of the chores about the farm.

The house is largely furnished with gifts from many of his radio admirers, and one of the most striking pieces there is a walnut highboy from a listener way off in Connecticut.

S A M's human friends are not the only ones welcomed at "Justamere," for the splendid home contains quarters for his feathered neighbors. Eight birdhouses, one of them with eighteen rooms, have been installed in trees about the place, and landlord Sam reports that none of them are unoccupied. The birdhouses are products of one of his special hobbies—woodworking. He has a complete workshop and woodcutting outfit with which he tinkers on rainy days.

The most privileged character at "Justamere" is the handsome German Shepherd dog who is Sam's constant companion and the real guardian of the estate. He takes excellent care of both his master and the farm and is on duty twenty-four hours a day. If anything goes wrong—even if Sam forgets to close the gates leading to the place, the dog barks incessantly until the trouble is remedied.

One thing about "Justamere" is truly characteristic of Singin' Sam. The farm surrounds the original site of the old swimming hole where he spent many happy hours as a boy. It is just like him to return in his success, buy the old swimming hole and the land around it, and revivify the memories of his youth. The hole had dried up long since, but he built a modern and up-to-date concrete swimming pool which is the mecca of all the younger folk of Richmond. One of Sam's first loves is fly-fishing, and he has plenty of opportunity to indulge that pastime on his own little river. Just a short time ago visitors dropped in unexpectedly and a hired man set out to locate the host, who was nowhere to be found. Half an hour later the visitors saw the hired man returning with what appeared to be an ordinary ham. On closer inspection the unpretentious and disreputably clad bum turned out to be Sam, who had been wading unsupervised in the river up to his knees in search of a slender supply. He has fished all parts of the country and owns a considerably valuable collection of fishing equipment, including a number of rods which he had expertly constructed himself.

From his many fishing and hunting expeditions, Sam has become quite proficient as an outdoor chef, and any of his friends who visits his farm is almost guaranteed a participation in his construction of a concrete swimming pool which is the mecca of the most striking success of his many endeavors, containing practically everything but the very instruments of the chase. The rugged troubadour has always been a stout and energetic athlete. As a boy in Richmond, he was on the basketball team and the gridiron for his high school team, not to mention playing on the first basketball team formed there. In those days basketball was a new game and there was a popular misconception that it was a game for girls. Few of his schoolmates were foozlehead enough to suggest that it was. He plays golf with Walter Hagen...

He picks tomatoes, harvests grain, and can milk a super cow. He's a bit too rugged for them to take such a chance and count a dime.

His main outlet for all this fun is now the ancient Scotch pastime of golf and he usually manages to do pretty well at that. But he gets the severest training of his life this summer when he has been on the one day a week with his friend Walter Hagen and got nothing more for his pains than a bit too rugged for them to take such a chance and count a dime.

The summer is pretty nearly over now, and like all good things, Singin' Sam's Seventh Heaven will draw to an end for the present. In the meantime its way into print, it'll be off to New York again to resume a full schedule of Columbia network broadcasts.

Harry Frankel

...He's been on the farm all summer...
His LIGHT Dimmed
By BIG NAMES

Al Goodman, Fannie Brice, Peppy D'Albree and Jack (Baron) Pearl on the beach at Cannes, France . . .

where he studied with such pupils of musical pedagogy as Ernest Hedin and Howard Brockway.

He made a friend at this institute, a young man like himself who was studying orchestral effects and direction. Imagine now, Goodman studying voice, and this other young man studying the intricacies and principles of orchestra direction. Time has played a peculiar trick on both. Today, Goodman is encircled at the top of the ladder of orchestra leaders, while the other who studied orchestras, is being acclaimed as the greatest baritone of the decade, John Charles Thomas. As if it hadn't played a peculiar enough trick, fate decided to "shoot it all" in the musical production "Maytime" when Al Goodman was the orchestra and musical director, while the show featured the singing of John Charles Thomas.

COMING to the "big city," he started off as do many, playing piano in a music publishing house. But Goodman's light couldn't be hidden even under the barrel of a music publisher. Earl Carroll, young man with big ideas around town, had received the assignment to go to California and write a musical show for Morocco, the zeppelin of his time. Having watched Goodman work at the piano and having discussed music together, Carroll chose him to help in writing the music. Later, Goodman also worked on musical comedy books, but perhaps we'll find time for that in another part of this story. On the coast, the two neophytes in the musical comedy writing game woke one morning to find they had written and directed one of the greatest hits of all time—"So Long Letty." This was the "big time" beginning of Al Goodman and it also marked the first instance of Al Goodman, the underdog man.

Every profession and calling has an underdog man. One who is well versed and schooled in the thing he does, so that he is the important cog in the machinery and work of another, who reaps the public's acclaim, Goodman had done his share of "So Long Letty," yet it was to every- one's advantage to look on one person as being the creat- ing genius, and Al was not the one called for the job. He was called for what became a very big job. It seemed that while Al was leading the music of "So Long Letty" on

AL GOODMAN . . . Getting acquainted with the lion cubs at the Berlin (Germany) Zoo . . .

the coast, Al Jolson "caught" the show and immediately wired J. J. Shubert that he had to have the musical director of that show. Two months later, found both Jolson and Goodman back in New York, working on Jolson's new show, "Bumps. And he stayed with Jolson all through the great successes of the mopy singer, after which the Shuberts made him general musical director of all their shows. Yet every new show found the same condition. The star was of such greatness that Goodman's increasing shadow was still eclipsed by the shadow and bullyhoo of the star.


"How many more, AIP?" we asked. But there were too many even to remember.

And stories about them—oh about the stars. They flowed uncharted in one steady smiling stream. Greatness is marked with eccentricities. Take the Nora Bayes story, for example. As Al Goodman relates it, she would never feel happy unless he had invited twenty-five children to a mother—at least that number—and had them sitting in the pit. He, Al Goodman, was the boarder of the sweats and it was his duty to pass them out punctually to the two dozen or more children. His palm became so sticky he could wave the boston with his hand open.

If you talk to Al, he is very happy and satisfied. To a musician, his work is the thing, and Al is happiest in knowing that his music is the choice of the best. True, his shadow will continue to be eclipsed, if he continues in the company he has been keeping these fifteen years. Yet, in the custom of the Chinese, we can offer no better hopes for Goodman than the customary salutation of the Oriental who says "May Your Shadow Never Grow Less."
RadioCRITICTurns
ARTIST in One Jump

There's a Lot of Difference Between Writing Radio Stars and Being One Yourself

By Shirley Howard

Shirley Howard
"Radio is...glamorous...colorful...exciting...I love it..."

AM now singing on NBC. Rudy Vallée, that staunchest of friends and supporters, informed me that I am on the threshold of a new career, but I can hardly believe it so.

Less than six months ago, I was writing about Ruth Etting, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Yate Smith and the myriad of other notables in the radio world. Here I am today singing into the same microphone!

Each broadcast is a new start. Each broadcast must be sturdier than its predecessor. Radio is undoubtedly the most exciting field of endeavor in the world—but it is the most glamorous, the most colorful, the most exciting—and I love it!

Three years ago, I decided that a journalistic education was all the schooling I desired. I wanted to make my mark in the world. Originally, it had been my intention to continue with my education after I had finished my journalistic studies. No field of education was to be left unexplored. I pictured my name with many, many degrees fastened to the end of it. Shirley Howard, B.S., B.A., M.A., Ph.D., LL.B., L.L.D., and even possibly the highly prized M.D.

However, at the time I contemplated these many years of scholastic endeavor, I did not know that it would ever be necessary for me to pay my own way, or to provide for myself the necessities and luxuries a doing family had been providing. I never stopped to think for a moment where the money was coming from. Then came what we faintly remember as "the depression"—and there was barely enough money left for me to finish the study of journalism. Although it almost broke their hearts, those indulgent parents of mine had to inform me that I couldn't continue with my education after I had completed my course.

Jobs were few and far between in those days. First, I made the rounds of the New York dailies. Because of my youth, city editors would hardly believe that I had completed a course in newspaper writing. But the answer was always the same. They weren't hitting any reporters, and when they were hitting them again, there were so many experienced newspaper men out of work, that it would be possible to staff their respective papers from top to bottom. Nothing daunted, for inexperienced youth never accepts life from the cold practical side, I continued to make the rounds. Weekly and monthly magazine editors soon recognized me by name. Trade paper editors were beginning to have a harassed look whenever I entered the premises.

Eventually, I decided that I might do better in another city. I migrated to Philadelphia, and there was a lot of work in two days! I was a full-fledged member of the staff on a Philadelphia daily paper. True, it wasn't the largest paper in town, not was the salary I received of any great consequence—but I was now a full-fledged newspaper woman.

For a while, the rest of the "gang" on the news floor hadn't known how to accept me. I was one of the first women to work for that particular paper, and they didn't want the public to get any ideas. I was accepted as a matter of course. My willingness to work was met with a constant stream of assignments. One afternoon I was at the criminal court, getting the woman's angle on a notorious murderer. The next day, I covered a divorce trial. Another day, I might be assigned to cover a parade of Spanish-American War veterans. I became a familiar figure around the courts and the police precincts. And because I was a woman, it was often easier for me to swindle a lot of information out of a hard-boiled police captain than it was for some of the big shots.

Radio at that time, hadn't assumed the tremendous significance as it possesses today, but we had a radio editor. He was a kindly, inoffensive young fellow, whose only passion in life was fishing—and who could be particularly vituporative and vindictive through the medium of his column. I remember one time, when an Ivy League performer came in to locate our radio editor. To say that he had fire in his eye would be stating it mildly. When he finally located the young fellow, he was so dumbfounded to see a little, mild-mannered person, that he refused to believe he was the radio editor and promised to come back the next day to continue his search.

One day, our radio writer marched in and proudly announced that he had gotten a job as fishing and hunting editor for one of the large New York dailies. We all became a mutual congratulation society. Everybody fervently wished him well, and everyone secretly envied him. New York—and especially the daily with which he had landed a job—was the goal of all Philadelphia newspaper workers. Our managing editor sent out for great quantities of beer to celebrate the occasion, tactfully ordering some tarsatsparilla for me.

The next day, without any preliminary notice, I was blindly informed that I was the new radio editor. I protested that I knew nothing whatever about radio except turning the set on and off, and often I couldn't do that, when the set wasn't working properly. My objections were disregarded. I was told to listen to the radio, visit the local stations, and then I would even learn to take a trip to New York occasionally to listen to some of the larger commercial programs direct.

Let us suppose someone came along and said to you, "Here is a book written in Chinese. I want you to translate it, and I'll pay you so much per page. That was the way I felt about my radio job.

But this feeling didn't last long. The first thing I did was to hit up the local library, where I pored religiously over all the radio columns of the various papers for six months prior to any radio work.

When I was finished, I imagined I had a workable knowledge of radio and its people.

One day, the director of a station asked me to say a few words in front of the "mike" concerning a worthy charity campaign. I assented, and five minutes later, I was panic-stricken. The little microphone represented itself as an ogre to me, standing there waiting to swallow me up. A hundred times I debated with myself the advisability of calling up the station director and excusing myself one pretext or another. But I finally summed up enough courage to go through with it, and I was at the station as per schedule.

To say that my heart was in my mouth would be putting it mildly. I talked about four minutes—and I can't remember for the life of me what I said. They congratulated me afterwards and said that I did very well.

The turning point in my life came when I met Rudy Vallée back-stage at a Philadelphia playhouse when his famous Connecticut Yankees were appearing there—plus Rudy and his megaphone, of course. I jئتgingly told him that I could sing, and he demanded that I sing for him right then and there. I refused laughingly, and then fearfully, for although I had sung occasionally at parties and such, the thought of singing as a profession had never even entered the remotest corner of my mind. Finally, I sang. Much to my surprise, Vallée insisted that I sing another selection, and another, while the theater manager, who knew me as a radio columnist, stood around with a look of sincere surprise on his face.

Rudy emphatically told me that my voice belonged in radio. For a long time, I refused to believe it, but finally, I took advantage of his offer and came to New York. He had told me that any time I desired to leave the newspaper profession and go into radio, he would do everything he could help me.

In New York, Rudy sold me the way to start was to establish on one of the smaller stations, which I did. I was still active in the radio field—but what a difference! Instead of writing about radio's people and their efforts, I am one of them myself!
CONTENDED orchestras give sweet music.

At least, Mark Fisher's orchestra is a contented one, and it gives sweet music. By all the rules of logic, this proves something or other. Not of course, that I have the slightest desire to detract from the artistry of Mark Fisher, or, for that matter, to steal any stuff from the canned milk industry, but if you could see the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, where the Fisher magical muskies are currently at work, you would understand what I mean.

Perhaps the best illustration I can give you is that the members of the orchestra during their rehearsal periods wear bathing suits, and between numbers, stroll from the balcony on the beach walk where the rehearsals are conducted, into the cooling waters of Lake Michigan for refreshing dips. No wonder they like to rehearse.

But the most attractive feature of the rehearsals is Jean Fay, the vocalist with Mark Fisher's orchestra. She would be the most attractive feature under any circumstances, but this is particularly true because she, too, wears a bathing suit.

The wonder of it is that any member of the orchestra can tell the Sharp from four Hawaiians what with the bewy of beautiful symphonic sounds which make it a practice to group themselves about the band on its beach bandstand. But they can, and do, which speaks volumes for the powers of concentration of Mark Fisher's orchestra. There is no need to speak volumes for the bathing beauties who flock to the Edgewater Beach because they speak for themselves constantly.

But to get back to Mark Fisher and his orchestra—although it is hard to get back to anything from those pulsating, pulsating bits of femininity (see photographs)—they have been at the Edgewater Beach for ten months, and are still going strong. They were selected to play throughout the summer on the Beach for the detection of World's Fair visitors, and are broadcasting nightly over an NBC network.

Perhaps the best way to get to the Edgewater Beach is by trolley to Chicago's "Loop" and after twenty minutes' ride along the famous Oover Drive and Sheridan road you see two large buildings, a block apart, joined by a long concourse. The buildings are constructed in the Spanish style of architecture. A huge sign in front informs the visitor that this is the Edgewater Beach Hotel and that here Mark Fisher and his orchestra are playing.

The hotel is situated right on the shore of Lake Michigan, and it is said that it is within a stone's throw of the water. This apparently is quite true, because my companion, Al White, the cameraman, threw one of my shoes into the lake from our window. So that "stone's throw" stuff is no more advertising exaggeration.

Incidentally, it was Mr. White who took the pictures accompanying this article. He calls taking pictures like that his "work."

The day I visited the Edgewater Beach, the thermometer was doing acrobatics around ninety-five, but from the window of my room I could see and hear a group of pleasant young men on the sands below making the most seductive music. They looked extremely comfortable, so I went down to them, and started to ask questions.

The chap plucking the strings of a huge violin paused long enough to tell me that his name was Harlan Hansburg.

"And this," he said, indicating the young man next to him, "is Clarence Oliver."

Clarence Oliver acknowledged the introduction politely by giving "oom-pah! oom-pah!" on his tuba, so I turned to another young man who had just stopped forward and started to commit one of the most eccentric dances it has been my privilege to witness in a long while.

"If the Canals Don't Get You, Fisher's Orchestra Must," he sang with an Arkansas hillbilly twang that identified him in my mind as this fellow, "Ding!" Bell, I'd been hearing so much about. Ding concluded his recitation, and turned to me.

"How are you, pal?" he asked. "Mitt this guy—Mark Fisher."

Just then one of the most gorgeous visions you could possibly imagine hove into view. Talk about your sunsets on Lake Michigan! Say, you can see a sunset any clear evening. But this—oh, boy! It was Jean Fay, and Mark introduced us. Flaming red tresses, and what wave! Why say—but here! Here! This started out to be an article about Mark Fisher and his orchestra, and if I get properly started on Jean Fay, Mark Fisher and his orchestra will remain a deep, dark mystery, and it will be a shame there aren't more pages in Real Geree for me to fill up. So I'll tell you about her another time.

The Edgewater Beach Hotel is THE spot for a hard任何 old time at all, but this summer particularly, with the World's Fair in Chicago, every name band in the country practically tried to land the assignment. Mark Fisher beat 'em to it, and that is that.

The scene is a beautiful setting for his music. Off shore a couple of hundred feet, graceful white yachts undulate rhythmically with the slight swell of the lake, and the soft murmer of the breaking surf blends with the strains of the orchestra. Through the windows of the Marine dining room you look out over the broad expanse of water and a rush descends over the diners as Fisher's boys send their exquisite harmony (Continued on page 7)
YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

By The Voice of Experience

Advice for Radio Guide Readers

The Voice of Experience is now back on the air with a sustaining program Monday at 11:15 p.m., and CDT, and will be with you throughout the whole week on your radio, bringing you its weekly page of advice to Radio Guide readers.

Correspondents are assured that their letters will be held in the strictest confidence as sent direct to The Voice of Experience, All mail addressed to The Voice of Experience will be destroyed.

A special note for your guide: You will find it easier to follow the guidance of the Voice of Experience if you will address your letter to Radio Guide and your communication will be forwarded immediately to your guide, who will give it the same personal attention which he gives to all other personal correspondence.

Your Friend and Adviser

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Dear Voice of Experience:

We are anxious of Warren County Welfare House, Oxford, Ind., and are in need of a newspaper. The House is on a rural road, and about the only outsider we see in the postoffice, so you can understand how inaccessible it is to us. We have heard that most of our papers are delivered in the morning, and to get them is an hourly task. Our present source, however, has never yet conveyed his true sentiments toward her. Honestly he has been a very fine specimen.

Sister has come to me, very much worried over her friend, and she believes it is because of his feeling of inferiority that he has not made his intentions known to her. She suggests, therefore, that since she has come to feel so close to him, she might do something, in some way, to make him realize this. Is it a fact really involved? In this way she hopes to encourage him to reciprocate her feelings. How should I advise her?

Please answer as early as possible an edition of Radio Guide.

STEPHEN

ANSWER: Oh, Stephen, Stephen—have you and your sister stopped to analyze what you are doing? Your sister, whether you are able to say so or not, is asking you to solve a problem for her. She is asking you to buy her a husband. I have either of you ever encountered a man or a woman who purchased a mate with a tale, a title, a grand name, or social pretentiousness. These are not the dreams of mine; they are facts proven in thousands of cases until you might almost say that a definite rule has been made to which there are very few exceptions.

Fortunately, if we are to believe the weather vane, the clouds of depression are rapidly dissintegrating under the rays of the "New Deal." If this young man, then, has that dominating spirit which makes him the type of man—a desirable mate, it certainly will not be long before he will be unshackled from his worries of unemployment, and, if, in the meantime, he has not the dominant factor in his life, in all probability she will hear from him as soon as he feels that he is self-supporting. But, if it means the entire loss of the money which his sister now has to finance him, I should say that would be preferable to her experiencing a temporary arrangement with him which would be predicated to failure and hence to her loss of him at a later date.

I am not an authority on this subject, Stephen, whether you and your sister recognize it or not, and before I conclude, let me express the hope that if he is worthy of your sister

other regulars, I have not seen him for several years. Before my marriage, my husband and mother were divorced I found out, so did all of ours. Oh, my sis-

For your guide, I am not sure whether he has been brought to you or not. I am not sure what you mean by "discovery." He may not have been known, you see, in any sense of the word, under any obligations to him.

I will appreciate your reply in the RADIO GUIDE.

E. F. O.

ANSWER: I wonder if you realize, E. F. O., that instead of being a benefit to your brother you have allowed yourself to become an enemy by your attitude, not condemning you or the many others who have been in dealing with relatives. I do hope you have had the opportunity of observing your brother initially, but for twenty years now you have been his crutch and he has learned to lean upon you, with the result that the burden is beginning to fall up on his own hind legs and fighting his own financial battles.

A child when it is frightened or hurt, will run to its mother for protection and sympathy, but eventually we outgrow this childish trait and learn to face whatever life has in store for us on our own. That is, some of us do. Others never outgrow their childish dependence on another. And this applies to your attitude toward your brother. You have given him a right to assume that no matter what financial distress he encounters, all he has to do is to run to you; that you, brother, are broad and you'll assume for him the distress of his creation. That means that you are not allowing him to learn the art of facing adversity, the science of turning liabilities into assets. I have just written a new series of pamphlets, one of which deals entirely with "Adversity," in which I have dwelled on the standpoint of its being an asset, an asset that it would be worth your while to write and secure a copy of, digest it yourself, and then pass it on to your brother.

Twelve years is a long time for you to have lived your brother, financially, and financially, speaking, but if ever he is to become an adult and to enjoy any self-assurance together with the ability to work for his own livelihood, he must do the thing which is really easy to do and that is simply for you to make him meet his own obligations.

I must admit I am not a very good person for me to say, even though it means the loss of his home, even though it means the loss of his company, nothing is more important to me than it is to him, and yet I feel it is a way that can be done and that is simply for you to make him meet his own obligations.

I know it is not always easy or pleasant for me to say, but I know it is right. I know it is best for you to say, even though it means the loss of his home, even though it means the loss of his company, nothing is more important to me than it is to him, and yet I feel it is a way that can be done and that is simply for you to make him meet his own obligations.

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The Hummingbirds
Margaret Speaks, Katharine Cavalli, and Dorothy Greetley

Those Warbling Songbirds
Sidelines on the Career of Radio's newest Star Trio Yclept the Hummingbirds
By Donald Cooper

Johnson said his ladies couldn't be bothered with such things. It almost turned out that the Beckmessers of Broadcasting couldn't be bothered with Mr. Johnson, for he had to do everything himself before he could even get a hearing. Finally he was able to bring in his gang.

New to the scene were a number of contemporaries, exist to suggest what was uppermost in his mind. Scarcely had he settled on his sleeve of big-time programs, until the moment he was sent to the studio where the success of his clients, to do. But by and by a person may be able to get there by some other means. What is good for anything? What is built on the foundation of sense and thus effective to hold the tone-wise audience? Those are a few of the questions that continually baffled the boys of Tin Pan Alley.

There seems to be an answer in here the Hummingbirds, a so-called group of several bands. Some twenty odd months ago a young gentleman by the name of Arnold Johnson had an orchestra. It wasn't the first he had comboed, nor it was the last, but it was a nifty aggregation of musicians. Mr. Johnson was known to Broadcasters, theater managers, et al., at the time of our story he couldn't see to get quite what he was looking for. Mr. Johnson was another gentleman with an idea—something to do with voices in the orchestra, but out of it. This he did by the same old scheme, the maestro explained that his men didn't sing, but that he had three sweet young things to sing—not words, but instrumental parts. At that time the four estimable Mills Brothers, who are pretty well known now as stimuliators of instruments, were still obscure in the Middle West. Mr.

A ND who are they? Well, there's Margaret (Maggie to close friends) Speaks, who first saw daylight in Columbus, Ohio. Her father was a Congressman, and her uncle is Oley Speaks, the eminent American composer. Margaret's soprano voice was lifted on high during her college days at Ohio State and later in several prominent musical comedies and vaudeville acts. She has figured in and out of many notable radio programs around Manhattan, as a soloist and with various units.

Katharine Cavalli is a blonde, and she announces Jersey City as her first stop on the journey of life. Kay, as it was at dinner or at the club, wanted to be a fiddler, a dancer or something equally bizarre and iniquitous, and she considers Fritz Krenzel the hero of her imagination. Dorothy Greetley crashed this sphere in the history of Massachusetts—Walshum, if you must be particular—one April. Her gang call her Dottie, and she originally wanted to be a nurse. She got mixed up in her high school glee club and also studied piano for some time in music. Broadcasted occupied her attention early, in Boston, and it has kept her busy ever since. Light opera and concerts take up some of her spare time, and she also likes to play tennis and read, not to mention swimming and bicycling. Black cats trouble her, Nina Martinus sings to suit her taste, and she never gets enough of hors-�-racing.

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There seems to be an answer in here the Hummingbirds, a so-called group of several bands. Some twenty odd months ago a young gentleman by the name of Arnold Johnson had an orchestra. It wasn't the first he had comboed, nor it was the last, but it was a nifty aggregation of musicians. Mr. Johnson was known to Broadcasters, theater managers, et al., at the time of our story he couldn't see to get quite what he was looking for. Mr. Johnson was another gentleman with an idea—something to do with voices in the orchestra, but out of it. This he did by the same old scheme, the maestro explained that his men didn't sing, but that he had three sweet young things to sing—not words, but instrumental parts. At that time the four estimable Mills Brothers, who are pretty well known now as stimuliators of instruments, were still obscure in the Middle West. Mr.

A ND who are they? Well, there's Margaret (Maggie to close friends) Speaks, who first saw daylight in Columbus, Ohio. Her father was a Congressman, and her uncle is Oley Speaks, the eminent American composer. Margaret's soprano voice was lifted on high during her college days at Ohio State and later in several prominent musical comedies and vaudeville acts. She has figured in and out of many notable radio programs around Manhattan, as a soloist and with various units.

Katharine Cavalli is a blonde, and she announces Jersey City as her first stop on the journey of life. Kay, as it was at dinner or at the club, wanted to be a fiddler, a dancer or something equally bizarre and iniquitous, and she considers Fritz Krenzel the hero of her imagination. Dorothy Greetley crashed this sphere in the history of Massachusetts—Walshum, if you must be particular—one April. Her gang call her Dottie, and she originally wanted to be a nurse. She got mixed up in her high school glee club and also studied piano for some time in music. Broadcasted occupied her attention early, in Boston, and it has kept her busy ever since. Light opera and concerts take up some of her spare time, and she also likes to play tennis and read, not to mention swimming and bicycling. Black cats trouble her, Nina Martinus sings to suit her taste, and she never gets enough of hors-�-racing.

The Hummingbirds
Margaret Speaks, Katharine Cavalli and Dorothy Greetley

Those Warbling Songbirds
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Radio Guide

Features: Taylor Holmes 7:00 P.M. Walter Winchell 8:30 P.M.

For Your Album

3:30 P.M. CDT 4:00 P.M. CST

"WALT DISNEY'S MAGICAL MOONLIGHT" Featuring Leopold Jacobs

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 8:15 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 9:00 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 9:30 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 10:15 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 11:00 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 11:30 P.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 12:00 A.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 12:30 A.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 1:00 A.M. CST

WGN—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

WLS—Chicago (CBS)

WIND—Chicago (CBS)

WBBM—Chicago (CBS)

KRVN—Wichita (CBS)

KDKA—Pittsburgh (CBS)

WIP—Philadelphia (CBS)

WNEW—New York (CBS)

WOR—New York (CBS)

"Humphrey Bogart" 1:30 A.M. CST
Monday, September 4
Voice of Experience 2:15 P.M. CST

Minstrels 8:00 P.M. CST

8:00 a.m. CST to 7:00 a.m. CST
KYW-Franklin Square Choral Society (NBC)
WBBM-Music Time with Harry Strang (CBS)

8:15 a.m. CST to 7:15 a.m. CST
WBBM-Morning Time with Harry Strang (CBS)

8:30 a.m. CST to 7:30 a.m. CST
WBBM-Morning Time with Harry Strang (CBS)

8:45 a.m. CST to 7:45 a.m. CST
WBBM-Easter Sonatas, for organ (CBS)

9:00 a.m. CST to 8:00 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

9:15 a.m. CST to 8:15 a.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

9:30 a.m. CST to 8:30 a.m. CST
WBBM-Language for Children (CBS)

9:45 a.m. CST to 8:45 a.m. CST
WBBM-Morning Sonatas, for organ (CBS)

10:00 a.m. CST to 9:00 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

10:15 a.m. CST to 9:15 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

10:30 a.m. CST to 9:30 a.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, CBS)

10:45 a.m. CST to 9:45 a.m. CST
WBBM-Language for Children (CBS)

11:00 a.m. CST to 10:00 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

11:15 a.m. CST to 10:15 a.m. CST
WBBM-Morning Sonatas, for organ (CBS)

11:30 a.m. CST to 10:30 a.m. CST
WBBM-Morning Sonatas, for organ (CBS)

11:45 a.m. CST to 10:45 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

12:00 noon CST to 11:00 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

12:15 p.m. CST to 11:15 a.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

12:30 p.m. CST to 11:30 a.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

12:45 p.m. CST to 11:45 a.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

1:00 p.m. CST to 12:00 noon CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

1:15 p.m. CST to 12:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

1:30 p.m. CST to 12:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

1:45 p.m. CST to 12:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

2:00 p.m. CST to 1:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

2:15 p.m. CST to 1:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

2:30 p.m. CST to 1:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

2:45 p.m. CST to 1:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

3:00 p.m. CST to 2:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

3:15 p.m. CST to 2:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

3:30 p.m. CST to 2:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

3:45 p.m. CST to 2:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

4:00 p.m. CST to 3:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

4:15 p.m. CST to 3:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

4:30 p.m. CST to 3:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

4:45 p.m. CST to 3:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

5:00 p.m. CST to 4:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

5:15 p.m. CST to 4:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

5:30 p.m. CST to 4:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

5:45 p.m. CST to 4:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

6:00 p.m. CST to 5:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

6:15 p.m. CST to 5:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

6:30 p.m. CST to 5:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

6:45 p.m. CST to 5:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

7:00 p.m. CST to 6:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

7:15 p.m. CST to 6:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

7:30 p.m. CST to 6:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

7:45 p.m. CST to 6:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

8:00 p.m. CST to 7:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

8:15 p.m. CST to 7:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

8:30 p.m. CST to 7:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

8:45 p.m. CST to 7:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

9:00 p.m. CST to 8:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

9:15 p.m. CST to 8:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

9:30 p.m. CST to 8:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

9:45 p.m. CST to 8:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

10:00 p.m. CST to 9:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

10:15 p.m. CST to 9:15 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

10:30 p.m. CST to 9:30 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)

10:45 p.m. CST to 9:45 p.m. CST
WBBM-Classical Music (for children, NBC)

11:00 p.m. CST to 10:00 p.m. CST
WBBM-Local News, weather forecasts, and announcements (NBC)
TO A careless hurter of ground, and plums, radio sometimes tires of its novelty. But how would it have fared if the buried feet in the ground for two months had not been found? 

Jack Lorenz, who recently was dug up from a long-buried grave, living, is an instance. He took a four tube midget radio with him to the grave and the four tubes were decided to set a new ground hog record. He has been gone two hours, Jack is authority for the statement that he would have gone out if he could have heard the receiver available.

Of course, one may say that he was already that way or he would have been a stump. Still, wasn’t he so wise when you stop to consider the June and July weather? For Lorenz’s burial box never was warmer than 92 degrees when mercury above was bouncing 100.

What’s What

MYRT AND MARGE will defi-
initely be back in a few months.

In September . . . the Juen Paul (Street) show will be back in
children in programs in February, . . . that Teton set a new child
radio record with the help of his little
radio which he tuned with his toes.
At least he hopes it will be an endur-
ance try in a tank. Twenty feet under water, kept, in post-war days.

The winds of Broadway had... Eagles Pass, Texas, and Los Angeles stations. And the funniest radio might be when they were back. It was that the first program he did brought him a . . . they are singing "Ily, Noon and Nightingales" and on the Grace of Love.

MAPLE CITY FOUR

They return to the WLS Barn
Dance Saturday, September
22nd, in a program with Shaw and Addie’s ABC
NordicString, September
21st, at 9:30 p.m. and the WLS
String Quartet on Monday
night. Top to bottom: Art Jones, Fritz Morinker, Al Rice and Bill
(s) Pitterman.

waiting a call for Paramount screen music and the name of the show.

But during the summer, the receiver
was shocked when his toes withered.

And Happy Jack Turner is de-
vising a CUX-ABC this weekend for
WHAS, Louisville, and a local
commercial then back—well, more
than NBC did! . . . Perhaps Pat
Kennedy will have to destroy the
scenes likewise to prove worth.

Mary Steele and hubby Rob (NBC voice) are vacation-
ing, but Rob won’t return to the
beehives. He cut one of the red
lapis, or something. 

In September . . . the Juen Paul (Street) show will be back in a few months.

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Radio Guide Presents:
Jack and Joe
"Two Lomastics of the Air"
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
12:00 p.m. CST – 1:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—Franklin's Master
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice

Radio Guide:
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
3:00 p.m. CST – 4:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—East Coast Symphony (CBS)
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice

Radio Guide:
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
1:00 p.m. CST – 2:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—East Coast Symphony (CBS)
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice

Radio Guide:
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
11:00 a.m. CST – 12:00 p.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—East Coast Symphony (CBS)
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice

Radio Guide:
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
10:00 a.m. CST – 11:00 a.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—East Coast Symphony (CBS)
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice

Radio Guide:
Wednesday, September 6
Pipe Club
9:00 a.m. CST – 10:00 a.m. CST
KYW—Harry Potter's One-Man Show
WBBM—East Coast Symphony (CBS)
WCLF—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
WFLD—Fannie Cavanaugh, Phil Evan
WGN—A Day of Songs and Stories
WFLD—Adults' Hour (NBC)
WBBM—Springfield's Alice
On "Spencer Days" in the detective role made famous by his portrayal, return with the re- examination of Crime Clues, NBC-WAGA network on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7 p.m. CDT.

Reproduction of Portraits Covers (Each)

* Reproduction of portraits of radio stars appearing on the front covers of RADIO GUIDE are available for only $1.00 each. Originals of these covers are done by famous New York portrait artists. These artistic reproductions are made without the heavy black ink of the original and are suitable for framing. Now available:

- Bert Lahr
- Alice Lynne
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- Frank Parker
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- Kaye Stevens
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Buddy Hackett
- Red Skelton
- Redd Foxx

(continued on next page)
Radio Guide's Music Critic in Loch Lomond

...No motor cars have been allowed to enter this romantic region...

Glasgow

I had been advised that Glasgow would roost place to get away from and expected only to pass through on my way to get a glimpse of Bobby Burns land. Certainly, Glasgow isn't beautiful, the Scotch are hospitable. I found myself being entertained by a club where Duke Ellington was playing—minus symphony.

Sweepingly I took the train for Newcastle, and kept myself awake during the morning by renting a pair of radio explorers that could be plugged into the wall. It wasn't very satisfactory, but I was amused by watching my fellow-passengers, intently listening to get their money's worth.

A soprano sang "Comin' Through the Rye"—and the reception was comparable to that of the early days of radio in the United States.

European Reception

Reception in Europe always seems poor to me. Perhaps it is because I listen during the summer months in England; I doubt that the receiving sets generally are not so efficient as the average one in America. Nor is there central authority with power to distribute the channels easily as our Radio Commission does. And when I have been present in European broadcasting studios, the programs were not presented with the care that our are. Needless to say, most of the broadcasting studios on the continent are located in old buildings, not especially constructed for broadcasting.

In Norway

I visited Norway's largest radio stations—in Bergen, Oslo and Trondheim. They have just been taken over by the government which hopes to make a profit from their operation.

Formerly, the half-million dollars in revenue that is taxed from owners of sets, was turned over to private companies, who had a small additional income from advertisers. Advertisements are conventionally read all at the same time—twenty minutes set aside twice a day for the purpose.

Generally, I find that phonograph records are the best offerings. The folk is original. And when a Brahms' Symphony comes from Warsaw or Brussels, the reception is not worthy of careful attention. We have been spoiled in America. Opera and symphonies may be few, but they are superlative.

Bandstand and Baton

The summer is just about over, hectic days of 100 degrees in the shade, open pavilions and roof gardens will soon be replaced by the Indian summer days and nights with night clubs, restaurants and cafes. Slowly, big name orchestras are returning from their summer spots and their August road trips, and we expect to see some permanent cold weather stands.

Ace Brigade returns to Chicago with his Virginians, opening September 9 at the redecorated Merry Garden ballroom in Elgin. In addition to the broadcasts, Brigade has completed a tour of the Midwest, west, with a stopover in Cincinnati.

October 15, Gus Aronheim will be back in the Beverly-Wilshire, Los Angeles, Ted Fish-Rio returns to the Palace, San Francisco, and CBS wires five days before that. Gary Lamberts leads for Manhattan as soon as he closes the season at Chicago's Delis. Hal Fish and Clyde McKay, after short vacations and one-night stands, resume Testeryes from their Chicago stands, the Blackhawk and the Drake hotel.
Radio Guide

Saturday, September 9

Kaltenmeyer’s Kindergarten 3:50 p.m. WSB Greeting 8:20 p.m.

8:00 p.m. CDT ⎯ 8:00 p.m. CST
KWV—Musical Clock; weather program
WBBM—Popular Musical Program
WGNS—Windy City Chorus
WBBN—Babylon Broadcasts
WCTJ—Windy City Chorus
WHB—Public Health, John Blackwood
WBBN—Jesse James Band
WLS—Cumberland Riding
WBBM—Charlie Wilson’s Gala of the Air
WBBN—Public Service
8:15 p.m. CDT ⎯ 8:15 p.m. CST
WBBN—Breaking Club; orchestra (NBC)
WCTJ—Popular Dance Band
WLS—Tower Time
WBBM—Bob and Don, comedy and music
WBBN—Devin; Rev. F. S. Delaney
WLS—Frank W. Horsfall Orchestra
8:30 p.m. CDT ⎯ 8:30 p.m. CST
WBBM—Majestic
8:00 p.m. CDT ⎯ 8:00 p.m. CST
WBBM—Al and Les Ritter, piano duo
WAAB—Merry-Go-Round
WGNS—Entertainment
WLS—Vinegar Hill Club
WBBN—Freshly Hired Boys; orchestra
CFLC—School Period
WLS—Grand Old Rhymer
WBBM—Bass Chat
WBBN—Kodak
WCTJ—Polish Program
WBBM—New World Solos Orchestra (CBS)
WLS—Oscar Seitz’s Orchestra
9:00 p.m. CDT ⎯ 9:00 p.m. CST
WBBM—Leonard Soprano, organist
WBBN—Leonard Seville’s Orchestra
WCTJ—Songs of the Islands
WLS—Medicinal Food’s Program
WBBM—Leonard Seville’s Bell Boys; orchestra
WBBN—Board of Trade
WLS—Carrington Touring Ensemble
WHAG—Lewis Jones
WBBN—Luminous Angels
9:15 p.m. CDT ⎯ 9:15 p.m. CST
WBBN—Lyric Mill Ball Boy
WLS—Lea Standlee, red noses; vocal and dance
WBBM—Alleppey
WBBN—Ruth’s Orchestra
WLS—Purple Farmer Tours
WBBM—Judge’s House Orchestra
WBBN—_span_1.png
WLS—Walt Disney
9:30 p.m. CDT ⎯ 9:30 p.m. CST
WBBM—Larry Larson, organist (NBC)
WBBN—Jim Nee’s Two Centers
WCTJ—Dick Young’s Banjo Orchestra
KWV—The Yank Family
WBBM—Adventures of Helen and Mary
WLS—Sparkling Water Program
FLC—Swell
WBBN—Movie Personality
WCTJ—Motorcyclist Series
WLS—Industry and Crocheters World
WBBM—Polish Dances
WLS—Puppet Shows
WBBN—Edison Laboratory
9:45 p.m. CDT ⎯ 9:45 p.m. CST
WBBM—To be announced
WBBN—American Baguer
WCTJ—Blondie Program
WLS—Skol Program
WBBM—Rhythm Review
WLS—Rhythm Review
WBBN—Art and Frank, vaudeville
WCTJ—Dick Young’s Piano Center
WLS—Dagobert Dodo’s Ramblers
10:05 p.m. CDT ⎯ 10:05 p.m. CST
WBBM—25,000 Miles
WBBN—Don Webber’s Ramblers (NBC)
WCTJ—10:05 p.m. CDT
WLS—10:05 p.m. CDT
10:25 p.m. CDT ⎯ 10:25 p.m. CST
WBBM—Johnny Bond
WBBN—10:25 p.m. CDT
WCTJ—10:25 p.m. CDT
WLS—10:25 p.m. CDT
10:45 p.m. CDT ⎯ 10:45 p.m. CST
WBBM—Orson Welles
WBBN—10:45 p.m. CDT
WLS—10:45 p.m. CDT
10:55 p.m. CDT ⎯ 10:55 p.m. CST
WBBM—Bartley
WBBN—10:55 p.m. CDT
WLS—10:55 p.m. CDT
WBBN—Journey’s End; Orchestra
WCTJ—10:55 p.m. CDT
WLS—10:55 p.m. CDT
Radio Guide

Chicago Studio PEEPS
By Rollin Wood

NORM SHERN
Youthful veteran pianist of the cab. First went on the air as '24 over WGO and has been kept busy ever since. Can beat him over WBBM, Monday, Wednesday and Friday on the Galaxy of stars program over WBBM.

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSTON, President of Roosevelt's National Recovery Act, has accepted the invitation to be the speaker of the day at the Annual Labor Day in Chicago sponsored by the Chicago Federation of Labor, which will be held on the grounds at A Century of Progress. The gates will be thrown wide at 9 a.m., Monday, September 4, and every one connected with labor of Lake Michigam is invited to attend. The program will last throughout the day from 10 a.m. until late in the afternoon.

PEGGY DAVIS
Blonde, bewitching Peggy Davis becomes a shanghaied lady when she plays the leading role in the Pas
cass Pot Pageant drama of love and revenge. Miami Nights, Saturday, September 4, at 9:30 p.m. CDT over NBC and WGN-AM. Davis production man and author in the past of other silver radiation, including Forty Fathoms Tramp, wrote the play, which is entitled "Contraband." The end of the stamp freighter, aboard which Miss Davis will find herself, includes the captain, played by Stanley Andrews, first mate, Arthur Jacobson, second mate, Jack Daughy, and a scow boy. (Dor Hope.

Saturday, September 2, marks the first anniversary of the popular WCFL comedy team, Tony and Joe, the Two Half-Boomers. In commemoration of the event, their program will begin at 8:30 p.m., fifteen minutes earlier than usual, and will include the appearance of many stage stars from currently playing attractions in the loop, all well-wishers of the team both of which have appeared in the past before the footlights.

The Log Cabin Boys, Freddie and Remo, now starring at WLW on the Tower Topics programs, have composed a new tune, "Hillbilly Wedding," that is getting quite a play since it was placed on sale. Tune them in Saturday at 9 a.m. CDT.

Mark Fisher's Boys
(Continued from Page 9)

ENJOY Rehearsals
out over the waves of the lake and the air.

Mark's own rich tenor voice is heard in some of the vocal numbers with drums, Miss Par, Mrs. Garcia, Bell, Oliver, and Emil Delpozli contributing their voices. After dinner, everyone gets out onto the Beach Walk, and early in the evening, Mark and the boys on the beach--as advertised in the program at the Barn Dance during Farmer's Week--convened the Fair officials of the drawing power of the WLS entertainers.

Miss Sillner, featured pianist in the Galaxy of Stars program round over WBBM at 10:15 p.m., Mon
day, Wednesday and Friday, says that "sillner," a Japanese delicacy, is not made by sweeping up the kitchen and cooking the results in a pot. We listen to Norm because we know he is an authority on Oriental foods. He's traveled through China, Japan, Philippines Islands, India and worked professionally in Tokyo, Shangai and Hong Kong. He should know his tea secrets!

The next will out! That's why a flood of letters from rural listeners reached WLS following the broad
cast of the national milk milking contest during Farmer's Week at the Cent

ary of Progress. Microphones placed close beside the cows picked the peculiar metallic, splashing sound of the first streams of warm milk striking the pails and listening farmers realized that they were hearing the real thing.

William L. Klein, director of the Germanic broadcasts, formerly heard over WCFL, and the now extinct WOCB, has returned from a two-month's trip through Europe where he has been scouting for new material. The aging of his dis
coveries in the Old Country may be heard daily at 6 p.m. over WIND.

Barns and Allen return to the Chicago Theater for a week beginning Friday, September 1.

Harriet Crane, WBBM and Columbus, sorsopent, along with the Nor Scenew Quant, have begun a new three-week series over WBBM. The show is sponsored by the Sleepy Water Company and is heard every Monday, Wednesday and Fri

day, from 5:00 to 6:30 a.m.

Miss Crane is celebrating her first anniversary with WBBM. It was just one year ago this month that a shy little girl from Lincoln, Nebraska, came in for an audition. In the try-out her voice failed to register very well until on an instinctive impulse the operator turned the microphone in an unusual direction and she was now rated as one of the mid-west's best sorsopenters.

The Evans Fair Company show, on Saturday night, September 3, WBBM at 6:30 p.m., is dedicated to the growing crowd returning soon to col

ege. The program includes the Big Ten Singers, doing college numbers, Jim Page, former North

western football star, Frank Wilson, the National Opera Company, and of course, the band leader, Gene Evens, known far and wide as the "Ike of Broadway band leaders." Also included in the band are three of our top radio stars, Misses Patsy Craig and Betty Tripp.

Mark's Boys will be heard by WGN on Sunday evenings for four weeks have removed with their spon

sor. They are a blending of music

mical and group and it's said a former arrangor for Paul Whiteman is in the party too.
The first week in Mark's program will be devoted to the recording of famous

mical concoctions used.

A free performance of the WLS National Barn Dance show will be presented as part of Chicago's Cent

ary of Progress each Wed

day at WLS. The Barn Dance is broadcast at 7:00 p.m. each day and as of now the shows are advertised in the Chicago Tribune.

Two new handsome pianos will be presented by the WLS staff, in commemoration of the Barn Dance, to the one who designs the best Barn Dance poster. The pianos will be of the type used in the Chicago Studio PEEPS.
Readers writing to this department are requested to confine their remarks to 250 words or less. All names of the writer will not be published unless desired. Address all letters to Voice of the Listener, Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

Boost for Luther

Westville, New Jersey

Dear V. O. L.:

After reading the slaughterous remark by the fellow in the column on 18-19 number, you would only kill the bird. Usually those people who are so inclined don't have the bad taste to do any thing about it. L. R. Bills, Home and Away.

Vicarious Traveler

Dear Editor:

There have been more than incidental in Dr. Carleton Smith's foreign appearing in "Radio Guide" this past few weeks because of his incalculable influence in the Air is my favorite feature of the GUIDES, as we see the classical programs and annouces in the column. When the chosen hour comes, there is only one program I mustn't miss, and that is Whyte's Tenor, because his voice is so satisfactory to my ears. Have any of you been missing it?

R. E. Brodeur

And Now This

Dear V. O. L.:

I hope one doesn't have to be a resident of the borough for their paper to hear a letter published, as I have been a GUIDES reader since the day it was published. I have not heard the last seven cents this letter isn't published. In this is my argument. Your July 32 was awful, as I want to read about Frank Crosby, Ralph or Harman or Howard Kirby. It never intended to be a vociferous (he, he) and he be-nor became one. Why not give us some pictures of doors of choristers, the original American music and real swell music at that. While I'd it'd like to say this Blog Crosby is glamorous as there seen only the 12 cromers on the air. Rudy Vallee and Will Wards. That remains un-opned door, no success. Gus Oscarburn get a burst. Lots of phones to Milly Perke, Event Possum and Harriett in the air. I believe the air is open. Of course being in the Baclan is the greatest thing in RADIO guide. From the headliner it's a sure choice. Can't pick out Elaine Stone, Carter Stone is dispicing. Before the raucous laughter they are the big network, for spending a quarter on the airwaves instead.

James Deluba

Want More Kids

Detroit, Pennsylvania

Dear V. O. L.:

I have been a reader of RADIO GUIDES and I am of the opinion that it is very much to the exception that there are not very many writers of the child stars. Since I have bought the GUIDES haven't been more than three of the child stars and I want to know if you think some of the child stars as Baby Rose Marie and Marilyn Monroe are as good or even better than the old stars. And in your next listings, I want to see some of the little ones that are so close to the character. I am a great fan of Harvey Sugar and Boggles and such. Have you heard of Helen Hovey? Why not Esther Williams and Bette Davis. The little one from Sunbeam Studios, be hot on programs of their own.

C. L. Colles

Gripping Over Jackie

The Oasis, Davenport, Iowa

Dear V. O. L.:

This is my third letter to you but I'll keep on trying and maybe I'll have some luck. Here's hoping. The answer to Keatt's letter concerning Jackie Hefley I'd like to add that I'm also for him 100 percent. The idol who possesses him must have been in a cross mood when he (as he listened to Jackie's broadcast. Jackie has a mendacious voice and I wouldn't miss one of his broadcasts if I could. It would be good help giving me a half smile when he does make me feel happy when I listen to him. A cultured phone in this province of Bard's. Their renewing clients to you, Jackie and also to you, RADIO GUIDE.

Jackie "Giggles" Hefley Fan

For Grace Moore

Bloomington, Illinois

Dear V. O. L.:

I hastily agree with Evans Possum of possum fame. She's a real personality and her air is on the air. The Radio's orchestra is outstanding. She sings and swells the air with her great voice. My phone up to Grace. I'm also a real fan of Jackie. Thank you for the card of crank. Indispensable paper.

L. T. Trett
Radio Guide

Along the Airwaves... by Martin Lewis

If ANY of you are baseball fans, then you probably know the story about Lou Gehrig, the Yankee star, when he was sent in to pinch-hit in the ninth inning. If you're not, the answer is that Lur- cip! He was then taken out of the game and player he pinch-hit for is on the outside looking in. I was hoping all the time I was away on my vacation that my boss didn't know the story, but somehow he did such a swell job as a pinch- hitter, I wasmarriage once again—never can tell.

My vacation was spent around the shores of Lake Michigan, in other words, Chicago and the World's Fair Grounds. I'm glad I'm back along the Airwaves, I was a good time and I should have known better.

Well, I spent a considerable amount of time over at the Blue Ribbon Casino where Ben Barrow is doing a capacity business nightly. I doubt very much if any visitor to the Fair didn't spend at least one night with the Oie Maestro. To try and convey my opinion seven columns is as easy as having a tooth pulled.

Before I ramble on, I must tell you about a few of the items which are a must with all the radio listeners, Lottie Jutterfield. I'm often asked by my audience and by the Lithgow Reader page things about this subject, and I appreciate what all the applause was about. I must confess that I was a bit apprehensive that you fellows are sending me letters which says that you see a few minutes after you want them. It's amusing to use it when you're on a high seat and handling the microphone like a pro. I hope you enjoy the way he voiced out those olds as he used to.

Looking Up

It LOOKS as if the radio broadcasting business is going to have its best season since its inception. Most of the good spots have already been sold and you're being hearing a lot of your old favorite programs and some new ones too.

At the present time there is very little in the way of new stars on the air, but you will be hearing new stars on the airways this fall with as much flavor as you can take of the nowhere and rise to fame over the Stations.

Most of the new programs are very much like the old, with the exception of a few new specials. One of the new ones is a special from the Riverside Theater called "The Widows' War," which is produced by WPTZ, New York.

A new series from the NBC network marks the premier concert of the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and the first evening of the new series, Sunday, October 10, the people will be shown a new format in music, a real Great Moments in History program.

I predict that this concert's "Old Time Religion" and "A Man of War" will be repeated by listeners as often as Jack Paar says "You are there, "Shirley & Ed Wynn's Show of Shows.

Speaking of Edna Hall and Cliff Hall, they'll be back on the NBC network with a half-hour show for Lucky Strike starting Saturday, October 7, at 8:30 p.m. CDT. Will you be back to hear this show?

Old Friends Back

The parade of your old favorites starts immediately. Last Monday afternoon I spoke to the last of the old favorites and your friend and admirer, the Voice of the Century, Lillian Roth. She's now in New York in a new weekly sustaining spot for the Voice and he heard every Monday afternoon for 4:15 to 7:30 p.m. CDT. His commercial series starts at 4:15 p.m. CDT, and he will be heard each morning except Sunday at 7:30 to 7:45 a.m. CDT, and Wednesday at 12:30 to 12:45 p.m. CDT. It's the first time in its history that he has been heard on Wednesday nights from 7:30 to 8:00 p.m. CDT, a new time for you, as Voice of the Century fans make a song of it.

Mrs. W. F. Glennow, Pa.—Jean Sorensen was born in Philadelphia and began her screen career at the age of fifteen for the studio "The Two Orphans," a serial picture which she was a part of. She remained in vaudeville, making reputation tours of various circuits. Came to radio in 1931 as a dramatic ingrate but has since developed a flair for comedy and dialect characterizations. Has appeared on the air with Harry Richman, Eddie Cantor and George Price and was featured recently as "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the latter as the "Smiley and "Ragtime," the later...
HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—New York Sun 100th Anniversary, James E. O. editorial writer. “A Hundred Years of Independence Journalism.” CBS-WIND at 6 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—WSB 50 kw. Cristening. Lunden, Rice, Kay, L. C. Variety Show, NBC-WMAQ at 10 p.m.

COMEDY
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—Bert Lahr, Homay Bailey and Lee Sims, with King, Taylor, Holmes, M., C., NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.
George M. Cohan, Revelers and Al Goodman’s Orchestra, NBC-WGN at 8 p.m.
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—Minstrel Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
Clara, Lu ‘n’ Em, NBC-WGN, daily excepting Saturday and Sunday at 9:15 a.m.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—Ben Bernie and his Band, NBC-WLS network at 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—Fannie Brice and George Gershwin, with NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.
Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo’s orchestra. CBS-VGN at 8:30 p.m.
Harry Richman and Milton Berle with Fred Waring’s Pennsylvania Boys, CBS-WGN at 9 p.m.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Guest comedians with Red Skelton’s orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.
Melanes’ Baby, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Funicello, and Michael Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Walter O’Keefe, Ethel Shutta and Their Orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.
Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, Freda Grove’s orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
Phil Baker and Harry McNamara, Roy Sheild’s orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—Rey Knight’s Cackoo Program, NBC-WGN at 9:30 p.m.

MUSIC
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—Howard Barcon’s Columbia Symphony orchestra. CBS-WIND at 2 p.m., also CBS-WGN, Monday at 9:45 p.m.
Willard Robinson’s Symphonic Serenade. CBS-WIND at 4 p.m., also Thursday at 9 p.m., and Saturday at 8:30 p.m.
In the Modern manner with Johnny Green, composer-conductor, and Conrado Nielsen, CBS-WHK at 7:30 p.m.
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—Freda Grove’s orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p.m., also Wednesday at 8 p.m.
Fray and Braziotti, piano team, CBS-WHN at 7:45 p.m.
Harry Hoey and Gypsy, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
Andre Kostelanetz presents Gladys Rice and Evan Evans, CBS-WGN at 9 p.m.
Gas Hammosen’s orchestra, Olmman and Arden, Conrad Thibault and Arlene Jackson, NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p.m.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—California Melodies, CBS-WGN at 9 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WENR at 9 p.m.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Paul Whitman’s orchestra, Al Jolson, Deems Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton and others, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Concert with Jessica Dragonetti, NBC-WKN at 7:30 p.m.

PLAYS
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WBBM at 6:30 p.m., second episode at 7:15 p.m. over CBS-WIND.
Dewitt Darby’s “Telescope of the Foreign Legion.” NBC-WLS at 8:30 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Walter O’Keefe’s Ethel Shutta and Their Orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.
Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, Freda Grove’s orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
Phil Baker and Harry McNamara, Roy Sheild’s orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—Rey Knight’s Cackoo Program, NBC-WGN at 9:30 p.m.

RHAPSODY IN BLOOEY!

By David Ross

"The best way to make a one-dime show a winner is to have a story of the day, a star, some good music and a local personality." Thus, indeed, had David Ross, the famous New York radio writer, written the story of "Rhapsody in Blooey." 

The program had all the elements for success: a good story, a local personality, a good story, and some good music. The result was a hit, and the program was repeated every week.

The story was about a young man who was trying to make a name for himself in the music business. He was a talented musician, but he had trouble getting his work heard. He was determined to succeed, though, and he finally landed a job on a local radio station.

The music was provided by a local orchestra, and they played some great songs. The personality was a local TV star, who added some humor to the program.

The program was a hit, and it ran for many years. It was a great example of how good radio can be, and it helped to launch the careers of many successful musicians.