Myrt's Own Story of Her Trip to South America

TO THE SOUTH POLE WITH BYRD BY RADIO

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Success Is a Habit
With Irene Beasley

Ever since she was a little child, she has been a talented singer but her aim is to be a star on Broadway and she has never failed to realize an ambition yet

by Lewis Y. Hagy

Irene Beasley aged 7 months (center) aged 3 and (bottom) as she is today

Introducing (top) Irene Beasley aged 7 months (center) aged 3 and (bottom) as she is today

Not the correct, or perhaps I should say orthodox, manner of starting a story like this, I am aware. So I might as well explain that when I first entered on this subject, I was only saying what swept through my mind the first time I met Irene and heard her sing. And believe me, you, too, if you could meet her and hear her sing, would know right away that it is a platinum chinch she will land in lights on Broadway.

Of course, she has a lot of talent, this glamorous beauty. But not just a lot of talent. Just a lot of talent is a dime a dozen along Broadway anyhow. You have to have something else, an indefinable thing that is hard to make come out of a typesetter. Maybe you will understand what I mean if you will listen while Irene sings for you any Monday, Wednesday, or Friday over an NBC network. At any rate, I am sure that you will be able to conjure up for yourself a pretty accurate mental image of her—a mental image of a charming, very gracious young woman. But wait. Let us begin at the very beginning.

Music, apparently, was in Irene's blood and when she was born, in a rambling, white-pillared home—one of those old plantation homes you see in pictures—near Memphis, Tennessee. Music must have been in her soul then. For when she was only twenty months old, she could sing the whole verses of "Home on the Range," "Row, Row, Row Your Boat," and "Two Little Hands," "Billy Boy," "Come, Sister, Come." Not only sing them, but sing them, I am informed, more or less tunefully.

Perhaps I had better explain that my informant was one of those Baby Books. I find there written which fond parents subscribe, with chronologic sentiment, the achievements of their offspring as such achievements occur. I learned a lot about Irene from that Book. Even some items that in my kindness I will forebear from handing along to you. But I think that is important to the story, that singing four songs at twenty months. I'll bet you couldn't do it.

Irene's first public appearance was at the age of three and one half years, when at a Sunday School Children's Day celebration, she twiddled fetchingly upon a platform, and obliged with "Come All Ye Who Love the Lord." By the time she was four, she could sing still more songs, and also could accompany herself on the piano, perched perilously upon some books; playing by ear, but never a sour note. Another thing you couldn't do. I can't even do it yet.

Irene then added more items from the Baby Book, and then we will go on. One is that at the age of one year, she could walk up the broad stairway of her home without assistance, a fact not particularly relevant to the story of her subsequent career. Another is that the first word she was heard to utter was "papa" and the second (and here is something I consider significant) was "boy." She has found extensive use for that second word, and has been saying it pretty frequently ever since. Boy friends flocked around the Beasley place in large herds during her early life, and now—well, while regrettably I cannot speak from any personal experience, I gather they simply get in one another's way.

With the exception of recording the fact that from the time I mentioned, when she was twenty months old, she has never deviated from a consuming love of music, has never passed a day without study and practice, the next few years are not particularly important. Not to you and me, I mean.

Her parents, both of whom were devotees of music, encouraged Irene, of course, although they would have viewed her efforts in a vastly different light had they been able to peer into the future, and foreseen that she would ever do anything about music professionally.

So we stop a few years, during which Irene's family moved away from the beautiful tree-bordered home, into Texas. There she went to school, and from a report card (in the Baby Book) you would infer that she must have been the answer to the school teacher's prayer. There wasn't a mark under ninety. Later, she came north to an exclusive finishing school, and then went back home to become a school teacher herself. The story really begins there, with her teaching music and mathematics. I mean the story of her coming to radio; the story of the Irene Beasley who knows it all.

Irene wrote a song. Wrote it in the old moments, when she wasn't busy teaching school or going to parties.

She winkled an indulgent father into having it published, and he gave her that, as you give your child a toy. She wanted the kick of having published a song, but when it came actually to singing it, she never did. Too timid. But when her vacation time came, she went to Memphis, and published it per the song along.

In Memphis, she played accompaniments at a radio station. Remember, she had never really done any singing. But one night the radio station wanted a song, and wanted it right away. So Irene sang her song, scrawled green. I guess it must have been a pretty good song, because it made a profit, over and above what it cost to publish, of five hundred dollars.

So there ended Irene's teaching days, save for one brief interlude later on. She took the $500 and talked her parents into letting her go to Chicago until it was used up, and then you are.

A booking agent in Chicago sent her into a Cleveland theater, where they said she was pretty good, and with delightful candor she will tell you herself that they probably were not under-instructing the case. But Irene was doing the thing she wanted to do, whether the customers liked it or not. And anyhow, she couldn't have been quite as bad as they said, because the $500 did not run out, and I have never noticed that they keep on paying you for being consistently awful.

Besides, she wound up by playing the Oriental Theater in Chicago, with Paul Ash. That was a funny thing. She had promised her father that if she ever achieve height of playing the Oriental Theater in Chicago, Paul Ash, she'd come home. But she couldn't bear to around the house all day doing nothing, so she got ano teaching job. Music and mathematics again.

Maybe, she'd have stayed home that time, if she had happened to meet the southern representative of the Victor company. He was looking for material for records, and had material for records, so it was what you might call natural. You see, she'd written other songs after that first one, and she gave those to the Victor man. He liked them, Irene made some tests. (Continued on Page 17)
I've Been Places And Seen Things

Myrtle steps out of character to tell you about her South American jaunt with the Browns to gather the material that you are now enjoying with "Myrt and Marge"

by Myrtle Vail

It was one grand trip. I could talk about it for hours, but then the editor told me not to try to cover the entire journey; merely to "hit the high spots." There were many. I couldn't tell them all. Anyway, I'm saving some of them for you in future episodes of Myrt and Marge.

Just to get started properly, I should tell you that when Mr. P. K. Wrigley suggested that Bobby Brown, my producer, and I go to South America to gather color and new situations for our program, I agreed post haste. I had always wanted to see South America. I had met Bobby and his wife. They were as overjoyed as I.

We sailed from New York to Rio de Janeiro aboard the Southern Prince. And here are some of the things Bobby's log books revealed.

Salt Water Investment Company, Inc. That was the firm name of the mysterious organization that Bobby, together with John Hegeman, builder of Radio City, and Dr. Seuss (Ted Geisel), who draws those fantastic insects for the bug-killer ads, formed after three days at sea.

The passengers had not been missing much. That just couldn't be, with such a long trip ahead, so the Salt Water Investment Company came into being. Shares sold for three dollars. Bobby, Mr. Hegeman and Dr. Seuss canvassed the passengers and became acquainted with them by selling them "stock."

The purpose of the company was to conduct tournaments of all kinds—sports, cards and even a masque ball—and employ the money to purchase prizes. Bobby and his conspirators promised to pay off at the end of the journey in liquid dividends.

One of the first share-holders was Mrs. E. M. Gilmer, a bright-eyed, keen-minded, elderly woman. (Perhaps you'd know her better by her newspaper syndicate writing name for forty years—Dorothy Dix.)

I won't forget soon the winter of the men's prize at the masque ball. His costume consisted of an umbrella, a bed-sheet and dark glasses. No need to tell you that he represented Gandhi.

Our sky has more stars; our sea, it is more blue; our mountains have more color—and our ladies, yes, they are greater ladies. So spoke Paulo da Rocha Viana, wealthy Brazilian, in his sincere enthusiasm as we approached the harbor of Rio de Janeiro at night on Thursday, July 27.

It was a most inspiring sight. No wonder Rio is called the most beautiful city in the world.

First we passed Cape Frio. Then we saw far away a bright white spot. It was the floodlighted statue of Christ on the Corcovado, high peak looking down upon the city. In the blackness of the night, it appeared to be floating in the sky. Then a string of pearls—lights of the city—became visible along the shoreline.

As we approached the harbor, the Christ appeared to settle down; the city lights brightened. It was one o'clock in the morning and weather was ships, and then, most dramatically, at that very moment, the Christ disappeared. The lights had been extinguished.

Snowbound in Mendoza, Argentina. It doesn't sound possible in August, but remember, when it's summer in the United States, it's winter in the Argentine.

Bobby and Mrs. Brown had preceded me by one day, taking the Trans-Andean train from Buenos Aires bound for Valparaiso, Chile. The Andes are high—23,000 feet. I wanted to fly over them.

The train carrying the Browns was stopped at Mendoza. "Snow bad in the mountains," was the explanation. Mendoza is in the foothills. They say its inhabitants make their living from the passengers of stalled trains. The Browns had to wait a week before the train went on.

But I wasn't so smart, after all. My plane was grounded likewise at Mendoza because of the stormy weather ahead. Mrs. Gilmer was on the same plane. We had a high time waiting for the station and the airport each morning, hoping that we would be able to get away.

The Browns almost missed the train after being stalled a week! The manager of the hotel at Mendoza told them on the morning that the train really continued its journey, that it would not even until 7:20. Bobby understood it to leave at 7:20, and went to the station early just to be sure. The train left at 7:20. Evidently, the manager wanted their company for another week.

"What?" asked a junior officer of the Santa Barbara, on which we were sailing up the western coast. "Shall I do with Mr. Shaw?"

"What?" asked the Captain. "Mr. Shaw," repeated his subordinate. "What shall I do with Mr. Shaw?"

"Hang it all don't bother me. Put him at my table."

"But you don't."

(Continued on Page 17)

Photographs by Bobby Brown
Frank Novak — A One-Man Band

He started playing musical instruments at three years of age, and now try to find one that this boy can't handle

by Mark A. Luescher

Frank Novak plays trombone, trumpet, ensemble, and drums, and is no mean musician himself. His appearance may be recalled by some as leader of his own band at the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson.

And so with such gifted forebears and brought up in such an influence it is not surprising to find Frank playing on everything that can be played. But he went them one better—he plays all the instruments.

Born September 17, 1900, he played his first musical instrument at the age of three, and as everyone will surmise his first recreation was the drums. He was only four when he appeared with a thirty-piece concert band in Chicago, and he chose for his solo the American Patrol, which with crescendos, decrescendos and climaxs is no clinch for a grown-up drummer to master. But Frank's desire to conquer wider fields was already apparent so he proceeded to take on bells and organ chimes, and from these quite naturally to xylophones. About this time the strings intrigued him and he began to study violin with Alma Trinka and Edward Machek. At eight years of age he accompanied his mother in a Western concert tour, playing a collection of five instruments.

To the workers at Radio City, he sounded like an orchestra...

FRANK NOVAK

... he is master of more than forty instruments.
There are skeletons in their closets—and I mean skeletons: I'm talking about a lot of those high-profile network stars who command anywhere from five hundred to several thousand dollars per broadcast—and they've arrived. I'm talking about personalities like Bing Crosby, Phil Harris, Guy Lombardo, Kate Smith, Wayne King, Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and enough others to occupy most of the space on this page if I wanted to name them one by one.

The skeleton is portrayed in the upper right hand corner of this page. It looks something like a cross between a phonograph and a hydraulic press but it is neither. It is the recording machine—a complicated gadget which takes the dulcet tones emitted from a crooner's mouth and translates them into scratches on a wax disc. Once those tones are scratched on the wax, there isn't anything the victim can do about it. There is and, for years, the little children of that master disc can keep jumping up in the most unexpected places to plague their author's life and give his managers bad moments.

To be a little more specific—at the moment, the very personable Phil Harris, a comparatively recent addition to the list of 'big-name' orchestra leaders, is being embarrassed by the constant broadcasting from small-change radio stations of electrical recordings which he made before he broke into the charmed circle of network stars. To the unnerved, the fact that Station WYAP, the Voice of Horse Falls, is able to broadcast the music of Phil Harris and his orchestra to advertise anything from Dr. Burny's Corn Cure to Bosco's Dental Clinic causes mild wonderment. To the sponsor who happens to be paying big money for the same band music on the network, this same fact causes a not so mild case of the jitters.

Perhaps it is a trifle unfair to single out Mr. Harris because, between announcements that this week only you can buy an absolutely-looootte genuine Alaska Sealy fur coat at Gimberg for $1,000 and ninety-eight cents—even ten weeks to pay—etc., you can also hear the music of Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith and nearly all the others from Station BLWA. This is a WEAK and so on until you finish the list of the fifty and hundred waltzes that clutter up the kilocycles from Maine to California and back again.

Of course, there are stars for the lure of that comparatively small change? Well, if the truth must be known, the early careers of radio stars are not all beer and skittles, as the saying goes. Small stations—and even a large percentage of the big ones—do not pay for talent. The potential star has to go along for years building himself up by performing over the air for nothing. At the same time, he has an appetite and, perhaps, a family.

Old Doc Kurall, who peddles a concoction of alcohol, water and coloring matter at one buck per bottle, F.O.B. Squirrel Gulch, suddenly discovers that he isn't selling as much of his marvelous remedy as he did last year. He decides that he will launch a great advertising campaign over the radio. He goes to the recording studio, arranges to have a one-horse orchestra or an obscure vocalist hired to make some records for fifty or a hundred berries and, after he warbles the merits of Kurall's Indian Tea, which removes all traces of appendicitis, warts, chilblains and money within twenty-four hours, into the mike, the recording is completed by the musical performance.

Now he has a master disc and, from that, he has an innumerable number of other discs made. These are mailed out to all of the one-horse radio stations from coast to coast whose time can be bought for little or nothing. These stations are not all concerned about the little matter of investigating the merits of Dr. Kurall's product. All they want is a cheap rate for the time and the privilege of filling in the spaces between the outbursts of advertising hooey with musical recordings that are not too terrible.

In the meantime, the star has arrived. People all over the country have heard him on the networks—read about him in the new-sapers and radio magazines. Perhaps, they have even seen him in the movies. When these same people hear the star over station WYAP in connection with a lot of ballyhoo for Indian Tea, they frequently fail to notice the announcement that: "This is an electrical transcription."

If this big star is being sponsored by Indian Tea, the product must be meritorious, they reason. Out they go and buy Dr. Kurall's medicine.

But from the momentary alcoholic stimulation, Dr. Kurall's Indian Tea fails to cure papa's rheumatism, or mama's goiter, or son Willie's chilblains. The resentment thus aroused is not against Dr. Kurall so much as against the star.

Of course, Doc's advertising campaign has to wind up sometime and, when it does, the star, if he doesn't know any better, may have a sigh of relief. But the Doc always has a contract and the master disc. The contract gives him the right to use that record which the star made as often and as long as the Doc happens to see it.

The star wasn't a star when the Doc hired him. But the Doc watches his progress. Imagine the Doc's exasperation when he discovers that he has contracts and records of a new national figure—a boy who is burning up the networks and winning all kinds of plaudits and publicity. The Doc goes to his files, extracts the contracts and the records, dusts them off carefully and starts a new advertising campaign.

Meanwhile, as in the case of Phil Harris, the new star is signed up for an expensive commercial on the network. He is sponsored by a reputable and progressive company, producing a product with genuine merit. Suddenly the small station bursts on the air with their electrical transcription of this same star's music. The sponsor buys up because he contracted for the exclusive services of a "big name" and he isn't getting them. The star himself is embarrassed by the fact that people frequently confuse his sponsor with Doc Kurall. And the sponsor frequently fails to renew the contract as a result.

But these complications are not confined to the stars who have actually made electrical transcriptions for broadcast purposes. Everyone of them who has ever made a phonograph record is subject to the same annoyance. The records might have been made for home consumption but, once they are placed on sale, the star has no control over them. Any cheap little radio station can broadcast them as often as it desires as long as it conforms to the Federal Radio Commission's ruling and announces them as phonograph records.

Some stations even transcribe the records with studio applause, going to the extreme limit in their effort to deceive the public into thinking that Morton Downey is actually singing over WYAP.

Some radio stars who are wise enough to anticipate the danger of making recordings but nevertheless want the revenue from this source have been wise enough to use other names for their electrical transcriptions. You will hear these recordings broadcast every once in a while and recognize the style of your favorite dance band if you listen closely. Even if the announcement does say it is 'Joe Boone and his orchestra,' you don't have to believe it.

If you are a radio performer and that "ole debil," the transcription man, comes around knocking on your door, don't forget the lesson that so many stars have learned all too late. You must have something or the "ole debil" wouldn't want you and, if you listen to his line, you'll probably work some day that you hadn't.

And my tip to you is that perhaps you can get along without that fur coat or the automobile which you work for. The transcription man might buy it or, if you can't, you might at least use a non des mole.
You'll Hear The South Pole Calling

Radio will reach its “farthest south” when Admiral Byrd broadcasts from the Antarctic expedition’s giant Condor as it flies over the spot where latitude ends. You’ll hear it on the CBS network.

ABOVE, a leaden sky. Below, wastes of Antarctica.

In the cabin of a giant airplane, a band of adventurous men and a short wave transmitter. The two great motors roar as the huge ship rushes onward toward the South Pole, but within the sound-proof cabin it is comparatively quiet except for the voice of the announcer.

Ten thousand miles away, you sit in your easy chair before your loud speaker, and experience the vicarious thrills of adventure as vividly as if you too were flying toward the world’s farthest south with Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd and his companions.

A little hut on a trackless waste of ice. A man lies inside moaning in agony. Ten thousand miles away, a little group of the world’s greatest medical men sits by a table. A voice comes clearly over those thousand of miles, from the desert of ice.

The little group of physicians listens, ponders, consults. Then the voice of one goes back over the long trail, back there to the little hut where the man lies at the door of the great beyond. The doctor by his bedside listens to the wisdom of his eminent colleagues ten thousand miles away, acts upon it, and a brave life is saved.

Last week, in the first of this series of articles, I tried to sketch for you how two great factors in human progress had linked together their resources to annihilate time and distance; how radio had joined with aviation to alter the destinies of men. Necessarily, when I surveyed for you the manner in which that had been achieved, I had to tell you about the short wave transmitter from places that had been made from time to time. Just as had I been telling you of the developments of electricity. I would have had to tell you of Liebenz and Franklin and his kite.

And now here we have, sailing southward in the rugged little steamship Jacob Ruppert, a famous man and his fellow workers, a hardy little band bent on conquering the desolate wastes at the southern tip of the globe. With them, are flying a giant Curtiss Condor airplane, in which their leader, Admiral Byrd, and a few of the other intrepid adventurers, will soar over the south pole sometime next winter. With them too is a short wave radio transmitting set, with which the plane will be equipped during its epochal flight, and from the plane, as it soars over the pole, Byrd himself will tell you where he is and what he is doing. His voice will come right into your house, as though he sat there with you, and told you of the making of history.

Aboard the ship is a short wave transmitter installed by the Columbia Broadcasting System, from which will come messages from Byrd and his men; programs of entertainment; news of the expedition’s progress during the long and perilous trip to the barrier.

The weaving studio is the first permanent marine unit of a radio network. It obtained that distinction when station KJTY, its call letters, was granted a license by the Federal Radio Commission to operate on fifteen frequencies for telegraphic communication.

The studio is located on the after deck of the Jacob Ruppert and operates on 1000 watts.

When the Byrd flagship reaches the Barrier, beyond which it cannot pass, the radio equipment will be removed and transferred to the steamship Bear, which the expedition will use to penetrate the frozen wastes to Byrd’s base in Little America.

At the base, a new station will be set up to handle the regular weekly programs in which Byrd and the members of his expedition will take part.

John N. Dyer, Columbia Broadcasting System engineer, is accompanying the expedition to direct the technical details of KJTY, and Charles J. V. Murphy, production man, will combine those duties with the station announcing.

Dyer, although only 23, was chosen because of his wide knowledge of short wave transmission, especially in connection with directional work. The broadcasts from Little America will be transmitted to Buenos Aires with the use of a directional antenna. Dyer studied radio engineering among other courses, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he graduated in 1931 with a B. S. degree. He did post graduate work there for two years.

His remarkable physical fitness, in consideration of the results the rigors which he and the rest will be forced to undergo, was another factor in his choice for the important post. Dyer, who is six feet tall, passed with an average of 982 percent.

One of the important functions of KJTY will be its work in conjunction with the doctors’ radio committee which has been formed by a group of the world’s most eminent specialists. By means of the airwaves, these men will keep in touch with the staff physician, Dr. Gay O. Shirley, so that he will have the benefit of their advice and consultation at all times. In the event that any member of the expedition contracts a serious illness or meets with injury sufficiently grave to warrant the need of a consultation, the doctors of the committee will be at times available for consultation on the radio, carried on verbally in much the same manner as a long distance telephone call.

Medical consultations by wireless have been held before between ships at sea, but in such cases the means of communication was telegraph. In that manner, an appendix in a sick sailor was operated on one occasion by a ship’s physician under the direction of a ship’s doctor aboard another vessel.

However, with the short wave transmission system with which the Columbia Broadcasting System has equipped the Byrd expedition, local two-way communication will be possible at all times.

The first broadcast from KJTY, upon the departure of the Jacob Ruppert from Portsmouth, Va., was entirely successful, and both the Admiral himself and Columbia officials expressed themselves as highly pleased with the results.

The studio occupies the working and living quarters of the ship’s radio telegraph operators. The former radio

(Upper right) John N. Dyer, CBS engineer, in charge of the short-wave transmitter of the Byrd expedition. (Lower right) J. S. Allard, vice-president of Curtiss-Wright, with Admiral Byrd and Harold E. June, chief pilot of the expedition, in front of the giant Condor. (Below) Mike, the mascot of the Byrd flagship, Jacob Ruppert, tries out the microphone aboard the vessel before sailing.
room has been transformed into a control room, and the bunk room is now the studio, with its original complement of two bunks and two more added for the use of the two Columbia men accompanying the expedition.

The plans for the series of broadcasts from the ship during the long trip to the Barrier, and for those from the St. Barts base, which from the Brown Station have been worked out in detail, as have the plans for the broadcasts which will be made from the base in Little America. Not only will they be regularly scheduled, but the invaluable aid of the radio as a means of constant communication will be a boon never before enjoyed by Arctic or Antarctic expeditions.

ADMIRAL Byrd himself, noted for his thoughtfulness for the men associated with him in this hazardous adventure, stresses the benefit to the morale of the expedition which will be derived from the broadcasting facilities.

He points out that the fact the men’s friends and families are being kept so closely in touch with the progress of their work will do much to comfort them mentally, and that the entertainment will go far toward relieving the monotony of the long years in the Antarctic waste.

Just before leaving, he expressed his views concerning the expedition’s radio station.

“I welcome the opportunity to report to the people of the United State by radio,” he declared. “And members of my expedition are equally glad that the folks at home will be advised of their accomplishments in Little America.”

“Those regular broadcasts on the Columbia network will absolve them of many worries. Their families and friends will be kept posted on their activities. This will be a reassuring state of affairs, particularly to men who are going out for the first time.”

An interesting feature in connection with the broadcast programs will be the broadcasts by Arthur Abele, Jr., twenty-two-year-old aviation enthusiast who is accompanying the expedition as a representative of millions of young people in the country. Admiral Byrd holds the view that the development of American aviation depends largely upon the youth of the nation, and that end welcomed Abele’s proposal that he be made a member of the expedition.

Abele has formed an organization called the “Little America Explorers” and Aviation Club, which he invited everyone of high school age or older to join. The tens of thousands who responded and joined the club will follow the expedition’s progress with maps and charts which have been furnished by the Tide Water Oil Company, and using the broadcasts as their guide.

Admiral Byrd has arranged for Abele to take a complete course in aviation instruction during the two years he will spend at the bottom of the globe, and his ground work and flying instruction will be given probably under the worst and most hazardous conditions ever to confront a rookie pilot. Although Abele has never flown a ship, he expects to be an expert pilot upon his return from the winter lands.

“Naturally I’m thrilled about going with Byrd,” Arthur told the group of men who went to see him off. “I’ll try to make the expedition just as interesting to the thousands of fellows who tried to get this job as it is to me.”

“This trip will be worth a lifetime of ordinary travel and adventure. I don’t know whether I’ll be cold or not—the coldest weather I’ve ever experienced was one night at Kent School when I flooded the skating rink at ten degrees below zero. Of course, it goes to seventy-five and eighty below in Little America, but the fur clothes ought to help. And anyway,” he added, “I expect to be so darned excited all the time I’ll probably never feel it.”

Arthur is a slight, straight young man, with blue eyes, a shock of blond hair, and an infectious grin. He graduated from Harvard last year, and even though only twenty-two now, has already had more than his share of adventure, including scrubbing decks on a West Indies tanker and surveying forests in the Michigan woods. He is a son of Captain Arthur Abele, U. S. N., retired, and inherits a love of adventure from a long line of seafaring Yankee ancestors.

INDICATIVE of the widespread interest among the youth of the country is the case of a little boy in Masonville, Ohio, revealed in a letter received by the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

It seems that the little fellow had read accounts of the broadcasts, and had tried dialing some distant stations on the family radio. He didn’t understand that the broadcasts from Little America would be relayed over a Columbia network; he thought they were coming direct from Little America. And when he learned that his radio set couldn’t get stations that were a whole lot nearer to Masonville than Little America, he was desolated.

He resolved to go to work selling papers and save money enough to get a set that would bring in Little America, and without saying a word to anybody about his ambition, he did so. When he had enough saved up, he took it to his father, and asked him to go and get a certain type radio set that he had heard of.

The Byrd Expedition’s Condor in its final test flight over New York City.

The amazed parent asked him first where he got the money, and when he had recovered sufficiently from his astonishment at that, he asked why the lad wanted a new radio set. When he heard that explanation he roared with laughter.

Then he doubted the not inconsiderable amount of cash the youngster had earned, and tucked it away in a bank for him, after explaining to his son that the family radio set would be entirely adequate to bring in all of the Byrd expedition broadcasts.

Admiral Byrd’s last expedition to Little America taught him the value of radio equipment.

SUPPOSE this single department received more attention than any other,” Admiral Byrd declared in writing of the former expedition to the south pole, in his book Little America. “Our program called for the most elaborate system of communications ever proposed in a continent where radio conditions are notoriously bad. The necessity of constantly directing the various units of the expedition in the field—the ships at sea, the dog team on the barrier, the aircraft in flight—as well as maintaining communication with the rest of the world compelled us to procure the best equipment obtainable. As we were truly pioneering in this field, there was an excellent chance of acquiring much new information about radio and magnetic conditions in the Southern Hemisphere, especially with reference to the mysterious July-Lyside Layer.

“In spite of assistance from the New York Times, and several commercial corporations, the radio became very costly. This was another heavy expense with which former expeditions were not saddled. Malcolm Hanson was assigned to the expedition by the Navy Department. He is a very capable engineer, and a veteran of the North Pole expedition. Mason had built and used radio sets in the Arctic. Groenickie was another veteran of the polar expedition. The fourth man was Carl Peterson, a splendid Norwegian with an adventurous nature. Lloyd Berliner was assigned to the expedition by the Department of Commerce. He is an able and enthusiastic radio engineer.

An interesting side-light on Admiral Byrd’s appreciation of radio in his jaunts to the far-off corners of the globe is contained in an entry in his diary, while in Little America on New Year’s Day of 1939.

“Petersen has put up a bamboo pole to serve as a mast for his antenna,” the diary relates, “his radio set is assembled and he is now working the key. Messages are flying between our camp and the ship. New inquiries have been relayed from Brophy in New Zealand, with respect to the landing of the Balloon. The radio beyond doubt has ended the isolation of this ice cap. As a practical thing, its help is priceless. But I can see where it is going to destroy all peace of mind, which is half the attraction of the polar regions. Our external difficulties must always be with us.”

So, as you may have gathered from the foregoing, Admiral Byrd is pretty thoroughly sold on the idea of radio, and has placed a very high value on it, as Douglas D. Carmab outlines the progress achieved in linking together the resources of radio and aviation. The concluding article will appear in the next issue.”
Your Problems Solved
By The Voice of Experience

Even if you have helped so many others I wonder if you can toll just the best thing for my mother and deal to us a lucky one on some day.

There are seven of us children, and although I did cross mother and dad a great deal of worry and trouble when I was single, I never heard of any conflict. I settled down and tried hard, and was not the slightest thought of being anything but a good wife and mother since then.

I have been married just over a year now, and I am afraid that the thought of being anything but a good wife and mother has not crossed my mind a great deal. I have been married just over a year now, and I am afraid that the thought of being anything but a good wife and mother has not crossed my mind a great deal.

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CONCLUSION

Alice concludes her adventures in Radioland with a Whoozis who offers her pheasants for which she is still waiting impatiently.

“What do you mean, almost anything?” she asked.

“They might be lost,” he said, “or thrown into the waste-basket.” He was very young, very good-looking, and not very much pleased about being followed after he took a good look at her. For like the brush Eaglet in Wonderland he made no attempt to hide his feelings.

“Tiramus! Alice queried. “You mean you Whoozis would deliberately throw an author’s Dramas into the waste-basket?”

“Why not?” one replied offhandedly.

“There might not be anything else to fill the waste-baskets with.”

There was very little that Alice could say in reply to this. It would be useless, she knew, to attempt explaining that it was not absolutely necessary that waste-baskets be filled. On the whole it was exceedingly silly to continue this conversation, but to complete the cycle of her gleaning about writing RADIO Dramas required asking one more question.

“Suppose a Drama I want to THE AGENCIES, or to THE STUDIOS, escaped being lost or thrown into the waste-basket,” she said, “is there any chance of its plot being used without my getting paid?” Plagiurist, I mean.

— The Whoozis looked at her queerly. “Plagiarized?”

Alice nodded. “You can’t copyright a RADIO act, you know—any more than you can a movie scenario,” she said, and I’d like to find out if there is any danger of...”

“Don’t flatter yourself!” her Eagle-like companion interrupted, with one of the best all around sniffs with which she had been presented on her journey. (The Wonderland Duchess made the other Alice a present of every scented dustwick, so the modern Alice decided to consider the Whoozis’ sniffs in the right light of gifts too—FAVORS of their trip to their own country, so to speak. “Your plot,” went on the arrogant donor of this last contribution to her valuable collection, “wouldn’t stand a chance of being used even if you were paid for it!”

Which was that—finally and irrevocable.

It would be extremely difficult to describe Alice’s feelings when she left him and leisurely made her way back towards the available opening. Not that she underestimated the value of this adventure in Radioland. For one thing, there would be nothing else quite like it in her memory storehouse. And had not the older sister of the other Alice so pleasurably anticipated her carrying a vision of her Wonderland trip through the years to make, in the aftertime, the eyes of other little children bright and eager with many a strange tale from it?

Perhaps—she the modern Alice—would have to wait on passing years to make the eyes of little children bright and eager. She might find an appreciative audience somewhere among the Whizzwhigs, the Whizzwhigs claimed she and his fellow Whoozis supplied with such fitting Dramas.

“There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought!” the other Alice decided. She even thought about writing it herself.

Of course there had been moments during the modern Alice’s journey among the Whoozis in which her mood matched that of the Alice in Wonderland when Mr. F. said to her, “There’s a long and sad tale!”

“Tut, a long tale, certainly!” said the other Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse’s tail, “but why do you call it sad?”

And doubt of the modern Alice’s distress had been caused by the indignations heaped upon her background. However, nothing the Whoozis had said could make her regard it with less favor. In fact, their disdain spurred her to make up a rhyme about it that lightened her journey back to the available opening.
Sunday, Nov. 5

Features: Wayne King

Talkie Picture Time

2:00 P.M. NBC

WENN—Grand Hotel, drama (NBC)

WGN—Pled in Love, film (NBC)

WGN—Concert Orchestra

WIND—American Symphony Program

WJJD—Greek Hour

WGN—Talkie Picture Time, drama (NBC)

4:15 P.M.

WBBM—Phil Harris's Orchestra

WFLY—Singing Christmas Carol

WGN—Leonard Salo, organist

5:00 P.M.

KYW—Twilight Melodies

WBBM—Songs My Mother Used to Sing

WFLY—University Singers

WENR—Catholic Hour (NBC)

WJJD—Wayne King and His Orchestra (NBC)

WCSB—Orchestra of St. Francis

6:15 P.M.

WJJD—Greek Hour, A. Stathas

WFLY—Hotel Savoy Orchestra

WENN—Hymn Song

7:00 P.M.

WBBM—Jan Garber's Orchestra

WBBM—Suillid 'O McGonnell (CBS)

8:00 P.M.

WBBM—Around the Town, Comedy

WBBM—Happy Birthday, America

9:00 P.M.

WBBM—Around the Town

WBBM—Edison Symphony Orchestra

WBBM—Train to South Park

9:30 P.M.

WBBM—The Old Mackety (CBS)

WBBM—Five Star Melody, "David Cal

WBBM—Happy Birthday to America

WBBM—Glen Gray and his Orchestra

WBBM—Eugene Ormandy's Orchestra

WBBM—Symphony Hour

WBBM—Million Dollar Quartet

WBBM—Hollywood Melody, "Here's to You"

WBBM—Friday's Favorite Hour

WBBM—The Wallshow

WBBM—Louis Prima (NBC)

WBBM—Sunday in Sixes (NBC)

WBBM—Guide Bird's Orchestra

WBBM—Wayne King's Orchestra

WBBM—William Scott's Orchestra (NBC)

10:00 P.M.

WBBM—Dance Orchestra

WBBM—Friggers Orchestra

WBBM—Dancing Time, cantaque

WBBM—All Nations Pentecostal Church

11:30 P.M.

WBBM—Under the Stars, revue (CBS)

WBBM—In a Moment of Grandeur, drama (CBS)

WBBM—French Dances, drama (CBS)

WBBM—Symphony Hour

WBBM—Grand Hotel, drama (NBC)
Radio Guide

Monday, Nov. 6

Oahu Screeners 11:05 a.m. — CBS

Radio Gags — Boners

One dollar will be paid for each 99's or boner published

KYW — Musical Clock, variety program
WAAP — Breakfast Express
![image]

Radio Gags — Boners

One dollar will be paid for each 99's or boner published

KYW — Musical Clock, variety program
WAAP — Breakfast Express
![image]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Show/Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>&quot;The World's Greatest Radio Shows&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 A.M.</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>&quot;Get Well&quot; (NBC)</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>&quot;The World's Greatest Radio Shows&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WLS</td>
<td>&quot;The World's Greatest Radio Shows&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>&quot;Get Well&quot; (NBC)</td>
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<tr>
<td>3:00 P.M.</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>&quot;The World's Greatest Radio Shows&quot;</td>
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<td>WLS</td>
<td>&quot;The World's Greatest Radio Shows&quot;</td>
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<td>WGN</td>
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<td>WBBM</td>
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<td>WGN</td>
<td>&quot;Get Well&quot; (NBC)</td>
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*Times based on local broadcast schedules and may vary.*
TUESDAY CLUES

WMAF-Ray Waldron, Sports Review
WBBM—Kentucky Hillbillys
WIND—Washington Reporter
WGN—Harry C. Garber Orchestra (NBC)

4:00 PM
WAFB—Zana Kuykendall, my teenybopper
WBBM—Marie Charter
WJR—Alice MacLellan, Daughter of the Regiment (NBC)
WGN—Harry C. Garber Orchestra (NBC)
WIND—Edith Mac, contralto

4:15 PM
WBBM—News Flash
WAFB—Wallace
WBBM—Phil Regas, tenor (CBS)
WCFL—Christy Yavko, baritone
WBBM—The Century of Progress Orchestra
WGN—Charles F. Mitchell, announcer
WIND—Stacy, student's story
WMAQ—Dorothy, children's story

4:45 PM
WBBM—News Flash
WAFB—Michael Donato, announcer
WBBM—Piano Selections
WGN—Wayne Streicher, announcer
WIND—Donald France, violinist
WMAQ—Skirt Triangles

5:30 PM
WBBM—News Flash
WAFB—Richard Forrest, announcer
WBBM—Micheline's Orchestra
WGN—Wanda Rich, center
WIND—Ray, student's story
WMAQ—Kaye, student's story

6:00 PM
WBBM—Louise Francis, Joe Breen's Orchestra
WBBM—Pat Flint's Sportscast
WBBM—WBBM's Variety Hour
WBBM—The News

6:15 PM
WBBM—Junior Vocal, comedy
WBBM—Lindsey Grant, orchestra
WIND—The C.C. Orchestra
WBBM—Famous Authors, Jung, and Songs

6:30 PM
WBBM—Walt Disney's Little League
WBBM—Mona, the Michigan Symphony Orchestra
WBBM—Lester and Alben (NBC)

6:45 PM
WBBM—Concert Favorites (NBC)
WBBM—Bobbie Kellogg, news (commercial)
WBCF—Dean Carney's Dog Stories (NBC)
WBBM—Tom, Dick and Harry—The Tea Pot Trio (NBC)

7:00 PM
WBBM—United Nations (NBC)
WBBM—Darrell Errett Yoe (CBS)
WBBM—Leslie Goodwins, orchestra
WBBM—Songs of Lithuania
WBBM—Indiana String Trio

7:30 PM
WBBM—The Valley of Experience (CBS)
WBBM—Jee, the great
WBBM—Concert of Lithuania
WBBM—Opportunity Quiz
WBBM—Wishbone; children's program

7:45 PM
WBBM—Des Boys and Girls Orchestra
WBBM—WBBM's Variety Hour
WBBM—Maida, center

8:00 PM
WBBM—Mia, the Michigan Symphony Orchestra
WBBM—Tarrant of the Ape sketch
WBBM—John Maxwell, host of show
WBBM—The Big Top, one-hour show of circus life with Bill Boyd
WBBM—The Tip Top Circus
WBBM—Bob Donnelly, center

8:15 PM
WBBM—The Chicago Tribune, family affair
WBBM—The Great on the Radio
WBBM—Styling of a Marvelous Hair (NBC)
WBBM—Orchestra (NBC)

8:30 PM
WBBM—Detectives Black and Blue, drama
WBBM—C.C. Orchestra
WBBM—Piano Radio
WBBM—Don Nolte, orchestra
WBBM—Adventures in the Southwest (NBC)

8:45 PM
WBBM—Detectives Black and Blue, drama
WBBM—C.C. Orchestra
WBBM—Piano Radio
WBBM—Don Nolte, orchestra
WBBM—Adventures in the Southwest (NBC)

9:00 PM
WBBM—Detectives Black and Blue, drama
WBBM—C.C. Orchestra
WBBM—Piano Radio
WBBM—Don Nolte, orchestra
WBBM—Adventures in the Southwest (NBC)

9:15 PM
WBBM—Macleod's Melodies
WBCF—Al Hamburgh's Orchestra
WBBM—The Great Campers
WBBM—The Dreamers Club
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra

9:30 PM
WBBM—Phoebe's Melodies
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Bluebell Band
WBBM—California Melodies (CBS)

9:45 PM
WBBM—Headlines of Other Days
WBBM—Robert Simonds, tenor (NBC)
WBBM—Robert Simonds, tenor (NBC)
WBBM—Robert Simonds, tenor (NBC)
WBBM—Robert Simonds, tenor (NBC)

10:00 PM
WBBM—Halston's Melodies
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra

10:15 PM
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra

10:30 PM
WBBM—Auten's Melodies
WBCF—Al Hamburgh's Orchestra
WBBM—Sergeant's March
WBBM—William Grant Still's "Ode to a Shadow" (NBC)
WBBM—The Gold Medalists (NBC)

10:45 PM
WBBM—Earl Hamburgh's Orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger's Orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
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WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra

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2:00 AM
WBBM—Earl Hamburgh's Orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger's Orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
WBBM—Percy Grainger, orchestra
Helen Hitch

**This charming miss is WBBM’s own movie critic. Tune on Mondays to Fridays at 4 p.m. and hear her reviews.**

T HIS is a day of specialization, a day when newspapers create a sports section. Then came the women’s page, the society columns, the page where the real estate sections — and then that part kept secret of movie fans.

Editors of the great dailies with their fingers on the pulse of their reading public found all these sections a real stimulation to circulation. But radio from the very beginning has been directed by special interests and masters in public desires. From the first attempts of entrepreneurs in salons and recitals, broadcasting took a deep breath and leaped to heights of sophisticated entertainment.

So it is understandable that station WBBM should see the advantage of having its own movie critic. It is an innovation with an unlimited future. For that coveted position, WBBM has found the blonde, vivacious Helen Hitch, Miss Hitch broadcasts her reviews at 4 p.m. on Mondays to Fridays inclusive over WBBM. She gives the current movie its right measure of space and blame, interprets the whole with chaff from the whims and fancies of those Hollywood stars who are news to us all.

Helen Hitch, who has written for the Daily News and etc., is a newspaper veteran. In her articles she always makes the point that the most delightful thing about the movies is that they are always working. She was for a time a professional singer, and there is a quality of artistry in her writing which reflects this background.

Miss Hitch is now devoting her chief efforts to the study of radio and film, and her work has already been recognized by the National Board of Radio and Film.

Her articles have appeared in many of the leading papers of the country, and she is on the program of the Chicago Tribune.

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JOHN MCCORMICK's battered black book could be his appearance with him before the microphone every Wednesday evening. He is afraid that he may forget a line, even of a song he has sung thousands of times. That would be an evening schedule with plenty of outlets where WMAQ gets its 'De- ton Symphony series. Though no announcement has been made, my guess is that it is not many weeks off. T. H. Parker, or perhaps octogenarian Philip Glass, should be welcome substitute for the announcer who became involved in the intermissions last season. Elsa Allen and Paul Millman have become the perennial Wagner twinnies, the only artists readily available who can adequately cover the required notes. A great treat is in store for you on WGN's 1 a.m. program which they sing with the New York Philharmonic this Sunday. Lawrence Gruen, erudite and learned among the critics, will give a dissertation of Wagner's music. I can promise you that his discourse will be a good one, for he always speaks often on the subject. Perhaps no other contemporary writer about music has such ideals distinctly in mind and expresses them with such rhetorical eloquence as Mr. Gilman.

**Chatter**

EGON PETREI tells me that he is quite satisfied with the orchestra that accompanies him on Sunday evenings. The Chopin E Flat Concerto is his concertos for November 20. The list of E Flat will be heard on November 27. Carl Czajka has begun his series of memoirs in *The Saturday Evening Post...* and "Chesapeake's Finest" is the background on the last March of America program. Chesapeake's Philadelphia Orchestra are scheduled to begin November 27th and run for 32 weeks, with the customary privilege of cancellation, of course. Music lovers will probably find that one performance a week, ninety minutes in length, would be more effective. However, the smaller "doses" may serve to interest and educate new listeners. At least, it suggests possibilities and signifies progress.

**Philharmonic**

NOVELTIES to be heard soon on the Philharmonic Symphony programs include Janacek's recently signed "Taras Bulba;", Richard Strauss' first tone poem "Macbeth", scenes from Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor", and a recent commission by David Bowman Smith, entitled "Cheyenne" and described as a "subtle description of the financial crash of 1929."

Of the twenty-five compositions receiving the most votes in the Phonogram Society's recent noisy preference program, works of Tschakowsky stand out; Bartok's "Out of the Blue" has sized Rheims and Beethoven's have not. Wagner is represented by the greatest and the other composers by only one. Word comes to me that listeners are not satisfied that stations that do not have network affiliations are hiring prominent artists to supply them with classical programs. A case in point is WJJD, Chicago, which has recently engaged Janacek's orchestra and will announce when they will play in the city.

**Success Habit with Irene Beasley**

By Lewis H. Hagy

I've Been Places and Seen Things

(Continued from Page 3)

Understand, Captain. Mr. Shaw is a very smart guy.

We had just picked up the table to take it to his mourning wife and mother. He had been a mining engineer in Peru.

The typhoon took it.

Bright walkabouts played on the spot as we approached Panama. I saw no cruisers scuttled out to meet us. Everything was efficient, calm, and smooth. The silence of the operations as we passed through the Panama Canal in the early morning awed us.

The contrast of the American way of doing things with the slow, tangle

and unrelieved routine in the Latin American countries was marked.

The quiet in the Canal was as if it had been imported to thousands who died of yellow fever there to breathe an uncommon peace. There is no yellow fever there today.

I've seen old Stars and Stripes!

"Which reminds me—I ought to look out as well as we steamed into Havana Harbor and see if the sails and flying the colors. The safety and security of that cruiser meant a great deal to us.

Again I say, "Good old Stars and Stripes."

**News from WJJD**

One of radio's pioneers is finding that his broadcasting home is perhaps better known to you as "Mr. Schlachenhauer." Art enjoys an unique distinction in before the mike by his phenomenal memory. He is at all times away from the mike as he is before it.

Few fans know it, but many of today's stars started their careers by making radio commercials. JACK PERLMAN (Baron Minskhan), an old vaudeville accomplice of Linick, not so many years back lamented the irreparable loss of the啸啸 talkers who were making on vaudeville and inquired how Art got "by" in radio. Art pointed out to the Baro to get himself a new set of pass and get on the air... he did!

LINICK has an interesting background. Before radio he was a headliner on the vaudeville stage. He managed and played in stage units... made the usual one-night stand. When WJW opened radio activities in Chicago, Art was one of the first to "talk to himself." He was an instant hit. He had that intangible something that is a prerequisite. Art is one of the few early hits of radio who has kept his public right down through the years. Important to him, above everything, is the fact that he has also kept his friends in the business.

"LINICK" was created and sponsored by the jiving German character still has thousands of fans who emulate his laughable "Hellhilflos." But they can't equal Art.

I am never really serious about anything. Besides doing his many broadcasts, Linick is commercial manager of WJJD. No matter whether important a conference on station matters. Linick can be counted on to relieve the tenses of the situation with a well-timed quip.

Linick has a great deal of popular reviews for the veterans at hospitals in this area. He is a very popular with them... all in all, Linick is the MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY in radio. Hear him daily from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. with "WJJD Happy Go Lucky Time" and on Sundays from 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

**Introducing:**

GYPSY JEAN, who is another star recently added to the "SIDE SHOW," heard every day from 12 noon to 12:15 p.m. She is a gypsy with a number of lovely legends uncovered by JOE ALLABOGH, station director, in an effort to present new voices to the listeners. The "SIDE SHOW" will bring many new voices in the future.

**This'n That**

WJJD hopes to be able to remain on the air until 8:30 p.m. Application for extension of time comes up before the Radio Commission soon. PICKARD FAMILY, the greatest trumpeter group, will play as the house orchestra. First programs for day are 6 p.m. 7:30 p.m. and catch 6p.m. train for Winnetka home. Do not block away. Never take taxis. They are radio's greatest track team...JOHNNY O'HARA'S "Hot Stove League" is now in its fourth annual session over WJJD.

**Gypsy Jean**
Radio Guide
Irene Rich  6:30 P.M.  NBC
Jessica Dragonette  7:00 P.M.  NBC

WGN—Musical Clock; variety program
WQAQ—Broadway on the Air
WCFL—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WGN—Bob Hope Hour
WFU—Happy Go Lucky Time; Art Link
WLS—Source: Fairy Tales
WMAQ—Breakfast Club; orchestra (NBC)
WBBM—Music
6:15 A.M.

WBBM—Musical Calendar
WFL—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Huongian Program with Frank Eaves
WLS—Product Reporter
7:15 A.M.

WLS—Billy Allen Huff
WAFH—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WCFL—Singing Organist
WGN—Keep Fit Club
WBBM—Body Buildings
WLS—Hills Flash; livestock Reports; Dr. Randell Burt Hour
WMAQ—Setting To Ex Exercises
8:45 A.M.

WBBM—American Dental Society
WBBM—Children's Program
WBBM—Orchestral Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
WBBM—Orchestra Program
9:45 A.M.

WGN—Karen King, talk
WGN—Organ Program
WBBM—Organ Program
WGN—Organ Program
WBBM—Organ Program
10:45 A.M.

WBBM—Annie Grant, pianist
WBBM—Annie Grant, pianist
WBBM—Annie Grant, pianist
WBBM—Annie Grant, pianist
11:45 A.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WGN—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra (NBC)
WGN—Cousin Bick; variety program
WBBM—Board of Trade
12:45 P.M.

WGBS—Ruhlman National (NBC)
WBBM—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
WFL—Eddy Harris, organ recital
WBBM—Soprano Strings, orchestra (CBS)
WBBM—To be announced
WBBM—Ruhlman National (NBC)
WBBM—Board of Trade
1:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
2:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
3:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
4:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
5:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
6:45 P.M.

WGN—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
7:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
8:45 P.M.

WGN—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
9:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
10:45 P.M.

WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
WBBM—Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Orchestra
11:45 P.M.

WGN—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
12:45 A.M.

WGL—Scandinavian String Quartet
WGBS—Saxophone Quartet
WGL—Saxophone Quartet
WGBS—Saxophone Quartet
1:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
2:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
3:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
4:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
5:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
6:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
7:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
8:45 A.M.

WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
9:45 A.M.

WGN—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Sherry Jackson, mezzo-soprano
10:45 A.M.

WGN—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
11:45 A.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
12:45 P.M.

WGN—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
1:45 P.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
2:45 P.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
3:45 P.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
4:45 P.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
5:45 P.M.

WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
WBBM—Radio Calm; variety program
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Radio Guide

BANDS AND TUNES

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TECHNICAL ADVANCES PROVIDE THE CLUES AND NOTES NECESSARY TO MAKE THE MCAs IN HOLLYWOOD AS COLD WEATHER OCCASIONS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN WIND.
LAST Wednesday night I dropped into Carnegie Hall to catch the premiere of "Moonlight Madonna!" Their easy-going, lazy-draping manner was quite an impression on me. Their theme song, "Lazy Bones," seems very appropriate. Glad to see the sponsors gave Waring more time to play his excellent arrangements, and how that gang played my favorite "Moonlight Madonna." Sipping hot chocolate with David Ross, he was telling me of his hour of torture he went through a week previous. The arrangement was to go to Chicago, where the Waring trio was playing, to do his regular job, but the group got the best of him so he had to listen to the program from his sick bed in New York. When he heard the opening theme melody, it got the best of him, he choked up a bit and tears streamed down his face. It was the first program he has heard all week, and he had missed. Incidentally, Dave's book, "Poet's Gold," comes off the press this week and he is sending the first copy to President Roosevelt with the inscription "From one radio voice to another.

Studio Chatter

At last there's a comic who has come from Broadway to radio and uses his own material. As you should know, most of the biggest comedians employ one or more high-priced writers. But the original gent is George White, who went over in a big way as m. c. of the "C" American Revue, with Elise Walters and the Dixieland Band, George's wit is a different style from the usual Broadway vein, has always written his own material in his twelve years in vaudeville, and he will continue to do so while he's in radio.... The big film premiere was not only a good chance for an advertisement stunt, but it also provided a good opening for the Nipper Boys and the "Moonlight Madonna" series. Of course, it was fascinating to see the return of Ann Harding in a production of "The Man with the Golden Arm."

Helen Morgan Allers

HELEN MORGAN has had to change her singing technique considerably for radio, for she has always replaced phrases in the lyrics of songs with gestures to give the meaning of the omitted words. But that style, so effective on the stage, is naturally "no go" at the mike. Arthur Lyman, program producer of her CBS series, polished that out to her, so she has rescued her radio technique. She'll be the high spot of the season with her "A Night in Tunisia" with J. J. Johnson and the Columbia Preservation Orchestra during the coming season.

Studio Chatter

A press agent's dream: Mrs. Roosevelt studying the studio schedule, just before the ringing of the President on the March 8th radio time, and saying, "Why Franklin, you didn't tell me you were going to broadcast tonight."

Bing Crosby now plans to return to New York, later on. That means hell in the metropolis around the first of the month, in New York, to make personal appearances in conjunction with his new series, which are to be sponsored by a number of foreign stations, on which he stars with Marion Davies. A salute to Columbia's oldest sponsor, the Bourjois clan (on CBS since 1909), which starts on Sunday, the 15th, to buck the Cantor offering on the rival network with a grand musical offering starring Katherine Carrington and Milton Watson, who are the leaders of the new, permanent Radio Guide's "Studio Chatter."
Readers writing to this department are requested to confine their remarks to 200 words or less. Anonymous communications will be printed but the name of the writer will not be published unless desired. Address all letters to the Voice of the Listener, Radio Guide, 431 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.

### Likes Jimmy Dunn

**New York City**

Dear Voice of Radio:

Tune in DURY last Saturday at 8:30 p.m. and get a program that I thought was just magnificent.

It was Jimmy Dunn singing in a way that was not used listening to old and new numbers but sung in a different way. A ballad, a comedy song and a novelty song, all worth listening to.

His theme song wasn't native

I remember a Jimmy Dunn trio in Waukegan. Is this the same?

Well, I am a fan of Jimmy and regular buyer of the RADIO GUIDE.

S. J. Schuit

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### Poor Gordon

**Beverly, Illinois**

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I would like to tell Gordon Gill that I have more than 150 photographs and a number of letters, cards, etc. I have been collecting them since 1923, and I have found very few articles that fill in some photographs.

I would be glad to change V. O. L. to the "Bouquetting Club" and knock this knock-out...

I refer to your magazine even more regularly than the Bible. I don't like this pending. Think it over and good luck.

Mrs. E. G. Smith

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### Glad To Meet

**Philadelphia, Pa.**

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I am a member of the ladies' group who sponsored the Golden Anniversary of my husband, Charles. We are busy planning a banquet to be held in November. We want to invite you to be our speaker. We will have a number of radio operators present and we would like to hear your presentation.

Please let us know if you are available.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Charles Yancey

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### 254 Photos

**Philadelphia, Pa.**

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I am a member of the local RADIO GUIDE. I can say that I am not worried about my scores. I have 254 photographs of radio stars. Almost all are autographed. The 254 photographs include 115 orchestras, 350 pictures of orchestra leaders, organists, singers and pianists. I have 137 letters; one from Huddie, one from also all the letters. Why are the plots for drums shown equal with ancient rival? Why must the plots of students be passed with favor? By these things, in heart and mind and spirit with new ideas! Why do the rains of glory the mossy mausoleums of the mikes! -- Let the plots of drums shown equal with ancient rival? Why isn't the plot of students be passed with favor? By these things, in heart and mind and spirit with new ideas! Why do the rains of glory the mossy mausoleums of the mikes!

M. Gardiner

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### Our Poetry Corner

**New York, N.Y.**

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I have been reading this letter at the scheduled time, although I am not sure it is what I had originally intended for. I had planned to write in my favorite sign off at 10:15, and then sit down and give you some of a fellow a good game ever for not finding anything about them in the Guide. I have been buying the Guide for some time hoping to find an article about them, but I have continued in vain. This night I purchased another and by surprise and joy read all about the two young ladies of radio, one delightfully sophisticated, two-plane symphonic. You have contributed to our literature. I listened to them every time I got a chance, and I think they are the best music I've heard on the air today.

R. E. D.

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### And Another

**Buckingham, Vermont**

Dear Voice of the Listener:

I am not sure what I wrote in my first attempt at telling you how well you have done. I would want to ask you to tell your friends about us.

Speaking for the rest though, I am sure you'll appreciate this letter from me. It will publish a nice story about Bing Crosby, with one of his pictures. Don't blame me for saying things like this...
The pediatric gents at the New York colleges reportedly informed me that only one American out of 116 goes to college, and a very small percentage of those who do stick until the end of the course. It was on behalf of the other 115 that recently I cased out on the delight of college music (which is pretty much the same no matter who’s singing) and the surfet of football broadcasts of a Saturday afternoon. I thought, and still think it is all wrong for the broadcasters to assume that the great bulk of listeners prefer football games to music or other entertainment. You won’t find any network clearing of football for two and three hour periods on Saturday afternoon, and to talk of finding the programs of that evening painful because of the football games, what with score announce-ments and a literal flood of campus cards, plays, and predictions for the coming week.

As Dante Aligheri, an observing pub-licity man points out, the 115 who didn’t go to college sort of resent being considered guilty of this fact by mu-

The Code Critic During the week, largely be-cause of the lack of football on the loud foi-
tude the usual wandering about, I dutifully remained at home to listen, and for lack of entertainment, I de-
gused a few thumbbell critiques of some of the emulations heretofore. This is the result:

Amos ‘n Andy: Serial-stomaching-

tedly wrapped up in delicious disc-

Fred Allen: Provocative of the gen-

tly weighed my results for the
tion, “what could Allen do without
ty. Jack Benny: A well of original
ted to promising and

Just Plain Bill: Just plain bokum.

Alexander Woodcott: Tasty re-

Paul Whiteman: Positive pot-

Fred Waring’s Show: Swell melo-

March of Time: News mimicry

Singin’ Sam: Saccharine sentimen-

tality suggestive of mother with

Roses and Drawings: For those born

too late a re-enactment of the Civil

in doubt, though his whispered in the

Studios of CBS and

CBS Radio Guide

Radio Guide

REVIEW

AND

+ +

+ +

By Mike Porter

The lovely operatic songster participated in the special Armi-

Macy program to be heard at

Just broadcastly! And then

a bit of jazz, a bit of pop.

Howard Bar-

bara (Snoopy) Blair.

A large number of con-

testants want to hear Eddie Stone and Joe

Martin, vocalists of Idaho Jomes Orch.

ist to hear as publicly.

The winner of the Second Ben-

ten Bob and Marge” program, will be

announced next week.

Paul G. Jean, Editor

Prize Winning

letters

First Prize $25

The following tabulated review of the

First Prize, $25.00

To Everett Strangeman,

8608 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE

To John Zabady,

1020 Scranton St., Scranton, Pa.

$5.00 PRIZES TO

Thomas Keena, 141 Bond St., Hartford, Conn.

Louis Schneider, Clinton, Mo.

Mrs. V. E. Stark, 3261 S. Logan St., Englewood, Colo.

The PROGRAM: THE BIG SHOW

C. Program: The Big Show.

Mickey Mouse” gag. Enunciation not always clear, often garbling

words in over-anxiety to be funny.

Rates as one of radio’s best comedy shows.

Sponsor Credits, easy to take, but

spoken in a rather ungrammatical manner of affected speech by

Dug, kins, Miss Judson, who is

sometimes garbling, occasionally in a way that provokes the

listener’s interest uninterrupted.

A popular program of high grade throughout its thirty minutes.

(First)

Lulu McConnell: Her comedy party is as charming for

her as it is loud. She has a distinctive type of self-con- traction which only she can

achieve. To divide her offering would be to

jeopardize her charm.

(Second)

Paul Douglas: He should remember in speaking. Often

I read my impressions, that he is

falling all over the microphone. He should place a certain control over

his own voice. sometimes of

the exact word, the one which will

accurately describe the contrary.

(Third)

Should be cut at least by one third. Everyone is affected, but

not with the qualities of Ed Wynn. There is

no need to deliver a lengthy dis-,

course on it. Further, the sales end

could be admirably dramatized by

using the voice of a different

attractive voice.

(Signed)

John Zabady

620 Scranton St., Scranton, Pa.

www.americanradiohistory.com
HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

NEW PROGRAMS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Bar-X Ranch with Carson Robison’s Buckaroos, NBC-WCB network at 7 p. m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—American School of the Air returns to CBS-WBBM for its fifth consecutive year. Daily programs will be heard each weekday and Sunday at 8:15 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7—The Tattered Man, children’s sketch, NBC-WTM at 1:45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8—Annual Meeting of the Academy of Political Science, 9 a.m. over NBC-WXY. Andre Levente di absolute, French Ambassador, addresses the Board of Trade Luncheon over NBC-WMAQ at 12:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9—Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister’s policy for ensuing year. NBC-WMAQ network at 7:15 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10—“Music Appreciation Hour” Walter Damrosch, conductor, NBC-WXY at 7 a.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11—Edward Van’s Concert Band inaugurates its seventh consecutive session over CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Postmaster General James A. Farley speaks on “The Escapes and Replays” over CBS-WIB at 9:30 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Joett Shone, repeal leader, speaks on this subject. CBS-WIND network at 9 a.m. Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, on “Planned Recovery.” NBC-WXY at 9:45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8—Annual Meeting of the Academy of Political Science, 9 a.m. over NBC-WXY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9—Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister’s policy for ensuing year. NBC-WMAQ network at 7:15 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11—American Legion Armistice Day Program. Secretary of War George D. Dorsey, and Edward Hayes, Nat’l. Commander, Jessica Drumgoole, CBS-WBBM network at 10 a.m. and NBC-WXY network at 10:15 a.m.

Radio City Opening Ceremonies; many special programs and international relays will mark NBC’s return to Radio City, NBC-WXY at 8 p.m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Joe Warner’s “Beau of Beaux” performed in the original by Mister Sidney W. Perrier and Ozzie Nelson’s orchestra with Harriet Hilliard, vocalist, over NBC-WLS network at 6:30 a.m.

Jimmy Durante and Ruth Etting, Robinson and his orchestra, NBC-WMAQ network at 7 p.m.

Will Rogers,初级, and Al Goodman’s orchestra, NBC-WCAK network at 8 p.m.

Jack Benny, assisted by Mary Livingston, Frank Parker and Frank Black’s orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Sole Show with Cliff Sothern, NBC-WLS network at 7 p.m.

Monestado Show, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

The Big Show, with Lulu McConnell, Gertrude Nielsen and Isla Jones’ orchestra. CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7—Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, Don Voorhees’ band. NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.

Bert I. Ahr; George Olsen’s music, the NBC-WLS at 7:30 p.m.

Barns and a Bear, NBC-WIB at 7:30 p.m.

Moran and Mack, with Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians, CBS-WBBM at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10—Walker O’Keefe, Ethel Shults and Don Baxter’s orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hotel; The Songsmiths, Errol Griswold’s orchestra, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.

Phil Baker and Harry Naughton, Ray Shields’ orchestra, NBC-WIB at 8 p.m.

“Happy Birthday” and “Chick” Johnson, assisted by Harry Sommers’ orchestra. CBS-WBBM at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11—Ray Perkins, NBC-WJR at 8 p.m.

Baron “Jack Pearl” Manduchman with Cliff “Sharlie” Hall, NBC-WIB at 8 p.m.

George Jessel with Vera Van, 9:30 p.m., CBS-WIND.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, conductor, CBS-WBBM at 7 p.m.

Egon Petri, concert pianist; Frank Black’s orchestra, NBC-WIB at 7 p.m.

American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn and Virginia Rea, NBC-WMAQ at 7:30 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Harry Horowitz’s Gipsy, Frank Parker, tenor; NBC-WMAQ network at 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9—Walter Damrosch, conductor, The Philadelphia Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 6:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—“Tina Tatterton” singer, NBC-WIB at 9:30 p.m.

MUSIC

COMEDY

NEXT WEEK

A hilarious Jack Pearl story—as meatpacking as the Baron of comedians himself—is one of the treats you’ll read in next week’s issue of Radio Guide.

Ray Atwell, the juggling-weather—that is, the ward juggling and scurrying expert, has told Willard Quirk how he started in juggling orange presentation, how he does it and why the boys who have standing jobs that sooner or later, he is going to make a most embarrassing slip over the air, will want to have a very long wait before they collect. Quirk gives all information on you to next week’s issue.

Another two-page feature on “Radio in the Air” concludes the series of articles by Douglas D. Conn- nan on the interesting alliance of radio broadcasting and the air show industry. During the days of last summer when the broadcasting companies were trying to keep you informed about the progress of the Home of Flowers, Roy Perl’s thrilling record flight and the mishaps of Jimmy Maitland and the Mothman.

There are only a few of the half-a-dozen or so stories that will make next week’s Radio Guide the most interesting reading magazine on sale.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Drama, NBC-WIB at 4 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Dream Drama, NBC-WENR network at 4 a.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—“The Flirt” by Grantland Rice, CBS-WBBM at 4 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—“Roses and Drumbeats” by Miss F. Maloney, NBC-WIB at 4 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—“The Legend of America, NBC-WIB at 9:30 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—“Irene Rich in "Behind the Screen," Friday, NBC-WENR at 6:15 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—“The First Nighter,” NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10—March of Time, CBS-WBBM at 7:30 p.m.

VOCALISTS

BING CROSBY—CBS-WIB at 7:30 p.m.

EVA EVANS—CBS-WIND, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.

GLADDYS RICE—CBS-WADG Thursday at 9:45 p.m.

HELEN MORGAN—CBS-WBBM, Sunday at 1 p.m.

IRENE BEASLY—NBC-WENR, Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.

JOHN MCMORRACK—NBC-WENR, Thursday at 5:30 p.m.

KATE SMITH—CBS-WIND, Tuesday at 7:45 p.m., also Monday at 8:15 p.m.

MARY SMALL—NBC-WENR, Saturday at 5:30 p.m.

NINA MAJONE—CBS-WIB, Sunday at 8 p.m.

VERA VAN—CBS-CKLW, Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

SPORTS

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Grantland Rice, NBC-WIB at 8:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10—All America Football Show with Chris Walsh and a prominent football coach as guest, CBS-WIB at 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12—Army-Marines football game, CBS-WIND at 12:45 p.m. and NBC-WTAM at 12:30 p.m. Chicago outlets undecided at time of going to press.

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIB at 7:30 p.m.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE, The Political Situation in Washington Tonight, CBS-WIB at 9:15 p.m.

FLOYD GIBBONS, Headline Hunter—NBC-KYW at 9:45 p.m.

LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WIB at 6:45 p.m. each week.

WALTER WITCHELL—NBC-WENR, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.

NEXT WEEK

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Freddie Rich Entertains, with Mildred Bailey, De Re Mi Trio and Eton Boys, CBS-WIB at 7:45 p.m.

The Seven Star Revue with Nino Martini, CBS-WIB at 8 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Ship of Joy with Hugh Barret Dobbs, over NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8—The Troubadours’ orchestra, Marion Harris, guest, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

The Week’s White Caps: Sherry Healy, Dennis Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton, etc., NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11—WLS Barn Dance, NBC-WIB at 10 p.m.

Hollywood on the Air, NBC-WMAQ at 10:30 p.m.

Coconuts Carnival, a full hour variety show from the Pacific Coast, NBC-WMAQ at 11 p.m.

NEWS

AL EXANDER WOOLCOTT, "The Town Crier"—CBS-WIND, Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 p.m.

BOAKE CARTER—CBS-WIB daily at 6:45 p.m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

COL. LOUIS McHENRY HOWE, political interview, NBC-WIB at 9 a.m.

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIB, Monday and Wednesday at 7:15 p.m.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE, The Political Situation in Washington Tonight, CBS-WIB at 9:15 p.m.

LOWELL THOMAS—NBC-WIB daily at 5:45 p.m., excepting Saturday and Sunday.

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