Isham Jones' Mis-step into Fortune

The Voice of Experience

6,000,000 PUPILS IN ONE MUSIC CLASS
If you tune in late on one of eleven-year-old Mary Small's programs, you may mistake her for Merman.

The SISTERS of TORCH SONGS

The sitters took action at once. They called in their professional manager, Ed Wolf—summoned by phone, in fact. He came at once to listen (and he admits he came also to scoff). He left as Mary's manager. And he managed to get her on the Rudy Vallee program that blazed Mary's name into radio history.

Since then Mary has sung on a number of network programs. She has been a guest on the shows of no less a person than Mayor Jackson of Baltimore, and Governor Ritchie of Maryland. She has met Buster Keaton, Fay Bainter, Morrie and Mack—and a host of other celebrities. And she has the autograph of every one of them!

We share the enthusiasm for Mary that is rightfully Mary's due. And in strict justice it must be charged that our enthusiasm has carried us to the point where in some of the raves we have expressed our admiration of the singer who made of her as personal a presence as a long-limbed star can make of her.

Singers of torch songs are known to give more of themselves in the singing of one of their numbers than even an opera star who sings a full role. The nature of the song requires it. Torch songs must stir—they must stimulate—they must electrify. Audiences must get every ounce of a singer has, or the audience won't respond with electrifying immediate reaction. And this is especially true of radio audiences, unseen to the singer who must stir them from afar—actually at second-hand.

Mary's musical comedy and stars of the air who wear themselves out putting over torch songs. Adult stars. Strong women with the physical equipment necessary to sustain them through trying performances.

There is a real reason for this expenditure of unusual energy. Did you ever stop to consider what a torch song really is? It's the inspiration in the downbeats—the fire that has incited whole nations to revolution—the divine fire that has moved millions to overrun world-history. To put over a torch song—-and we mean to put it over—requires the latent smoldering strain that comes from years of suffering from open wounds only partly healed.

Torch songs have existed in their essence the suffering of whole life-times, have expressed in one person the epitome of generations of suffering by a whole nation. Maturity—adulthood!

Giving torch songs their proper consideration in this light, we hope that all will be in them can be readily understood.

With "Alice in Wonderland" and her doll in the back yard at her home in Baltimore, she's just like any other little girl of her age.

Yet here is Mary, a child of eleven. That child can stir an audience of torch-song fans extending from coast to coast, numbering millions. At second-hand. And she does it with apparently as little effort as it takes for one of her precious autographs.

Do you wonder that we rave? Tune in on Mary Small some time—and see if you don't share our enthusiasm!
Mis-Stepping the Way to Fortune

Isham Jones, mine boy, was careless and two ore cars turned over. If that had not happened, he might still be a master instead of a bandleader

By Hilda Cole

WHEN a boy of five can play "Pop Goes the Weasel" on a bass fiddle that is taller than he is, and with only one lesson, at that, it just couldn't turn out any other way. He was marked from the start. We have Isham Jones.

Look at him now. Big, serious, dreamy-eyed. Imagine how cute he must have looked when his coal miner father stood him on the dining room table one night after work, leaned over to catch a glimpse of him, and said, "Isham, why don't you pick up that bow in your tiny fingers, and let him draw it experimentally across the strings. His little eyes lit as the deep sound filled the room. After that, he was never, ever again, "Pop Goes the Weasel". That was forty years ago.

The child had been begging for weeks to be allowed to play that fiddle, and once he demonstrated his remarkable ear for music, his father hurried home every night after a hard day far down underground, and applied himself to his son's musical education.

Isham Jones could change the key on his violin, as he accompanied his young son, and the little boy, easily, would change with him. Father Jones, who was reckoned quite a hand himself, with the fiddle, had never seen anything quite like it.

He did not know then, the rugged miner, the years of struggle and discouragement which would bridge the gap between that five-year-old child's first young triumph with the fiddle and the fame that would come to him in later life. And I do not believe that he realized, there in that rough mining town, what a sensitive, artistic moody child he had sired.

There in his childhood town, all the men worked in the iron mines. Isham's father, and all his brothers, were miners. So, when he was laid off, Isham went down, too, to depths of the earth, too, with his dinner pail. It didn't matter that he hated it. He went. But always he was more at home in music than down in the mines.

One day, while he dreamed idly, his mind far from the blinding lights of the forge, Isham Jones was overpowered by three emotions: interest, irritation: Isham picked up his dinner pail, his hat, and his coat, and left the mine. He never returned.

When the family moved to Saginaw, Michigan, a short time after that, Isham resumed his schooling, and at night, after he had done his lessons, he sat up far into the morning, struggling with "Widowmaker Dreams," his first published composition, was brought out when he was eleven years old.

While he attended school, young Isham taught himself to play every instrument available. He seemed even then to possess an incredible genius for mastering anything that would emit a musical note. Entirely self-taught, today he can pick up any instrument in the orchestra—piano, harp, trombone, clarinet, trumpet, what have you—put it down with a mastery so precise that amazes the most finished musicians.

The piano came to him naturally when he was nine years old. The family purchased a piano, and he just heard it and played it. That was all there was to it. When he was fifteen, he decided he would specialize on the saxophone, and after he had mastered that instrument, quickly, just as he had mastered all the rest, he formed his own dance orchestra there in Saginaw.

When Isham finished high school, he went to work in the daytime, and kept on with his orchestra at night. You can understand why he specialized in the saxophone. Isham Jones, the originator, has any definite idea how many "names" were built up in that band. Louis Prima, first featured cornetist in any orchestra; John Kahn, ace tuba player; Fred Mann, first clarinetist; Roy Bargy, Paul Whiteman's Roy Bargy—they're just a few.

So, in those early days, Isham became melodi music professor of the middle west. Five years at College Inn, Chicago, will tell you that. And the railroads waxed prosperous merely on the New York managers who made fiddle trips to attempt to woo him away from Chicago. He refused persistently until one offer came from the snazzy El Fey Club, an offer so lucrative that it simply couldn't be passed up. The El Fey was then the hottest of all New York's hot spots. You couldn't get in the place any night unless you wore evening clothes. Frank Beirng came all the way from Chicago for Isham's opening there, and they wouldn't even let him and his party in because they'd neglected to bring their dinner jackets! Isham pleaded and stormed, but Beirng and his friends never got past the first door. That's the kind of ultra-ultra spot El Fey was in those days.

Five years ago, surfeted with triumphs, rich, Isham decided to give up the business of leading a band and devote all his time to writing. Remember, I told you before, he'd always felt that way. Now he could HHogrhatify his ambition. So, he bought a pleasantly luxurious home in Florida, and settled down there. You've known people, maybe, who always wanted to do something, and then, when they finally were able, found they didn't want to, after all. You've heard of men who worked and slaved for years so they'd be able to loaf through their declining years, and then, when the time came, were unhappy and restless because there wasn't any office to hurry off to every morning. Well, it was that way with Isham Jones. The lure of the life of a bandsman was too strong.

Isham, the present orchestra, which he organized when he decided to return to active leadership, is composed entirely of college men. From Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Purdue, Stanford—from all over, they come, these fellows. And they play as Isham wants them, alternately sweet and hot.

Isham has been happily married for thirteen years. A year ago the Joneses adopted a baby boy, David Richard Jones. They live in beautiful duplex apartment on the west side of New York, and Isham walks to his CBS radio broadcasts of "The Big Show," on which he appears with Gertrude Neuen and Lulu McConnell, and to his nightly appearances at the Hotel Commodore, "The Big Show," incidentally, despite his years of broadcasting, is Isham's first commercial, but this season he will have more periods on the air than any other Columbia remote band.

God is his passion, when he is not leading his orchestra or composing. He was runner-up a couple of years ago for the left-handed championship of the United States, and it is not unusual for him to shoot in the sixties. He's left-handed, but holds his baton with his right.

His composing is done wherever he happens to get the urge. There's a check in the mail.
They SAW LINCOLN BLOW the FOAM off HIS BEER

Or rather that's what they thought they saw. It was really Pedro de Cordoba, who had slipped into the Carnegie Hall restaurant for a stein during a short interlude in the dress rehearsal for "Roses and Drums".

By Hollister Noble

ESPERUALLY diners and patrons of the arts who wandered into the restaurant of New York's famed Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago were somewhat startled. Among them was Abraham Lincoln, sitting at a nearby table laughing the face off a stein of Manhattan's best.

There was the great statesman, himself, with melancholy mien, deep lines etched in his distinguished countenance, his figure clad in a rusty old fashioned frock coat and baggy trousers. Quintessential old adorns his feet, the startled diners were even more startled when the dignified figure of our colleagues appeared, seeming to be important papers of state from the tail of his frock coat, glanced at them a moment then, looking straight at the cashier...

"I tell you, Cameron, better war than that the Union of these United States be broken!"

A moment later an elderly lady at a nearby table heard the great statesman mutter into his beer...

"Mr. Stanton, I believe Grant can take Richmond."

Just about the time the diners were wondering whether to call Bellevue or the police, Lincoln adjusted his glasses, paid a check of twenty dollars, and strode away into the gloom of Carnegie Hall's corridors. Someone finally broke to the startled populace that Mr. Lincoln was Pedro de Cordoba, the eminent actor, studying his script in costume for the fall inaugural program of "Roses and Drums."

A camera-panted broadcast with scenery and all presented on the stage of Carnegie Hall.

There is something in Pedro de Cordoba of the priest, something of the courtier. He is like a mellow, mildly ironic Spanish pedro with a richly endowed nature. Alternately tasting the joys of classical interests and then plunging into the hockets and haunts of human types about him. There is something royal and sacerdotal in the temper of his mind--like a general of the army and steed of leadership into a friendly aristocrat of Granada blooming in a modern environment. You've probably heard his friendly readings and philosophy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, or his remarkable interpretation of international politics on the 'March of Time,' or in more intimate roles, appreciated his fine portrait of Bolivar in the 'Roses and Drums.'

PEDRO

is tall, dark, distinguished, somewhat somber in repose. And as Abraham Lincoln, he is curiously enough, more faithful to the legend of Lincoln himself. He has made a prolonged study of Lincoln, and Pedro's Lincoln is the portrait of a man who, as writer of the sorrows of the world upon his shoulders, has a quiet smile and a bit of humor for everyone.

His Lincoln is a grave and graceful man with a rich sonorous voice, whereas the real Lincoln was awkward and angular, with a penetrating, harsh, and high pitched voice. Moreover, Pedro's rich and colorful background as a star of the legitimate stage as a carter's boy playing Shakespeare in minor towns and George Bernard Shaw in rural communities, as a student of music and a great lover of poetry, has developed and brought out in him his personal sympathy of friendliness and fortitude which he has been able to use through the medium of radio, to carry far beyond the circle of his old friends. He has made a prolonged study of Lincoln, and his Lincoln is the portrait of a man who, as writer of the sorrows of the world upon his shoulders, has a quiet smile and a bit of humor for everyone.

His Lincoln is a grave and graceful man with a rich sonorous voice, whereas the real Lincoln was awkward and angular, with a penetrating, harsh, and high pitched voice. Moreover, Pedro's rich and colorful background as a star of the legitimate stage as a carter's boy playing Shakespeare in minor towns and George Bernard Shaw in rural communities, as a student of music and a great lover of poetry, has developed and brought out in him his personal sympathy of friendliness and fortitude which he has been able to use through the medium of radio, to carry far beyond the circle of his old friends. He has made a prolonged study of Lincoln, and his Lincoln is the portrait of a man who, as writer of the sorrows of the world upon his shoulders, has a quiet smile and a bit of humor for everyone.

And yet Pedro de Cordoba, in spite of his marked Castilian appearance and Latin personality, was born in Manhattan in 1881, the son of a New York broker. There is distinguished family. Pedro's mother is Mathilde Bimbar, who has considerable talent for painting. Moreover, Pedro counts himself a direct descendant of Gonzalo de Cordoba, a great military leader called "El Gran Capitan" of Spain. Pedro's early years--before he entered upon his brilliant career in the theater--were much like those of any other American boy. He went to public school in New York, conducted the DeWitt Clinton High School Orchestra, played the tuba in the school band, and enjoyed a great thrill when he visited Chicago's World Fair with his parents in 1933.

But when Pedro was about fifteen years old his artistic interests and his commercial career began to part company. It seems that Pedro discovered opera librettos, and the discovery discovered several New York business firms of a promising young office boy. For Pedro's first summer job was as office boy with an oil company for $3 per week. And though he never has been billed as a virtuoso of the opera, one knows the background atmosphere of the famous Metropolitan Opera House during the winter, Pedro smuggled opera scores, librettos, and songs by the score into his boss's office. Three weeks later he was fired for reading opera librettos during office hours. Nevertheless, Pedro got another job even more to his liking. He had charge of two office boys--one six feet three inches high, the other three feet six inches high, according to the story--and even until Pedro discovered Wagner and Beethoven and started studying their scores. He was fired because he failed to hear any one of a dozen bells, buzcars, and other signals summoning him to the inner sanctum.

MAESTRILY, as a student at St. Francis Xavier and Seton Hall College, de Cordoba found that he was a good student and an even better baseball player. But his interests have never flagged, because poor and more artistic, equally divided between music and the theater. In fact, one of his most prized possessions is a valuable old Dutch violin which he has used for years. But at the age of 21 young Pedro had his first taste of the footlights when he struggled into the tiny amateur chorus of an old suit of armor and strode on the stage of a 'Roses and Drums' theater as a maimed knight in E. H. Southern's production of "If I Were King," with three lines a night and $80 per week.

Pedro rattled and clanked without mishap through this minor part for several weeks and gradually there opened before him the beginnings of his brilliant career in the theater. In the summer Pedro's Orchestra, of which he was the director, was engaged for four weeks at the Pensacola in San Francisco, and again with Margaret Anglin and Mrs. Fiske. He played in "Roses and Drums" and "Windermere's Fan." For a long period of time Pedro was in "Hannibal" opposite Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome."

And long, long ago he heard the call of Hollywood. In fact, one of the early calls almost finished his career. Most of us remember the first great motion picture version picture of "Carmen" with Wallace Reid and Geraldine Farrar. What of it? It was the first appearance of Pedro in the starring role. So Pedro got the part. And Pedro, with his Spanish blood aroused by this melodrama of invented from film and by the exotic music of Bizet, as a result of his Spanish upbringing entered the ring during the dressing hall fight scene. Even the stony hearted movie directors urged Pedro to stay on the right side of the road. But Pedro strode bravely into the ring, bowed low to Hollywood and assembled "Sevillan" society and dodged just in time to escape the rush of an enraged bull. The bull turned around and charged again. On the third charge the bull fell on a bag of sand, stuck feet three inches high, the other three feet six inches high, according to the story--and even until Pedro discovered Wagner and Beethoven and started studying their scores. He was fired because he failed to hear any one of a dozen bells, buzcars, and other signals summoning him to the inner sanctum.

In Hollywood to Broadway and back through the provinces Pedro produced in one show after another. Then came radio, and this remarkable personality, so fond of the flavor of the past, but with an inexhaustible curiosity concerning the present, was soon heard over the air waves--his first broadcasts, a series of Shakespearean readings. And it is in radio that many of his brilliant career have all been brought into play. For instance, Pedro considers his musical training and intuition of inestimable advantage in presenting successful broadcasts of poetry and philosophy.

The timbre of the speaking voice, the shading of a phrase, the accent of a syllable, all employ music qualities, especially in reading or speaking, as Pedro so often does, to orchestra accompaniments. Moreover, Pedro speaks French, Spanish, and Italian like natives of those countries. He has read the literature of those lands in their original tongues, and this background brings to his personal philosophy a culture and depth and sense of tradition most unusual today.

He married Eleanor Mary Nolan a few years ago and their favorite pets today are three active youngsters, Pedro Jr., nearly five years old, Paul, 2 years old, and Michael, a little more than a year old. From their father they all inherit a passion for tapas pudding, and the whole gang family likes nothing better than a vacation in the country, a tramp through the mountains, or an informal tour of Europe. With all his tastes for the classics, de Cordoba follows the baseball scores and the movies--proclaiming Edward G. Robinson his favorite movie actor, Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn runners-up and Katharine Cornell his favorite on the stage.

In fact, Pedro de Cordoba is like a somnolent priest of old Spain walking our streets today--vastly entertained and interested by today's people and events and interests and thoroughly a part of them. His quick appreciation of radio's possibilities, his great versatility in different programs and roles, all attests his talent for the air waves. But most important of all, some profound part of Pedro embraces the past and draws nourishment for the present from the music, the poetry, the theater, and the rich drama of those distant days and lands which have all helped to create and develop in him one of the most richly endowed personalities of the air.
Y O U T H think that when a couple of the great stars of the stage, really and truly in love, settled down so definitely and finally that they named their lovely rural estate “Dunrovin,” they’d stay settled, wouldn’t you? Of course you would—but you’d be wrong.

At any rate, you’d be wrong in the case of Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, two more shining instances, of stage stars who have achieved immeasurably greater stardom through the belated medium of the radio.

For Frank and Julia quit the footlights. They quit with a finality that no managers’ pleas could move. They quit to stay quit. That Dunrovin pretty well establishes that.

And if you need any further evidence that their departure from the glamour of the footlights was for good and all, consider the fact that Frank entered the brokerage business in Springfield, Mass., and commuted daily from the Crumit estate in Long Meadow, to his office in the city.

Frank and Julia were no longer of that nebulous group we call “stage people”. They became just folks—like you and me—somewhat better situated financially, perhaps, but just folks, all the same. While Frank was at the brokerage office, Julia was giving teas, attending to her rock garden, going to ladies’ aid meetings, and her sewing circle, and now and then spending an afternoon at bridge. That kind of people; you know the life they lead. Gone forever was the mysterious glamour of curtain calls, first nights, after-the-show suppers, rehearsals, travelling, and all of that.

One peaceful night, in the luxuriously appointed library of Dunrovin, Julia was ensconced in her favorite easy chair with a piece of diaphanous embroidery, and Frank, tiring of his book, stepped over to the console and twisted the dial. But let him explain.

“Somewhere I caught the spirit of that program,” he remembered. “With the enthusiasm for activity sprouting again. Thought I might get into radio. Julia and I talked it over, and it wasn’t long before we were on the Acousticon Hour over the NBC network.”

Just like that, it happened—this return to the public that once acclaimed them both when they collaborated together through “Tangerine,” “No, No, Nanette,” “Queen High,” “Oh, Kay,” and the other dramatic vehicles in which they starred so long on the musical comedy stage.

Strange people, these Crumits. An odd mixture of those two widely separated categories of humanity—just folks and stage people. The two combined, combining the best features of each. Let us consider them separately, and perhaps you will understand them better.

Julia was born to the stage. Her father played in a Philadelphia stock company, and she made her parents’ lives pretty miserable until they ceased their objections to her following the stage as a career. At the age of thirteen, she attended school in the mornings, rehearsed in the afternoons, and played with the stock company at night. Another battle ensued when she was fifteen, and wanted to join the chorus of a Shubert show. She won that battle too, and her unremitting effort won her two understudy roles, and finally a Shubert contract. From then on the climb to stardom, while perforce slow, was sure and uninterrupted.

THE CRUMITS AT HOME
Above at right, Frank and Julia at the old bath in the rear of their home. Lower right, a restless mongoose on the veranda at Dunrovin. Below, bicycling is one of their favorite sports.

The Crumits, with radio, have solved the problem that has sheltered many a romance of the stage

By Dorothy Goulet

Her real career began when she caught the eagle eye of that great showman, Charles Frohman, who featured her in “Sunshine Girl.”

“Marion Davies,” she recalled, “was in the chorus of that show. When we opened in Washington, President Taft gave me an enormous armful of roses. Nothing but radio ever thrilled me so much.”

S HE played in a long line of Frohman shows, until that master of his art met his tragic death in one of the world’s historic maritime disasters.

She recalls Frohman’s extraordinary technique in the handling of his stars. None of the tautness, the build-up, the press agency that attends the present-day crop of stage notables.

“I was brought up in the Frohman tradition of being seen as little as possible,” Julia reminisces. “Mr. Frohman even used to send my dressing room furniture from one city to another so I would feel more at home. Always there was a carriage or a car waiting at the stage door so that no beau could have the opportunity of escorting me home.”

After Frohman’s death, Julia, like the other Frohman stars, was at something of a loose end, and she drifted about in a half dozen mediocre shows until she finally was starred in “Tangerine” with Crumit. It was love at first sight.

“Life began then,” she sums it up simply.

Frank Crumit’s first personal appearance—just imagine the big kid—was on a high school football field in Jackson, Ohio. He hit that line like a couple of pile drivers on the loose, and he was no slouch on the baseball field or the track, either. Let’s skip his educational career. He was graduated from the University of Ohio as a full-fledged electrical engineer, and thus equipped, joined two of his fraternity brothers in a team that played midwest vaudeville houses as “The Three Comedians.” I don’t know about the two frat brothers, but Frank was one comedian from the very start. All he had to do was to go out there, and they started to laugh.

“Betty Be Cool,” the “Greenwich Village Follies” and phonograph records that sold in the millions were further steps up fame’s ladder. Then “Tangerine”. There Crumit met the beauteous Miss Sander son, and it was just one of those things. They don’t happen often, but when they do—He fell in love with her at precisely the same moment she fell in love with him. He parrots after her:

“Life began then.”

A long career of stage work followed their marriage, but they will both tell you that if they hadn’t quit the footlights when they did, their marriage would have gone the way of a good many other romances of the stage. Trewing doesn’t make for domesticity, and it was domesticity that they both wanted. So they quit, definitely and finally, as I told you before, and built Dunrovin.

And they are still, for that matter, down ravin,’ for radio, their new vehicle, is not (Continued on Page 11)

www.americanradiohistory.com
Deems Taylor, a study in contradictions, has burlesqed and also written grand opera. He is a philosopher with a sense of humor and one of radio's newest sensations.

Deems Taylor knew plenty of the serious side of life. As a doctorally-qualified, veteran composer, his music has been in demand from the 1920s to the present day. His versatility is a major factor in his success, as is his ability to move from one genre to another with ease.

Taylor has composed works for many different mediums, including opera, ballet, symphony, and even radio. His music has been performed by some of the greatest artists of his time, including the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic.

Despite his success, Taylor has never forgotten his roots as a journalist and essayist. He has written extensively on the history of music, and his work has been published in many prestigious journals.

Taylor's approach to music is both traditional and innovative. He has been described as a master of the craft, with a keen ear for melody and harmony.

Taylor's philosophy of music is one of simplicity and clarity. He believes that the best music is not just entertaining, but also thought-provoking and intellectually stimulating.

Taylor's influence on contemporary music cannot be overstated. His work continues to inspire new generations of composers and musicians, and his legacy will live on for many years to come.
World’s Greatest Music Class—6,000,000 Pupils

Dr. Walter Damrosch’s Friday morning broadcasts to the school children of America are heard every week in 65,000 class rooms. He humanizes classical music

By Ernest La Prade

FROM all this it is evident that the Music Appreciation Hour is not merely a series of concerts broadcast over the radio. It is a carefully organized course with a definite objective, founded upon the scholarship and vitalized by the personality of one of the great musicians of the world. What will be the outcome?

It is generally agreed that exposure to good music is ordinarily sufficient to develop a love for it. The difficulty in the past has been that so few of our people could be exposed. Only those living in or near the largest cities had more than an occasional opportunity to hear a symphony or an opera.

But radio now brings the best of them into countless homes and thousands of schools, and, in addition, it brings a Damrosch to interpret them. The result can hardly be in doubt. It may not become fully apparent for ten or even twenty years. Of these youngsters who today constitute the Damrosch class of six million few will become professional musicians—fortunately for all concerned. Some, no doubt, as they grow up will tend to become devotees of the popular dance tune and will be inclined temporarily to regard good music as the bank. But after they have settled down they will be likely to recall the beauties they once glimpsed in the works of the masters and wonder whether they may not be worth while to recapture.

The listener who follows the course from the beginning of Series A to the end of Series D can claim acquaintance with representative examples of practically every type of composition except complete operas and oratorios.

The report, their anthropomorphic range experience his explanation probably steady vast cal. remain staggering still revelation, figure quoted of manuals for manuals, and casting Company.

Similarly, the total of Damrosch’s pupils would remain staggering even if liberally discounted by the sceptic. Suppose we reduce it by fifty per cent—it still represents an increment of three million to the musically minded population of the country, and that is not counting the indeterminable but unquestionable huge number of adults who follow the Damrosch courses in their homes.

What is the secret of Dr. Damrosch’s success with his vast unseen audience? It can hardly be his national prestige as a musician. That would attract but would not hold listeners; and that he does hold them is evidenced by the steady increase in their numbers from year to year. The explanation probably lies in his unique ability to humanize his subject. He regards music not merely as an aesthetic experience but as a medium through which an enormous range of experiences may be interpreted. The objective of his teaching is to cultivate in his young listeners not only a general perception of music as an art but, above all, a love for it as an expression of their own inner lives. He therefore dramatizes it before he analyzes it.

The instruments of the orchestra are introduced as anthropomorphic members of his “Musical Family” before their various functions and technical characteristics are discussed, and the expressive power of the music they produce is revealed before its structure or its history are touched upon. He seeks to establish a relationship of affectionate intimacy between the listener and the music as a part of his own life; afterwards it is not difficult to focus the listener’s attention on the music as a work of art.

Such is the theory underlying the four courses included in the Music Appreciation Hour. Series A, for beginners, introduces and explains the orchestra and shows how it may be made to speak a language that all can understand. Series B, for second-year students, begins where Series A leaves off and proceeds to arouse interest not only in the emotional values of music but in the structural elements of which it is composed—melody, harmony, rhythm and form. Series C is devoted largely to the study of form, describing and illustrating all the major forms from the canon to the symphony and symphonic poems; and Series D presents a chronological survey of music and composers from the 16th Century to the present time.

This has been the basic plan of the broadcasts from the first, but in detail they have changed and developed considerably. One of Dr. Damrosch’s most characteristic traits is freshness and variety of approach. He is never content to repeat, he is never at a loss for a new idea. Each year in building his programs he finds a dozen ways to make them even better than the year before. This season, for example, he has introduced “review” numbers in the programs of Series A. These will be repetitions of numbers from the preceding program, selected by vote of the listeners themselves. This season, too, he has added to the usual repertoire of orchestral compositions a wide variety of vocal music, ranging from the simplest folk-song to many-voiced madrigals, motets and fugues, and also much chamber music, including sonatas, trios, quartets and quintets.

IN THE KIWANIS CLUB COTTAGE CLASSROOM, ATLANTA

The pupils listen to Dr. Damrosch’s broadcast under the supervision of Dr. Wills A. Sutton, superintendant of the Atlanta schools (seated), and Miss Anne McClure, superintendant of Kiwanis Club classrooms.
Your Problems By The Voice of Experience

Unappreciated

Dear Voice of Experience,

I am a young girl 21 years of age, and am in love with a man who is around 40. I have been going out with boys of my own age since I was around 15 and really found nothing attractive in them. I love this man very much, and believe that I only keep him for the company and the affection I get from him. How can I make him understand that age doesn't matter at all? Age matters far more than you realize--of course not right now because you are not even old enough to still within the boundary of middle age. But ten or twelve or fifteen years from now things will be much different, and the very time when you are in your full bloom of maturity, unless he is a very unusual exception to the rule, his interests in the things that would at that time be most interesting to you will be practically nil.

I have in my files thousands of letters from girls who thought that they were in love with a man fifteen or twenty years older than they, and then found their disillusions in marriage. I have a few where this great difference in age existed who have been married for a number of years and are still happy in that marriage; but as compared to the thousands, these few that I could count on my fingers of the right hand would be enough to prove the rule.

A difference of six or eight years, if the woman is quite mature for her age and the man youthful for his, is not a deterrent as a usual thing to a happy marriage. But the difference you refer to in love for ten years—he is old enough to be your father. I can understand your admiration and respect and love for him, and I realize that it is always necessary to expect a man of failure and the very small possibility of success should this man treat you seriously and offer you marriage. I dislike to do anything that would be most unfriendly if I did not offer you facts. I am not doubting your love for the man—but I think you are in love for the old man, and that you are about to fall in love with him—but I am questioning the life of that love should you two get married. Count him a friend—that's what he is—but don't get serious, is the only sane advice that I can offer. You can't.

Dear Voice of Experience,

My husband and I have been married for 14 years. My mother has been dead and my father married. Probably there have been occasional misunderstandings, but nothing of a serious nature. I feel that the trouble started when I married him, although I know even at that time there was nothing serious. I think that my husband has been a bit of a weakling, and that he has been taken advantage of by my relatives are not his. I have written to him many times, but he only sends a letter or two. I have written letters to him, but he never even attempts to answer my letters. My advice, then, to this husband and his wife is that there is a legal aid society which would require the advice of a lawyer or a Legal Aid Society. I am not in position to give advice of this kind. I am sorry.

Dear Voice of Experience,

I was an advertisement recently in a magazine referring to the Scarletta ASOIC. I have given you the address of the broadcast, and the time of the broadcast. I am writing you in RADIO GUIDE, very much.

ANSWER: I have given the address and time of the broadcast, and have also followed me for this length of time. This way, I hope you will write me a letter and make it brief, I will answer you in an early issue.

Interference

Dear Voice of Experience,

My granddaughter, 24 years old, slipped with a man and married a man of 35 a few months ago. They are not, however, man of 35. Later they were married at a man of 35. She returned to me. Then she took his name on the city, and now she is to become a mother again. She married her parents with her own parents. If her parents refuse a home with them, she will receive them. As her grandmother, please advise me what to do.

ANSWER: While I appreciate, Mrs. A. W., your in-terest in your granddaughter which is only natural, I could not answer your letter in one word, were I so inclined. You have to come to the city, and your answer would be "nothing."

This girl is 24 years of age, is a free moral agent, she knows that the man was married to the time that he married her, she has made her own bed, she does not ask outside interference even from her parents; in fact, she resents it. Therefore there is just one thing for all of you to do—allow her to live her own life as any free moral agent of legal age should be permitted to do. I know this isn't the kind of advice you expected, but it is the only sane advice for me to give.

No Personal Replies

I have before me a letter with the full name and address of a man and his wife living on a farm in Illinois. The letter explains an accident that occurred on the farm in which the man was hurt and had to spend much time in a hospital. The farm was formerly owned by one man, is now owned by another, but full payment has not been made to the original owner. The question asked is which of these two men could be sued for the accident which was caused by the unsound condition of a building on the farm. I am further admonished to answer by mail because these people do not want their names in print.

The only names that you will ever see me put in print in RADIO GUIDE are those of missing persons for whom relatives are seeking, or of national importance to which reference is made regarding the NRA or some other group of that kind. I never divulge the names of those who write to me. But I do not answer personal mail either. Just remember, I am not only getting the letter from me from this column in RADIO GUIDE, but we are averaging about 3,000 letters per day in response to my broadcasts, and it is not be an utter impossibility for me even attempt to answer a small part of the many who request personal replies. My advice, then, to this farmer and his wife is that they should contact the Radio Guide and would require the advice of a lawyer or a Legal Aid Society. I am not in position to give advice of this kind. I am sorry.

Dear Voice of Experience,

My husband and I have been married for 14 years. My mother has been dead and my father married. Probably there have been occasional misunderstandings, but nothing of a serious nature. I feel that the trouble started when I married him, although I know even at that time there was nothing serious. I think that my husband has been a bit of a weakling, and that he has been taken advantage of by my relatives are not his. I have written to him many times, but he only sends a letter or two. I have written letters to him, but he never even attempts to answer my letters. My advice, then, to this husband and his wife is that there is a legal aid society which would require the advice of a lawyer or a Legal Aid Society. I am not in position to give advice of this kind. I am sorry.

ANSWER: Your problem, my friend, is one that has distressed many, many wives before you, and I guess will continue to harass the minds of women as long as marriage exists. It is just another case of blood being thicker than water in the estimation of a man who is not emotionally grown up and one whose mother has very falsely trained him. If there were some way that I knew of by which he could be converted I would be glad to submit it to you. But a case of that type is beyond my elimination, and no matter what you may do the chances are he will remain unchanged.

However, I would not allow that to affect my attitude toward his people at all. The fact that husband provokes in-tolerance, I have no control over that. As much as he has an opinion that is not in harmony with my own, I could not accept it, and I would not allow it to affect my attitude toward his people at all. The fact that husband provokes in-tolerance, I have no control over that. As much as he has an opinion that is not in harmony with my own, I could not accept it, and I would not allow it to affect my attitude toward his people at all.
The VOICE that PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

If all radio performers were like Irene Wicker, the sound engineers would be unemployed. She can reproduce all their noises with her vocal cords

A million radio listeners-in what they think of pretty little Irene Wicker, and when you tabulate the votes, you'll find, it is sure, that they'll say she's a lovely lady. Ask H.G. Ashbaucher. He will emit a low growl.

Which shows, if it could be said to show anything at all, that much depends on the way you look at things. Take those million radio listeners-in. They know Irene Wicker as the Singing Lady, and they are nearly one in their appreciation of her musical interpretations of the familiar Mother Goose tales.

But, on the other hand, H.G. Ashbaucher is a sound effects expert, and he sits around the NBC studios in Chicago completely surrounded by heaps of washstubs, strawberry beds, thumper, and other goings on necessary to his trade, implements of the illusions he creates. Mr. Ashbaucher can make of a fragile strawberry box a turbulent mountain stream; he can transform a precision washboard into a rippling, bubbling brook. But he is not in sympathy with the diminutive Miss Wicker.

Not that Mr. Ashbaucher dislikes Miss Wicker personally. Not at all. But Mr. Ashbaucher cannot help remembering always that if all radio artists were like Miss Wicker, he, Mr. Ashbaucher, would be out of a job. For when Miss Wicker gets up there before an NBC microphone, the master sound technician and all the little sound technicians can go across the street and get a cup of coffee. Miss Wicker has no use for sound technicians. That does not mean she shuns them for sound technicians personally. They may, as far as she is concerned, be sterling fellows. But they play no part in her broadcasts.

WICKER, in the course of her Mother Goose tales, it becomes necessary to create the illusion of an avalanche of rocks tumbling down a tree studded mountain side, or the giants of the sky roar thunder from on high, or for shrill-voiced folk of the forest to reveal in the moonlight. Miss Wicker does these things with her remarkably flexible voice. And Mrs. Ashbaucher scowls enviously.

Many hungries above the roof of Chicago's busy traffic, in the world's largest building, is a room of simple design. Softened by diffused lights and thickly carpeted, it contains a few inviting chairs and a piano. It might be the studio of a concert pianist. But the presence of a microphone transform it into a broadcasting studio. A demure and charming young woman stands on top of the microphone, her scant five feet two inches making her seem a tiny elf in the vastness of the high-ceilinged room. She sings softly, sweetly, with great expression into the microphone, and as she sings, volatile gestures almost Latin in their expressiveness, make her seem to be singing to a visible audience. She is the Singing Lady—IREENE WICKER.

A little apart, at the piano, a man's light fingers tap over the keyboard, his eyes glued on Miss Wicker's face for his cues. He has no written music, and what he plays might be from "Asla," from "Trovatore," a bit of Beethoven, an obscure folk song. Or it might be a composition of the man at the piano—ALLEN GRANT.

Then you will see the girl at the microphone suddenly raise her hand to her mouth, her fingers spread, palm held closely as from fear, the night she spoke those four words which, if you will close your eyes, will take you to a high, tree-clad hilltop, where a brook tumbles its empty way down the hillside. Irene Wicker's long training on the stage, her singing range of three octaves, and a natural ability to mimic enable her to perform difficult transitions in voice with smoothness that is almost unbelievable, and with remarkable versatility.

Miss Wicker writes, directs, takes all the roles, and sings the numerous parts in all her programs.

An illustration of The Singing Lady's rare versatility occurred a few weeks ago when she completed a Singing Lady program which she had written herself, hurried down in the elevators, sped to a taxicab, another station, and rushed into the studio there just as the clock pointed to the hour when she was scheduled to take a leading role in excerpts from Hendrick Henslowe's "Doll's House." Anna Christy, and play "The Life of Greta Garbo" all within a twenty-minute period.

In her two years on the air, Miss Wicker has written more than five hundred thousand words of continuity, has collected nearly a thousand volumes of legends upon which she bases her broadcast scripts after exhaustive study, and has composed more than two thousand songs.

She works prodigiously. She spends hour upon hour in research in the voluminous library of her home before she writes the stories, simple little stories, too, for her Singing Lady broadcasts. She spends other countless hours practicing and rehearsing until she is better perfect in the numerous voice changes the interpretation of the stories requires. She studies arduously classical and modern ballads for another program. And to it, it is all in a day's work, for she loves it.

AN OLD fashioned music box was the lonely beginning from which the Singing Lady program sprang. Irene and her girl chums used to hurry home from school, to dramatic plays which Irene even then wrote prolifically, if not too artistically. Together they would race to Irene's home, books dangling from straps, for Irene's mother's dress, and the play would go on.

It was often necessary for Irene to double as Cinderella, her own version—as the wicked step-mother and Cinderella herself. That, perhaps, marked the beginning of her wide versatility. She even recalled occasions when, beside the wicked step-mother and Cinderella herself, it was necessary because of the mechanical limitations of these early dramatics, that she take as well the parts of the fairy godmother, and the prince. The "orchestra" was the music box.

From those school days, Irene's love of the stage and its people grew, and its growth culminated in a tremendous success on the legitimate stage in the role of Cleopatra in George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." That success led to an invitation to play the leading role in the first television broadcast from Chicago.

That broadcast was Irene's first appearance before the microphone, and it was not until two years later that she made her first commercial broadcast. Her radio idea was born then, but she wanted to perfect it. She went about that task as systematically as she always has tackled whatever problem has presented itself to her, and the manner of her solving it was, as usual, highly effective.

She left unanswered several offers for lucrative stage appearances which followed in the wake of her triumph in "Caesar and Cleopatra" in order to join the Goodman Theater Group in Chicago.

She specialized in plays for children, and carefully painstakingly, she watched the reactions of her audience, making careful mental note of them. She observed their likes and dislikes. She found their imaginations vivid, learned that they were, oddly enough, far less gullible than the average adult audience. She came to a realization of their desire for knowledge, of their persistent, unsatisfied curiosity. And upon what she learned in this way, she based the idea of her Singing Lady programs.

The two main conclusions to which her studies led her were that the programs must be educational, and that they must be equally entertaining.

When her first program, built around what her minute study had revealed to her, had been noticed and finally perfected, she obtained an audition, which resulted in her first sponsored broadcast.

More programs followed in rapid succession, and in an amazingly short time, she became one of radio's busiest personalities. She estimates that during the two years she has been on the air, her voice.
Notice
These programs as here presented were as recorded by the broad-
casting companies and RADIO GUIDE could not make the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise at the station usually result in hour changes in program listings, time, etc.

10:00 A.M.

KYW-Sunday Morning Sunshine Pro-
gram

WABC-Organ Melodies

WCFL-Turkeys;

WFEN-Children's Hour (NBC)

WLS-Gospel Hour

WJZ-Catholic Services

WMAQ-Balloons (NBC)

WBWL-Swedish Service; sacred music

WGRS-Hopkins Express

11:00 A.M.

WBCR-Drums, drama (CBS)

KYW-Morning Serenade

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KYW-Grand Hotel; sacred music

12:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KMOX-Weather

WLS-Children's Hour

1:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KCOY-Miss America's (NBC)

WLS-Dr. M. J. Chevrolet Show

2:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KYW-Weather; Sacred Serenade

WLS-George Washington, tenor; Jules Stein, piano

3:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KYW-Weather; Sacred Serenade

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

4:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KYW-Weather; Sacred Serenade

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

5:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-George Washington, tenor; Jules Stein, piano

6:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KPDB-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

7:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

8:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

9:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

10:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

11:00 P.M.

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

Midnight

WABC-Parlor Melodies

KBSD-Weather

WLS-Dr. J. H. St. George, tenor; John McCormick, bass

Chicago's Most Popular Radio Program

Eddie & Fannie Cavanaugh

Radio Gossip Club

1 P.M.—WBBM C.S.T.
Radio Guide

Monday, Nov. 20

11:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
10:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
10:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
10:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
9:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
9:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
9:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
9:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
8:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
8:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
8:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
8:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
7:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
7:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
7:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
7:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
6:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
6:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
6:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
6:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
5:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
5:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
5:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
5:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
4:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
4:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
4:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
4:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
3:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
3:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
3:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
3:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
2:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
2:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
2:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
2:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
1:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
1:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
1:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
1:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
0:45 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
0:30 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
0:15 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
0:00 A.M. WGN - "Music in the Air"
Radio Guide

PLUMS and PRUNES

BY EVANS PLUMMER

Inside Pickups

REASON SPONSORS have balked at hiring the Casa Luna line (in that they are still under a $2,000 option at $775 for a prospective sponsor.) NBC spent a whole week building up a replacement for Minnehaha and his mouth harp chart, only to have his manager sell them to a New York local sponsor for WOR.

**Farmers continue to flock about these changes in the larger of the larger networks, but willy-nilly about them. You are not interested.**

**DESPITE THIS COLUMN, DON McNEIL eats prune pie for breakfast.**

In a few days, Haldene Wilson will become a staff NBC announcer. Not because local CBS stations have suddenly become an "aspirin" addiction, but because they are aiming at NYW Aryk虾 in order to fill HBO theater dates. And what was the trouble which flared last week between Rosco and Johnson? The answer is a phone record. A preview of that trouble will be heard by us if we warn you to not miss it. **Red Sisk** set for a change. And do Paul Fung and his glass eye at the Notre Dame-Purdue game?

**Plums and...**

**NBC IS TO BE CONSIDERED upon the excellence of the programs delivered by NBC at the Annual Armistice night, we spent several enjoyable hours listening to the festivities. The London two-way relay, with General Horwood and Queen II. Young conversing with David Sut- nell, was of rare quality. One week's note—or do it too—will not be the tribulations of Ainslie's "Andy" and Bill Rogers. The former were fitted until they told a couple of beastly, beastly boys to do the dogs with a child still, and Rogers was noticeably nervous, not himself.

The top third of the radio audience, which had not already done so, should tune in Ainslie's "Climbing the Trees" series. They will find in its pro- announcements something which is lacking in the NBC radio programs—intelligence.

We fear we have been negligent in awarding plums to two orches- tras which certainly deserve them. One is carried over the NBC net- works from ROSA at Denver-Colorado station's music makers. The other is the present setup of Al Bradle's band, picked up by WBBM, Chicago, and fed to the CBS network. Al Bradle's band is a marvelous rhythm, and they play arrange- ments. The presentation is not so much on the rhythm, but on the sonic building of the song with a child still, and Rogers was noticeably nervous, not himself.

Valles wins prunes again, this time in his present series of Easy Acres. They are better than ever.

Carnation Contested Hour

announced by

JEAN PAUL KING

Chicago Free Lance
Wednesday, Nov. 22
Reis and Dunn
1:40 A.M. CBS

Woollcott 1:15 P.M. CBS

KVYo-Medical Clinic; variety program
WAAF-I Love Lucy
WBBM-Rea and Dunn, comedy and musical guests
WCFS-Kiddie Aeroplane Crew
WGN-Mother Goose for Children
WGN—Good Morning; Musical Program
WBBM-Fred and Adele Astaire
WJJO-Happy Go Lucky Tony; Art Linkletter
WLS—Wanderland Trips
WAAB-Teen Treasurers Chorus; orchestra (NBC)
WSSE—Music of Poland
WBBM-Musical Time Saver
WGN—Time Parade
WIND—Bob Hope; Frank Sinatra
WJJO—Mr. Schallhammer’s Radio Time
WWL—Producer Reporter

WLS—Bartley’s News
WBBM—Beauty Club
WBBM—Metropolitan Parade (CBS)
WGN—Board of Trade Market Reports
WIND—In the Luxembourg Gardens
WGN—Luxembourg Gardens
WCLA—Setting Up Entertainments
YVIV—Armstrong’s News
WBBM—Morning Melody
WCN—Mid-Day Market Reports
WMAQ—Today's Weather

WISN—Preview

WBBM—Dr. Royal D. Selden, talk
9:30 A.M.

WBBM—Three Scoops (NBC)
WGCX—Melody Parade
WBBM—Board of Trade Market Reports
WBSN—in the Luxembourg Gardens
WCLA—Setting Up Entertainments
WCLA—Larry Coburn, monologist
GW—Lemmon’s Variety Hour
9:45 A.M.

WYIV—Joyce Cary, organist
WAAM—Sunday Echoes
WGN—Hunter, Variety and comedy
WBBM—Highlights of Music
WCFL—Pinecone Parade
WCLA—Reggie Haines; Household Talk (NBC)
9:50 A.M.

WKBV—Weather Reports
10:00 A.M.

WYIV—Four Southern Singers (NBC)
WBBM—Sunday Variety Hour
WBBM—Mary Ellis Ames, cooking talk (CBS)
WCCF—1100
WCCF—1100; Masonic Review
WCCF—Marionette Review
WBBM—Three Quarter Times; Waltons
WBBM—University of Chicago; Ensemble vocal and oral
WLS—Pulitzer and Livestock Markets
WBBM—Parade of the Air
WSRB—Popular Series

WCLA—Radio Household Institute, drama
WNIB—Radio Programs
WBBM—Four Troubadours featuring Esther Dean
10:10 A.M.

KVYo—S. Army Band (NBC)
KVYo—Answer Man
WBBM—Jack Benny; ‘’Scrooge’’ Segment
WCCF—1100; program; Bartwood Club
WBBM—Edison Street; market
WBBM—Butter & Egg Hour
WBBM—Dial Fantasy, domestic and variety (NBC)
WBBM—Orchestra Concert (NBC)

10:25 A.M.

KVYo—C. E. Pearson (NBC)
WGN—Let’s Talk (NBC)
WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—Dean Martin (CBS)
WBBM—Musical Review
WBBM—Molendinar’s Band
WBBM—Opera Group and Bible Reading

1:15 P.M.

KVYo—New York (ABC)
WBBM—The World’s Most Beautiful Songs
WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—March of Time
WBBM—Molendinar’s Band

4:15 P.M.

WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—Molendinar’s Band
WBBM—Maroon of the Air
WBBM—Music of the Air
WBBM—Molendinar’s Band

7:00 P.M.

KVYo—Pacifica’s Hit Parade
WBBM—The Merlin Weavers
WBBM—Musical Chorus
WBBM—The Big Band Show
WBBM—Leonard Salvi, organist
WBBM—Hank Wilson, soloist
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour

8:00 P.M.

KVYo—Mildred Coddington
WBBM—I Love Lucy
WBBM—Hank Wilson, soloist
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour

9:00 P.M.

WBBM—Red Skelton, comedy team (CBS)
WBBM—Tell Your Children
WBBM—The Big Band Show
WBBM—Leonard Salvi, organist
WBBM—Hank Wilson, soloist
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour

10:00 P.M.

WBBM—Carlton Belcher
WBBM—Harry Richman
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour

11:00 P.M.

WBBM—CarltonBelcher
WBBM—Harry Richman
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour

12:00 P.M.

WBBM—Carlton Belcher
WBBM—Harry Richman
WBBM—Vocalists of Variety
WACL—Joveka (ABC)
WACL—1105 Hour
HOUSEWIVES take notice! If your Southern tastes as of Cotton Pies, but pies resemble box-car wheels, just throw your can-opener away and listen to Harry Thomas who explains just how to make those tasty tidbits in her, bounteous on the Sprague-Warner "Feast of the Air" cooking school, Fridays at 3 p.m. over WBBM. The cooking school is a success if the many telegrams received are any indication. General Electric equipment is used exclusively.

Transplanting the success born at the World's Fair, the Old Mexico Cafe opened Wednesday night, November 15, at 3611 and Cottage Grove, at the location formerly known as the "Koko" Box. Edalle and Fannie Cavanagh, the radio gossipers heard weeklydays at 1 p.m. over WBBM, will continue to stage their celebrity parties at "Old Mexico" on Tuesday, or possibly Thursday days. A floor show, featuring a living chandelier of girls, is a current attraction.

Not to be outdone by another Tony, Tony Carlo of WCLF's Tony and Joe have taken over Caboche, of WMAG and NBC, to a "World's Champion Steak Eating Contest," weapons, location and date to be selected. It seems that Caboche and Carlo had a preliminary heat in which the former charged the latter with skulladgery, i.e., putting tobacco sauce on the Caboche spaghetti.

One of the cleverest dramas ever aired is "Veruca Capp's "Caught in the Act," to be heard next Monday night, November 20, at 5:00 o'clock over NBC and WBBM. You may make three guesses as to the outcome of the situation created by the celebrated Miss Cappey-and still the odds are that you'll be wrong. In the cast of the radio play are: Arthur Jacobson, the boy; Jeene Wicker, Grace, the girl, and Doug Hope, the mysterious Englishman.

Lucy Collins, tiny radio actress star who has made the role of "Lucy Moran" famous in "Today's Children," broadcast at 10:15 mornings over WEN, is the celebrity to be interviewed by Evans Wilmore on the "Radio Column" program Saturday, November 18, at 11:45 a.m., over JJD.

The football game between Northwestern and Notre Dame will be featured by four Chicago stations, Saturday, November 19, beginning at approximately 2 p.m. WGN, WMQ, KYW and WBBM will carry the game. WJJD will carry the Illinois-Chicago game at 2 p.m.

Johnny Harrington, assisted by Jack Burnett, will be at the WGN mike during all the hockey broadcasts from the Chicago Stadium. The closing forty-five minutes of all the home games will be aired, starting at 9:45 p.m. and ending at 10:30 p.m. On the test broadcast of the game, Harrington asked for listeners to write if they would care to have the program continued. Over five hundred letters, from almost every corner of the country, have arrived so far.

When you hear Danny Russo and his Oriental Gardens Orchestra playing their latest number, "The Café Little Nutmeg," they are not referring to a fan dancer or a member of an Indiana nudist camp, but a "café nudit" referred to in the song is a new-born babe.

WAGA's listeners will hear an unusual musical broadcast Sunday, November 19. A double quartet of Swiss violinists, members of the Chicago Swiss Male Chorus, will present a quarter-hour program at 10 a.m. The eight voices will be combined in presenting a program of distinctive Alpine music.

Listeners who have heard the Five Star Melody program, featuring the Melody Masters quartet, Herman Jules, Jr., violinist, and David Cal- ty, on WBBM, Sunday to Thursday at 9:30 p.m., have undoubtedly noted the beautiful tones of the violin. The instrument is a genuine Joseph Guarnerius, made in Cremona in 1743 and valued at more than $80,000. The maker called himself, "The Jesus of Violin Makers" and added the letters JH to this instrument in 1760. He made a dozen or more that rank with those of Stradivarius. There are only a few of these violins in the United States. The one belonging to Jules came from the famed SIGNED Music House in Paris. With it is a guar- antee issued by that house 90 years after the instrument was made.

Happy Jack Kay, heard on Sears' Sunshine program over WLS, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:15 a.m., is the proud papa of an eight-pound three-ounce baby girl, Miss Kay, reported doing very well.

The Arcadian Gardens, located on Chicago's north side at 4441 Broadway, is being reopened and will be operated by the Uxer, a luncheon establishment. Lunch Buns will supply the music but the Chicago radio outlet is undecided as yet.

Radio Guide

Behind the Scenes in Chicago Studios

By Rollin Wood

Tony DiCicco, celebrated Italian chef of the Algonquin Grill, one of the radio stars' favorite haunts, proclaims that his predecessors of the footlight and grease paint era, perform today are highly meritorious. He observes that their favorite dish is steak a la DiCicco.

A lifelong with an arm that might appeal to "booth on any moment is not much use in an emergency to the legions of Jack Owens, turned to singer. Owens was picked, from a group of more than 1,000 entrants, for the coveted spot of featured soloist on the College Inn comedy program. The college Inn contest resulted in the discovery of Dickie Davies, both to once at the Broadway, and later married Bing Crosby, at the time nothing what this Owens boy might do.

Among Cheri McKay's most de- voted fans are a group of blind people, members of a Chicago colony. Cheri, the popular contralto who sings with the Harry Mac over WMJ every Tuesday and Thursday from 11 to 11:15 p.m., received a letter from a blind woman more than a year ago. The friendship that developed through this letter has caused the group to be adopted by the star. To her, the letter now receive birthday cakes and Christmas presents.

Donald Nowak plays a return engagement at the Chicago Theater, opening November 17. Leo Carillo, wielding his sword, and Lon Chaney the mummy, will appear. The day which motion pictures will share the billing honors with Novak, the Morris, will give a technical talk.

Here are some facts about the career of Paul, 29, his wife, and their son, one is a licensed Methodist minister and father of two college degrees in the group. The boys have managed to stage an entire church choir in Winnetka for one audience. Their age average is that of the four is less than thirty years.

Rex Mumps, KYW orchestra leader, is still wondering whether he can executive whether his friends took advantage of his good nature. Remembering that the painting job on his kitchen wall was beginning to dull, Rex invited his friends over for a "painting" party. Upon arrival, each guest was presented an array of brushes, a bucket of paint, a brush and told to go to it!

Surveying the job next morning, Rex was unable to decide whether he liked the results or not—but he still thinks the idea was pretty good.

WWW.AMERICANRADIOHISTORY.COM
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical Club of Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 AM</td>
<td>WABE</td>
<td>Breakfast Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Today's Four-Ear Boys, quarter (CBS)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:55 AM</td>
<td>WLS</td>
<td>Ribsy's Airplane Company</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 AM</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>Poland's Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:10 AM</td>
<td>WIND</td>
<td>Small Peaceful Farm Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>World News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Bill Armstrong's 'Round the Clock (CBS)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:55 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Weather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical Club of Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15 AM</td>
<td>WAET</td>
<td>Musical Follies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:20 AM</td>
<td>WCFL</td>
<td>News Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:25 AM</td>
<td>WIND</td>
<td>Walkathon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 AM</td>
<td>WBAA</td>
<td>Reverses, Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:35 AM</td>
<td>WENR</td>
<td>Today's Farmer Dinnerbell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:40 AM</td>
<td>WJJD</td>
<td>University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45 AM</td>
<td>WIND</td>
<td>Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:50 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:55 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Leonard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:05 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Leonard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:10 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15 AM</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Leonard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:20 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:25 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:35 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:40 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:50 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:55 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:05 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:10 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:20 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:25 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:35 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:40 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:50 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:55 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:05 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:10 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:20 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:25 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:35 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:40 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:50 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:55 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:05 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:10 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:20 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:25 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:35 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:40 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:55 PM</td>
<td>WCB</td>
<td>Musical</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:10 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:20 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:25 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:35 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:40 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:50 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:55 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**News and Weather**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45 AM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 PM</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
<td>Local News</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Radio Guide for Thursday, Nov. 23, 1944**

*Death Valley Days (7:00 PM)*

*American Radio History*
Radio Guide

BANDSTAND AND BATON

A HECTIC week of Ted Weems has just concluded. Weems, billed as the "King of the Vaults," at the Walnut room of the Bismarck, and a stage engagement at the Palace theater, has been very busy. A new floor show has been so successful that the audience at the hotel demanded a cut in expenditures, so the floor show, featuring Elody Wolfe and others, went. A little later, work for the band was reduced to dances from 6 to 9 p.m. except on Saturday nights. Added to this are the acoustics in the Blue Room, which, Clyde says, are far from what they should be. So he is not exactly sorry to be leaving for Houston, Texas, with stop-overs on the road. Clyde, by the way, hasn't even left the cold wave in Chicago for more than a week. The orchestra is due back in Chicago after the first of the year.

THE MOST CLEVER and entertaining band Chicago has seen for many a year with its "mysterious" ven in the Windy City shortly after Christmas, according to reports from Houston, where Benny Mollie hands the Morton Hotel entertainment over to a successor as yet unnamed. Mollie will do the Bottom Line, and Sherman's Orchestra, appearing with further engagements under consideration, meanwhile, he continues on his NBC commitments.

Radio Gags—Boner

One dollar will be paid for each gag or boner published.

Gags and Boners submitted to the following agencies will be paid for, but editorial discretion must be exercised by the agency on the action, so the use of these is not guaranteed.

KLW—Sports Reporters
KFWF—San Francisco, Calif.
WRN—Amos 'n Andy (NBC)
WGN—Charlie Stanley (NBC)
WMAQ—Amos 'n Andy (NBC)
WKLW—San Francisco, Calif.
WFCF—Harry Sonne's Orchestra

BONERS

December 26, 1:15 p.m.: "Benny Mollie, lead singer of the Morton Hotel Orchestra, will leave his spot in the orchestra this week to try his hand at running a hotel. He has been given the job of manager of the Mount Vernon Hotel in Chicago, which has WBBM over WGN.

November 27, CBS: "My friend, Harry Sonne, has decided to sell his orchestra and go into the restaurant business. He is opening a new restaurant in Chicago called "The Blue Room," and he plans to have some of the best cooking in the city."

November 26, 6:45 p.m.: "This is the last time you will hear "The Blue Room" Orchestra on the air. We wish them all the best in their new venture."

November 25, 6:45 p.m.: "The Morton Hotel has decided to close its orchestra permanently. The last performance will be tonight."

November 24, 6:45 p.m.: "The Morton Hotel Orchestra has decided to leave Chicago and move to Los Angeles. They will begin their new engagement on December 1st."
Radio Guide
Tony Wons
10:20 A.M. CBS

WBBM—Music of the Air
WMAQ—Music of Speech
WGN—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

10:45 A.M. WAFB—Mississippi Hayride

WBBM—Music of the Air

WGN—Piano and Organ
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WLS—Spareribs
WBBM—The News Flashes
WIND—The News Flashes
WLS—The News Flashes

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

11:45 A.M. WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air

WBBM—Music of the Air
WIND—Music of the Air
WLS—Music of the Air
MUSIC IN THE AIR

EGON PETRI will play this Sunday evening the Busoni Piano Concerto in D minor and the Choral Preludes, "Ave Maria," and "In thee is Joy," to "I Call to Thee" and "Rejoice, Beloved Christians," with the New Symphony under the direction of Frank Black. (WJZ at 12). Bach is a composer whose works show to advantage the German cu- sus's philosophy of interpretation. Bach's music reflects an inquisitive and disciplined in emotion and craftsmanship. So does Mr. Petri's piano playing.

"As nearly as an artist can, I should like to perform a perfect words and his that reproduces the music without any fault or imperfection, and without the deterioration by temperament or by personality."

This statement by Mr. Petri suggests as nearly as words can his notion of piano-playing. In short, his is objective playing. Mr. Petri offers an intellectual approach to works of art. Grasping the opening phrase, he brings in the details and develops his own personality quite in the background, letting the music tell its own story. This does not mean that Petri lacks emotion. He can, with the best of Bach, Chopin or Liszt as he does, play Schubert's musical ideals in the time of these composers and especially of their individuality. For this comprehension he necessarily feels the work which he interprets. Thus he

STILL TIME FOR FORTUNE

By Hilda Cole

"I'll Never Have to Dream Again," "Let's Try Again," "Can't This Night Go On Forever," "I'm Sorry," and "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl," are the new songs of the month. The second of these, "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl," was written by the creators of "The Voice That Is," "I'm Sorry," and "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl." The third, "Can't This Night Go On Forever," was written by the creators of "I'm Sorry," and "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl." The fourth, "I'm Sorry," was written by the creators of "The Voice That Is," "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl," and "Can't This Night Go On Forever." The fifth, "Can't This Night Go On Forever," was written by the creators of "I'm Sorry," and "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl." The sixth, "I'm Sorry," was written by the creators of "The Voice That Is," "I'm Just One Happy Blue Eyed Girl," and "Can't This Night Go On Forever."

THE VOICE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from Page 9)

THE VOICE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from Page 9)

By Carleton Smith

Chamber music lovers will be glad to know that the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation of the Library of Congress has plans to have its popular radio series, "The Library of Congress Music Series," broadcast on a regular basis. This series is an outgrowth of the "Chamber Music Broadcasts," which were broadcast over the radio for several years. The series includes concerts of chamber music, as well as lectures and discussions on the history and development of music. The series is broadcast on a regular basis, and is available to listeners throughout the United States.
REVIEWING RADIO

WILLIAM WYNN, unfortunates on the job here in New York, thought he might keep tradition alive, going his week looking into keyholes. Imagine his surprise when on each occasion his eye came into a direct line with the prying lamps of "Marty Lewis—on the other side of the doors.

That drove me to keyhinging exclusively in the lobbies and keyholes. I, among other things, the Fred Allen show. I had. This after December 1. And Col. Louis McNaughton, the medieval gnome, will find out November 26. To compensate, you might say, for these revelations, there'll be the fact that Donald News is back, and Jimmy Melton, too, with a Sunday supplement, and Frances Langford is waltzing hereabouts again with Dick Liebert managing the conclave as a background. I discovered, also, that before you're through reading this, Roxy and his legion will have a west-north program in addition to his Sunday waveings.

Among other things we learn by eavesdropping on the band leaders in this region is, that while they love and respect Paul Whiteman, and praise him for offering a scholarship to composers to pick up the best staff, a Soro, and Joby Thomas, few, if any, of the Yankee good old George Hall, believe Whiteman in the right track of an American Idiom. Jazz concerts, concert programmes, particular nights clubs, etc., will perpetuate the gangster age, and not the intelligent representa- tion of this country, it is pointed out. What the bandmen say is needed is more melody and a modified rhythm.

YES SIR, ITS CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Just to put it on the record, here's a photograph of Charlie when he spoke for the first time, it is believed, over a national network. CBS made the comic public when he talked for NRA. Did you note his British accent?

Among the bright sayings I rec- orded, was one by a magazine writer who pointed out that radio went in for big business, and that assurance is a term that became obsolete, except as applying to auto tires. It could apply to Florence, too, but we won't go into that.

I see that Evans is kind enough to place my name ahead of his in his list of things radio could do without.

Frankly, I don't think radio could get along without Florence.

Radio Guide

By Mike Porter

Help Improve Radio Programs!

Tell Us Whether You LIKE or DISLIKE This Program and WHY

Radio Guide wants the honest opinions of listeners everywhere about the enter- tainment value of important sponsored programs on the networks. Fan mail is an uncertain guide because, with few exceptions, do not write for the sponsors. The sponsors and the broadcasting com- panies are doing their best to give you the kind of programs that you want but, in many cases, they are shooting in the dark because they do not know what you prefer in the way of entertainment.

Radio Guide is now launching a campaign to improve radio programs by ob- taining first-hand information for sponsors about your reactions to their presentations. You have a very definite opinion about every program to which you listen regularly. You have expressed it many times to your own family and friends. But the editors of Radio Guide cannot meet you in your living room and talk it over with you. They must depend upon you to sit down and write your honest opinion about a cer- tain sponsored network program each week—you go, like or dislike it and your sug- gestion for improving its entertainment value.

Each week, Radio Guide will select a sponsored network program upon which you will be asked to comment. In an adjoining column, you will find the rules of the contest and a summary of the weekly prizes which you can win.

Remember, literary ability will not influence the decisions of the editors, who will vote as they please. Not the manner in which you express yourself but THE VALUE OF YOUR IDEAS is the important thing. TELL YOUR FRIENDS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY TO ENTER THE CONTEST. Too, the more the merrier.

The program upon which you are asked to comment is this week is:

The Armour Program

Phil Baker, Harry (Bottle) McNaughton, Beetle and Mabel Albertson, with music by Roy Shield's orchestra, The Neill Sisters trio and the Merrie-Men quartet, Friday at 9:30 p.m. EST, 8:30 p.m. CST.

Every program must have an opposite. You know, "Heard and Cold," "dry and wet," "up and down," etc. and "entertainment and Flannery!"

Definitions

PEEPING INTO THE new NBC home in Radio City, I saw them grooming their newest find, Dell Camp, a baritone. Give him a listen on Sundays in the 9:30, 8:30 slot and he'll thank.

It is interesting to note how Johnnie Wade, the man who batters the language more mercifully than "Gay Cabell," lines up a radio ad- dio. He says it is the toast of the parlor where artists go to get their salaries shaved. And the trouble with radio artists, say the funny- boners (at least their press agent says it). is that if you give one a finger he expects a big hand. But I like Harry Drexel crack best. He queaks "Radio gives those who hate jazz an opportunity of enjoying it in secret."

Hot Stuff

RETURNING FOR A MOMENT to Radio City, there's a laugh in the existence of Gershon Albee, divisional engineer. He got into his new office on a cold day. He knew that the radiators were controlled by thermostats, in turn are regulated by thermostats. If the room temperature falls below 78, the radiators turn out cold.

Melene knew the heat was on in the building, but is in another division. And then he began to inspect the thermostat.

He finally discovered that his ra- dio set has been installed beneath the control, and that its tubes were keeping the temperature up to 80 degrees, while the rest of the room, except for his blarney stopped, was only 61!

If you take a dry look and give a surreptitious listen to the music publishers, you'll find that in the past seven years the dingbats have been as follows: 1927, "My Blue Heaven," 1928, "Bunny Boy," 1929, "Carolina Moon," 1930, "Springtime in the Rockies," 1931, "Goodnight Sweetheart," 1932, "Shanty in Old Shantytown," and so on previous years. I've noticed, 1933, ah "The Last Round."
More Collectors

Dear V. O. L.:

We have been enjoying RADIO GUIDE, but didn't understand exactly what you means to include the guide to programs for each day in the week. We should like very much to see pictures and write-ups of Ted Wallace and his program. We are fans of his and are his favorite broadcasters. We have enjoyed the articles and pictures of George Holt, another of our favorites.

We were interested in the letter of Mr. C. From New hampton. We are also enthusiastic collectors of picture and letters to radio singers and shows. I myself have a collection of letters by the "Leader" trio. I think he is one of the best voices on the air and I sure do hope to hear him soon. I also want to send a bunch of dollars to the poorest star on the air, Edna Dunn.

Emily West

We're Tolerant

Morgave, Iowa

Sir:

For some time I have been hearing some of the programs and listening to the program I heard. I bought it with the idea of subscribing to it. But I found that the material was not proper, and the program was not what I expected it to be. I have written my opinion in the program, and I am satisfied with the result.

Mrs. Pearl Squirek (Editor's Note: The picture showed four radio stars drinking beer.)

How It Works

Gentlemen:

Laurel Luckins suggests that we express our appreciation of real music by writing in to Radio Guide. But now you have written in, how are you going to get it yourself? I have written in praise of standard and symphonic and orchestral programs, but only once got the office a letter. I have just found out the game the broadcasting stations are playing. It goes like this:

The station publishes its schedule, and splendid in a few really good programs—The Stringing Strings, one of the national bands. It sounds like a symphony. Each of these events one, the station is obliged to substitute the Christmas Wreath, in hillocky songs or the Rock Stars, in their poor performance and valves like rusty files, or even some expert who tells you to make cheese cake with only $4.00 worth of ingredients. The producer is asked to substitute the best hot air you can give—your best peck, but they are usually only the更高 score if they can. They can only substitute the program by providing a good program. The CBS can not be too highly praised for the standing good. They are only providing a service by cutting out of the program by providing a good program. But, I have read reviews concerning the bad program. We are the kind of people who do not wish to see anything mentioned in this department are requested not to mention anything.

I am very happy to be able to do this. I hope that you will find my note to be appreciated.

(Signed)

D. W. Casady

Clayton Ave.,

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Second Prize $10

The "National Barn Dance" program last evening, October twenty-eighth, was one of surprising variety, considering the name of the program. The two programs were appreciated; the one about Halloran was a bit too sentimental, but I found a great deal of music that I really enjoyed. I was not too sure, but the music was very good. The two songs of sentiment were pretty plain, and the one in which I liked particularly well, "Keep Right in the Yard," over the H.V. for me.

The two characters on the program which I thought were outstanding were Mr. and Mrs. Wills. The Negro characterization was so good that it made me think of Lola Belle, who possesses the same qualities, and particularly adapted to the kind of song the song.

All in all, the good program was so enjoyable that I shall listen to it regularly, although I never before had been amused by the words and music, and thus not realizing the variety presented.

Gaylord J. Bogardus Box 861

Rutland, Ohio.

Radio Guide

Voice of the Listener

Readers writing to this department are requested to confine their remarks to 200 words and not exceed. No name of the writer will be published unless desired. Address all letters to Voice of the Listener, Radio Guide, 42 Plymouth Court, Chicago 5, Ill.

Radio Guide

More Collectors

Dear V. O. L.:

We have been enjoying RADIO GUIDE, but didn't understand exactly what you means to include the guide to programs for each day in the week. We should like very much to see pictures and write-ups of Ted Wallace and his program. We are fans of his and are his favorite broadcasters. We have enjoyed the articles and pictures of George Holt, another of our favorites.

We were interested in the letter of Mr. C. From New hampton. We are also enthusiastic collectors of picture and letters to radio singers and shows. I myself have a collection of letters by the "Leader" trio. I think he is one of the best voices on the air and I sure do hope to hear him soon. I also want to send a bunch of dollars to the poorest star on the air, Edna Dunn.

Emily West

We're Tolerant

Morgave, Iowa

Sir:

For some time I have been hearing some of the programs and listening to the program I heard. I bought it with the idea of subscribing to it. But I found that the material was not proper, and the program was not what I expected it to be. I have written my opinion in the program, and I am satisfied with the result.

Mrs. Pearl Squirek (Editor's Note: The picture showed four radio stars drinking beer.)

How It Works

Gentlemen:

Laurel Luckins suggests that we express our appreciation of real music by writing in to Radio Guide. But now you have written in, how are you going to get it yourself? I have written in praise of standard and symphonic and orchestral programs, but only once got the office a letter. I have just found out the game the broadcasting stations are playing. It goes like this:

The station publishes its schedule, and splendid in a few really good programs—The Stringing Strings, one of the national bands. It sounds like a symphony. Each of these events one, the station is obliged to substitute the Christmas Wreath, in hillocky songs or the Rock Stars, in their poor performance and valves like rusty files, or even some expert who tells you to make cheese cake with only $4.00 worth of ingredients. The producer is asked to substitute the best hot air you can give—your best peck, but they are usually only the higher score if they can. They can only substitute the program by providing a good program. The CBS can not be too highly praised for the standing good. They are only providing a service by cutting out of the program by providing a good program. But, I have read reviews concerning the bad program. We are the kind of people who do not wish to see anything mentioned in this department are requested not to mention anything.

I am very happy to be able to do this. I hope that you will find my note to be appreciated.

(Signed)

D. W. Casady

Clayton Ave.,

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Second Prize $10

The "National Barn Dance" program last evening, October twenty-eighth, was one of surprising variety, considering the name of the program. The two programs were appreciated; the one about Halloran was a bit too sentimental, but I found a great deal of music that I really enjoyed. I was not too sure, but the music was very good. The two songs of sentiment were pretty plain, and the one in which I liked particularly well, "Keep Right in the Yard," over the H.V. for me.

The two characters on the program which I thought were outstanding were Mr. and Mrs. Wills. The Negro characterization was so good that it made me think of Lola Belle, who possesses the same qualities, and particularly adapted to the kind of song the song.

All in all, the good program was so enjoyable that I shall listen to it regularly, although I never before had been amused by the words and music, and thus not realizing the variety presented.

Gaylord J. Bogardus Box 861

Rutland, Ohio.
With Martin Lewis

To what they'll offer are the_[_the]_sounding introduction_ of Amos 'n' Andy's__sounding__ introduction

More Chatter

You read here many columns ago that the Rhythm Boys simply_...__in_...__a_...__as__...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_...__in_..._
SPECIAL

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19—Conclaves of Nations: Turkish program with Turkish Ambassador speaking from Washington and Sopranos' Symphony Orchestra playing Turkish music, CBS-WIND network at 9:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21—Dedication of WJBF's new building, from Washington, D. C., CBS-WIND network at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23—Byrd Antarctic Expedition Short-Wave Broadcast, CBS-WBBM network at 11 p.m.

KMIC Dedication Program, CBS-WIND network at 10:30 p.m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19—Joe "Wanna Buy a Duck" Podcast, NBC-Wls at 2 p.m., National's Orchestra with Harry Haggard, nola, trumpet, NBC-WNL network at 8 p.m.

Eddie Cantor with Reinhoff and his orchestra, NBC-WNL at 7 p.m.

Will Rogers, Revelettes, and Al Goodman's Orchestra, NBC-WGN at 8 p.m.

Jack Benny, assisted by Mary Livingston, Frank Parker and Frank Black's Orchestra, NBC-WNL at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20—Sue Show with Cliff Souther, NBC-WLS network at 7 p.m.

Midnight Show, NBC-WNL at 8 p.m.

The Big Show, with Lula McConnel, Gertude Nissen and Ismail Jones' Orchestra, CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21—Ed Wynne, the Fire Chief, Don Voorhees' band, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22—Bert Lahr, George Olsen's Orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

Irvin S. Cobb, Al Goodman's Orchestra, NBC-WJDK at 8 p.m., also Friday.

Baron and Allen, CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p.m.

Morgan and Mack, with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, CBS-WBBM at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24—Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shatta and Don Lester's Orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.

Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, The Songbirds, and Orde Grote's Orchestra, NBC-WNL at 8 p.m.

Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shields' Orchestra, NBC-WNL at 8:30 p.m.

"Oley" Olsen and "Chick" Johnson, assisted by Harry Soonik's Orchestra, CBS-WBBM at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—Ray Perkins, NBC-WJRK at 7 p.m.

George Jessel, CBS-WIND at 7:30 p.m.

Baron "Jack Pearl" Marschusen with Cliff "Shatlin" Hall, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.

Ray Knight's Cellosco Program, NBC-KYW network at 9:30 p.m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, conductor, CBS-WB of 2 p.m., NBC Symphony Concert, Egon Petri, concert pianist, Frank Black, conducting, NBC-KYW network at 7 p.m.

American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Minn and Virginia Rea, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20—Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ network at 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21—Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra, CBS-WIND network at 10 p.m.

Carille and London, piano duo, CBS-WBBM at 10:35 a.m.

Rochester Civic Orchestra, NBC-WNL network at 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22—Albert Spalding, violin virtuoso, and Conrad Thibault, baritone, with Don Voorhees' Orchestra, CBS-WIND at 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23—Eastman School Symphony Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 2:15 p.m.

Eckola of the Palace: Andil Ginyon, organist; mixed chorus, NBC-WGN at 9:30 p.m.

Giga Vianon, contralto, with Norm Stiff, pianist, NBC-WIND at 5:15 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24—"Music Appreciation Hour" Walter Damrosch, conductor, NBC-KYW at 10 a.m.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conducting, CBS-WBBM network at 1:30 p.m.

Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-WNL at 7 p.m.

Threads of Happiness, Tommy McLaughlin, baritone; David Ross, dramatic reader, and Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra, CBS-WBBM at 8:15 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—Fray and Braggiotti, two pianos, CBS-WBBM at 7:15 p.m.

The Vass Family; Seven South Carolina children singing harmony, NBC-KYW at 10:15 p.m.

Portland Junior Symphony, CBS-WIND network at 11 p.m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19—True Railroad Adventures, ABC-ALDA network at 3 p.m., and NBC-WENR, Wednesday at 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24—"Music Appreciation Hour" Walter Damrosch, conductor, NBC-KYW at 10 a.m.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conducting, CBS-WBBM network at 1:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—Fray and Braggiotti, two pianos, CBS-WBBM at 7:15 p.m.

The Vass Family; Seven South Carolina children singing harmony, NBC-KYW at 10:15 p.m.

Portland Junior Symphony, CBS-WIND network at 11 p.m.

JAMES WASHINGTON

Winner of 1932 radio dictum award

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21—March of Time, CBS-WBBM at 7:30 p.m.

"The First Night," NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—One Man's Family, NBC-WMAQ at 10 p.m.

VOCALISTS

BIG FREDDIE MILLER—CBS-WBBM, Tuesday at 10:15 a.m.

BING CROSBY—CBS-WBBM, Monday at 7:30 p.m.

ROB NOLAN—CBS-WBBM, Monday at 3 p.m.

CATHERINE FIELDS—NBC-WATM, Monday at 2:15 p.m.

EVAN EVANS—CBS-WADC, Monday at 9:45 p.m.

GLADYS RICE—CBS-WADC, Thursday at 9:45 p.m.

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

IRENE BEASLEY—NBC-WENR, Monday at 5:30 p.m.

JOHN McCOYMcK—NBC-WENR, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.

MILDRED BAILEY—CBS-WIND network, Sunday at 5:15 p.m.

NINO MARTINI—CBS-WIND, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.

OHTITI TRADAV—NBC-WENR, Thursday at 9 p.m.

VARIETY

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19—The Seven Star Revue with Nino Martini, Ernie Raper's Orchestra, Jane Froman, Julian Fainn and Ted Huang, CBS-WBBM at 8 p.m.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20—Ship of Joy with Hugh Barter Dobbs, over NBC-WNL at 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22—The Troubadours, Orchestra, and guest artist, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.

Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, NBC-WENR at 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23—Rudy Vallee's Orchestra and guest artists, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.

Captain Henry's Show Boat, NBC-WNL at 8 p.m.

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, Peggy Healy, Deens Taylor, Romano, Jack Fulton, etc., NBC-WNL at 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25—WLS Barn Dance, NBC-WLS at 10 p.m.

The Jamboree, variety show with Don McNell, master of ceremonies; Harold Stokes' Orchestra, NBC-KYW at 8 p.m.

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

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

NEWS

BOBBY CARTER—CBS-CWBBM daily at 6:45 p.m., except Saturday and Sunday.

CHANCELS JAVIERLY JAVELINE—political interview. NBC-WNCM, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.

COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE—CBS-CWBBM network, 9:30 p.m. on Friday and Saturday.

EDWIN C. HILLS—CBS-CWBBM, Monday and Friday at 7:15 p.m.

W. R. FENIMORE—CBS-CWBBM Sunday at 9:45 p.m.

LOWELL THOMAS—CBS-CWBBM daily at 5:45 p.m., coming Saturday and Sunday.

WALTER WINDLE—NBC-WENR Sunday at 8 p.m.

SPORTS

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21—"All American Football Show," with Cartly Walsh and a prominent football coach as guest. CBS-CWBBM network at 12:15 p.m.

Grantland Rice, NBC-KYW at 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23—Footall Game, CBS-WIND network at 12:45 p.m.