Radio Guide
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Kate Smith

Read How Kate Smith Shares Her Wealth
James H. Carr, Colorado’s Secretary of State:

He’s a just master at giving things right

not judiciously and represent the keystone of our present broadcasting system. The latest move for re-allocating of frequencies seems to entail many changes.

The domination of the forty clear channels by chain broadcasting systems is threatened by a move instituted by Commissioner Irvin Stewart at a meeting of the Federal Communications Commission. Upon motion of Stewart the Broadcast Division was instructed to consider special regulations for the radio networks. Commissioner Stewart’s action, coming on the heels of proposals by the F.C.C. Engineering Department that provisions be made for twenty-five 500 kw. stations that reduction of clear channels be effected, and that more power be granted many regional stations, is expected to assure a thorough review of the broadcasting system by the next Congress, and an ultimate reallocation of channels.

Stewart, in a manner reminiscent of the attacks of former Senator C. C. Dill, complained that duplication of programs on clear channel stations because of network domination, is greatly restricting the variety of programs available to 33.8 per cent of the population and 56.7 per cent of the area of the country, now dependent on secondary coverage stations.

In support of his motion, Stewart cited the famous General Order No. 40 of August 30, 1928, which limited nighttime operation of each of the forty clear channels to a single highpower station, and to the amended order of July 2, 1930, which provided for a certain number of highpower stations on clear channels “to serve rural and sparsely settled areas over long distances under favorable conditions.”

He then pointed out that the forty clear channels are apportioned thus: 26 to NBC stations, 12 to CBS stations, 3 to the Mutual Broadcasting System, and 1 to a non-chain outlet. He explained that one station is on both NBC and Mutual, and that one channel has both CBS and NBC stations.

Duplication of programs on clear channel stations reduced the value of clear channels dependent on secondary service (for whom the channels are set apart),” he said, “and tends to defeat the announced purpose in the establishment of clear channels.”

Press

Censorship

Again

Press censorship effort to censor the press crops up in odd quarters. The Administration consistently rejects the methods of approach to the jealously guarded freedom of the press. The latest indirect method of exerting censorship is seen in the latest speeches of President Roosevelt and his Secretary of Commerce, Sec. Smith, and Sec. Johnson.

Sec. Smith, for instance, a member of the President’s Advisory Committee on Censorship, has described his activities as “protecting the press against much more serious danger than the Federal Communications Commission has done. This is the danger of the Federal Communications Commission.”

The “evidence shows that the applicant, through the publication of numerous articles reflecting upon the morals and private lives of the citizens of California and Washington, has not been truthful in his source of discourse.”

The President, in his recent announcement, said: “Sec. Johnson, for which that reason alone he is commended. He has not been truthful in his source of discourse.”

The speech was delivered in the presence of the President, who later added: “The President, for which that reason alone he is commended. He has not been truthful in his source of discourse.”

New Radio

Although an international patent has been maintained in the North Atlantic since the tragic sinking of the Titanic, Canada and the United States are still arranging to coordinate their coastwise radio beacon services.

Radio, which has contributed more to the safety of life at sea than any modern scientific development, will make the work of mariners in this hemisphere less hazardous beginning December 1 when the United States and Canada unimpress their radio beacon services for lifesaving.

To replace the garbled signals which heretofore have confused ships plying the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the two governments of the North American continent have adopted a co-ordinated policy of radio beacon operations.

The Lighthouse Service of the Department of Commerce in announcing the change and that increased frequency of signals, more simplified operation, and a reduction of interference will result.
Why the Stars Give Thanks

Many Are the Sources of Gratitude Among the Ether Favorites — They Run from Dachshunds to Mince Pie — but All Give Thanks — Either With a Sigh or with a Quip

By Virginia Clark

I am thankful for good health, which permits me to enjoy both my work and my playtime.

Conrad Thibault: I am thankful that I have a voice and can make a living with it.

James Melton: I am grateful for the good health that permits me to enjoy both my work and my playtime.

Donna Davenport (Marcus): I can't think of a thing I'm not thankful for.

Charles Previn: I am grateful for good health, but if that sounds trite, then as a musician I can say I am thankful for the promising outlook for truly American music as exemplified by Gershwin's new opera, Porgy and Bess.

Anne Seymour: I am grateful for my little white house on Chicago's North Side where houses large or small, white or any other color, are few and far between.

Benefit Haworth: I am thankful because at some time around Thanksgiving day I hope to become a father.

Colonel Stoopnagle: Thankful? That's easy. People have more fun than anybody.

Buddy Hackett: I'm thankful for a lot of peachy stuff.

Lanny Ross: I'm thankful for the opportunity to contribute to the lyric side of life.

Kay Thompson: I'm thankful that I was born in St. Louis where Mr. Handy, with his famous blues song, made an indelible impression on my music. If it hadn't been for that place, I probably would have been a concert pianist with audiences totaling maybe 50,000 persons a year. Thanks to the St. Louis Blues, I became a torch singer and can sing to many times 50,000 each time on the air.

Frank McIntyre: I am glad to be able to enrich the lives of others via radio. Since radio now is the greatest existing social medium.

Eddie Cantor: I'm thankful that people still are laughing and brushing their teeth.

Countess Olga Alban: I am grateful for an ecstatically happy life at home and a deep sense of satisfaction in my career.

Howard Barlow: I have so much to be thankful for that it's difficult to pick out my most important reasons for thanksgiving. Perhaps it's just because I'm alive in these exciting times.

Betty Lou Gerson: Of course I'm grateful most of all for health and a modicum of happiness, but I'm thankful, too, for the wonderful opportunities which have come to me through radio.

Lowell Thomas: Among about a million things I'm thankful for is the fact that I am not an Ethiopian trying to lick the Italian army with a spear.

Jessica Dragonette: I'm thankful for this opportunity to express my thanks.

Fred Waring: I'm thankful that nobody has asked me to play Ta-Ra-Ka Boom-De-Ay in the last three weeks.

Ed East and Ralph Dunke: We're thankful the radio audience makes up our problems for us. It's tough finding the answers without having to invent the questions, besides.

Jack Benny: "I'm thankful for our adopted baby, Joan Naomi. She's just 15 months old now."

Mary Livingstone: "I'm thankful for the Fourth of July. You say this is Thanksgiving? What's the difference if you're healthy?"

Frank Parker: "I'm thankful for my first starring program, of course."

Portland Hoffa: "I'm thankful I'm not the janitor in the League of Nations building in Geneva, having to sweep up the scars of all those peace treaties."

Richard Himber: "I'm thankful I'm still lucky."

Blanche Sweet: "I'm thankful that my grandmother, who carried me to the stage when I was a baby, is still with me to offer her advice and affection."

Dick Powell: "Thanks a million for good health, good living and an understanding of good fortune."

Minetta Ellen (One Man's Family): "I'm grateful for my sense of humor (my stock in trade), for my enthusiasm (I love life more than I did as a girl), for my friends — and, oh, I'm thankful for my job."
This appeal to the unfortunate was just one phase of her success. There was a proportionate number of devotees among those untouched by ailment. Scarcely a radio-equipped home in the country in which this unaffected genius of song did not live at least one protagonist. In most of them a Kate Smith broadcasting period was a most sacred event.

She had come out of nowhere to bring to radio a new idiom, an informality that was not the product of a labored effort to be informal. Automatically she had

By Harry Steele

A T AN important turning point in their joint careers Manager Ted Collins and Kate Smith, who had started her career as a nurse in a hospital in the national capital, there was an alluring flexible voice, to a plane far above the level where her earlier ambitions would have placed her, to act as both spiritual and physical shepherd to the afflicted.

Kate's widespread activities include, of course, the movies. Here is a shot taken from her picture, Hello Everybody.

Jack Miller, left, leader of the orchestra regularly employed by this unit, and Tony Gale, pianist and arranger for the band become a member of the household in countless American homes. All of this, for a very particular reason to be set forth in its proper place, was satisfaction enough to her very life pride.

Even to a less sensitive person than Kate Smith, this national adulation would have been a source of delight. But to a person with particular inhibitions of her own, it was more than ordinary gratification. It was the embodiment of vindication, the satisfaction of a bitter lack of faith in herself bred by the cruel hints of earlier associates that Nature had matted against her attainment of any notable position in the entertainment world.

And Now

Ted Collins

natural union of physical and spiritual greatness. But her own convictions outweigh those of her admirers—and these fret her to a degree out of all proportion to their importance.

Her amazing popularity has, in part, mitigated her tendency to brood over the matter, and out of that popularity grew the satisfaction which permitted her to pursue her earlier course of work and domesticity. But her growing favor was destined to plot her from this calm course—to project her into a place where her activities became so manifold that she no longer was self-sufficient.

It actually became imperative to fashion around herself an organization to handle the many branches into which her success was directing her.

The roots of that organization go back to a day several years ago when there possessed the ammenities haunts of Broadway a young executive of a recording company. He was Ted Collins, director of recording for the Columbia Phonograph Company. It was part of his duty to scout the theaters and cafés in search of new talent for the discs, then at the peak of their popularity. Big-name singers were not enough. It was important that new voices—fresh personalities—he unearthed if the recording industry was to be kept alert.

If ONE of the New York theaters the musical comedy, "Flying High," was enjoying a run. In it appeared a 20-year-old girl not prominently billed. Among the stellar group featured in the review her voice was not noticeably different to the casual ear. She was plump and amiable, and her rapid dance tempos, in light of her proportions, produced something of a comedy effect. It was patent that she was not a comedienne, yet there was something almost sadistic in the audience guffaws over the combination of girlish and agility.

Collins, who had immediate artist appeal, familiar with the vagaries of recording, he sensed something in her voice that would record satisfactorily. It was not difficult to reason that with his voice-revealing spirit of kindness he saw a way out for this sweet-voiced and sweet-faced girl who obviously was not in her element in the stage production.

It was only a few days later that Kate Smith made her first recordings, and it was only proportionately later that here began to grow up a notable demand for Kate
It's Kate Smith—
— Incorporated

The Swanee Singer
Herself, Manager Collins, Singers, Dancers, Carpenters, Camera Men and Others Now Are the Corporate Body Known as Kated, Inc., Officially Recognized and Chartered by the State of New York, an Enterprising Firm with a Payroll of 55

Smith records. Collins was exultant. In their few contacts he had developed the splendid admiration which is spontaneous with all who meet Kate Smith.

As Kate's recording career progressed there began to be a multitude of business developments, and since she was just out of her teens, their complications bewildered her. By this time both Ted and Mrs. Collins had developed a sincere friendship for Kate, and it wasn't long until the youthful artist asked her mentor to take over her personal management. A deal was made without so much as a written word, and it is an interesting commentary on commercial affairs that in spite of the absence of any documents of agreement.

Colonel Hugh Scott, Manager of the Edward Hines Junior Hospital in Chicago, greets Kate on a personal appearance.

Ted Collins and Kate as they rehearse with a typical unit of the corporation's staff.

Jack Miller conducting the orchestra; the Three Little Words at the mike and in the background, the Ambassadors, caught at rehearsal.

No word of misunderstanding ever has come between manager and principal. There is rare and refreshing amiability in their relationship.

Radio was a natural step in the course of Kate's affairs. When Collins felt her style had reached its natural perfection, he tendered her to the executives of one of the big networks. Their capitulation to her charm was traditionally complete. They presented her as a sustaining artist, but her tenure of that status was ended rapidly. Almost in no time she was the goal of half a dozen willing sponsors, and from that date until now Kate Smith never has been without a commercial program except at her own dictation. There have been intervening periods when she resumed her place as a sustaining artist or remained off the air altogether. But in every instance it was of her own volition. She has refused, many times over, more commercial offers than ever have been made to most of the better-known artists of the air.

She has definite ideals about the type of product she chooses to represent, and would still her voice indefinitely rather than bow to the material appeal of an account with which she was not in sympathy.

It was during one of her layoff periods that there developed the situation which revealed Ted's and Kate's need for a new deal.

Between the time that Kate Smith was introduced to the radio audience and the date of her first extended vacation, the public had taken her to its heart. The time had come when listeners no longer were satisfied with the mere sound of her voice. They wanted to see her in person. Kate had made a few vaudeville appearances in the East and Midwest, but because of broadcasting requirements she never had been able to drift far away from either New York or Chicago. So she and Collins decided to make a theatrical tour which would take them from one side of the continent to the other. It would require seven months.

The lone singer could not possibly carry the entire weight of the entertainment, so a company of supporting artists was organized. It was a triumphal journey, and it stressed in the minds of both Kate and Ted the possibilities of further advances in theatrical production. It had been a joyous trip but a troublesome one from a business standpoint, because as manager Collins had to assume all responsibility.

"It was too big a load for one guy," he explains now. "When we got back to New York a little over a year ago we decided that if we were going into the production end we would have to change shape and conduct a business if we put ourselves on a new basis. So we launched the Kated unit which now handles all our affairs.

The Kated Corporation maintains offices at No. 1819 Broadway, New York. So voluminous are its far-reaching activities that at least three persons must remain in the offices at all times. It is this trio which attends to petty detail as well as to the more important job of handling Miss Smith's tremendous fan mail.

Collins is president and (Continued on Page 30)
Lombardo's Road of No Detours
By Fred Kelly

SMOOTH music, sweet and soft, is the Royal Canadian specialty, as everyone who knows Guy Lombardo can attest. And that is practically everyone who ever has turned a radio dial to the smoothness lies deeper than the type of music this dark-eyed young man brings to a listening public. The whole performance from beginning to end flows into the microphone and out to the world without a halt, without a hitch. And there's a story in how that happens.

The tale really begins back in London, Ontario, and it treats of the lives of the boys, their musical training and their aptitude. But that all has been told time and again, and this is a story that involves only the present broadcasts.

It begins at an informal meeting on Monday night, directly after the broadcast. Guy himself, Hal Hackett, dramatic director; Boyd Bunch, arranger, and Carmen Lombardo go into a huddle to make the first tentative plans for tunes for the next show. But they're very first and very tentative. A lot of work must be done before the final decision is reached.

On Tuesday, wires go out to celebrities all over the country asking them to name a favorite selection for the next broadcast. In the meantime, the commercial script has been outlined in light dramatic form with such trained actors as Jack Smart and Ted diCorsia picked to read the lines. By Tuesday night the show is beginning to take form, with special emphasis on pacing the order of the day.

The Guy Lombardo formula begins with a soft legato and builds up. There always is an old favorite included on the program, but the peak is reached with the playing of the pet tune of a prominent person, the result of one of the first-rehearsal, questing wires; and with the song which is chosen from literally hundreds of manuscripts as the one with the best chance for smash-hit popularity.

There are four men who are constantly on the alert for these songs. They belong to musical publishing houses and they know that if Guy picks a song for a plug, heavy sales are sure to follow. Every song considered—there usually are about twenty in the final group—is played over and over again with careful study before the ultimate selection of one tune is made.

Except for this one new song which he features every week, and for the old favorite, Guy Lombardo is very jealous of his reputation for playing only tunes that actually are hits of the moment. And to make sure that he does not endanger this reputation, he has a corps of men who are so to speak, number detectives.

They make a weekly survey of all important dance halls and hotels throughout the United States. The result is a comprehensive report of the most popular tunes in each locality. All the recording companies are queried, as are the wholesale music houses and trade magazines. And each of these sources sends in its favorite fifteen from which the Lombardo Road tunes are selected.

With this important business of tune selection out of the way preliminary rehearsals start. These are fitted into the playing periods at the night club or hotel where Guy is working, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights preceding the following Monday's broadcast. Each tune is played and tested in this way before even the first regular rehearsal begins.

At that time the Lombardos decide which songs are worthy. And if any of the tunes fail to come up to expectations, they are discarded. Then the band goes into its first rehearsal.

This rehearsal is scheduled for Friday. The dramatic cast goes through its lines from eleven to noon. The orchestra takes over from noon until two. And from two to three there is a dress rehearsal when the entire program is run through.

On Monday, the day of the broadcast, rehearsals begin at four and go on relentlessly until sixty. And at the same time the sound equipment people and the engineers are as busy as the proverbial bees. But they don't have to do much worrying over the Lombardo broadcast.

The reason, of course, is rehearsal, and the fact that every kink is ironed out in advance. There is very little danger of running over and almost never does allowance have to be made for filling up seconds. These rehearsals are something to watch.

Carmen Lombardo is in constant charge of the band at this time. He taps his elbows to emphasize beats, sways back and forth on his chair, taps his right toe vigorously after hitting off an effective measure on his flute or sax, and scolds the musicians when he thinks they need it. "Come on Victor... "Will you play that?... "You're not supposed to cut that!"

The next moment he is conferring with Guy who spends his time leaping back and forth from control room to stage. Arranger Boyd Bunch, ubiquitous and busy, cooks an ear to arrangements as played, at the constant "Listen to this, boys!" He manages to give the impression of being in seven or eight different spots at the same moment.

Rehearsal is serious business. And it's hard to say which is most fun. If you get a definite impression that these boys like their work and live for each other. And you have the real reason for the long success of the Royal Canadians: indefatigable every day, countless rehearsals, and a love of their work.

Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians are presented by Standard Oil on Mondays over the CBS-WABC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MDT; 5 PST).

Guy Lombardo, leader of the Royal Canadians, master of smooth music, sweet and soft—and below, left to right, his brothers: Leibert, Carmen and Victor Lombardo.
Underscored to Success

Helen Marshall Sang in a Famous Maestro-Composer’s Favorite Opera. He Scored a Mark for Her—and She Scored an Outstanding Success

By Phil Weck

T HE theater program spread before one of the stage's greatest composer-conductors was one year old. It listed a performance of The Beggar's Opera, given by Columbia University. Under the name of one of the leading performers, Helen Marshall, appeared a pencil mark.

Sigmund Romberg studied the underscored name on the program intently. It was he who had put the pencil mark there twelve months ago. And now, with his own radio career about to be launched, he waved the faded program excitedly above his head.

"That's it!" he cried excitedly to several of his staff who had come to help him select a vocalist for his new series. Seeing his excitement now, they knew that the problem was solved. "Helen Marshall, the maestro continued, still waving the program before them. "She's the girl we want. Now you go find her!"

But they went on a scouting expedition that ended successfully. Helen Marshall was found, not only by Mr. Romberg's associates—but far more impressively—by an eager radio public. For Romberg knew what he wanted, and when Miss Marshall was searched out by willing radio ears, she was lifted into stardom on a program, a stardom that her talent long since had justified, and which has been little short of sensational.

Now she is well embarked upon her second year as the vocal and dramatic lead in Romberg's program, heard weekly on a national network, and her versatility and ability are widely acclaimed.

That pencil mark and the story behind it are illustrative of the series of coincidences that have marveled Helen's flight for recognition. For more than a year that program with its momentous annotation had been justified about in the noted musician's pockets and files, completely forgotten. And during that year Miss Marshall had struggled bravely on, wondering if her star ever was to rise. She seemed a vain battle for recognition.

The line was inspired by Miss Marshall's work in the aforementioned opera. Mr. Romberg, it seems, has an irresistible urge for witnessing that particular production. Any hope, anywhere The Beggar's Opera is being shown, he will make every effort within human limitations to be present. He has been known to cross oceans just to see that one opera enacted by a mediocre cast.

On the particular night when Miss Marshall was playing the lead, he had broken a pressing engagement to be in the audience.

Inspired by Miss Marshall's voice, he had underlined her name on his program, as a mark of meritorious work. Then he completely forgot about her. Months passed. He was enrolled in the swelling list of radio impresarios, put in charge of his own program, and the all-important task of selecting suitable talent fell to his lot.

He auditioned and auditioned, listened to every available actress and songstress, hunting the one woman, the one exact quality to complete his project, and it eluded him.

Then, one day a friend of his happened into his office, to tell him of yet another presentation of The Beggar's Opera to be given by an amateur group. And Romberg rose from his chair in excited volubility.

THAT'S IT!" he cried. "Why didn't I remember her?

I don't even know her name now, but she's the one I want. And he dashed from the building for his home, perusing living room production sheets and script writers tagging along at his heels. There, among scores of such papers, he found the penciled name he desired, with the portentous underscore pointing the way to the yet unknown Miss Marshall. The chance reminder of his favorite opera had awakened in his brain a memory of Helen's beautiful voice and accomplished acting. And, with characteristics Romberg decisiveness, he acted. Even Miss Marshall's presence in the cast of the performance he heard, was due to coincidence.

She had been drifting aimlessly about the stages of New York City's amateur and semi-professional theater groups for quite some time, taking part as they came her way, hoping against hope for a break. She had been well schooled in the theater and in music, having graduated from the Juilliard School of Music with honors.

AT ONE time Helen had been the cause of considerable ill feeling among two factions of the faculty of that famous school. She had precipitated what might have resulted in a serious breach all innocently, and unknowingly. Then by a more accident she had

Helen may well be happy now—her spirit is perennially buoyed—through with struggle and done with coincidence.

After she graduated, she stepped out after a music scholarship offered by the Juilliard School. She couldn't decide whether to compete vocally or instrumentally, so she did both, and won the scholarship in both classifications.

Then it was that she precipitated the battle within the halls of the school. "Forget your voice," declared the music instructors. "You have wonderful possibilities with your instrument, but you cannot develop both without sacrificing in both cases." And, "Forget your voice," counseled the vocal teachers. "Your voice is precious. Don't waste your time with a fiddle."

Helen herself was undecided. But she settled the argument when she closed a door and left her little finger in the jam. That digit, all-important to the strangled instrument, was broken—and she couldn't play the violin.

So she concentrated on her golden vocal chords, and made amazing progress as a student. But when she stepped out into the world she found that success as a student did not necessarily portend success as a professional. For three years she filled semi-professional engagements, singing with clubs, schools, at private parties and in church choirs. And there was an engagement with the Juilliard Opera Company.

Then, merely by chance, she accepted the part in The Beggar's Opera, and the portentous pencil was waved in the hand of Sigmond Romberg who, unobserved, had slipped into the theater. Her she was cast, but she did not realize it—and she fought on for another year.

Further coincidence marked her initial appearance. For, although Maestro Romberg was enthusiastic and boosted her to the limit, agency and network big-shots were skeptical. They argued her lack of microphone experience, of any extensive experience whatsoever. The audience, they declared, wanted a big name.

Finally prevailed, and Helen Marshall was relegated to the unimportant part of understudy.

But here, again, her star was definitely in the ascendency. The young lady with the big name became seriously ill, just a few days prior to the premiere. There was no time to rush another big name into the breach. Romberg eagerly pressed forward his protege, and she went on the air for her big chance.

Just what she did with her big chance when it came is pretty well known now, as even the most hardened anti-soprano skeptic will admit. For Helen Marshall has something in her voice. It must be something, to cause Sigmund Romberg to make a pencil line beneath her name and remember it a year later.

Helen Marshall may be heard in a presentation of Swift and Company on the Studio Party program, NBC-WEAF network Tuesday at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST; 8 MST; 7 PST).
POLITICAL campaigns by way of the kilowatts, excepting just before the voting, always have been notoriously boresome, what with bell-come spelling, mud- tugging and the raking of bewildering statistics. The Republican Party has de- cided to reform political radio. At this moment, just as an advertising agency would plan to stage a campaign for toothpaste sales, the G.O.P. is shopping around for a one-hour broadcast series to get under way on both major networks in January. It will continue, of course, up to the Presidential election.

Thomas G. Sabin has been placed in charge of the Republican radio campa- gins, which in its early stages will not endeavor to sell candidates but will concentrate on attacking the New Deal.

Mr. Sabin concerns the building of a weekly pro- gram to include a sort of March of immense type of drama with serial aspects in which the Roosevelt ad- ministration will be traced and, of course, belittled. There will be a variety of music together with cele- brated entertainers, and there is a suspicion that if anything goes wrong the broadcast series will be canceled. The program will open with music, and during the five-minute concert, an- nouncers will tell the audience what's coming, and request all listeners to call up five friends each, and ask them to listen, also, then the announcer will appeal to the various groups of five friends and request them to call five more each, ad infinitum.

It sounds like a new kind of showmanship—which has mercantile possibilities.

Testing the Olympics

It is the proud practice of this department to keep the customers advised far in advance of developments, so you may as well know that trouble's brewing over the Olympic Games in Berlin next July.

There's the trouble. Germany has offered to relay the big events to the American networks free of charge, but the American committee, which has commercial no- tions, imagines that the American or foreign networks which carry the big events should be paid for the privilege.

The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia System naturally think this is a nutty notion.

So the two big wigs figuratively are thumping their collective noggins at the American and saying that if any kind of commercial business comes up—well, the broadcast won't be attempted.

But you may rest assured there will be broadcasts—and that, in the end, nobody will be taxed for them.

I wonder why it is that no woman in radio is ever considered as a prospect in the award of a diction medal. Deadlock's End

The most interesting development in the New York region last week was the break in the deadlock in which hotels and the Musicians' Local 802 had been in- volved for nearly a year. It started when the union staked a fee of $5 a man for each sustaining broadcast, and the networks refused to pay.

Leaders wouldn't pay, because they couldn't; and the hotels went off the air, thus depriving the audience of one of its favorite musical outfits. The networks threw non-New York bands into the voids so created, and the result was that many non-New York bands went into the New York market.

A couple of weeks ago a break came in the united front of the hotel men. The St. Regis decided to lock with an agreement, and they placed LITTLE JACK LITTLE on the air. The union fee was paid.

Then the Waldorf, with three bands, CGA'S, MARTINS and DONAHUE'S notified the hotel men that it was going back, and with LITTLE JOHN PETRILLO at the New Yorker, served notice then on the management that he must be aired or he'd go back to California.

So Foutz's demand was met and OZZIE NELSON'S and HAL KEMPS hotels fell into line. Soon practically all the New York hotels will be back on the air.

Plums and Prunes

What's in a Name?

IT'S NO longer ULDERICO MARCELLI, the NBC conductor, but RICO MARCHIELLI, since his name change in the hopes someone may pronounce it cor- rectly.

Speaking of names, when the CLIFF AR- QUETTES (Luke, Ferguson in Wellesley Valley of NBC and Ida) came to CBS the name was traced to Norwegian origins, being a shortened form of the Norwegian name of the manager of their hotel in New York. Dark and hairy, he got the name in Norwegian.

When we say the manager of the hotel in New York, we mean the hotel which the Arquettes called home. Their new name is a change for the better.

Behind the Curtain

MAYBE IT isn't news but the replacement First Nighter leading lady, BETTY LOU GERSON, is playing a real sweetheart role. Her co-star KAY AINLEY, ex-announcer who now narrates for Life Is Beautiful, has a new boy friend, and it's a good one. Willis A. WILLLIS (Lights Out and Flying Time scribe) cooper it is, by the way, who is doing the call sheet for the new show which ties together the COUNTERS, ALBANI pro- gram—ROBERT E. GRISSIN, NYARK aractor of the Gremlins of the Story of Mary Martin, ART JACOBS, now playing the role but committed to pictures, and IOWA Wood, will stay on until Gripps is able to arrive in Chicago. Hasn't Chicago any good leading men? ??

Plums to Alois Havilla, veteran announcer of NBC, who has been awarded the 1935 American Academy of Arts and Letters diction medal.

R. JAMES C. PETRILLO is investigating the broadcasting of dance orchestras from Chicago spots. Mr. Petrillo is the Windy City's music union czar.

And, if Mr. Petrillo says that no longer may sta- tions or networks pick up the dance music from the bands located in the big town on Lake Michigan, music probably won't be picked up. The musicians always do as Jimmy says—or else he soks them a whale of a cash fine.

The investigation at the moment is because some- one (certainly not NBC or CBS) has squawked that the band-booking departments of the two big networks are baiting booking contracts by holding out the lure of wide network plugs for the bands they sell.

It will be up to Jimmy either to find the charges true or untrue. And it is unlikely that he will find them true. Neither NBC nor CBS would be foolish enough to put in writing such a croker, for, in addition to stepping on the toes of the Music Corporation of America (MCA to you), such a pact would be like waving a red flag in the face of the Federal Trade Commission which, with but a few days of hearings, would pronounce the deal competition in restraint of trade.

Could it have been MCA officials who kicked? We wonder. We also wonder if MCA's band town-to-town switches (to appease the music unions in the towns affected) aren't really a bit of unfair competition.

At any rate, there is a bare chance that Chicago bands will be radioless ere long, and we thought you'd like to know why.

Prunes to Uncle Sam

The Department of Commerce has cut the salaries of the radio operators on 36 government-operated freight boats from a varying $105 to $13 a month down to a flat $100 a month.

Are Sustaining Artists People?

THERE has long been a debate between the networks and the sustaining artists as to whether a sustaining artist is a human being. The networks take the nega- tive side. And, in promiscuously kicking the sustaining artists around, many a great act is thrown for a loss—which sometimes is the network's red ink.

All of which precludes our overstatement over the grapevine information that NBC's youngest and most promising Chicago act is quitting the web. Somehow it seems like letting four aces drop from a pat hand and drawing to a deuce. The show has originality, harmony and everything, has grown mightily under fair, and, in our opinion, tops over the Rosell Sisters.

But whatever the difficulties, we hope that it may be patched up. Or, that some wide-awake sponsor or bandwidth snaps up the act ... Yes, it is possible that you and many other listeners are being robbed of the Breakfast Club on Fridays, for no longer will that program boast JUNE, JOAN, JERI and JILL.

A plentiful bit of Subhata Winter is the Musical Mood show featuring RIDLEY BLOOTE, organist, and DIXIE MASON. Catch them over a Midwestern CBS chain at 5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 MST; 2:30 PST). How about more outlets, CBS?
Inside Stuff
Along the Airialto
By Martin Lewis

T HE auto Crosset who foots the staggering bills for two of the most important programs in radio—Waring's Pennsylvanians and the Sunday Evening Hour—apparently doesn't believe in the railway measures LAMENDEZ either, for anything with him. Several years ago he had so little faith in radio as an advertising medium that it was necessary for his dealers to form a gigantic kitty to pay for the cost of putting up a radio show. LUM AND ABNER, who blared the trail for Waring and the Sunday Evening Hour, soon convinced the kitty magnate that his product could be sold to the listeners, wherein he became one of the biggest spenders in the industry.

Now comes the announcement that the motor mogul again has removed the elastic band from the bankroll. Beginning December 1, Tuesday and Thursday from 2 CST (11:30 to 1 MST; 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. PST) over a CBS coast-to-coast web, a third program will be aired soon his agents, featuring JOSE MANZARES and his South American orchestra.

No, it won't be one of those exclusive hula and fango affairs he's been so keen to show time to his ear. The band will play a great variety of compositions, ranging from the classics to hot jazz. The two soloists will include Manzares himself and a talented young singer known simply as DOLONE. Incidentally, the orchestra is composed entirely of women.

With three major programs on the air, the afore-mentioned motor manufacturer unquestionably becomes the largest spender in radio! Oh well, he can afford it!

Doghouse

HOWARD CLANEY, who announces the Sigmund Romberg radio party broadcasts, is in the doghouse every Tuesday night. But not as a penitent, as one would be led to believe from that remark. For some mysterious reason he has been absent from the booth in the studio, and from this vantage point, concealed from the prying eyes of the studio spectators, Claneys makes his spells. Howard is prepared to issue a reward to the first person to figure out the why of this procedure.

Pickup Point

JANE FROMAN has just been notified that Warner Brokers has picked up its option for her to make three more pictures for them. All they had to do was to get one glimpse of her initial effort and they were sold. It seems the Beauty Box Theater program is a gateway to the movie studios. Besides lovely Jane, GLADYS SWARTHOUT and JIMMY MELTON both graduated from this show and went to work beside the cameras.

Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, those ambitious young starlets who are dating with FRED WARG, are studying dramatics with Frances Robinson DuBose, the tutor of JEANINE LAMOREUX and MYRNA LOY, by way of grooming for the movies. Rosemary will study as a voice and as a body, in the DuBose production of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. It won't surprise us if they end up in Hollywood, just like their sister. Lily, as they are pretty and talented enough to rate it.

Bee Bong

FOR THE first time in weeks BING CROSBY is again in his glory. While working on Anything Goes for Paramount, it was necessary for him to wear a hat and tails. If you know Bing you know what punishment this is to him. All that is changed now, and the crooner again is full of smiles at his new get-up for the last scenes of the picture—a sailor suit and dungees!

Outdoors Girl

When anyone meets IRENE RICH for the first time, they can't help but remark how well and young she looks. In general, they will say, "She is the family secret. The answer is plenty of outdoor exercise. Almost any day you may find her on the Central Park bridle path, for horseback riding is one of her greatest hobbies and sports.

Cry Party

CRYING towels were in larger display in the hearst of the recent House of Glass program in which M. m. Schumann-Henk guest-starred along with the boys' choir from St. Thomas' Church. While the youngsters were singing, Schumann-Henk could not take her eyes off them. She started to ask them new program on the NBC network, but Schumann-Henk was waxing sentimental.

Second Sight

HELEN BOARD, so loved and remembered by DRE KOSTELANETZ, has long been ill in a hospital with an eye infection which means temporary loss of sight. The singer and musicians on the program, including the chorus, stars LILY PONS AND NINO MARTINI, sent Helen a fine radio program for her hospital room.

Helen dictated a letter of thanks to her nurse and mentioned that she joins in with the choral from her hospital bed.

Joke on Sponsor

When MENTIONED a radio show a while ago that Vox Pop program which is put on by Jerry Burns and Parks Johnson on Sunday afternoons, first originated in Houston, Texas. When the boys left to make good in a big way, the program was taken over by two fellows named Harry and Guy, whose sponsor delights in putting on his own commercial announcements in the break between interviews with the Man on the Street. The other week he requested the listeners to wire in the questions they would like to have asked over the air. It started that they were in Front of a Western Union office, and the wires would be received in a few minutes if listeners acted immediately. The listeners did act immediately. But was his face red when the storm of wires poured in—-in the form of collect telegrams?

New to Him

ONE OF RADIO's most famous announcers has the habit of inhabiting in bottletopping a little more than he should. So long ago he showed up at the studios a wee bit under the influence of the contents of the bottle he had emptied. When his superior saw the word-slinger he told him that a new type of program was in the making for him. "Commercially-speaking," asked the announcer, "Neither," replied the executive. "From now on you're on abstaining."

Hi, Colonel!

IT SEEMS that Governor Ruby Laffoon, of the old Kentucky, simply can't take a joke. It all started when PHIL BAKER, the accordion man, began calling his tall Southern maestro, Colonel Hal Kempe of the C.C. Kempe of Kentucky. So the Governor, hearing the broadcast, looked up his long list of honorary's and, failing to see Kempe's name on it, sent an official commission to the maestro.

Highest Price

WHO DO you think is the highest-priced singer on the air? You've read about TIBBETT or LILY PONS or NINO MARTINI or any number of music world's finest. It's a fellow by the name of MYRON NIESLEY, whose name probably is not even familiar to you. He is the lad who sings just a single note on the Jack Benny program, and gets $25.00 for it. As you recall, the program opens with the spelling in song of the name of the sponsor's product. The diminuendo O in the name the boys lead is so important that they have brought in a special vocalist to lend his golden tones therein. Eleven singers were auditioned for the job, and Niesley won out. Inasmuch as he sings the note both for the Eastern show and the Western show, he bags $150.00 for singing just two notes.

KILODYCLE CHATTER: Super-sleuth Mr. Scoop reveals that it will be the sponsor of Hollywood Hotel and Burns and Allen who will bankroll the CBS Christmas Show starring LIONEL BARRYMORE in the first of five yearly Yaselmian appearances as Scrooge—with an unmasked ghost-star... The Beauty Box Theater's leading impuities are making tempting offers to HELEN JEPPSON for at least a thirteen-week series on their show. We never could understand why FRANCIA WHITE was removed from this program, but we've just heard a report that the real cause was too much interference from her manager... ELEANOR POWELL has signed to continue her expert hoofing and vocalizing on the Red Horse Tavern broadcasts as a regular weekly feature... BETTY LOU GERSON has given up her parts in about a half dozen shows in order to accept The First Nighter lead, FRANK X. BUSHMAN has replaced CHARLES HUGHES and JACK MATHIES replaced ED PRENTICE on the same show, which really got an overhaul in cast... CHERI MCKAY of the Merry Mac's was presented with a solid gold vanity case by the singing group who celebrated her release from the hospital after a throat infection... LANNY ROSS and his bride are doing quite a bit of entertaining in their new duplex apartment on East 57th Street, New York. Afternoon teas are almost a daily schedule... The Band Goes To Town is the title of a new program heard Thursday evenings, featuring ELLA LOGAN, the Scotch lassie, who will render her deep blue songs to the accompaniment of MIKE REILLY'S orchestra... Veteran and originator GENE ARNOLD of the NBC Greater Minstrels is victim of a squeeze play which puts GUS VAN in the time-honored Arnold spot... In reply to many inquiries, KAY KYSER and his band are playing at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh and can be heard over the NBC network late Thursdays and Saturdays, and daily except Sunday over WCAE. See program listings for time.
Coming Events

EST and CST Shown
(For MST Subtract One Hour from CST)

Music in the Air
By Carleton Smith

Comming back from ancient lands where primitive peoples sang their native music with a naive and sincere passion. Ten days ago I was inspired to write of American music. Here I would like to enlarge the concept of American music. It is not only the music of the Western culture but also the music of the American way of life. The American people have a unique way of expressing themselves through their music. They use the radio as a medium to reach their audience. The radio orchestra musicians are not confined within the studio, they can reach the homes of people all over the world. The music on the radio is not just entertainment, it is a way of communicating with the audience.

Music is a universal language. It transcends cultural and linguistic barriers. It is a way of conveying emotions and ideas. The radio orchestra musicians are skilled in their craft, and they work hard to create a unique and memorable experience for the audience.

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Radio Springs a Holdup

Calling All Cars

Of All the Jobs Squad Cars Have Been Called to Do, This One Stands Alone

By Marshall Graves

IT WAS dark and cold. Dark and cold in the freight car, in which young Gordon Thomas had beat his way from Indiana. Dark and cold in the December night which engulfed the Detroit freight yards.

The ground showed white with snow.

With a sigh of relief Gordon Thomas finally tumbled out of the freight yards and into a dingy, obscure little street. He had made it! He actually had reached Detroit without being killed by a locomotive, pinched by a railroad dick, or robbed of his few pieces of silver by a tough hobo. Perhaps, the kid dared to hope as he started to walk in search of a cheap restaurant, it wasn't such a bad world after all. He pulled his thin topcoat tighter about him, and wished that he had gloves to cover his cold-cracked hands.

But he forgot that worry in a very few moments. For around the corner of the dingy street a car suddenly swooped. It pulled to the curb beside Gordon Thomas, and stopped.

"Hey, you!" a crisp voice called. "Just a minute!"

Young Thomas shrank, as his head jerked around so that he could see the police car that had stopped beside him. Had they seen him sneaking out of the freight yards, he wondered? Judging from the next question, they had not.

"Where do you live?"

"Well—" the young man spluttered—"I just got to town a little while ago. I'm—I'm looking for a job."

"So address, eh?" the policeman's voice seemed to have a decided edge to it now. The car door was flung open. "You better get in. We'll take you to the station house for a few questions."

But I haven't done anything! I'm just looking for a job!"

"Yeah, you said that," drily observed one of the two policemen in the car. "Come on, get in!"

During that brief ride to the station house, the young man who had just beaten his way from Indiana drank the drags of despair. The irony of it! After weeks of unemployment—after those weary, chilling dangerous miles of illegal travel in a box car—he had managed to reach Detroit in the almost certain hope of a few weeks' employment in the automotive industry. He had almost reached his final goal. And now—this!

But he felt a bit better in the station house. There he was brought face to face with a thoughtful desk sergeant, whose keen eyes seemed to look right through his head.

"Tell me, son," this man asked, when the arresting officers had spoken their piece, "how did you get to Detroit? The truth now!" The kid squirmed. He was afraid that if he told them the truth, they would surely lock him up. But he told it anyway.

"I just got off a box car," he admitted. The desk sergeant nodded approvingly.

"Knew it before I asked you," he commented, "but I'm glad to see you can tell the truth. You're all over the dirt of it. We get 'em like you five-six times a day. Most of 'em lie, though."

THEN I can go?" asked Gordon Thomas, half-hoping.

"But the sergeant shook his head.

"We'll have to check up on you," he said. "Where you been working lately?"

"Four years polishing bodies here in Detroit," the kid said. "Then when they laid me off I went to Indiana and worked for the Indiana Traction Company."

The sergeant, with meticulous care, wrote down the details.

"Well, we'll give you a bath and a bed and a meal," he said, "and tomorrow you'll have to appear at the show-up at Headquarters. Now don't worry—if you're tellin' me the truth, and ain't got a record, you got nothing to worry about."

Gordon Thomas slept that night in a cell. But he didn't worry—much. For he had a clear conscience, and that sustained him in the belief that soon he would be released and, if he had, get a job.

It was a different next morning, when he was taken to the ninth floor at Headquarters. Young Thomas couldn't help shrinking, as they paraded him across the narrow, screened stage, where bright lights poured upon him from all angles. On the other side of that screen, invisible to him, were detectives, stick-up victims, patrolmen.

Conscious of the eyes upon him, uncertain of what to do with his hands, the kid walked out into those lights and turned around! barked an invisible voice. He obeyed.

"Face this way!" came the voice again. "Walk back . . . Turn around . . . What's your name? . . . Where are you from? . . ."

At each brusque interjection the young man answered or obeyed. Finally, he started with relief as the voice stopped:

"Right—move off! Next!"

"Wait a minute!" cried a new voice from the other side of that screen, which one of the fellows that stuck up my store!"

There was a buzz of excitement, but the kid hardly stirred in his seat. For the sudden pounding of blood in his own ears was his heart leaped in sudden horror.

"I never did!" he shouted.

"Silence!" the voice of authority cried.

THEY took Gordon Thomas into a small office, and left him there with his arrest and two detectives. This was the fellow all right," the store manager declared. "It was on December 4. This man and two others came in the door to the manager of 15334 Grand River Avenue—"

"It's a lie!" cried young Thomas wildly. "I wasn't in Detroit on—"

"Take it easy, son," broke in one of the detectives. Then, turning to the storekeeper and referring to the complaint form in his hand, he said: "You are Glenn C. Birdsall, the complainant?"

"Yes. The other two men held guns on me. This fellow—" nodding at Thomas—"tied me up with a bit of rope."

At the reading of hours to the kid. Over and over the two detectives shot question after question at him—questions which had a knack of artfully turning corners, to attack his story from different angles. He was hysteric when they led him to a cell. The store manager, still positive in his identification and obviously sincere about it, went about his business. The two detectives were left alone.

"I don't like this," Detective Lieutenant Edward Graff, after he had telephoned the company to Thomas claimed to have worked for and found that the kid had spoken the truth."

"Neither do I," the boy's innocent," replied Detective Richard Downey. "Let's get in touch with that Indiana Traction outfit right away. If what he says is true, we was working for them December 4."

"Right," responded Graff. "And meanwhile, let's dress this kid up in different clothes, line him up with half a dozen other guys, and see if Mr. Birdsall picks him out again."

This was done—not because the two detectives doubted the sincerity of the store manager, but because they often had seen excited holdup victims select the wrong suspect—only to change their minds later. But Birdsall did not do this. When Gordon Thomas, his appearance altered by a different suit and hat, was paraded before him a second time in company with half a dozen other possible stick-up artists, Birdsall immediately and unerringly pointed the accusing finger at young Thomas.

Graff and Downey were puzzled. They also were worried—for in spite of what (Continued on Page 30)
Has Previn Lost His Head?

So It Would Seem to the Die-Hard Proponents of Musical Classics or Nothing. But There's Something to Be Said for His Side of an Old Question

By Chester Matthews

OR more than a year Charles Previn has been conductor of NBC's Real Silk weekly broadcast—conductor of the orchestra—and in effect, the genius behind the presentation. He has signed recently for another year because under his guidance the program has come to be one of the most satisfying on the air today, from an audience as well as a commercial standpoint.

This youthful Brooklyn musician, one of the few orchestra leaders who still can boast bachelorhood, is five feet four and one-half inches tall and weighs, normally, around 160 pounds. That's his weight, any night when he first lifts his baton. A post-broadcast test probably would reveal that he has lost five pounds within the half-hour. Let's take a specific broadcast for illustration.

One recent night the temperature in NBC's big Studio A was thermostatically set at about 70 degrees. Certainly there is nothing excessive about that. Yet when Previn left the platform at the conclusion of the program he was drenched with perspiration, like a Keystone comedy fireman. Before he could proceed with further conducting it was necessary for him to dash into the musicians' room and make a complete change into dry apparel.

Whew!—because he's just that sort of a guy. When he works, he is a sprinter. He is profligate with his energy. He puts as much steam into his punches as does Joe Louis. That's why, although there are many contributing factors to the success of any of his programs, the Previn force dominates the setup. This arch modernist of the musicians is the party of the first part in all the proceedings. And it might be added that while Previn doesn't make his Twentieth Century ideas obstructive, they are prominent enough to warrant comment.

TODAY is sufficient unto itself so far as he is concerned. He doesn't lack respect for the ancient maestros who evolved the classics. In fact their works are presented frequently on his programs. But his reverence falls far short of the adoration accorded by many who swing important batons in the musical world.

It is his conviction that good music is not dated—that no aura of antiquity implies that anyone ever pre-emted the primary, basic notes in music.

Briefly, Previn will take today's melody kings and queens and play them against all of the medieval aces, Bach to Bach. Or, if the point seems strained, let's say he will trade George Gershwin for two Mozarts any day in the week, and emerge from the swap as tickled as a David Harum.

His attitude would seem purely reactionary were it anyone else's but Previn's. But he is so youthfully modern, so energetically American, that he obviously is just keeping pace with the times.

There are several reasons why I favor such men as Gershwin, Koussevitzky, Bela and our contemporary composers," he says. "It's for the identical reason that I ride in an automobile in preference to any obsolescent mode of transportation. The world is progressing scientifically. Why shouldn't it musically?

That's his own interpretation of his mental trend.

We HAVE been emancipated in every field by the late war," he explains. "We used to think that the labels, Made in Germany, Made in France, Made in Italy and like legends, lent distinction to commercial products. We throw up our hands in resistance over our inability to create an ulterior dye that would match the German product. But with the limitations on shipping and the eventual state of war we were compelled to create our own products. We couldn't take it in determinate to what we were handling at it than those we thought had the secret completely bottled up. And that's just a single instance.

"The same situation existed in music. An opera, to have sales appeal, had to bear the label Viennese. But with Austria a foe, Viennese music was unpatriotic and hence unacceptable, so we came to depend upon American composers who ever since have been turning out a brand of operettas that has become a model of perfection."

There is no air of belligerence about Previn's marked preference for the music of the hour, but there is a wealth of hostility in his bearing toward the class of Americans who still are under the hypnotic spell of European nationalism.

We have a right to a nationalism of our own not alone in the music itself but in its manner of presentation," he points out. "The history of opera in this country—the story of the big symphony orchestras—bears out my charge that the European touch is a fatal one. Unless a conductor or a singer has an accent broad enough to cover the whole range, he is standing among the snobs of these institutions.

Yet both have existed only through patronage. If either is to be a successful venture in this country, it will have to be on a subsidy basis, a control that will permit the thousands of potential American composers to get their chance, and one that will act to dispel the myth that to be correct it must be ancient and European. Naturally, without some sense of expression, most of our young musical geniuses have no incentive to create. And judges of the few of the works of many would be pretty dreary.

With a goal in sight they would make progress. It is identical with young writers. Most of them get a rejection slip before they find a market, but the good ones survive—because in literature we follow a different procedure than with music. Music is a field in which all the promising women will not accept a composer or conductor who cannot bend low with grace and kiss their hand, while they breathe an ecstatic 'Madame' in a voice almost strained with amour."

"The man has lost his head," probably will be the reaction of many of this type of so-called music lover. Which prompts the observation that it is amazing that so many of these composers do not have this cause. This is because of the popular appeal. As director of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, he precipitated over 100 players, and has dreams of some day waving a stick before a group nearly twice that large.

But his current group, he believes, is better color to the music which he selects for his programs. The compositions, in turn, are chosen for their adaptability to the instruments in use. That's why none of his programs is an affair of the moment. They are roughed out four weeks in advance. Then follows constant rehearsal with deletions and replacements, timing and re-arranging, all calculated to produce the results that come nearest to perfection. Four programs in rehearsal concurrently means gigantic.
Thumbnail: Forgotten Men of Radio

Give Due Credit to Control-Room Engineers, in Whose Hands Rests the Destiny of The Myriad Stars Now Broadcasting

By Howard Wilcox

When Mme. Louise Homer first appeared as guest artist on the Atwater Kent hour several years ago, the operas had more than their share of trouble reproducing her voice. One note in particular, a high sustained effort, constantly blasted the transmitter off the air. As a consequence that note never reached the listeners. No matter how far away from the microphone Madame Homer was placed, that one note, essential to the selection she was to sing, would have the same effect. The engineers were driven to distraction.

Finally the ingenious diva worked out the solution herself. When she reached the place in her score where the particular note was called for, she turned her back to the microphone and sang far out into the studio.

The sound bounced back off the rear wall and was picked up perfectly.

Directly opposite to the opera stars are the confidential type of singers whose voices must be amplified to broadcast properly. Morton Downey is an example of these vocalists. Downey, to achieve the best possible tones, sings very softly, almost on top of the microphone. Even then his tones must be brought up considerably. When Downey sings for broadcasting, people in the studio within ten feet of him cannot hear his voice.

WHISPERING Jack Smith and Little Jack Little are others of the confidential subdued type. They, too, almost swallow the mike as they sing into it.

Vaughn de Leath also gets as close as possible to the microphone, but her position is the result of her long study of the peculiarities of radio transmission. Miss de Leath is well versed (Continued on Page 25)

The production manager and control-room engineer more often than not are busier than the star, particularly when they have to handle a broadcast such as the one pictured above.
### Programs for Sunday, November 24

<table>
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Call Letter</th>
<th>Power (Watts)</th>
<th>Frequency (MHz)</th>
<th>City</th>
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<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WWAQ-Lo, Toa Mau</td>
<td>WYAO</td>
<td>750</td>
<td>15.27</td>
<td>Chicago, Illinois</td>
<td>NBC</td>
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<td>6:15 a.m.</td>
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<td>WSTD</td>
<td>1000</td>
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<td>St. Louis, Missouri</td>
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<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
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#### Log of Midwestern Stations

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<th>Power (Watts)</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>WBBM</td>
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</table>

#### WBBM-AM

- Midday Program: "The Sound of Music" (NBC) 1:00 p.m.
- Afternoon Program: "The Voice of the People" (NBC) 2:00 p.m.

#### WGN

- Midday Program: "The Chicago Symphony" 1:00 p.m.
- Afternoon Program: "The World of McVay" 2:00 p.m.

#### WLS

- Midday Program: "The Chicago Tribune" 1:00 p.m.
- Afternoon Program: "The World of McVay" 2:00 p.m.

#### WMAQ

- Midday Program: "The Chicago Tribune" 1:00 p.m.
- Afternoon Program: "The World of McVay" 2:00 p.m.
FOOTBALL BROADCASTS

Time Thumb is CST, for MST
Saturday, Nov. 24
"Subbuteo" on WOR

* Indicates Probable Broadcast

NOVEMBER 23

Baylor vs. Southern Methodist at Dallas: 2 p.m. (W libraries)

Texas A&M vs. Louisiana State at Baton Rouge: 2:30 p.m.

Leadleer-High School game at Buffalo: 12:30 p.m.

Burlington vs. Columbia at New York: 12:15 p.m.

UCLA vs. Washington at Los Angeles: 2:30 p.m.

Central Michigan vs. Jackson: 2:30 p.m.

Denver vs. Prairieville at Providence: 1:30 p.m.

City College vs. WJB WIBC HIBR WOC WMBD

Tulane vs. Colorado at Boulder: 2:15 p.m.

Yale vs. Harvard at New Haven: 2 p.m.

Memorial High vs. Nashville High: 2 p.m.

Ohio State vs. Michigan at Ann Arbor: 12:45 p.m.

Washington vs. Stanford at Palo Alto: 2:15 p.m.

Santa Clara vs. Oregon at Eugene: 1:15 p.m.

Southern California vs. Notre Dame at South Bend: 1:45 p.m.

Tulane vs. LouisianaNormal at New Orleans: 1:45 p.m.

San Francisco at Stanford at Palo Alto: 2 p.m.

Miami vs. Chicago Bears: 1:15 p.m.

Detroit vs. Chicago Bears at Chicago: 1:15 p.m.

Philadelphia vs. New York at New York: 1:15 p.m.

NOVEMBER 24

Alabama vs. Vanderbilt at Nashville: 2 p.m.

Coming Events

(Continued from Page 10)

the combined NBC and CBS networks at 1:45 p.m. CST direct from Grantfield, Atlanta, Georgia.

GREEN BROTHERS Marimba orchestra broadcasts a new series of tango and rhumba arrangements over an NBC-WIZ network at 4:15 p.m. EST (1:15 CST). The ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA moves over the network from 11:15 a.m. to 1:45 p.m. EST (10:15 CST).

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, star of screen and stage, now is a regular member of the cast of the CBS network-to-coast NIC-F WEAF network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST).

MARY EASTON, noted soprano, will broadcast a special program Tuesday night over the NBC-WABC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST).

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30

MARK TWAIN CENTENNIAL PROCEDEMENTS will be featured on the CBS-WABC network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST).

BUDD HULICK, who is the Budd of Starstruck and chord, will broadcast the Hulick Orchestra over the CBS-WABC network at 10 p.m. EST (9 CST).

Chicago Bears vs. Detroit at Detroit: 10 a.m. — WGN

Cornell U. vs. Pennsylvania U. at Philadelphia: 10 a.m. — WIP

Green Bay vs. Chicago Cardinals at Chicago: 2 p.m. — WMJ

Manchester vs. Haverhill: 9 a.m. — WTEA

Miami U. vs. Cincinnati at Cincinnati: 1:30 p.m. — WOCO

WBCR

New York vs. Brooklyn at New York: 1 p.m. — WINS

St. Louis vs. George Washington at St. Louis: 2 p.m. — WOCX

Syracuse vs. Maryland at Baltimore: 1 p.m. — WOR

"U of Texas vs. Texas A. & M. at College Station: 2:15 p.m. — WFAA

"T. V. WSB WPBN KFRC

"San Francisco State College vs. St. Mary's at San Francisco: 4 p.m. — KFRC KJN KOIN KOL KFQI KFIB KFBK

23 LANGUAGES

SPEAK ANY MODERN LANGUAGE IN 3 MONTHS BY LINGUISTIC

UNIQUE METHOD BRINGS VOICES OF NATIVE MASTERS INTO YOUR OWN HOME. CREDIT FOR FREE BOOK

LINGUISTIC INSTITUTE

44 Rochester Center — New York

SUNDAY 4 P.M.
**Early Morning Programs**

**Monday, Nov. 25, Continued**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Program</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Home Farm Dances, BIBA WGN-FM WCG-619</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Home Farm Dinner, BIBA WGN-FM WCG-619</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
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<td>Home Farm Bedtime, BIBA WGN-FM WCG-619</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WGN</td>
<td>Home Farm Bedtime, BIBA WGN-FM WCG-619</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mr. Fairfax**

**The Country Church of HOL-WOOD’s program is off LUCY GILLMAN plays the part of Jews in Myrt and Myra; Walma in Welcome to the Wonderful World of LUCY and Lily in The Athenaeum. She was born March 4, 1926 (Miss A. B. Rosenfield).**

**Louise Massey and The Wesi ENNERS can be heard on the Show Boat network every Thursday over an NBCWEAF network from 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST, 6 PST) by Harry H. Hays, Springfield, Pa.**

**Grace Moore’s theme song is Cribbage. (W. M. S. Dixie)**

**ULMER TURNER, radio editor of a Chicago newspaper, gives both the Star Radio Bible Team programs (Miss P. M. Marron, Ill.)**

**TONY WONS is not broadcasting at this time, and it is not known when he will return to the programs.**

**Mr. Fairfax answers personally only those letters which are accompanied by addressed return envelopes. Mr. Fairfax can reason to answer only those questions concerning personalities on his program. He is in charge of RADIO GUIDE, 741 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.**

**Early Morning Programs**

**Monday, Nov. 25, Continued**

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</table>
Tuesday, Nov. 26, Continued

ON SHORT WAVES

By Chas. A. Morrison

CST Shown, for MST Subtract One Hour
(Figures in Pueblos Dente Weg- 
gen, Baja California, and the Azores.

SHORT-WAVE listeners throughout the world accompanied an intrepid group of scientists on one of the most thrilling experiences ever taken in the field of science, the stratospheric ascent of the U.S. Army balloon last Tuesday, November 11. Almost the entire story of the ascent was relayed by means of the short wave transmitter inside the gondola, and could be picked up on any short-wave receiver.

Short-wave stations relaying the ascent story were W9XF and W9XL, two NBC stations, W9XF, a ground station at Rapid City, North Dakota, from where the ascent was started, and W9XFH, the transmitter in the gondola of the balloon. W9XF operated on 6.35 megacycles, and W9XFH used 1350 mgs, with a power of eight watts. Through these stations much more complete report of the flight was transmitted than was relayed to the broadcast band stations by the NBC network.

At about 7:45 a.m. Central Standard Time, the first signals were received from W9XFH in the balloon. This was before the big bag had left the ground. These signals were 100 per cent intelligible throughout the trip. At the ceiling of approximately 96,690 feet, they were completely perfect and had taken on a compression not present in other transmis-

sions. As the bag descended, signals attained unbelievable volumes, and when during the last 2000 feet of the rapid ascent, every sound was fed to the microphone of the gondola was picked up. Finally, Stevens yelled, "Stand by and hold on," and both men clambered out of the gondola, just in time to withstand the shock of the descent as the balloon struck, the transmitter was damaged so badly that it was forced off the air.

Unless poor atmospheric conditions or interplanetary balloon expert interfaces, Munday, November 25, will see grand slams, doubles and triples, and maybe a few of the two-crance catcher the ever in the international bridge match scheduled between teams representing the United States and Argentina. This match began breast on stations W2AX,

Schenectady, New York (10.55), and LAX Buenos Aires (10.35). The broadcasts will continue tomorrow morning and continue until twelve hands have been played.

Advance Programs

KEY TO FREQUENCIES

<table>
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<th>Station</th>
<th>Call Letter</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
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<td>W9XF</td>
<td>W9XFH</td>
<td>Rapid City</td>
<td>MN</td>
<td>6.35 mgs</td>
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<td>W9XL</td>
<td></td>
<td>Rapid City</td>
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<td>?</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Louisville</td>
<td>KY</td>
<td>1350 mgs</td>
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</table>

W9XF and W9XFH are the ground stations for the balloon.
**Programs for Wednesday, November 27**

### Early Morning Programs Page 17

#### NBC—Breakfast Club; Edna O'Neill, co-host (8:21)

**CBS—Dear Audience: WHAS WFMN**

**KMOX**—Robert Leichter, organist; WCLF

**NBC**—Nancy Susan, WGN

**WGN**—Sports News

**WBBM**—Babe Wagon

**WLS**—Tennis News

**WDR**—University of Chicago

**WGN**—News and Drama of Hawaii

**WLW**—Loft and Scotty

**WLCI**—Hymns of all Churches

**WGN**—Music and Comments

* * *

#### Network News Page 17

**NBC**—First, reed, and Ball, songs and stories; Porter, WGN

**CBS**—Reader Audience: WOWM

**WGN**—KMOX—The Crusaders

**WCCO**—Non-Musical Comment

**WINS**—Michael Clark

**WBBM**—Join radical, what's going on

**WBBN**—Bach, WBBN

**WLS**—Ford and Ralph

**WLS**—Chicago

**WGN**—Byron of All Churches; WCCO

**WBBM**—News

**WBBM**—KMOX—Fascinating Melodies

**WGN**—George Fanning, WGN

**WBBM**—WGN—Geraldman Program

**WBBM**—Leo Dreyer, organist (9:18)

**WGN**—News; Cecil and Sally

**WBBM**—Children's Creations in station

**WGN**—The Backstage Wire, sketch

**WBBM**—To be announced

**WBBN**—Music

**WBBM**—Children's Creations in station

* * *

#### Afternoon

**NRC**—Sweet Home, Sweet Village, sketch; WLH

**CBS**—Agnes and Lou, vocal duet; WBBM WBBN WLS (9:00)

**NRC**—Edward Markgraf, Gospel Singer, WLW (9:30)

**KMOX**—Let's Compare Notes; WLW (9:30)-eyed, Elisha Barron

**WBBM**—Babe Wagon

**WGN**—George Fanning

**WBBM**—Robert Leichter, organist (8:21)

**WBBN**—How Flatt, Bits of Melody

**WBBM**—Sidney Sharp, WLW (8:07)

**WQAQ**—Favorite Selections (9:00)

**WBBM**—Almo, WBBN

**KNOX**—Leroy's Children; WTMJ

**WBBM**—KMOX (8:15) (9:21)

**CBS**—Janet Dunlop, WBBM

**WBBM**—CBS—Pete O'Keefe's (8:15) (9:21)

* * *

#### WCFL—Saturday Night and Radio News of All Churches

**WBBM**—How's Your Health; WCCO

**WABC**—Sister Mary Katharine

**WBBN**—Prairie Ramblers; Patty Novanida; WGN

**WBBM**—How to be charming

**WBBM**—Babe Wagon

**WABC**—Music

**WBBM**—Teen-Times of Mystery; WABC News

* * *

#### WLH—News; WJJD (9:00)

**WBBN**—Musical Program

**WBBM**—CBS—Mary Lou McConathy; WLW (9:30)

**KNOX**—Tom Mix Adventures; WLH

**KMOX**—Nothing but the truth

**WBBM**—Bachelor's Party

**WBBM**—BOY; WLW (9:15) (9:21)

**WBBM**—Walk Through to the World; WABC

**WLW**—Happy Hour, WABC

**WBBM**—The Institute of Musical Literature; WJJD

**WHO**—Radio News; WJJD (9:00)

**KMOX**—The Nativity, sketch

**NRC**—West Side Hospital, sketch; WLW (9:15) (9:21)

**WBBM**—Musical Program

**WABC**—Music of the Opera

**WBBM**—Musical Program

**WBBN**—Karaoke: WLW (9:00)

**WBBM**—The Institute of Musical Literature; WJJD

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Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

9:45 a.m. CBS—The Capitivators; WMBD

11:15 a.m. CBS—Jewish Features; WOR; WFBM

12:45 p.m. CBS—Biscuit Barn Club; Eddie and Fanny Carmagne; KMOX

WLS—Announcements; WLS—Alcoholism; WLS—Jewish Features; WLS—Academy of Medicine; (sw-15.27)

1:15 p.m. CBS—Between the Bookends; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

2:45 p.m. CBS—Between the Bookends; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

3:15 p.m. CBS—Happy Hour; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—Red Foley

6:30 p.m. CBS—Between the Bookends; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

7:00 p.m. CBS—Happy Hour; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—Red Foley

9:00 p.m. CBS—Movie Time: WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

10:00 p.m. CBS—Happy Hour; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—Red Foley

11:00 p.m. CBS—Between the Bookends; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

11:30 p.m. CBS—Between the Bookends; WLS; WGN—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

12:00 Noon CBS—The Merchants: WLS; WGN

12:15 p.m. CBS—Biscuit Barn Club; Eddie and Fanny Carmagne; KMOX

WLS—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

12:45 p.m. CBS—Biscuit Barn Club; Eddie and Fanny Carmagne; KMOX

WLS—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

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WLS—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

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WLS—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley

6:30 p.m. CBS—Biscuit Barn Club; Eddie and Fanny Carmagne; KMOX

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10:00 p.m. CBS—Biscuit Barn Club; Eddie and Fanny Carmagne; KMOX

WLS—Announcements; WLS—National Farm & Home News; WLS—Red Foley
HIS PREVIN LOST HIS HEAD

(Continued from Page 12)
application for some time, and that helps to explain the shrinkage in pounds. His preference for a small string group on the present program once gave rise to a situation which afforded Previn some unhappy moments. Shortly after he had left George Gershwin as director and concert master, and had organized the Sinfonie Strings, an agency publicity man was urged to set up on some Previn plans. To avoid a possible conflict which charged Previn with saying that there was no field in radio for large orchestras, Previn eventually managed to clear himself of the sousaphone brought about by the unauthorized statement, but he was found to be so because he is a firm proponent of the large ensembles for the rendition of modern music, as well as that of master tier lineage—the music of which he is only tolerant while the less courageous leaders bend the knee.

Charles Previn conducts the orchestra Life is a Song

On Sunday, October 13, at 9 P. M., EST (8 CST, 7 MST, 6 PST) and over a split network later the same day at 11 P. M. EST (11 CST; 10 MST; 9 PST).

HAS PREVIN LOST HIS HEAD

Heard on The Air

Life is a Song

Hear Sunday, October 13, at 9 P. M. EST (8 CST, 7 MST, 6 PST) over an NBC-WJZ network. A presentation by Real Silk Honesty.

The singing, hugging, a male octet, and a concert orchestra under the direction of Charles Previn support Giga. Countless Aliani, the lovely soprano, in this musical Sabith offering. The rendition of Tite Vaxen from Noel Coward's Bittern was beautiful. Deep River came over most impressively. The program was smooth, enjoyable and neatly tied together by narrator Joseph Alandy.

Pine Mountain Movers

Premiere of Sunday, October 20, at 1:30 P. M. EST (12:30 CST; 11:30 MST; 10:30 PST) over the NBC-WJZ network. Advertizing: WJZ.

No, I have been making a recent trip, and I have a story to tell you. New York.

Get a new SENSATIONAL AERIAL with the dial connection...

with the dial connection...

The new dial connection...

National Laboratories

Er, I...
Friday, Nov 29 Continued

FORGOTTEN RADIO MEN

(Continued from Page 13)

in things electrical, and she worked for some time developing a development of her own, which is particularly adaptable to radio. It is said that she has a peculiar voice that peculiarly delights ears.

Long periods of sleep keep the control man busy, for the natural hum of the equipment and the noise from the phone lines do not make it easy to detect any unusual noise or deviation from the norm. Certain conditions are enhanced when a .

Voice sound best when the voice is loud enough that it can be heard without the aid of a microphone. Under these conditions, the inherent qualities of the voice are most pronounced.

Certain effects are enhanced when a microphone is used to amplify the voice. The microphone helps to control the sound and makes it easier for the engineer to control the sound. In some cases, the microphone can even help to improve the sound quality by reducing background noise or by enhancing specific sounds.

In the hands of a skilled engineer, the microphone can be used to create a wide range of effects and moods. With careful manipulation of the microphone and the sound recording equipment, the engineer can create a sound that is both realistic and convincing.

The scat-singing of Cab Calloway and the harmonies of Fats Waller make the volume in the mike swell and diminish at maximum pitch.

Fred Waring's control man, for instance, keeps the microphone in a position that will yield the best results for each program. He is able to adjust the microphone to pick up the sound of each individual voice and to balance the sounds of different voices.

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**Programs for Saturday, November 30**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:50 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Hollywood Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WLS—Smile a While</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Novelty Boys</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Morning Devotion</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WJJD—Burlington Boys</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WLS—Family Prayer</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Second Program</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WSB—Down Patrol</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—First Harvest Hands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—Top of the Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WCFL—Burlington Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX—Harley &amp; the Hymning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WRAE—Eye-Open Program</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Down Salute</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WCFL—Time Signal</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WCFL—Early Bird Club</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Club</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Spa Fram Bulletin</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBIN—Early Risers Club</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—Family Bible League</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WLS—Tumble Weed</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—Morning Devotion</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Markets; Good Morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—Morning Devotion</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Star Indicating High Spot Concerts**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station/Program</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>KGRL—Radio Royalty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WLS—Fascinating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WCFL—Radio Royalty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Morning Devotion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—The Bandwagon</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WBBM—Heart of the Country</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WLS—Morning Devotion</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—Daybreak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS—The Battle of the Bands</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15 a.m.</td>
<td>NBC—Gaga Fascinators</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 a.m.</td>
<td>CBS—Tell Sallies, vocal duet</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00 p.m.</td>
<td>WCFL—Evening Concert</td>
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<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—Brooklyn Concert</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45 p.m.</td>
<td>CBS—Noon Music</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WABA—College Devotions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30 p.m.</td>
<td>WCFL—Evening Concert</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Listings such as** (sw-9.53, sw-11.87, etc.) **SHOW SHORT WAVE MACELYCS**
CONTESTS ON THE AIR

(For MST Subtract One Hour from CST)

SUNDAY


THROUGH THE WEEK

12:45 a.m. EST (11:45 CST), CBS-CBS network. Monday through Friday. Five Star Jokes. Cash box for winning contest offered by Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc.

5 p.m. EST (4 CST), NBC-NJ network. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Al Pacino’s Gang. Cash prizes for winning letters about sponsor’s new product. Offered by the Pittsburgh Courier. Close November 30. Also announced on Annq’s Andy program weekdays at 2 p.m. EST (6 CST) and 11 p.m. EST (10 CST).

5:30 p.m. EST (4:30 CST). Monday through Friday. NBC-NJ network. Rebroadcast for Midwest at 6:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST). Singing Lady program. Cash prizes given by Satellite Company. Close November 30.

7 p.m. EST (6 CST), NBC-NJ network, daily except Saturday and Sunday. Annq’s Andy. Rebroadcast for Midwest and West Coast at 11 p.m. EST (10 CST). Singing Lady program. Sets of coming events given daily for winning sponsors to announce on current topics. Sponsored. American Parking Company.


Cincinnati, 10 p.m. EST (9 CST) Wednesday. Ken Kel. Ten sets of radio tubes and other prizes for solutions to mysteries by the Ken-Kel Company.

WMOA, Chicago, 3:30 p.m. EST, Sunday, Curtain Time. Four coats and household goods given by Kravco Company for new product. Close December 13.

WMAQ, Chicago, 6:30 p.m. CST, Thursday. Eyes of Young program. Scott Phillips Company is giving weekly cash awards for fifty-word statements on product.

WCAQ, Chicago, 6:45 p.m. CST, Wednesdays. Great Color Care of RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill.
### Program Locator

#### How to Use the Program Locator

The Program Locator, published periodically by Romy Gone, is designed to help you find the programs of the day or evening that you most want to see. The locator is an index by name of sponsor or artist of all commercial networks. Below are examples of its convenience factor:

*Suppose you have forgotten the time of Hilly's Almond Cream on NBC. The locator may be tuned in by you on a distant station providing you have a strong, sensitive receiver. For example, the two times and 7-11 p.m. EST are indicated for Jack Benny. The Eastern and Midwestern stations carry the 7 p.m. EST version, but Western stations carry the 11:30 p.m. rebroadcast.*

**Preserve This Page Until the Locator Appears Again**

### Program Locator

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time Given</th>
<th>IST CST</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00 p.m.</td>
<td>4:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30 p.m.</td>
<td>4:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 p.m.</td>
<td>5:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30 p.m.</td>
<td>5:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30 p.m.</td>
<td>6:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 a.m.</td>
<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30 a.m.</td>
<td>7:30 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00 a.m.</td>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:30 a.m.</td>
<td>8:30 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00 a.m.</td>
<td>9:00 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:30 a.m.</td>
<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00 a.m.</td>
<td>10:00 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Time Given is CST**
the writers of cheap detective fiction would have you believe, and one cop in a thousand wants to obtain credit for a conviction at the expense of an innocent man.

And so the two detectives set out upon an unusual quest. Specialists in combating holdup men, they bent their talents to the task of proving suspect Thomas not guilty. These two police officers spent hours of overtime work, tightening up Detroit's radio-patrol defense against stickup artists—in the hope of capturing the trio of criminals who had victimized Birdsell, the chain-store manager. Meanwhile, two events took place. First, young Thomas' trial was set for sometime after Christmas: he faced a prison term of from seven and one-half to 30 years. And a letter arrived from the officials of the Indiana Traction Company conclusively proving that Thomas had actually been working for them on December 14.

"Of course," Downey pointed out, "there is a thousand-to-one possibility that the youngsters might have come by airplane to Detroit, done the job, and returned the same way." For the detectives had had plenty of experience in dealing with the utterly fantastic lengths to which gangsters will go to provide themselves with alibis. "But," he added.

"I'd lay that thousand dollars to one he did no such thing."

"It's innocent," Graff agreed, "but a tough jury just might turn thumbs down on his alibi!"

For days Graff and Downey went on. personally, in response to all hold-up radio alarms. And for days they got precisely nowhere. Until... Christmas Capture It was in the week before Christmas. Suddenly, through their loudspeaker, came this call:

"Scout Cars 61 and 62... a holdup now in progress at 4200 Buchanan... grocery store... 4200 Buchanan... Cars 61 and 62... a holdup... WCRD."

Downey nearly drove the wheels off that car. He and Graff got there almost at the same instant that Cars 61 and 62 piled around a corner, narrowly missing one another. The three cars pulled up short at 4200 Buchanan Avenue, and erupted cops who bristled with guns. Bursting into the grocery store, they found two men rolling around the floor, fighting madly. At pistol's point they separated them. One was the manager, the other a would-be robber. The second robber had escaped. Graff put in a quick phone call.

And now radio cars literally blockaded that entire section of the city. A street-by-street, house-to-house search commenced immediately—and the escaped steel artist proved to have found hiding place in a mattress at 1277 West Grand Boulevard. The two men gave their names as Stanley Czatla and John Jakubalski. It was a moment's delay Graf and Downey piled their crew into their cars and raced to the store of Manager Glenn C. Birdsell.

"Are these the other two fellows?"

"Absolutely!" Birdsell declared. "These are the two that held guns on me, while the other fellow tied me up!"

After this added testimony to their guilt, Czatla and Jakubalski meekly confessed over 30 holdups! But when asked for the name and address of their third pal, Czatla said:

Jail Job

"As, give the guy a break. That was his first and last job! He'll never pull another. He's too scared." But needless to say, the two detectives were adamant. After obtaining the information they needed, they were speeding towards a location on the usual avenue—tracking down Paul Czatla.

Czatla's name out of a Washington ladyland at that address when Lieutenant Graf knocked on the door. Graf was carrying a pair of glasses and carrying a brief-case.

"That's too bad," Graf said, thumbs-up a note book. "I'm an employe of Allied Life Insurance. I had a job for Czatla. But since he isn't here, I guess I'll have to give it to someone else. Let's see...

"Wait a minute!" the landlord interrupted swiftly. "Maybe I can find him. Just give me five minutes, Mister!"

She went a little way, into a neighbor's house. And back came the missing Czatla—on the run.

Work—in Jail

He was astounded when Graf snapped the bracelets on him—but the detective was elated. He was sure he had the right man—for Czatla was almost a dead ringer for the despairing Gordon Thomas. No wonder Manager Birdsell had been mistaken. And, incidentally, at Czatla's trial it was shown that he was not the scared savages his pals had tried to make out. It had not been his first job, as they had claimed. So Paul Czatla went to jail—sentenced to serve the 2½-to-30-year stretch which, for agouzing days, had hung over the head of innocent Gordon Thomas.

As for Thomas, it still lacked a few days to Christmas, but he was let out, radiantly happy that his unhumbled reputation had been freed from an undeserved stain. Half a dozen times he showed hands with Graf and Downey—the two cops who had rescued an innocent man out of jail, to put the real crook into it.

"After all," I declared the kid gayly, "I believe in Santa Claus!"

"It was a holdup. That's what a chimney, that your Santa Claus came out of, young fellow," said Lieutenant Graf with a grin. "That's proof enough. You're one of the few men who owes an escape to a police radio system!"

Kate Smith—Ted Collins, Inc.

(Continued from Page 5) treasurer of the organization, and on the record books of the State of New York, where the corporation was formed stands the name of Kathryu Smith, vice-president. She and Collins are the sole stockholders.

They've paid so far is income taxes, confuses Kate, but it is obvious that there will be rich dividends available at some time the partners decide to cut a million. The firm has been prosperous ever since its inception.

The use of their own staff has been invaluable aid of Collins in staging the shows which he is putting on under the auspices of Kate's present sponsors. In order to make their employes fully con-

scious of the enormity of their annual million-dollar contract with the Allied Life Corporation, the food store chain sponsor is producing theatrical performances exclusively for its managers, clerks and their families in the large centers of population. Whenever it is possible the shows being repeated at hospitals and institutions where the very name of Kate Smith has strong value. Recently among these was a performance at the Edward Hines, Jr. hospital for World War Veterans in May-

wood, Illinois, a Chicago suburb.

Collins expects the organization to be a great asset factor in the theatrical and radio booking business. In addition to his orchestra, which is conducted by Miller and has the gifted Tony Gale as pianist and arranger, the Kated firm controls the destinies of several artists. Among these are Comme Gates, N.C. songwriter; the Three Louis, Words, girls in the trio; the Three Ambassadors, headed by the widely known Al Rinker, and a variety of other performers.

Thus has Kate Smith, at 26, become a part of the entertainment world. The company of which she is an executive and a half-owner, is one of the most important dealing with radio. Only one of the artists have come close to approaching the stage of monthly income which track to the firm's tills within a year, and none is known to have approximated Kate's diversification of activities.

Radio Springs a Holdup

RED SOIL in the Sunset, a number re-
tently imported from England, was the tune heard most often over the net-
work, always last week. The marginals, however, selected a domestic tune, Treas-
ure Island, as the individual hit of the week. The following:

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON THE AIR:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red Soil in the Sunset</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Are My Lucky Star</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasure Island</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Wish I Were Aladdin</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Is a Lovely Day</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here's to Romance</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Don't You Come Home?</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Girls on the Trunck</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Treasure Island</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Leaves The Trees Goodbye</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Soil in the Sunset</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Got a Feelin' You're Foolin'</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty-Four Hours a Day</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Church Affair</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>Cheek to Cheek</td>
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<td>I Never Owned a Man</td>
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<td>Broadway Rhythm</td>
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The Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters, which MUST NOT exceed 100 words, to VOL. RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth, Court, Chicago, Illinois

Piker of Wakefield

Dear VOL.: I wonder how many people miss the strains of Wakefield and Caroila Moon on the evening radio programs. Of course everyone seems to know that it is a shame to miss these and that we should make the most of the entertainment they provide. What do you hear about them? It's about time some station mixed up in the fact that they're the tops. Terribly wasted space on TV and radio.

Wakefield, Mass. H. Kelly

Sweet Buy and Buy

Dear VOL.: There is one thing that I cannot seem to understand about some radio programs, and that is their discontinuance of a product just because their feature program happens to lose the manufacturer's radio program. That is to me quite ridiculous, and I feel that if we are one of those people, we should not want to get into a marade for the public to see, that we may stop using some of the brands of coffee because of Tihofin's departure and that some of the manufacturers of certain stores since Piker let that program.

My two favorites, Dave Ross and Coten Hander, have no series of their own, and I think the programs, but I certainly enjoy them.

Greenwich, Conn. Marion A. Berman

Abduction Hinted

Dear VOL.: In reply to the many who have asked why Dave Ameche had to be replaced by Betty and Bob, some of these were too thick of the possibility that he got enough of "Yes, Bob," and all of that much he had to "set the pace on," and to the dawn and him. Where can I blame? I don't see why they keep on with the story. For Dave Ameche has the most reason, because many of us listened to Betty and Bob. Hope we will be listening in some more daily skits, but it's a long wait from Sunday to Friday night. Oh, well perhaps we will be seeing him in the movies. You know that he went to Hollywood during his vacation to make a screen test. That's SOMETHING. Fonda, Ill. Joan and Joyce De Lesto

Play, Don

Dear VOL.: I certainly agree with B. A. Penkala. It sure broke up the Betty and Bob program. If the series seems to run the same way, as most series do, it seems like the same program when they take out the best punch. Also changing George spoils the skits.

After they built up a good program and east, why should they have to split it? We want Don back! Brazil, Indiana M. L.

Rift in the Lutes

Dear VOL.: I, like Mrs. Wright, have been wondering what has happened to the Myt and Marge program.

An entertaining fun for many years, I have never missed a program, considering it the best of its kind on the air. I've had it on and off, and interesting. All the helpful theatrical characters are gone and in their place we have a mug caller. Why must it be this way? Can't we get the connection.

I am so disappointed in the program as it is that I think I shall find something else to listen to at 10 p.m. St. Joseph, Mo. Mrs. R. W. Lutes

Full Nelson Hold

Dear VOL.: Admires of Nelson Eddy, impatiently awaiting his return to the airwaves, use a debt guarantees to Wally B. McManus. They were all the more eager to substitute him for her on a recent program. Not only was it a half-hour of unalloyed musical entertainment, but it was an engrossing manner with which McManus entered into the emotional spirit of the program. Considering the great that he has a radio personality, enabling him to be a program all his own. We revere over Nelson Eddy's sensational success in pictures, but he is first of all a distinguished stage artist, and we want to hear him regularly on the air, according to the Harrisburg, Pa. Anne Howard Church

Ted Beats the Gun

Dear VOL.: A criminal of the most of Ted Hunt's (TAHITI) football college of this Fall, Native Duke had the great Ohio State team hosted up against their goal line only a few. When the time came to be called just a high school team, they just didn't wait until the cake was over, their Duke kids went into the game. Such premature explosions of Duke's they will not. They showed that the Purple-Roos and the Blue-Devils are a team and is not in the pocket of the manufacturer's radio program. Are we wrong or should we have a voice like that?

Binghamton, New York C. S.

Jolly Good Heller

Dear VOL.: Contributors to this paper can't seem to agree as to whether Dave Ross is a menace to the public. They disagree about whether Dave is a menace, they say, but some have come to discover for LITTLE JACKIE HELLER! Apparently all we have heard is all right under the old hat is a super-warm and personal approach.

JACKIE HELLER, who rings through the next as well as known as the night-time comercializer. If he were a court official he could instantly remove nation-wide objections and become the most common man in the world.

Wake up, sponsors! Give us Helli and we'll buy your products!

Sheffield, Pa. Thomas Threet

A Case Note

Dear VOL.: Listeners to radio far years gives me license to make these decisions.

This was true of the Bob and Bing the Bob but then you're only an amateur.

Johnny Green is not as green as his name implies.

(3) That every time Dave Nelson makes a case note in a capable list.

(2) That such managerial arrangements are made under arrangements.

Long Island City, N. Y. Case Study

A Small Slam

Dear VOL.: In stead of a stave by M. E. Carter was directed towards Eddie Duchin—well here is a vehement personal recommendation for the leading pianist of jazz. Duchin is very popular, and he couldn't be unless he had what it takes. Many musicians and prominent personalities I have talked with my shadow and my orchestral, and I take piano lessons to my own and knew him to be successfully skilled. Mrs. Carter, just last week, Roseman and such knowledge about Eddie Duchin.

Aurora, Indiana Paul Van Auken

This Is the End

Dear VOL.: Has any program director ever brooked at touching? Totality in virtue in the notion that the melody must be brought to a halftime ending.

For the life of me, I cannot see why our programs are ended softly. In the majority of cases the chords end on the final notes and the aural senses are left floating around in musical space, when another two seconds would lead the music into complete satisfaction.

This is a mod idea of personality carried to the extreme of old-fashionedness. Let us stop this idea of the music properly, even if they do extend a fraction of a minute past the hour.

Pensacola, Florida Donald Cournessen

Next Week's Radio Guide Will Contain the Story You Have Been Waiting Months to Read—The Life of Lawrence Tibbett

Here Are Intimate Revelations of the Man, the Artist, the Husband, the Father That Even His Close Friends Don't Know

The Forthcoming Issue Also Will Get You Acquainted With The Debunker

He Tells Why His Orations Don't Taste—and Why Herbert Hoover While President of the United States Didn't Say a Word About "The Noble Experiment"—and Plenty of Sparkling, Amusing, Witty Debunking Facts Besides

It's an Issue of Unusual Strength, Even for Your Favorite RADIO GUIDE. Don't Miss It
Andre Baruch
Your Announcer

Andre Baruch, one of the few foreign-born announcers to attain a network assignment in this country, was born August 20, 1906, in Paris. He was brought to this country at the age of 11 years later, but meanwhile had begun his education at the Beaux Arts School in the French capital. An early aptitude for music and drawing had determined the choice of that particular institute.

In America he again was entered in an academy where he might further develop his notable abilities, and by the time he was ready to enter Pratt Institute in Brooklyn for his pre-university studies he had become a proficient artist and an outstanding musician.

This period of schooling carried him up to 1925 when he chose drawing as a career. During his days at Columbia University, where he attended after he had finished at the Brooklyn college, Baruch helped to pay for his education by doing part-time work as a draftsman and by posing for art classes. But he did not neglect his music. In the first place he was becoming interested in radio, and calculated that he might break into that field as a pianist—secondly, he found playing an outlet for the nervous tension wrought of those combined hours of work and study. He still was just a freshman in 1925, and the responsibilities of learning and earning are difficult for a youth of 19.

It was during a fit of retrospection over his cares that he took his eventful midnight stroll on the Coney Island sands. He walked over to the Hall Moon hotel which housed the studios of WCGB and approached station executives for a job as pianist. It was an eerie hour to be bustling employment, but the application bore fruit. He got a job.

His next three years were busy ones. He not only gained prestige as a pianist and pianist, but also was gradually working his way up the radio ladder as a successful announcer.

Meanwhile he was winning laurels as a track and field star, and was doing the brunt of the illustrations for the Columbia magazine, The Jester. He developed so much skill as a swimmer that he began to acquire records and eventually returned to Paris as a representative of the university in some international track events. While there he established a new backstroke record.

It was when he returned from his trip abroad that he reached a decision which might have changed his entire history had he not faltered at the last moment. He applied to the Columbia Broadcasting System for a job, and in that blank opposite the query, "In what capacity do you consider yourself most proficient?" he wrote, Pianist. He was just about to turn the application in when he snatched it back from the clerk, put a line through the word Pianist, and in its place boldly stroked the word which has identified him since—Announcer.

Andre Baruch may be heard with Just Plain Bill every evening except Saturday and Sunday over the CBS-WABC network at 11:15 a.m. EST (10:15 CST, 9:15 MST, 8:15 PST). He announces other programs by assignment only.

And that's how a walk on the beach at midnight diverted a painter from his palette and his ease, and a pianist from his sandals.

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RADIO GUIDE'S
X-Word Puzzle

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HORIZONTAL


1—Man's nickname
2—Famous European valley
3—SOhio—announcer
4—Conflict
5—the star in the phase
6—to glimpse evanescently
7—Cooling utensil
8—Negation
9—Tin closed
10—Postal matter
11—Radio character. Mother Rubicon
12—Life is a song maestro
13—Fred Allen's hour of
14—Person who enters
15—Man's name of German origin
16—Jack Benny had a narrow escape on a thin Sunday morning
17—Announcer
18—Creatures
19—Famous marine substance
20—Add an S to Fred War's song's theme
21—Billy James and
22—Type of dress
23—Italian coins
24—Negative
25—State (abbr.)
26—Lend—maestro
27—Station WGN is in the state (abbr.)
28—Trunk of human body
29—Bring forth young
30—Announcer
31—Note
32—Alma best in form
33—Not
34—Rooster
35—Man's name
36—I am, who are you?
37—Man's name
38—Man's nickname
39—Island in New York
40—Exotic Gertrude of Coney Island sands
41—An idyl in New York
42—In the ocean
43—A nonexistent thing
44—Pick-up
45—Bacteria
46—Type of dress
47—I am, who are you?
48—I am, who are you?
49—My opponent
50—Persons' measures
51—In the ocean
52—Negative
53—Leith—maestro
54—Station WGN is in the state (abbr.)
55—Trunk of human body
56—Bring forth young
57—Announcer
58—Announcer
59—Note
60—I am, who are you?
61—I am, who are you?
62—I am, who are you?
63—I am, who are you?
64—I am, who are you?
65—I am, who are you?
66—I am, who are you?
67—I am, who are you?
68—I am, who are you?
69—I am, who are you?
70—I am, who are you?

VERTICAL

1—Come down hard with the feet
2—Therapy
3—Small snake
4—Minute particle of matter
5—A sharp reply
6—The Lambert's come from here
7—Jones
8—5—To fix in place
9—Aud (Fr.)
10—Maestro with Ray Knight
11—Keefer, announcer
12—Keefer, announcer
13—Imaginary one in the Heavens
14—Evidence
15—Actress who plays Mrs. Wings of Cabbage Patch
16—On the feet
17—Friend
18—In tenor, between you and your opponent
19—Inflammation of the eye
20—Wings of the Buck Rogers program
21—Carol Dees plays this part for Marty May
22—Buck Rogers in real life
23—Buck Rogers in real life
24—Richard—maestro
25—To be of use
26—To destroy
27—E. V. Jones
28—Man's name
29—Announcer
30—Announcer
31—Announcer
32—Announcer
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Solution to This Week's X-Word Puzzle Will Appear in Next Week's RADIO GUIDE