Pooh-Bahs, Beware!

The easiest way I know for a radio fan to work himself up into a fine, spitting fury is to let the mind rest on the top-hatted roosters who'll be crowing in Washington on January 3. Not the Congressmen who'll be convening there, but the sort of fowl who hooks his spurs in Congress.

Undercover rumor reports a dozen different groups who want to change radio. It's an old game by now, but this year it is likely to be more popular than ever. They want radio to be more cultural. They want radio to be more educational. Whether they know it or not, they want radio to be a pain in the neck—or ear.

Which is just what it will be if we let them get away with it. These chiseling Pooh-Bahs already are taking the best rooms in Washington's hotels, uncorking their bottles of imported liquor, and shaping their lines of battle. In a month's time they'll be screaming "Monopoly!" "Vulgarity!" "Commercialism!"

Commercialism—that's their biggest, reddest flag. We're the only broadcasting nation which permits it. We're the only nation which permits any Tom, Dick or Harry to broadcast whenever he can pay for the time. And that simply burns up the deacons and professors who would much rather we would listen to their lectures than to Jumbo or the Lux Radio Theater, et al.

For the information of these Pooh-Bahs (but they'll pay no attention!) we are also the only nation which presents its citizens with free helpings of the greatest entertainment money can buy, with more symphony concerts by more symphony orchestras than are available to the residents of any other country in the world, with the greatest dramatic talent, and with the opportunity of listening to the great speakers on every side of every political issue.

Under other systems, those things simply aren't done. But the Clean-up Radio boys don't admit those facts. If they did, they'd have nothing left to talk about. So they pound Congressmen and Senators and Commissioners to change, change, change...

If you like radio as it is, you can kick those fellows where it hurts by one simple method. Write a letter to your Congressman. Tell your friends to write letters. Your Congressman is your representative in government, and he votes the way you tell him. So speak up before the chisellers get him.

We've just learned that radio's catalog is swelled by another Big Name. Probably you've heard the General Electric shows authored by Homer Croy. Croy brought radio rich experience in the writing field. He has authored many plays, short stories, and novels. He wrote almost all of Will Rogers' movies. Now, he's off the GE program. What happened, we don't know. But the loss of a man of Croy's caliber hurts all broadcasting. For radio never will grow up until it learns to make full use of the best brains in the writing business. Only when that happy day comes, will we listen to words as cheerfully as we now listen to music.

I WANT to thank those friends of RADIO GUIDE who have responded to my first Promissory Note. Scores of suggestions have fattened our mail these last few days. Many of those suggestions are finding a speedy response. For example, a man in Indiana wanted to see more pictures of the lesser known stars. He's getting them, beginning in this very issue. To all those who have written so helpfully, thanks a million—and please let me know whenever a certain story about any star would please you.

Homer Croy . . . Big Name casualty

Curtis M. Miller

NEXT WEEK

Jumbo, the prodigious pachyderm (ahem) whose name brightens the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Fourth Street in New York, and whose circus music sweetens the Texaco Tuesday stanzas, comes to life for you in these pages next week. After Jack Banner, your favorite, saw the show, he tossed restraint to the four winds and turned loose his full pack of five-sylable superlatives. Don't miss this saga of how Donald Novis became the man on the flying trapeze of the incredible Jimmy Haskett and his devastating didors. We'll right up, folks. The greatest, most wonderful, thrillingest, bloodtinglingest story ever assembled, and a ticket costs only a nickel, one fifth of a quarter!

Santa Claus got his dates mixed on us this year, and popped in the other morning with a red-ribboned gift. The story is about Aunt Maria of the Show Boat and is titled A Christmas I'll Never Forget. If you read it, it may help make this a Christmas you'll never forget.

Scopie! When the needle on our office seismograph (that's a gadget that tells about earthquakes) started to wobble a week or so ago, we knew something big was happening somewhere. And what do you think? It was Gene Arnold leaving the famous minstrel show he started years ago. Why did he leave? You'll find the answer in an early issue.

Our mailman waited in yesterday morning with a letter in his eye. "It's come," he said. Carefully he placed the envelope on our desk. Tenderly, we slit the flap and lifted out the contents. The manuscript was titled, Ted Malone's Untold Story. And that tolerant reader, is the answer to our mailman's prayer. His wife, it seems, thinks this is as good a time as any to write radio's Ted Malone. So she spoke to him and he spoke to us and we spoke to Ted and...Presto! Next week!
The Woman who Never Belonged to Herself

Gertrude Berg Had Much to Learn Before She Discovered the Answers to Those Yearnings She Tried Vainly to Satisfy While Being a Housewife and Mother

By Mary Jacobs

Gertrude is shown above with Joseph Greenwald who is cast in the role of her husband in The House of Glass, and at left with her children, Cherney and Harriet.

They get a doctor. The child was put to bed quietly. When the doctor came, he confirmed Gertrude's diagnosis.

"We all felt pretty sick," Gertrude told me soberly.

Labor Day week-end is the money-making week-end of the season. They'd be in the hotel again, unless there was a way out. It had to be found quickly, under cover of the friendly night.

Gertrude's father walked up and down the room, as he does whenever he has a problem to solve. Her mother sat quietly, fingers nervously playing with a handkerchief.

Suddenly Gertrude got an idea. "Let's send Harold to the Boughton Farm.

So Gertrude phoned the Boughtons, who lived near by. And that night, when all the other guests slept peacefully, little Harold Gold was carried into the hotel car, and the chauffeur drove him and his mother to the Boughton Farm. The next day the Golds weren't even missed in the mob of other guests!

Till Gertrude fell in love with Lou Berg and married him, she belonged decidedly to the hotel business—a thirsty urge that swallowed the whole family, leaving no time for private life.

And constantly, through her dreams of the day when she would be free of this dread burden.

While her guests were busy with bills and orders, her fancy pictured a great woman, a Bernhardt, or a George Eliot... someone who had time to develop herself, who threw off the irksome duties of the average woman. Someone who stood apart, who truly belonged to herself.

To the wistful, uncomprehending girl, these women were to be admired not because of the service they rendered the world, but because they had fulfilled themselves.

Now a married woman, she thought she could devote time to herself. Now she would take courses in writing, in dramatics, in painting. Now she would develop all those dormant talents that had haunted her girlhood.

But it didn't work out that way. Shortly after their marriage, her husband secured a position as a sugar chemist in Louisiana, and of course Gertrude went down South with him.

"We were forty miles from New Orleans," she told me, "and except for the superintendent's wife, a much older woman, I had no one to talk to all day long. Gertrude was in the fields, directing the men.

"For a few months fasting around in our little home, doing the million and one things a bride enjoys, occupied my days."

But soon it wasn't enough, and unrest milled within her.

She was too far from the city to attend lectures, to take the courses she had planned. Again she felt she was being cheated by circumstances. Now she had leisure enough, but what could she do with it?

"I'd get up in the morning and look at the tall yellow, waving stalks of sugar... (Continued on Page 28)"
O KILL or not to kill—for mercy's sake—is the seething question of the day. Newspapers are filled with the discussion—pulpits ring with it; and there is not a meeting of physicians where it is not debated with fierce oral fire.

On my rounds of the radio studios I hear it argued in every corner. Artists lay aside their scripts to fight the battle of their convictions. It has divided radio into two camps and you can believe me that the ground between is No Man's Land with capital letters.

"Live and let live," cry the standpatters of the anti-faction. "Kill—but mercifully," say the others.

And as they debate so heatedly I smile to myself and wonder how their theories would stand up under fire—what they would do if they actually were faced with the need for making a decision—whether they realize the enormity of the situation like I do myself. Once I was called upon either to stay a man or permit him to live in agony.

It was during the World War, in France. Seven of us were trapped by a trench cave-in and pinned down so that we could move only the upper parts of our bodies. One of us had been horribly wounded. His shoulder was so dreadfully shattered that one side of his body seemed grotesquely to have become detached from the rest of him. On the fourth day of our imprisonment hope for our rescue waned.

GANGRENE so aggravated my buddy's wound that he was in fearful agony. He screamed until his every effort robbed him of breath, then subsided into terrible moans that were succeeded by fresh screams as new spurs of strength made them possible. It was crushing to see him suffer.

But the effects were even farther reaching than the mere problem of his personal agony. It had a devastating result on the rest of us. Listening to him, one of us went mad. The wounded boy begged, "I've got to die anyway—please won't you shoot me?" Because I was the only one who could reach a revolver, the responsibility was mine.

How I longed to kill him! Not because I am a murderer, certainly; but something greater than my feelings was at stake. In my eyes he certainly was marked for death. To expedite matters seemed a humane and sensible thing to do. Beside his own terrible condition, there was the effect of his agonized ravings on the rest of us to consider. I confess that I wanted more than anything else in the world to drill a bullet through his heart. The thought of killing did not deter me. This was war—and killing was the order of the day. The moral issue was the only one at stake.

Against every urge in my heart and mind I let him live. Two days later we were discovered and rescued—and twenty minutes after he was lifted out, renewing his screams to be killed, he died.

He had endured not six days of torture in vain—fantastically enough, as my guest on earth. And I still do not know if I was right. Can anyone else know what they might do in similar circumstances?

The question of mercy killings is not a new one. Ever since a pledge not to practice it was included in the Hippocratic oath taken by doctors for more than 20 centuries, it has bobbed up as an eruption on our social plan. More people than you have any idea, persons in no way specifically concerned with the issue, have dwelt upon it intermittently throughout their lives.

Now that the vital question has hit radio, how do the stars feel?

There is no doubt in the mind of Major Edward Bowes: "Life and death may not be left to the individual judgment. Though in certain instances relief from torturing pain in hopeless cases might be merciful, it is not conceivable that any human being should be invested with the power to make the decision."

Equally revolted by the thought is Lemme Hayton, orchestra leader, whose answer to the question is a strident NO! He says, "Because a person is sick in body, that is no reason why the body should be destroyed. A man is not the master of his destiny. No mental has the solution to life."

Irene Hubbard, Aunt Maria of the Show Boat program, is not so sure that mercy killings are indefensible. She qualifies her approval by saying, "Yes—but with qualifications. A person who is suffering a dreadful and hopeless disease is going through a living death. Why not relieve the torture? But to my mind it should be done only with the consent of a group of doctors, the family, and the patient himself."

On This Seething Question of the Day Opinion Is Sharply Divided Among Radio's Great.

By Howard
"Kill the Sufferer" Some Say. Others Cry "Leave God's Business to God."

What Do You Say?

J. Spalding

"No!" emphatically declares Ted Malone, whose Between the Booksends bespeaks a fine capacity for thought. "I have seen too many miraculous recoveries made by people whose cases were considered hopeless," Ted comments. "To me hope still springs eternal. If there is any exception I would consider it only a biological case which is so utterly tragic and hopeless that the being will be forever incapable of experiencing any form of happiness."

Lu of the famous trio of gossips, Clara, Lu'n Em, holds a positive view in favor of mercy killings, saying, "I am definitely in favor of the practise and back up my statements solely by my personal feelings in the matter. I am for it at all times."

Out in Chicago the division is just as marked as it is in the East, with artists of the air taking opposite stands in the matter. In addition to Lu from that section, one of the best known of the dramatic stars, Miss Joan Blaine, runner-up in Radio Guide's 1935 Queen election, states her position as follows:

"I favor mercy killings but believe that they should be administered generally only after the licensing of doctors becomes more rigid. The profession itself I am sure feels that in many states licensing is too liberal and that legalization of mercy killings would place too much liberty in the hands of men not competent to make so important a decision."

Opposing opinions are held by Gabriel Heatter, news commentator, and Richard Himber, popular orchestra leader. Heatter deplores any consideration of the question and says, "Recognized medical practice doesn't know enough about science to say that a disease is hopelessly incurable. It puts a weapon in the hands of an individual which science says no man should have."

"Yes!" Himber asserts. "Rather than confine an individual to a life hampered by mental or physical deformity to an extent where it would react unfavorably to the social world at large and with unhappiness to the individual himself, I recommend mercy killing at an early age before the afflicted person realizes his abnormality." Oddly enough we find more women than men (in proportion) favoring these proposed slayings for compassion. It might seem more natural for those of the feminine sex, normally tender-hearted, to protest against the practise but it becomes apparent that logic rules their hearts.

Muriel Wilson, one of radio's favorite sopranos, says, "When a dog is suffering in the throes of agony we think it only humane to put him out of his misery. Why shouldn't we exercise the same kindness on human beings who suffer the throes of an incurable illness?"

Lanny Ross agrees. "No one can appreciate the horrible suffering that the victim of a dreadful disease undergoes, and if that person wants his misery ended the only kind thing to do would be to grant his wish."

Frank Parker, famed tenor, taking issue with Ross, answers, "No. Science is daily discovering new cures for allegedly incurable diseases, and the patient is entitled to a break. Any day the disease from which he suffers may be found curable."

Now listen to the cynical Babes Ryan, the former Waring star. "By all means, kill," she says. "Normal people are unhappy enough."

But a vigorous protest against the practise comes from Doctor M. Sayle Taylor, the widely heard Voice of Experience:

"I am unalterately opposed to mercy killings on the grounds that they are not merciful to the ones whose physical sufferings are terminated in this manner. If there is a Hereafter and this earth is a school of experience, no wise teacher would promote a pupil who had not learned the lessons intended for him."

"If the termination of suffering by death were merciful, certainly an all wise and all merciful God would answer the prayers of those seeking an end to their misery. Mercy killings, in my opinion, are an interference with the Divine ordinance of things."

Another star who thinks the patient's decision should settle the issue is Mark Warnow, orchestra leader. In his opinion it is not a question of "inevitability. But by the news that "I feel the affect of people were an adult whose mind was unanimous, I would acquaint him with the truth of his disease and leave the decision (Continued on Page 3)
Hollywood Bows to Radio

There Never Was Such an Opening as the One the West Coast's Highest Hats Flung for NBC's Newest Studios

By Fred Kelly

LAST Saturday night the brightest lights in Hollywood were rolled down Melrose Avenue and popped up opposite a pair of doors that were to swing open a few hours later on a bit of history in the making. Sharply at (9:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST; 8:30 MST; 7:30 PST) every tuner-tuner within loudspeaker distance heard the first words of a program that may mean considerably more than a handful of feathers to all of us.

Why may it mean more? Because we only need to shift our eyes to the motion-picture business to see what may happen to radio. Radio can and it probably will go Hollywood. And what will that mean? Well, let's look back at that opening on Saturday night and hazard a few guesses.

NBC shot the works on this new Hollywood building of theirs. Plasterers, plumbers and decorators overran the place until the very last minute. The latest wrinkles in design were incorporated. The carpets were just right and the color of the paint was perfect.

When dusk came last Saturday night, everything finally was in place. And then the crowd started to arrive. Not guests at first. Hollywood openings aren't like that. In the beginning there were only a few kids, then some tourists, and finally the curious folk who live on the backstreets of Los Angeles suburbs and never miss an opportunity to gawn on their favorites. By the time the first polished limousine slid out of the darkness and the batteries of Kleg lights flooded the air with crackling brilliance, the sidewalks were crowded.

I wish you could have stood with that crowd and watched the greatest names in Hollywood arrive. They came in autos as long as freight cars and autos as short as Austins. They slid out of tomoeus, revealing flashes of sheer, silk hose, with silk evening gowns glistening in the brittle light, showing faces that are famous on five continents.

In no time at all, the roomy auditorium, the lobby, the halls, the dressing rooms were swarming with distinguished visitors. You couldn't move without stepping on a celebrity.

And then came the electric moment which preceded that toss of a switch that throws a studio on the air. These visitors were radio veterans. They tensed in their seats as the hand on the modernistic clock swept the seconds past, and then the high, clear notes of a fanfare flooded the whole of the jammed auditorium, flooded the whole of America as mikes picked up the sound and carried it off on electric wings.

I don't think Al Jolson ever did a better job of introducing people in his life. I don't think he ever worked harder or under more difficult circumstances.

To begin with, stars on parade are two-legged sticks of dynamite. Temperament, you bet. There's always some of that on Hollywood opening nights. In the next place, Al was sick. He was originally, of course, but enough to notice and enough to make him wish he were home in bed. But he carried out his tough assignment in great style.

And what happens after a Hollywood opening? Well, if there was ever a merry-go-round business in the world it is broadcasting. Tomorrow is always another day—and demands another brand-new set of shows. So after this opening, after the gilded ladies and gentlemen of the entertainment world had taken their reluctant leave, a few lights in executive offices flicked on and dark heads best low over plans and papers.

And now we're getting really into the nub of this Hollywood. We'll try to make out the work of the great expenditure the National Broadcasting Company made in order to have a headquarters on the West Coast comparable to its Radio City home.

That West Coast studio you heard dedicated is, unless we miss our guess, the beginning of an important shift of radio activities from the East to the West. The shift is coming for two reasons. First, the talent problem. Second, television.

And think the biggest reason of all the hungry bunch, we tuner-tiners. We kill a beautiful show after one hearing. A man of talent is discovered and we praise him to the skies for a year or two and then we tire of him. Another man spends a month on a beautiful piece of writing, brings it to a mike, and thirty minutes later it is useless. Radio gobbles talent and material.

Hollywood has talent and material. Already, many of our best shows are originating there. Jack Benny, Radio City 1935 Star Election victim and leader of the radio parade during all last year and this, the Shell Chateaux, Eddie Cantor, the Campbell Hour, Burns and Allen, Bing Crosby; these are some of the biggest broadcast talent in Hollywood.

Now, what about television? Frankly, your guess is as good as mine, but the subject keeps cropping up more and more. People say it is finally coming around that corner. 'If it does, it is going to gulp up ideas and careers even faster than broadcasting.' This Hollywood studio, then, becomes a buffer against the famine that would handicap production; if wireless moving pictures were to become tomorrow's reality.

As AMERICA sat and listened to the speakers Saturday night I wonder how many of them joined Edgar Guest in his own wonder at the miracle that radio is.

He said, if you missed him, "A friend of mine wired me recently from a ship in the South Pacific. He told me, 'I heard you the other night.' And as I talk into this mike right now, I still can't quite believe it is possible."

It isn't possible, by the standards of any other age, but it is possible by the standards of our own amazing time, anything is possible.

When Will Hay rose to represent the motion-picture industry and to express its welcome to radio, he said something which might well go into the bible of radio entertainers. 'We can't remember his exact words but the thought was this. "People say radio must uplift. It must educate. I say why not let us harness that radio can entertain. For entertainment, friends, is the greatest force on earth for taking tired men and giving them fresh strength, for keeping weary minds and hearts alight.""

Indeed, let radio entertain! Hollywood is a town where you bump shoulders with Fred Astaire and do your shopping with Joan Crawford. Hollywood is a town where men and women are thinking harder and more often about entertainment than any place else in the world.

And that's the biggest reason of all, why the establishment of NBC's new studios is bound to mean much to all of us hungry tuner-tiners.
Thirty-Eight Years of Rebellion

If You Wonder How One Man Could Hurdle Monumental Obstacles Like These, Then You Don’t Know Lawrence Tibbett (Part Three)

By Harry Steele

Tibbett and his youngest son, Michael Edward, at play last summer on his Connecticut estate

Even the world’s greatest baritone lives as you and I

Lawrence and the second Mrs. Tibbett at breakfast soon after the birth of their little son to be a poet. She would come home tired at the end of the day, prayer a few minutes and then try to compose the verses which she toiled would bring her fame. Her husband, irked by a day’s disappointments, was not often in the best humor. In addition he was not blessed with her sense of humor, so that comments from her which were meant to be encouraging and to induce forgetfulness of life’s cares, frequently turned sour at the moment they left her tongue.

The birth of twin boys temporarily made up for the differences in the Tibbett temperaments, and the singer threw himself into the petty details of fatherhood with his typical enthusiasm. This put him in a new light, and far a while there was peace in the household. When the chance came to go to New York and study on borrowed money, plus what little Tibbett earned at odd jobs, it was a financial impossibility for him to take the family with him. Mrs. Tibbett remained with the growing boys in Los Angeles. The separation obviously restored mental poise to both parties in the unhappy mating. Tibbett gives the clearest picture of their situation when he says:

Grace had courage, dash, ambition. She was temperamental—much more so than I. She had an unerring sense of comedy and real acting ability. Her real ambition, however, was to write poetry. We had some very good times together—and some pretty rotten ones. When we both were succeeding at our various jobs everything was great, but when I came in after a bad performance and she had spent the evening struggling unsuccessfully with the muse, we would give each other pretty acid greetings and argue long into the night like a couple of cartoon characters.

"I was young and had the idea that I ought to be the head of the family, although I didn’t know a thing about how to proceed toward the position. Grace had more force and energy than I had, and automatically took charge of me. I considered myself pretty hen-pecked and in turn tried to dominate. Grace was a tremendous help to me in that she was about the only one who would praise my singing, and she did it unselfishly. On the other hand she would have liked me to laud her verse but I was all wrapped up in my own importance and neglected to do it.

"Ours had been a purely impulsive marriage and we were fortunate that it lasted as long as it did. We discussed divorce almost from the first, but it was not until 1931 that we decided jointly that it was our only recourse."

So the charge that Tibbett, successful and famous, sought to rid himself of a wife who had not kept step with him—and in order to wed someone of firmer social position—is exploded by the revelation of the hostility which prevailed long before there was any hint that the singer would win recognition.

It is normal to picture the deserted wife, left with her two sons, while the husband climbs to great heights and a wealth which she never will share, but it did not let the vision of Tibbett’s situation blurring your ideas. The first Mrs. Tibbett and her sons share very generously of the Tibbett fortune.

Two personal traits which are not great baritone’s constant concern, and that very (Continued on Page 20)
Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

Hope that SEYMOUR SIMONS won't read this, because it will only refresh a heart-break of several years' standing. While you are glowingly contemplating your Christmas holidays—all the package-wrapping, tree-decorating and opening of gifts—remember this: Christmas Eve is a special anniversary for the pleasant-voiced orchestra leader who always taps politely at your loudspeaker-door and asks, "May I come in?"

Yes, on Christmas Eve a few years ago Seymour felt his whole caste of dreams coming crashing down around him, for his love, his sweetheart—Mrs. Simons—passed away.

We wish that there were something we could say or do to help make Seymour's flappier as this season of the year comes around. Yet there is little one can do—say he can only specialize in fond memories of the days—the joys and moments—that used to be and play Santa for the three lovely Simons children.

And So—Far Into the Night!

BAND LEADER George Olsen also has his worries these days, but he brought them all on himself! George has been conducting a Night of New Names (amateurs fo' sound) at Chicago's College Inn and Broadcast locally over WBBM. In preparation for these he has been conducting blind auditions so that no Clark is entirely dependent on what comes over the loudspeaker. Well, it seems that his co-starred harmonica, ETHEL SHUTTA, decided to play a joke on her better half. She tried out last week simply as number seven, selecting at her number. Seven years with the Wrong Woman. And imagine her surprise when the blindfold auditioning Mr. Olsen relayed back to the studio the message that number seven had better go back and study for another year.

Of course that didn't actually happen; just a gag. But we do want to say that to Ethel: Your novel novelty manner, You Let Me Down, is okay as far as the lyric goes, but why not get a real RIFF—please let Ana Botea have her own music—be the pop-escapable dear.

Why They Went Native

"Savages," reports the West Australian Wireless News, "hear Saxophone for the First Time."

For a Matter of Record

FRED WARING, who was reported by us recently as having lost his first host in his attempt to stop the use of phonograph records, now climbs up on a great big high horse—or his lawyer does the job for him—and informs us coldly that he quite emphatically that the court has rendered a decision in the case. How they could have lost already? Further, we are told by the same mouthpiece that Fred doesn't even make phonograph records any more, in that his company prints the gift cards, which leaves us pretty much baffled by the whole big thing and stuff.

The fact remains, however, that radio stations continue to play records made by all leading bands and probably will continue to do so, to the complete enjoyment of all of their listening customers.

Clap Hands! Here Comes Santa

Without even having to wait for St. Nicholas, two more dance tempo providers (which Eunice Standish Oates, who has studied singing and acting for three years to get someone to listen to him, who has one son and expects another tot in January that he knows will be a boy

Dewey Moon, right, the unemployed bellboy who knows he can sing, and has been trying for three years to get someone to listen to him, who has one son and expects another tot in January that he knows will be a boy
Inside Stuff
By Martin Lewis

THEY LAUGHED when I sat down and wrote a little paragraph exactly five weeks ago telling you not to be surprised if you read an announcement soon stating the March of Time program would revert back to a once-a-week airing. Official information has just been received confirming my statement and will begin as soon as CBS can clear the time for Time, which will be sometime next month.

Big Doings
The famous annual Rose Bowl football game again will be broadcast over the NBC network on New Year's Day. The teams of Southern Methodist and Stanford University will do the battling. . . . The same net will broadcast the opening of Congress in Washington on January 3. . . . AL JOLSON returns to the Chateau program on January 4, replacing WALLACE BEERY, who replaced him. Stoopnagle and Budd: TISN'T TRUE as we saw how telling you the Stoopnagle and Budd splitup may be a permanent thing. The fact is, they have signed with CBS for one year effective next February 1. Budd will keep directing his orchestra—which is something he's wanted to do for a long time—in addition to their joint comedy routines written by the Colonel.

Light Stuff
Kilocycle Comment: Page the G-Men, NBC release reads, "Crooks on General Motors' Concept." . . . CBS came forth with the announcement that JOSE MANZANARES and his South Americans will feature a new cue music for the first time on the air. "Don't do it. How about H.M.-MY DURANTE'S Inca Draka Do?" Amazing title: Last Sunday night's Phil Baker's "The Monody on the Bounty." A critic's review of the NTD program. Just remove the letter T and you have it.

No More Dickey
Do you notice that LOUELLA PARSONS no long calls DICK POWELL as "Dickey" on the Hollywood Hotel shows? Dick told the Queen of the Movie Colony that his friends were kidding him unmercifully about it. So Louella, understanding that Dick's preference is ribbers to stay away from his door, cut it out.

Here and There
ALEXANDER WOOLLcott is suffering from soroanitis and may exit from his Sunday night show at the expiration of his contract the end of this month. . . . A new game is in the market, and it's called, of all things: Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. It's a table game which can be played by any number of people without losing their amateur standing. . . . ELEANOR POWELL has recovered from her illness and is back on the CBS Tavern Fridays.

O-Kay, Kay
SEVERAL READERS have inquired how come the name of KAY KYSER is being broadcast from the Brinkley station in Mexico every night at midnight when Kyser is supposedly being at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. The answer, direct from the maestro himself, states that he made some transcriptions while on the Coast three years ago and these are what the Mexican station is playing. Kay, incidentally back on the Mutual network, Mondays and Saturdays, in addition to his NBC broadcasts, also it is known that he no longer uses the style of music that he did when making these transcriptions. O-Kay, Kay.

Short Shots
THE FIRST Nighter show started its sixth year on the air last Friday night. JOE COOK is expected back on the airanes some time next month. . . . The opening of May Wine, SIGMUND ROMBERG'S latest operetta, was postponed from Tuesday to Thursday night so it would not interfere with his broadcast, and from his attending . . . LILY PONS has signed for another picture for RKO. GLADYS SWARTHOUT displayed gameness recently by boarding a plane to a blinding rainstorm to keep a concert date in a distant city. As an announcer, she will continue to be heard on the FRED ALLEN program. Do Mr. and Mrs. Public regret?

Circus and the Kiddies
BILL BAAR, the young fellow up at NBC who writes and acts the Grandpa Burton series, is auditioning a Kiddle with a circus background. If it's sold, Grandpa Burton undoubtedly will be placed in storage. Although methinks this show also rates sponsorship recognition.

Personnel
"Jake sent me Schleppe" is back on the JACK BENNY program, which has needed something of late to improve it. . . . There are some new characters on Luxie Plain Bill: JOHNNY MCGOVERN plays the part of the new barber; PAUL NUGENT is Ted; and DON COS-TELLO acts the role of Bartlett Conley, city attorney of Hartville.

Wise Guys
IT'S THE voice of WESTBROOK VAN VOORHIS, CBS announcer sometimes called Hugh Conrad, that you hear on the March of Time programs and newsreels. Not so long ago he was making a week as announcer on a small station. Both NBC and CBS turned him down as not being network caliber. His break came through an advertising agency, and last year he was doing twenty-two weekly programs. Proving what?

Odd Bits
After being off for about a year, the old familiar "Oot and About" is auditioning again at CBS . . . GERTRUDE MIESSEN is back on the air vocalizing on the Lum Gluskin program Wednesday night. . . . If present place materials at CBS, the new type of radio show featuring the comic CHARLES CANTOR will make its debut on December 28. . . . RUTH YORKE, currently featured in a Broadway play, is expected back next month to resume the lead in Marie, the Little French Princess.

Recognition
Susie at the Switchboard is a picture actress now. HELEN TROY, diminutive comedienne who is Susie to the Carefree Carnival audience, received a long distance call from Twentieth Century-Fox last week. She flew to Hollywood and back in one day. Some speedy operator.

Shh! Shh!
EDWARD Mac HUGH, the Gospel Singer, is coming to his broadcasts all strapped up due to a recent injury caused by the rupture of a muscle . . . FRED ASTAIRE, who is scheduled to return to the airwaves soon, expects to become a papa shortly . . . Contrary to what you may have heard elsewhere, Orliel STONEY and VICTOR VONSTADT are not married. The ZOOLY AMOUS and FRANK LUTHER splitup may not be permanent. They merely decided to live apart awhile. Frank is now in Hollywood making pictures.
Coming Events

EST and CST Shown

(For MST Subtract One Hour from CST)

SUNDAY, DEC. 15

REV. CHARLES E. BURTON
REV. EUGENE J. CALLAHAN
Church of the Air, morning session at 10 a. m. EST (9 CST) will be conducted by the Reverend Charles E. Burton, Secretary of the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, New York. And the afternoon session at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST), will be conducted by the Reverend Eugene J. Callahan of St. Gregory’s Church, New York, and Assistant Spiritual Director of the New York Archdiocesan Holy Name Society. Both services will be broadcast over the CBS-WABC network.

COLLEGE CHOIR

The Cheyney State Teachers College Choir from Cheyney, Pennsylvania, will present a special program for NBC-WABC listeners at 10:30 a. m. EST (9:30 CST).

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

A condensate version of Mascagni’s opera, Cavalleria Rusticana, will be presented by the Radio City Music Hall for NBC-WJZ listeners at 12:30 p. m. EST (11:30 a. m. CST). Violèa Philo, Edwina Eustis, Jan Peerce and Robert Weede will sing the principal roles.

TED MALONE

Between the Bookends, which features the reading of Ted Malone and organ music by Howard Ely, will be heard on the CBS-WABC network at 1:45 p. m. EST (12:45 CST).

HARMONICA RASCALS, ET AL

Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Rascals, Rose Bampton operatic contralto, the Don Consack choir, Ray Noble and his dance orchestra, Frank Black and the NBC symphony orchestra comprise the guests on the RCA Magic Key program over an NBC-WJZ network at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST).

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Tales of Tibet, a program which presents Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, Arthur Vernay, Sir Dan Catting and Truhee Davison, will be heard over the CBS-WABC network at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST). Sir Dan Catting and Arthur Vernay returned last month from a prolonged stay in Tibet, during which they interviewed the Dalí Llamas.

THE SINGING LADY

IRENE WICKER, well known as the Sining Lady, will discuss dogs from the woman’s viewpoint during Bob Becker’s dog program at 5:30 p. m. EST (4:30 CST) over an NBC-WJZ network.

ELISABETH RETHBERG

Soloist on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour will be Elisabeth Rethberg, with Victor Kolar conducting the orchestra, over the CBS-WABC network at 9 p. m. EST (8 CST).

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

The 73-year-old American composer, Carrie Jacobs Bond (Where You Come to the End of a Perfect Day, I Love You Truly) will make her radio debut as a guest on the Melody Master program over NBC-WABC facilities at 11 p. m. EST (10 CST).

MONDAY, DEC. 16

TOURING THE SENATE

Colonel Edwin A. Halesey, Secretary of the United States Senate, and Coty in Jersey, Senate Sergeant at Arms, will take NBC listeners on a special tour of the United States Senate chambers in Washington during the City Voices program over an NBC-WJZ network at 10:03 a. m. EST (9:03 CST).

TIME CHANGE

The Madison Ensemble will be heard at a new time today over the CBS-WABC network—12:15 p. m. EST (11:15 a. m. CST).

PUBLIC-SPIRITED SERVICE

On the Editors’ Forum, broadcast over an NBC-WABC network at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST), the subject, How to Educate the Adult Through the Need of Personal Participation in Public-Spirited Political Service will be discussed by Harold S. Goldell, Associate Professor of Political Science, University of Chicago; Arthur M. Barshard, Acting Chairman, United States Citizens’ Council; Chicago; and T. V. Smith, Professor of Philosophy, University of Chicago.

THE MESSIAH

Students of Drake University will sing the Messiah over an NBC-WJZ network at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST).

VOCAL TRIO

The Lyric Trio, mixed vocal harmonists, will be heard over the CBS-WABC network at 5:15 p. m. EST (4:15 CST).

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The first in the series of four concerts by the Cleveland Symphony orchestra will be presented for NBC-WABC listeners at 2 p. m. EST (1 CST) direct from Severance Hall, Cleveland, with Arthur Rodzinski conducting. These concerts will be heard on December 24 and 31 on the same network, and on December 23 over an NBC-WJZ hookup.

CHRISTMAS SONGS

Elizabeth Rodman and the Voorhees Chapel Choir of New Jersey College for Women will bring Christmas Songs from Many Lands to NBC-WJZ listeners at 2:30 p. m. EST (1:30 CST). Earle Newton is director of the choir.

EARTHQUAKES

On the Science Service series over the CBS-WABC network at 4:30 p. m. EST (3:30 CST) a government expert will deliver a brief talk on the subject of Earthquakes.

JIMMIE FARRELL

The rising batonist, Jimmie Farrell, will be heard in his own program of songs over the CBS-WABC network at 5:15 p. m. EST (4:15 CST).

LONDON AT NIGHT

The English capital will be reflected in a broadcast over the NBC-WJZ network at 6:05 p. m. EST (5:05 CST) in a program called Round London at Night. Included will be descriptions of the view from Albert Hall, from the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; the interior of a theater during rehearsal; scenes in a night club; an East End chophouse; a railway station; and the House of Lords. The last named will be opened for the broadcast by special permission of King George.

STANLEY HUGH

Where’s the World Going?—a new series of weekly talks by Stanley Hugh, political commentator, replaces Connie Gates over the NBC-WABC facilities at 6:35 p. m. EST (5:35 CST).

EDWIN C. HILL

The renowned commentator, Edwin C. Hill, brings his program, The Human Side of the News, to NBC-WABC listeners each Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 7:30 p. m. EST (6:30 CST).

JOSEPH RICHARDSON JONES

The Negro actor, Joseph Richardson Jones, has been added to the regular cast of Welcome Valley, an NBC-WJZ network at 8:30 p. m. EST (7:30 CST).

REP. CLARENCE MCLEOd

The Crossroads of a Nation will be discussed by Representative Clarence McLeod, of Michigan, in a talk from Washington over an NBC-WABC network at 10:15 p. m. EST (9:15 CST).

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL FESTIVAL

The Christmas Carol Festival of Syracuse school children will be featured on the CBS-WABC network at 3:30 p. m. EST (2:30 CST).

GESAMT SONGS FROM DENMARK

A special broadcast from Copenhagen, Denmark, will bring to NBC-WABC listeners songs of the Eskimos, sung by Eskimo children who spend the Winter there for educational and training purposes. The program will be heard at 4:45 p. m. EST (3:45 CST).

(Continued on Page 15)
Reunion in Boston
Calling All Cars

Place Yourself in the Position of the Mother Whose Little One Vanished—and Feel Her Thrill When Radio Surprised Her

By Arthur Kent

F ONLY that door hadn't been open! Patricia Fantland took one little step. Then another. The sun at noon was turning November into late New England Summer. All the golden world of wonder was on the other side of that open door—and Patricia was just two years old. In the back of her Boston home, Patricia could hear the clattering of pots and pans and plates and knives and forks and spoons. Those were good sounds, because they meant Mama. But farther and farther, and all the answers to all the questions of childhood, lay on the other side of that door. Mama, who had opened it to let the smell of cooking out, did not dream that she was letting such a flood of wonder in. And so Baby Patricia left home. All alone.

Through the door she went, and scrambled gravely down the huge front steps. Her dress, small and starched, stuck stiffly away from her knees. They were plump little knees, and they dimpled and undimpled with each step that carried the tiny girl farther and farther away from her home. She wandered into the road. The road was immensely wider than any room in the house where Mama was.

SUDDENLY a big truck came rumbling around the corner. There was a raip of brakes—a yell from the driver, who had not seen the little girl. The big truck swerved, and one of its juggernaut wheels—so much bigger than Baby Patricia—just brushed the stiff outburst of her little starched skirt.

This made the baby laugh. Then she put her fat little hands behind her back, and stood still in the middle of the road and watched the truck go away. After that she toddled to the other side of the road, and got one of her knees dirty, climbing away up the curb to the sidewalk.

Hours later several people remembered having seen little Patricia. But at that time they hadn't realized that she was lost. So the baby was permitted to wander farther and farther, laughing with wonder upon her gigantic trees, the huge houses which towered above her head into the sky. Even the two patroliines in Radio Car 78 drove right past the child without realizing that she was lost.

In fact, the first one to know that Patricia was lost was the baby herself. For suddenly she looked around for her home, but the house, her Mama and all had vanished! It was incomprehensible! Such a thing never had happened before—so Patricia started to cry.

No ONE knows how long she had been crying, but suddenly she heard a voice and looked up. Through tears she saw a gigantic man standing over her. She never had seen him before.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the gigantic man. "Don't cry."

"I want my Mama!"

"All right, we'll find your mama. What's your name?"

"I want my Mama!" Tears were flowing again. So the big man tried another way. He stopped away, from the sky, and took the baby's little hand in his mighty one.

"If you tell me where you live," he said very distinctly, "I'll take you to your Mama. Do you live in that house?"

"I want my Mama!"

With a sigh the man straightened again, but as he did so he picked up Patricia with him. She pushed at him feebly, and cried harder. She didn't want him, she wanted Mama, and what's more, she said so.

"All right, then there! said the big man. "You come with me. I'll take you to your mama."

For blocks he carried the crying child. He took her finally into a big building. A lot of other men were there, and Patricia noticed that they had shiny buttons on their blue coats.

"Sergeant," said Patricia's gigantic man—speaking to another man who sat behind a desk—"I found this baby crying on the street. She couldn't tell me where she lived.

PATROL MAN Gray," said the police sergeant gravely, albeit with a twinkle in his eye, "ye'd make a fine nursemaid. But ye have no way with children. 'Tis plain to see." With that he got up from his desk and walked around to Patricia, adding as he did so: "Now watch. I'll show ye how it should be done:"

"I—want—my—Mama!" wailed Patricia and her gigantic man, Patrolman Gray, grinned.

"Now we lovely little colleen," cooed the gray-headed sergeant, poking the baby playfully in the ribs with a Number Twelve forefinger. "Tell yer Uncle Pat where ye live, eh?"

"I want my Mama!"

By this time half a dozen policemen had crowded around. One of them gave Patricia a whistle. But before the child had a chance to blow it the sergeant snatched it away, protesting that the baby should put nothing in her mouth that hadn't been "sterilized."

"Take her up to the radio room," he ordered at last, when all the Law's majesty had failed to make this one small vagrant reveal a name and address. "Ask her there till her folks come for her!" So they took Baby Patricia upstairs to the radio room of Boston's Dudley Street police station.

And thus it came to pass that upon the sixth day of November, 1935, several Boston radio cars were almost wrecked.

"Calling Car 78... Car 78... Call your station... I WANT MY MAMA!"

All over Boston radio patrolmen and detectives in squad cars sat up very straight. What sort of aphenomenon was this? First a routine call in the manly baritone of the police announcer—and then a childish treble piping for its mama! Again the announcer spoke:

"Calling Car 111... Car 111... Make an investigation at Washington and Roxbury... Car 111... I WANT MY MAMA!"

Now the Boston police force was equipped with two-way radio. Consequently Car 111—while speeding on its way to make that investigation at Washington and Roxbury—gleefully radioed back to Headquarters as follows:

"Saw what's all this about wailing your mama?"

And at once their loudspeaker answered sternly:

"None o' your lip, now! There's a lost baby passed right here in the radio room and— I WANT MY MAMA!"

Things went on like that for some time. The announcer couldn't stop launching his police calls upon the city, and Miss Patricia wouldn't stop calling for her Mama. Consequently, the city of Boston was treated to the first, and probably the last, police broadcast of a juvenile amateur. When dozens of citizens, listening to the police calls over their radios, began to phone Headquarters and ask for an explanation of this newest wrinkle in the war against the underworld, the police explained—then described Baby Patricia, and asked for public help in finding her mama.

But it wasn't a citizen, a neighbor, or a friend who found that lost lady for her sorrowing daughter. Truth—as we've been told a million times, but never believe—is stranger than fiction. And so the reunion was brought about in this amazing fashion.

First of all Mrs. Fantland didn't miss her baby for quite a long time. When she did, she first looked in the house, then in the back yard, then out in the street. By this time, of course, she was worried. She began asking the neighbors questions.

(Continued on Page 28)
Audrey, Child of Depression

By Jack Banner

T'S indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good. Everyone knows what happened when the prosperous bubble burst along about 1929. Many a struggling actress, whose names were even sympathetic, were cancelled out of well-to-do surroundings by a turn in the family fortunes; with none of the long and exhaustive training that is needed for foothold success.

Audrey Marsh plainly shows in her photo-graph why stage audiences said she has what it takes.

The story of the Marshes began when her father, Mr. Murray Marshall, co-star of the Harv and Esther program, and one of the most promising youngsters on the air today. Her career started when the bottom fell out of Papa Marshall's musical instrument business, cancelling plans for college and threatening total collapse of the house of Marshall around her attractive ears if she didn't do something about it.

One doesn't chuck dreams of collegiate proms and moonlit walks down campus paths with a wrench. However, on being informed of the state of affairs, Audrey put on a soul-strengthening slab of rouge, strode resolutely into the registrar's office on the New York University campus, and retrieved the dollar she'd put down on a gymnastics ticket. She figured it would pay for three weeks of college.

It was grand fun at the school, if for no other reason than to follow along in the footprints of many whose names were even then in lights on Broadway. Bette Davis' pen-knife initials in a corridor reminder it as something very special in the way of an inspiration. And in the reflected glamour of her predecessors at the school she advanced rapidly. George Bannerman, one of its teachers, took an especial fancy to the vivacious youngster. She had the stuff, he felt sure, and when Broadway's grapevine telephoned the announcement of a road company to carry Abie's Irish Rose into the provinces, he gave her star pupil her break.

With handkerchief clutched in her nervous fingers, she followed his tip to the Anne Nichols' offices backstage at the old Republic Theater. There probably never was such a nervous applicant to Thespian favors as this blushing-eyed, blushing girl but on the strength of Bannerman's recommendations she got past the gate. Confronting the casting chief, she stammered out the story of her way her hair stood up in the back--she said her scanty experience and Gargantuan hope before him.

When Papa Marsh's Music Business Went Smash, His Illustrious Daughter Left College to Try the Ten-Twent-Thirt and Made the Grade to being buried alive in Connecticut, Audrey stayed put. She lived with a maiden aunt in a tiny spare room where she spent her nights in honest prayer and days spent tramping the boards and trying to make something turn up.

It was just about this time that Christopher Morley took time off from his literary pursuits to toy with his Gay Nineties revivals. He had set himself up in drama in the old Rialto theater in Hoboken, which, bounded by towers, formed an ideal setting for After Dark, a saga which demanded peanuts and steins with each burst of applause.

Word got around to Audrey, who ferried across the Hudson for a try at the thing. Harry Wagnoff Gribble, director of Broadway's current Taming of the Shrew, was Morley's right hand man at the time. He said that his show was already well cast if she could play a piano and sing a couple of tear-jerking hits there might be a part for her if she wanted to chance it.

Morley found her back in New Jersey but no job. The part had been jinked overnight. However Gribble, sensing her potential, manufactured a small walk-on for her individual use. From this she was advanced presently to dancing bits, thence to a maid, and then to the second lead.

"All this time," said Audrey, "I was hopelessly hoping that the leading lady would break a leg or fall over one of her petticoats. How I did crave that role of Eliza!"

The leading lady came no crater in her crinoline, but she did get conveniently sick and Audrey became Eliza, the poor and secret bride of the rich young man who had been disinherited all on her account.

The day arrived when the show picked up its false moustache and carried itself intact over to Brooklyn, where it put up a strenuous fight for patronage. After Dark, in its new setting, lasted just three weeks.

Once more at liberty in Manhattan, Audrey discovered radio. It was quite by accident. She had done the rounds of the booking offices for more weeks than she likes to remember, when she decided one saturday, m.m. to try and go with a friend to the offices of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, music publishers.

She clipped a circular of numbers to amuse the boys in the office, among whom was a boy of the hoary order of songs deluxe. Eyes aglow with the light of discovery, he barely contained himself until she had finished her extemporaneous ditty.

"Where have you been all my life?" he exclaimed. "Honey, we're going right up to Columbia. They gobble up little girls with voices like yours."

Two hours later Audrey had an audition. She would have had a contract if her mother had been there to sign it. As it was, the formal signing of papers had to await the following day when her mother could get to town. Several successful commercial and sustaining programs followed, all leading up to Audrey's present role of Esther in Harv and Esther, where she has opportunity to exercise her Thespian talents as well as to groom her singing voice which until five years ago, she didn't know she possessed.

The makers of Harvester Cigars present Audrey Nichols in Thespian talent, and Esther every Thursday over the CBS-WABC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).
He Saw Them When—

It Was Hollywood's Big Shots That Raymond Paige Saw —
And in the Most Amusing of Situations. Let Him Tell You

By Kay Morgan

RAYMOND PAIGE never will forget the time he picked up Kay Francis after she had topped off the narrow platform before a radio microphone during rehearsals. Mike fright! A terrible case of it arose to ruffle the savoir faire of Miss Francis. Placed before the awesome mike again, the petite Miss Francis toppled off once more. And again Kay picked her up.

"We thought," says Ray, "that we were going to have a tough time at the regular program when she would walk out and be confronted by a sea of faces in the audience. But, funny—when she took a look at the crowd of spectators she lost every trace of fright. It must be the actress in her.

Ray can claim hundreds of off-the-record yarns about the biggest flicker favorites, because as band-maestro and musical director of Hollywood Hotel, dozens and dozens of film stars introduced on this program by Louella Parsons have danced past his orchestra. But wait—let's hear Ray tell more anecdotes.

"While Kay was the most nervous," he continues, "Bebe Daniels was the most professional. I'm sure Kate Smith or any other radio star who's sung into a microphone for years, couldn't have had more aplomb and self-possession than Bebe. Why, she even told us where to place certain instruments in the band—arranging them here and there so that the ensemble would provide a better orchestral background. And she knows her stuff!

I was scared when I was informed that Connie Bennett was to be guest on one program. I had heard that she might stalk out in the middle of rehearsals. Well—l almost wish that report had been true. She was so self-conscious about singing into a mike that she kept us rehearsing her song over and over, all day long. No amount of assurance would convince her she was okay.

"And Mae West! She almost ruined the program. She slyed and hipped and—well you know those West gestures—and she had the studio in convulsions when she turned around to the audience in the middle of a love scene and gave them a broad wink."

It seems that he just won't talk about himself, so we'll have to depend on this magazine to introduce him to you. He's tall, good-looking, blond and married. He smokes fifteen cigars a day but has spotless white teeth, and he never wears a hat.

He was born with a violin practically under his chin. As the family fortune moved from Wisconsin, his birthplace, to San Diego, California, Ray kept fiddling away until he was nineteen. By then he had formed his own band. It toured the small towns where Ray managed conducted, rented halls for next to nothing, bartered choice seats for free printing of tickets, and coped with the headaches of a touring troupe. But that didn't discourage him at all. He still wanted to be an orchestra leader. And that, the moralists will point out, is why he is one today. And one of the best, too.

He was leading his orchestra on the California Melodies program at the very moment when the California quake of '32 decided to happen. Chunks of ceiling fell, walls cracked, lights overhead swung dangerously, yet Paige and his orchestra came through the cataclysm without missing as much as a beat.

But Ray—brave fellow—loses it off with a shrug.

"That," he says modestly, "was nothing compared to the time Lupe Velez hit the studio."

The people of Hollywood hotel program over the CBS-WABC network every Friday evening at 9 p.m. EST (8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST)

Music in the Air

By Carleton Smith

Gust is on the presses, but if ever we know which opera, well you know.

It seems that no one wants to sponsor the Met this season. The Chrysler Motors Corporation was considering it several weeks ago, but apparently the idea has been dropped. Perhaps somebody will be found before the broadcasts actually start.

Most Perfect Singer

ELISABETH RETHBERG makes one of her all too rare appearances before the microphone this Sunday on the Ford Hour (CBS at 9 p.m. EST; 8 CST; 7 MST; 6 PST). The pure soprano voice of "the world's most perfect singer" has been filling the Metropolitan for fourteen years now.

Sunday before Christmas the Ford Hour will present a program by GRETE STUECKGOLD, KATHRYN KEISLE, RICHARD CROOKS and EZIO PINZA. The fee for the quartet, believe it or not, totals $7,000.
### Programs for Sunday, December 15

#### Notice
These programs as here presented were correct as accurately as the broadcasting companies and WBBM could make them at the time of going to press. No emergency that may arise, or change of situation, necessitating an hour change is program listing, time, etc.

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### Star Indicates High Spot Selections

- **WBMM**—Golden Melodies
- **WBCO**—Art Institute
- **WBBN**—Cutler's Court
- **WBBM**—Concert

### Afternoon

#### 12:00 Noon
- **WBBM**—RCA Hour
- **WBBN**—Children's Hour

#### 1:00 p.m.
- **WBMM**—WBBM 1050
- **WBBN**—Children's Hour

#### 2:00 p.m.
- **WBBM**—Children's Hour

#### 3:00 p.m.
- **WBBM**—Children's Hour

#### 4:00 p.m.
- **WBBM**—Children's Hour

#### 5:00 p.m.
- **WBBM**—Children's Hour

### Listings such as (sw-9.53), (sw-11.87), etc.

**SHORT Wave MEGACYCLES**
Sports Broadcast Calendar

**Indicates Probable Broadcast**

### Football

**SATURDAY, DEC. 14**
- Pittsburgh vs. U. of California, L. A.: 9:45 p.m.
- San Francisco vs. NFRK KHJ KKB KERN

**SUNDAY, DEC. 15**
- Professional Football League Championship Game: New York Giants vs. Detroit: 1 p.m.
- CMB: WGN CHICAGO WOR NEW YORK

### Hockey

**SUNDAY, DEC. 15**
- Chicago Blackhawk vs. New York Americans: 7:30 p.m.

### Theatrical Events

- Empire Theater: "Macbeth".
- Theater Royal: "Hamlet".
- The Latest: "A Christmas Carol".

### Network News

**SUNDAY, DEC. 15**
- 9:15 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Press News
- 10:00 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Press News
- 10:45 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Gabriel Heatter
- 11:15 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: March of Time, drama

**MONDAY, DEC. 16**
- 8:55 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Press News
- 9:00 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Press News
- 9:55 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Booke Carter
- 10:30 p.m.: CBS-WBIR: Rushmore, drama

**TUESDAY, DEC. 17**
- See Monday schedule. Tuesday same schedule as Monday.

### COMING EVENTS

- Killenbadous program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 8:00 p.m., 1105.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Saturday at 7:30 p.m., 1115.
- "Killi" program: Empire Theater, Sunday at 6:00 p.m., 1116.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Tuesday at 8:00 p.m., 1117.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 8:00 p.m., 1118.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Saturday at 6:00 p.m., 1119.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Sunday at 6:00 p.m., 1120.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Tuesday at 6:00 p.m., 1121.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 6:00 p.m., 1122.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Saturday at 6:00 p.m., 1123.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Sunday at 6:00 p.m., 1124.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Tuesday at 6:00 p.m., 1125.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 6:00 p.m., 1126.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Saturday at 6:00 p.m., 1127.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Sunday at 6:00 p.m., 1128.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Tuesday at 6:00 p.m., 1129.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 6:00 p.m., 1130.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Saturday at 6:00 p.m., 1131.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Sunday at 6:00 p.m., 1132.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Tuesday at 6:00 p.m., 1133.
- "Kneepick" program: Empire Theater, Thursday at 6:00 p.m., 1134.
**Monday, Dec. 16, Continued**

**EARLY MORNING PROGRAMS**

**Monday to Friday inclusive, unless otherwise specified in heavy type**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX–Howe Farms Hour</td>
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<td>5:30 a.m.</td>
<td>WLS–Smile a While</td>
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<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WBZ–Top of the Morning</td>
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<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WLAND–Family Devotions</td>
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<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WMAQ–Suburban Chats</td>
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<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WGN–Orphan Dad's Hour</td>
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<td>7:15 a.m.</td>
<td>KMOX–News, Honeys Folks' Hour, WENR–Weather, WCCO–Time Signs</td>
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<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WOC–Early Bird, Monday</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 a.m.</td>
<td>WHAS–Log Cabin Boys</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00 noon</td>
<td>WJJD–Greene (sw-11.87)</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15 noon</td>
<td>WENR–Radio Garden</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
For Early Morning Programs See Page 17

6:30 a.m. * NBC—Breakfast Club; Orches. Nashe Boyd; Jams Owen, Donna McLellan, etc. WRCB—Budgie Chuck Revue, variety acts. WRCB—Budgie Chuck Revue, variety acts.


7:20 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.


8:00 a.m. * WHAS—Party Club; WFTM—Top Rank, Variety entertainment.

8:10 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service. WHOF—San Francisco, novelty. WHOF—San Francisco, novelty. WHOF—San Francisco, novelty.

8:20 a.m. * WCCO—Coffee Service.


8:30 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.

8:35 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.

9:00 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.

9:30 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.

9:45 a.m. * WBBM—Food Service.

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12:00 midnight * WBBM—Food Service.
Fame from a mere under-cover girl to an all-American singing sensation is the jump achieved by Vera Van, the gold-haired songstress whose portrait graces Page One of Thursday's Ohio Newspaper. And she is only 21 years old.

Vera is just another graduate of that jewel-box of the stars, the California Melodies. It was two years ago that she had her debut-worth singing in a small West Coast radio station and two songs made her a star. The first song, "Put Me In The Picture," was so popular that everybody thought she ought to continue in school, but her parents decided to try and sell her to a large East Coast studio. She was signed by a music manager who fed her with more vocal quality and taught her a little eye appeal in his programs.

She was christened Vera Webster, but the surname was dropped because of her flat pedicure for the air and she was adopted. It must be easier to say, because incomparable people are saying it who never heard of Vera Webster before, and her phase of Vera Van's success reveals a debt to Raymond Paige, 30, of 155 E. 66th St., New York. Paige, who has more than half a dozen of the best-known radio and stage successes of the day, is a popular manager of the VanNoy Girls' Studio.

She was sent to California to find a way to the Golden Gate from her Midwestern home is not generally known. But she was born in a town also famous as the birthplace of one of our Presidents, the late Warren G. Harding. It is hardly necessary to say that it was Marion, Ohio. She manages to remain single—but how nobody knows.

Vera Van is presented on Tuesdays and Thursdays over the CBS-WABC network at 7:15 p.m. EST. (6:15 CST: 5:15 MST: 4:15 PST) by D. A. Schulte, Inc.

**Contests on the Air**

**THE COVER PORTRAIT**

**Fun Flashes**

Fannie Brice (taking part of Fokon-boat, the Ohio news, is even a good thing. John Smith: You would resist it.)

**Vallely's Broadcast**

Baker: Say, Beetle, what did your father do for a living?

Baker: I get it. You were first shock.
**Mr. Fairfax Knows All**

In today's children, Mother Metzler is the mother of Terry, who is married to Dorothy and has two children. Bobby and Lucy, who live in New York. Dorothy has a radio program, and Frances, who recently married Henry Matthews, a widower with two children, Nancy and Junior. There also is Katie, sort of an adopted child who moved to Bob Coast. This ought to straighten out the kindship in your mind. (Mrs. A. G. Morgan City, La.)

All LAN Grant is the announcer on the Larry Martin program. (Mrs. J. E. O'Gara, N.)

Lud Gluskin's theme song is the Evergreen by Carol Gibbons, Bob Campbell and Reg. Connolly. It has been published. (L. J. L., Newton, Kan.)

Edward Mac Hughes' theme song is an evening prayer, by Gabriel. (Mrs. Glen Thompson, Holland, Ohio.)

Personal addresses of radio stars are not released to the general public. I would suggest that you address Major Brown at 1300 WLBW Broadcasting Company, Radio City, New York. (Gerald Gerace, Gramercy, Ohio.)

**Art Gilliam** is known as Cotton-Eyed Joe on the CBS program of that name. His home town is Atlanta, Georgia. (M. P, Hammond, Ind.)

The three keys are George Bon Bunt, Ted Crockett and Robert Bob Pease. (D. R. Antlers, Okla.)

There are eleven instrumentalists in the Veloz and Yolanda orchestra conducted by Shep Fields. Jerry Shelton plays the accordion and George Kruener, Mel Lewis and Charlie Drux are the saxophonists. (Marion, Fisher, Ill.)

**Gogo de Lys'** real name is Gabrielle De Lys Boulanger. She is Canadian by birth, studied radio for a law degree but gave it up when her voice attracted the attention of network authori- ties. She has been on the air for about one year. (W. J. Freichammer, Crawfordsville, Ind.)

Irving Kaufman plays all parts in the Lazy Dan program. He is Jim Jones as well as Lazy Dan. (Maud McKay, Bruns- wick, Ga.)

The members of the Maple City four part in a hit party of Alan Rice and Lee and Roy Peterson. The

**Mercy Killings**

(Continued from Page 5)

up to him. In an emergency where death was coming slowly, I wouldn't hasten the end.

Jan Pearson, one of the air's best liked tenors, views the question from a purely religious tangent and says, "There is an act of God and what right has man to take away the life he has created? We have no right to interfere with Destiny."

Those are just a few of the most convincing of all replies comes from Nellie Revel. She says, "Sixteen years ago as I lay on a bed of pain, four eminent doctors predicted that if I lived I never would be able to walk again. Since then I have made three trips across the country and have experienced strenuous one-night stands. Just last week I went skating with another woman who once was pronounced hopelessly incurable. Today I am happy, active life such as few people ever experienced.

And whatever their little alterations may be as Fibber and Molly McGee on the air, Jim and Marion Haggard are in their opposition to mercy killings. Jointly they rose their voices to say, "We are absolutely opposed to mercy killings. No man has the right to take a life— and do it to so is murder. If God intends some people to suffer, they must suffer, and neither they nor anyone else has a right to end their lives before their time."

Doctors who kill patients are violating the law of God and man— their duty is to make unfortunate victims of terrible illnesses comfortable and possible.

That is radio's attitude toward mercy killings. Honest opinions, too, the stars themselves think. But I wonder how many of those, if in your true ac- company as I was, would hold to their views. I met Nellie Revel and you, Nellie Revel, here is a question.

What, for example, if you were riding with my dear friend on the train. The car turns over and you are thrown clear of the window. Your friend is quite severely hurt. The car starts to burn and all efforts to release your friend is futile. Inevitably and re- fractively. Your friend will perish. In your own pocket is a revolver. Would you use it to save your friend? Would you use it to save yourself? I still say—as I did in France—that only God has the right to take a life. Back in France, I wondered. Today, I still wonder ...

**Gogo de Lys'** real name is Gabrielle De Lys Boulanger. She is Canadian by birth, studied radio for a law degree but gave it up when her voice attracted the attention of network authori- ties. She has been on the air for about one year. (W. J. Freichammer, Crawfordsville, Ind.)

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The members of the Maple City four part in a hit party of Alan Rice and Lee and Roy Peterson. The
Thursday, Dec. 19, 2001

BULLS AND BONERS

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour. Send your contributions to Bulls and Boners Editor, care of RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

NEWSPAPER: "She was found guilty by a jury of disorderly con- tention in Iowa." (November 22, WTMJ; 4:35 p.m.)

WALTER F. HIRK: "The boxes and seats were all filled and many were in evening dress."—John Riley, Norma, Okla- homa. (November 23, WLY; 5:30 p.m.)

BOB ELSON: "He carried the ball around right end for no gain, if any."—Roy W. Stuck, Urbana, Illinois. (November 23, WGN; 4:20 p.m.)

MRS. IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN: "I won't take up much of your time as others will want to speak to you about dogs on the dance floor."—R. A. Ramsey, Omaha, Nebraska. (November 24; WLS; 12:04 a.m.)

GLOBE TROTTER: "King George re- turned to Athens today amid the great rejoicing of his people, and Italy again becomes a monarchy."—H. H. Krause, Vienna. (November 24; WGN; 10:10 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "I've never seen any happier people than those who have suffered with never trouble for a long time."—W. K. Bell, Chicago. (November 16; WAAW; 11:57 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "Yesterday I had a young lady for lunch."—M. Lloyd Duncan, Arcola, Illinois. (November 25; WVE; 2:47 p.m.)

ANNOUNCER: "Some of these are small colleges and not important games, but there is just a chance that some of you matriculated from there."—C. G. Se- cret, Las Cruces, New Mexico. (November 23; KRLL; 7:15 p.m.)

EDDIE CAVANAUGH: "Ned Weaver is leading lady with Irene Rich. Bob's hobby is racing-horses."—Mrs. Ralph L. Amundsen, Chicago, Illinois. (December 5; WBBM; 4:48 p.m.)

DON STEWART: "Madame de Syl- vernand, a French actress, was talking on How to Be Beautiful at that time."—Mrs. REYNOLDS, Oklahoma. (December 4; WLY; 3:27 p.m.)

MR. FAIRFAX

(Continued from Page 21)

First Nighter program originates in the Chicago NBC studios in the Merchandise Mart, and the Seth Parker show comes from the New York studios of the same network. The theme song is "Smoke Rings" as his theme song. (A. L. McElhenny, Miesle City, Mont.)

Mr. Fairfax answers personally all questions concerning personalities and is now accompanied by addressed return enve- lope and postage. Mr. Fairfax is anxious to answer all questions concerning personalities and is now accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage. Mr. Fairfax is anxious to answer all questions concerning personalities and is now accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage. Mr. Fairfax is anxious to answer all questions concerning personalities and is now accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage. Mr. Fairfax is anxious to answer all questions concerning personalities and is now accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage.
By Chas. A. Morrison

On the Summit of a Mountain Near Caracas, Venezuela, Two Hundred-foot Steel Towers Support the Antenna from Which Broadcasting WYRC Sends Its Messages to the World. WYRC, Without a Doubt, is the Most Important of All South American Stations, So Consistent That It Ranks with Our Local Stations.

WYRC has been featured using a frequency of 58 megacycles for several weeks now and the hundreds of letters pouring in to the station from the far corners of the earth are a mute testimony to the success of the efforts. The station's 100,000-watt transmitter is owned by the HCA-Victor station owners in New York and relays the programs of broadcast band station WYRC nightly from 3 to 8 p.m. Fifty-five live talent programs and only two programs of phonograph records are supplied daily by Broadcasting Caracas. Edgard Anula, familiarly called the Skipper, on his charge of WYRC. But WYRC may well have been the first station on the air five years ago.

Radio Guide programs dedicated to readers of this publication will be broadcast by WYRC on Tuesday, December 17, from 3-4 p.m. Special entertainment has been scheduled and the program will be frequent announcements in English, and messages addressed to the editors of Radio Guide.

Senorita Vonzola cordially invites every reader who hears the program to write him at CR-2, Caracas, Venezuela, and ask for the station call letters WYRC, Broadcasting Caracas, Caracas, Venezuela, South America. The post office in Venezuela is only three days by mail.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation soon will build its own short-wave station near Washington, D.C., which will be used for broadcasting emergency messages to police departments, radio-equipped police cars, and Federal men in every part of the United States. Tests are being conducted from the U.S. Bureau of Investigation transmitter in the Leesburg, Maryland. The first test was brought to us Monday, December 9, and it was transmitted on 10 megacycles at 1:15 p.m. and on 15 megacycles at 9:30 p.m., and it is a series of unrelated words, repeated rapidly. Radio listeners were unable to understand them, for the best of their ability and send them in immediately to Washington, D.C. Further tests will take place from 9:45 to 10 p.m., EST, for five minutes at the frequencies and at the times stated. Watch for the G-Man news. Special operators are particularly wanted in Florida and the Western part of the S.
Listings such as (sw-9.53), (sw-11.87), etc. SHOW SHORT WAVE MEGACYCLES
Saturday, December 21

ON SHORT WAVES

(Continued from Page 25)

10:30 a.m. — opera (RNE)
10:45 a.m. — Family concert (WHO)
5 p.m. — Segedin (WHO)
5 p.m. — Mail Bag (W2V6)
5:30 p.m. — Backstage in Sheridan (WXAF)
7 p.m. — Books to read (WHO)
7 p.m. — Yugoslav music (YV2C)
7 p.m. — German music today (WXAF)
7:30 p.m. — Violin and piano recital (WXAF)
7:45 p.m. — English (YV2C)
8 p.m. — SPECIAL PROGRAM DEDICATED TO RADIO GUIDE (WLW)
8:15 p.m. — Evening concert (WXAF)
8 p.m. — Flea Escapades (GSL, GSH)
8:30 p.m. — Talk, but not America (HIBABE)
11 p.m. — Overseas (HIB)

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

4:15-4:30 p.m. — Family hour (GSL, GSH)
5:30 p.m. — Talk, but not America (HIBABE)
7:45 p.m. — SPECIAL PROGRAM DEDICATED TO RADIO GUIDE (WLW)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

4:45 a.m. — American hour (GSL, GSH)
10:30 a.m. — American hour (GSL, GSH)
7 p.m. — Talk, but not America (HIBABE)
11:45 p.m. — Europe (HIB)
11 p.m. — Overseas (HIB)

KEY TO FREQUENCIES

(All stations use kilocycles shown)

CUBA (Havana) 66.40
CUBA (56.20)
CUBA (106.20)
CUBA (102.20)
CRU (Singapore) 56.20
CRU (Caracas, Venezuela) 56.20
CRU (Montevideo) 56.20
CRU (Austria) 56.20
CRU (Munich) 56.20
CRU (London) 56.20
CRU (New York) 56.20
CRU (Mexico City) 56.20
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The Maple City Four

The Hayloft Harmonizers on the NATIONAL BARN DANCE Everyday Saturday Night

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Tune Twisters: Dick Brown, Jimmie Davis; Little Jim Long; Hayloft Chorus; Sally Foster; Skylanders; and the Maple City Four; Rooster Hot Shots; Uncle Tony; Henry Burr; and Will Kelly, Master of Ceremonies. Others.

56 NBC STATIONS

Coast-to-Coast

A rollicking program of old time sing-a-longs, sing-along stage, folk music, and traditional songs brought to you direct from WLW, Chicago, every Saturday from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. CST.
cane that seemed to be mocking my fate. They were all one could see for miles around. And sometimes I wished a great fire would come and burn them up — anything to take me from this desolate, lonely spot.

Then she realized she was to become a mother. Perhaps, with the many interests and long hours a child demands, some of Gertrude Berg’s yearnings for another life might have faded, had not everything changed suddenly.

Like a flash of lightning came news from New York. Her mother was seriously ill. "A complete nervous breakdown," the telegram read, "Condition dangerous. She keeps calling for you all the time."

Frightened, she stood by while her husband packed her bag, rushed her to the station. "Dear God, only let me get there in time," she prayed while the train to New York sped around the corner. "It was almost a year before she saw her first-born again; it was almost two years before she got a position up North, and the little family was reunited. Then began one of the most satisfying happiest periods of Gertrude Berg's life of any woman's life. She had a home of her own, a husband to care for, and a baby to love. Together they watched the small group grow in skill and development. Proudly, she told her friends when Wednesday over WMCA, she explained, "She howled with glee at the first stories, but he refused to put them on the air."

They are only good for parlor reading," he insisted.

"Please put one on," she begged, again and again. "You don't have to pay me for it."

"Just give me a chance to work on the air."

Did he really mean it?

For fifteen minutes work she got six dollars, her first radio salary and the only money she earned from radio in more than a year.

For nine more months she wore out good shoe-leather; then she got another chance with the black god Mills and CIBS the program director approved four of her sketches on the experience of girls, Effy and Laura. She herself played both roles.

"I must have been pretty bad," she confided to me, "for after the first program broadcast, I received three letters from girls."

"I don't have to tell you how heart-broken Gertrude felt. She sunk home like a whipped dog. Finally she was convinced she would never amount to anything. Of what avail was her striving? When she told her mother, she said, "I didn't step out of the house. I was ashamed to face my friends, for it seemed that all my social engagements and buried myself in my housework, as if through some kind of making, me tell you, is an excellent cure for the doldrums."

She had the courage to face both her hands and determined to try again. Down to NBC she went, with her voice, her chutzpah, and wonder of wonders, the program director immediately seized upon it. She was on the air.

That was six years ago. And she stayed on with "Hollywood sketches five nights a week, for five solid years."

"During that time," she confided, "I thought I was fulfilling myself, doing just as I wanted. Yet I really belonged to radio, mind and soul. From nine in the morning till three I'd write scripts, at five I was at the studio for rehearsals. At seven forty-five we went on the air."

"I had sunk so deep in radio that I gave up all other activities."

"It was lovely, Gertrude thought. "But I loved dearly. I realized I was miserable. Life seemed strangely barren and empty."

"I made sure my children were growing up; I loomed to know them better, to be more of a companion to them, as my mother had been to me."

"Gradually," she said slowly, as if weighing the word, "I realized that my happiness did not lie in work alone. It lay not in withdrawing from the life around me, but in sharing it."

"It wasn't till I went on the air this April," she told me, "that I found a solution to her problem."

"I've come to have plenty of time for my family," she confided. "Since I have only one script to prepare a week, there is a lot of extra time for radio work."

"Let anyone who wants to belong to herself know this dream."

"If you get pleasure from it, of some day having leisure, or brushing aside your daily duties and wallowing in the lap of luxury."

"If you want to be happy, don't change your job."

"I pity the poor woman who belongs to herself, but none of them knew any satisfactory answer.

"Patricia was lost—maybe kidnaped, Mrs. Fanland decided. Perhaps she was dead. A small crowd of neighbors began to gather around the Fanland home, and someone suggested telephoning the police."

"No," shrieked somebody else. "Here are the police! Tell them!"

"Sure enough, Radio Car 78, still doing its job of patrolling the district, just at that moment rolled around the corner. But it pulled to the curb when a woman ran forward, waving her arms."

"Help me! Someone help me!"

The agonized mother, gripping the door of the police car, "Why didn't you do something? My baby has been kidnaped!"

In the tenor of that moment, neither Mrs. Fanland nor the officers gave much attention to the loudspeaker in the car, that was blaring out a record of song.

"... station. Car 41, call your station... "I WANT MY MAMAMAMAMA!"

Casanova’s frantic pleas stopped dead. For an instant she stood still, her mouth open.

"Why—that’s my baby!"

"The poor, almost hysterically, recognized her voice!"

The phone was a crackling. One of them snapped on the loudspeaker of the two-way radio. To Headquarters he reported as follows:

"Car 78, 41. I think we’ve found that little girl on the mike!"

Again came the wake, "I want my Mama!"

"Patricia, darling! This is Mama! Be a good girl now and "I want my Mama!"

"Mama's coming right over to get you!"

The Hollow’s yell in the loudspeaker was exultant. So, too, was Patricia’s mother. So, too, was the broadcast when finally he got rid of Patricia.

"She’s a little lady," he told Mrs. Fanland. "She’s been dramatically clasped in each other’s arms. She’s out of the hospital."

"I wish she’d bring a few—safety pins and things, "I don’t think any mothers—and perhaps a sprinkling of very clever fathers—will understand what he meant."
HITS OF WEEK

AT THE top of the week's list of song hits Trout Island remains in the stand position attained two weeks ago. But there are rumblings of change behind the leader with Little Bit Independent, a breezy swing tune, coming up rapidly to take second place in network popularity. The dance band maestros found No Other One to their particular liking and gave it the honors for the week in number of times played. The following tabulations reveal the tunes in the order of their popularity:

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON THE AIR

Times
Song           
Treasure Island                                      32
Little Bit Independent                                27
Red Sails in the Sunset                               25
No Other One                                          24
I Found a Dream                                       22
Don't Give Up the Ship                                 19
Thanks a Million                                     18
I've Got a Feeling You're Feeling                     15
Back to My Boots and Saddles                        10
You Are My Lucky Star                                10

BANLIEUEERS' PICKS OF OUTSTANDING HITS

Times
Song           
No Other One                                         28
Treasure Island                                      26
Red Sails in the Sunset                               24
Don't Give Up the Ship                                 23
Little Bit Independent                                22
Twenty-Four Hours a Day                               20
I Dream Too Much                                     17
You Are My Lucky Star                                 17
I Found a Dream                                       10

The tenor was in concert in San Francisco and Tibbett was in opera, and at an affair given in honor of the singers the two launched an argument about the tone values of their respective vocal ranges. "It can sing a better B flat than you can right now," Tibbett declared. While waiting to be asked, he gave a singing demonstration of his power and clarity. McCormack didn't deign to challenge. "Perhaps you are right," he said simply. "But never forget this: I get a lot more money for my B flats than you do for yours, and that's the yardstick by which to measure their worth." Tibbett had to admit the logic of that premise.

It was at about this period in his life that the baritone began his crusade for opera in English, a principle that has led to much strife, but which in turn has been fairly fruitful. It was during his first venture in English lyrics that he found an ally in a most unexpected quarter. He was just reaching the boiling point on a protest when he found the gam of battle snatched out of his hands by a tiny energetic woman whom he never would have suspected of the fire she displayed. She was Edna St. Vincent Millay, poetess.

She had authored the lyrics of the opera The King's Henchman, for which Deems Taylor had written the score. Tibbett sang the premiere at the Metropolitan in 1927. Fearlessly she had written in a arena in which the leading character made the hormone complaint that his voice hurt him.

The purists threw up their hands. It was revolting, they charged. What, they asked, was opera coming to, when a heroic figure at the reverse Met complained about his corns? It was license, they said, and might throw down the barriers to lyrics about anything from hangover to labor pains. In Italian, Tibbett is sure, they would have accepted it as humorous and proper, but in English it was too bald and daring.

The acceptable board of the Metropolitan Opera House succumbed to the future and ordered the offending aria excised from the opera

Tibbett's pulse sped and his fists doubled, theoretically, as he snifled the air of battle. But he was destined never to raise his voice in protest. Miss Millay saw to it.

"The aria stays in or the whole damned opera goes out," was her brief ultimatum — regardless of the groans of the orthodox the opera stood.

Thus we have scanned the turbulent career of a mighty singer. He would be the first to say that many of his ideas have been flighty ones — that much of his pioneering has been a bit too strident. But there is no escaping the knowledge that the world at large can thank Lawrence Tibbett for the eradication of a lot of the hokum that dominated music.

Still only 38 years old, he is in the rare position of a man who has lived to see his efforts rewarded — not merely materially in the shape of riches which his artistry has helped him to pile up — but in the altered form of musical presentation. He has helped to establish a common ground upon which music in its finest forms can meet the mass public which, until his one-man crusade, lived in a world apart, simply because the stuffed shirts who managed its destinies would not stoop to the required simplicity of presentation.

I am for Lawrence Tibbett, lock, stock and barrel. If I have helped you to obtain a better picture of his fiery ferocity, helped you to understand more clearly what many have interpreted as exhibitionism but which in truth is unshod cynicism — then, too, I have been happy because it is important that you recognize in Lawrence Tibbett a prodigious character — a humane and loving husband, a devoted father, an arch-enemy of falsity, and above all a natural minstrel who would sing rather than do anything else in the world.

The Packard Motor Car Company presents Lawrence Tibbett every Tuesday evening over the CBS-WABC network at 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST; 6:30 MST; 5:30 PST).

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8 Handsome Original Rogers STATE SEAL SOUVENIR SPOONS

These teaspoons, regular size with plain bowls, must be seen to be appreciated. Must be handled to realize their weight and value. They are Original Rogers Silverware made by International Silver Co.—the oldest and largest makers of silverware in the world. AA quality — 66 pennyweights of pure silver to the gross. Beautiful, raised-design State Seal on handle.

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Please send me by mail, postpaid, 8 spoons as described, for which I enclose $1.

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Resolved!

To Begin the New Year Right by Reading These Thrilling, Amazing True Accounts of Real Sleuths and Their Work in the January Issue of Official Detective Stories:

CLEW OF THE OPEN WINDOW
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LOOT OF THE GOLDEN BANK
Bank Sticcup Near Peoria, Illinois

"THE MOST BRUTAL MURDER ON RECORD"
Double Killing in Mississippi

RACKETEER BARONS
Dutch Schlaffz of New York

January Issue Now on Sale at All News Stands — 10c a Copy

Radio Guide's X-Word

HORIZONTAL
1—Priest among the ancient Celts
2—Band leader who played drums
3—You knew him as the 3rd violin
4—A fish
5—Lancastrian town has a fine voice
6—Star of Town Hall Tonight
7—Pertaining to the nose passage
8—and Fannie Cavanaugh
9—Father
10—Girly, ———, mezzo-soprano
11—Old Latin (abbr.)
12—Irish Nollette and Tim
13—Correlative of neither
14—Hole
15—Part of the verb to be
16—To do what you are told
17—Nothing less than
18—In that manner
19—Cost of animals
20—Number of persons Tony Worn has written
21—Jesse Crawford, Poet of the Times
22—His last name in Ross
23—News commentator, ———, Carley
24—Greek letter
25———, Housing
26—Latin preposition used as for
27—What bottomed boat
28—Peace
29—Initials of opera and radio tenor
30—To lie in the sun
31—News commentator who was born in Baku, Russia
32—A convulsive cry

VERTICAL
1—Station WDEL is located in this state (abbr.)
2—Vesuvius (Ital.)
3—Vase
4—The (Ital.)
5—Former maestro with the Jack Benny program
6—Chemical symbol of Yttrium
7—8—Come in contact with

Solution to Puzzle Given Last Week

HELP US TO HELP YOU, PLEASE—

RADIO GUIDE is bending every effort to be absolutely the best publication of its kind. The Editors sincerely believe it is. But it can be better. We all can. So if you lend us a minute of your time and answer the questions below, you will help to make Radio Guide the greatest aid to your radio enjoyment ever printed.

What we want to know is:

Does Radio Guide list the programs of all the stations to which you listen regularly? If it does, pay no attention to this. But if there are other stations that you believe should be included, just send a post-card to

Program Editor, Radio Guide,
731 Plymouth Court,
Chicago, Ill.

and tell him:
(1) What stations other than those listed in Radio Guide do you listen to during the daytime.
(2) What stations do you listen to at night whose programs are not now listed in Radio Guide?
Hillbillet-Doux

Dear Vol.: In your RADIO GUIDE dated November 23 there was something that raised a question in my mind. It was the review of the four letters in the Voice of the Listener which quoted all hillbillies. The question is this: Why do people let a prejudice like that slip? Times and sometimes and then at one time rise up and start putting it and saying it isn't true and should be rained off the air, at any rate? I don't see why. Perhaps the answer is that after the programs have been on for so many years and you hear it so often. If so, why don't they say so, and not say it isn't true to live? Long live the hillbillies. WLS and Painted Dreams.

Hillbillet-Doux

Dear Vol.: I certainly do not agree with Mrs. C. Larson of Rochester, Minnesota, about WLS and its hillbilly type of entertainment. It is a wonderful stumper and is supported by a friendly and neighborly group of folk. In my opinion it does not have cheap or trashy programs. The folks there are the listeners' friends and certainly try to please all. So let's pull for WLS and have it continue with its wonderful programs.

WLS Fan

Purp Knows Cues

Dear Vol.: In answer to a paragraph written by Art Stevens on November 7, I wish to state that my family does not seem dead to radio. I tuned in China in via short wave, not so long ago and put immediately approached the speaker, talking, and soon discovered later by listening to the music. Pat never falls to back into the loudspeaker at hearing another voice. She will be in front of the speaker for half an hour listening to an orchestra or operas, but never to just vocalization.

Purp

Gallipolis; That's Odd

Dear Vol.: This thought has just occurred to me. How nice it would be if on one day a week (preferably Saturday) we could hear our local stations without commericial Venturing. All is necessary to be in the program. Let us let the program be called the courtesy of it. Wouldn't that be wise? I wonder if anybody agrees with me.

Gallipolis, Ohio

Oh Kay, Sir

Dear Vol.: We are starting a fight against robbers, particularly two handfuls who ought to have been named. We think it is a direct injustice to our dear friend, Kay Kyser, to allow these homos to copy his unique form of program presentation. Also we won't mention any on our own and only Kay Kyser.

Verdson, Indiana

William James John Allison Borden Smith

Et Tu, Plums?

Dear Vol.: Why does RADIO GUIDE waste valuable space with Evans Plummer?

Ross, and WLS and WGN and any station at all.

Staten, Texas

Dear Vol.: It's fine for everyone to be educated, but our farmer RADIO GUIDE readers are doing WLS an injustice. WLS is trying to give splendid concerts. Have you heard the WLS interne perspective of the American way of doing things. let them pick their coffee beans and go back to Michigan or one of the nearby states from which he came. Be lieve it or not, he would never be missed. He exists to the sky many who should be in the discard but who, for some reasons, chance to appeal to Mr. Plummer. Now fortunate they are that just who is this guy PLUMMER? So love Plum take your plum back home.

Clarksburg, Illinois

Jeff Brown

P-Lum and Abner

Dear Vol.: Please convey to Lum and Abner the Hillbick Company our sincere appre ciation of the splendid entertainment enjoyed every evening from the Lum and Abner broadcast.

These gentlemen are artists in the fullest sense and render the most faultless presentation possible. Many of their highly animated characters. As a matter of fact, most of us personal love and the American of country. Their programs are broadcast in the great majority to the listeners in their respective field they stand in our opinion, pre-eminent.

Be thankful Lum and Abner for the most delightful program on the air and voice the wish that they may still be with us for many years to come.

Metropolis, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rue

Tainted Speech

Dear Vol.: For a long time I thought the West was missing something by not having Clara, Lo & Behold on the Western hookup. But after listening to them I have changed my mind. They sound amusing at the time but the minute their broadcast in over. I feel dosed with a lot of zits, has went, took out, had this, there, and everywhere. I can imagine they have a lot of fun putting it in their script. They sound hungry enough every one of them and never anything wrong. Why should we be the guinea pigs? If I can't listen to something that leaves a better impression, what should I listen to if I am to listen to radio can stay silent.

Seattle, Wash.

Emma Tucker

Lanny-apple

Dear Vol.: I wish I had the few disgruntled Con. Thibault fans who keep writing letters to Lanny Ross had been taken off Shove Box for making derogatory remarks about Lanny Ross. They can hear Thibault on the Lou Colin program this Saturday. Why not come this. Lanny Ross has always been and always will be the people's favorite Black Boat and he is marvelous as its m.e. His per formance and personality made him the people's favorite singer, and he surely deserves the start ing part. Thibault evidently didn't know why.

Austin, Texas

Kathleen Howard

Dear Vol.: I agree with B. A. Penkala, West Hazelton, Pa. We want Don Amore off the Bertie and Bob program. But I disagree with W. E. Taylor, Cincinnati, Ohio, about Lanny Ross. To be sure Con Thibault has a fine voice, but don't I wish the Shove Box boys gave more interviews for Lanny Ross. With our family it's Maxwell House coffee forever—Lanny Ross is on the program. Kalamazoo, Michigan

J. C. A.

Dear Vol.: About Lanny Ross: I think he has a wonderful voice, if he songs not the latest numbers. I don't think he can be beaten. I also love to hear Con Thibault sing, and I think both Lanny and Ross made the Shove Box the good pro gram was. Lately there's been something wrong. Here's hoping they get it going in the old way again.

St. Thomas, Ont. Canada Mrs. Holland

Dear Vol.: Answering Taylor's letter referring to Mr. Ross and Lanny Ross, and the members of the Shove Box cast could not possibly ask for better characters. Let us hope that the old days will be back. They will replace all ma le crooners and song singers.

New York City

E. Anderson

Pastor-al Comment

Dear Vol.: One of your columnists recently asked, "Will the boom ever replace the midget." I don't think so but I hope and pray that some day the jackass with his fine, natural voice will replace all male crooners and song singers. My respects to Whitmore for his instructive article on jazz and a basket of fresh prunes to all readers and listeners of the RADIO GUIDE family.

Fowler, Indiana

Rev. Anton J. Jozwik

Still of Same Mind

Dear Vol.: We agree with Ethel Still that Isham Jones has had and still has the greatest band of them all. My sister and I have been close followers and admirers of Jones far a long time, and I think that's a long time to admire one band.

He has originality, arrangements, and every thing. As far as we know he was the first to play the saxophone, and in later years he introduced two basins, and a hot corny saxophone. He also made St. Louis jazz and other good numbers. We are for Jones.

Clewiston, Wisconsin

Lloyd Anderson

Flatbush Fliat

Dear Vol.: Phones, orchards, and all nature to the staff of RADIO GUIDE for a swell article on the artists. I'm a fan of Ben Bernie. I wish every one of the Old Maestro's fans enjoyed it as much as I did.

Syracuse, New York

Listen for It over Your Local Outlet—The Latest, the Newest, the Most Intimate—All the News of the Stars, The Programs and the Networks

Over 100 Stations from Coast to Coast Are Broadcasting RADIO GUIDE's Gossip Program

Are You Listening?
What father's heart wouldn't swell with pride to have his first-born share his greatest triumphs? Here is such a father with just that cause for pride: Leslie Howard, of all people, with his little daughter Leslie Ruth, as they look when they're broadcasting.

Here's why Amos 'n' Andy missed their umpteen-thousandth broadcast—the lucky guys! They said "Hunting was great and we lost track of time." From the looks of their bag—it's no wonder.

Margaret Santry has the job of jobs. She tracks New York's Four Hundred to its lair and interviews socialites while Tea at the Ritz is on the air.

Lionel Barrymore has been engaged to play Scrooge every Christmas for the next five years, which is a New Deal for any actor. At left he is shown at dress rehearsal for the presentation, 1935. And above you see the Vic and Sade homebodies—in their air home. They are, from left, Art Van Harvey, who plays Vic; Bob Brown, the announcer; Bernardine Flynn, Sade, and Billy Idelson, who is Rush.

Wendell Hall—recognize him? Then you certainly recall It Ain't Gonna Rain No More—one of the dozens of popular tunes he's written and launched. He's been broadcasting for thirteen long years.

More Dignity Goes Out the Window as Our Snoop-Shoulder Catches More of Your Favorites Unawares.

Radio Guide goes places and does things you'd never dream about. Here are the Winfield Tuberculosis Sanitarium patients of Winfield, Illinois, enjoying their favorites.