

Radio 5¢ Guide

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Always Playing
Second Fiddle
By Frank Parsons



Singin' Sam,
the Farmer
By Douglas Connah

ALFRED
PANAPINTO

Al Goodman

Tell Your Troubles to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE



HARRY FRANKEL
(Singer Sam)
... He's been on the farm all summer ...

ONE evening last spring I was chatting with Singer Sam after one of his Columbia programs, at the time when he was living in New York and broadcasting from WABC's studios.

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

After the program Sam was heading right back to Richmond, and the best I could muster was a few pleasant but often-interrupted stretches of conversation. So I dropped a line to my good friend, Chuck Wise of WKRC, who got on the troubadour's trail. Through Chuck's good offices I got a pretty fair idea of just how the old trouper has been disposing himself while he's been at play.

Sam—or Harry Frankel, to use the name that appears on his birth certificate—wasn't born in Richmond. His first tones—soprano at that time—were chanted in Lexington, Kentucky, but he moved to Richmond when he was eight and grew up there to healthy young manhood. He retains an unusual amount of affection for that spot, and I'm sure that no other radio artist has bestowed as much publicity on his home town as Singer Sam has on his. It's a small-town boy who boasts about being one, and there's nothing he won't do for that home town of his. And Richmond reciprocates with an equal share of love for Sam, who is one of the most favored of favorite sons. Walk around the town with Sam in the air, and just try to find a radio that isn't tuned in to his program. Maybe, after trying it, you'd rather take up the pleasant pastime of combing haystacks for pins and needles. I'm sure I would.

Then, once this summer a mammoth civic minstrel show was held in Richmond, and during the four days fun

who keep the place up, but the owner himself acts as doorman and everything that is done is under his personal supervision. More often than not he is seen in the film pitching in and using a good share of the chores about the farm.

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

SAM'S human friends are not the only ones welcomed at "Justamere," for he has provided royal accommodations for his leaved neighbors. Eight bird-houses, one of them with eighteen rooms, have been installed in trees about the place, and landford Sam reports that none of them are unoccupied. The birdhouses are products of one of his special hobbies—woodworking. He has a complete workshop and woodworking outfit with which he tinkers on rainy days.

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

One thing about "Justamere" is truly characteristic of Singer Sam. The farm surrounds the original site of the old swimming hole where he spent many happy hours as a boy. It is just like him to retain, in his success, buy the old swimming hole and the land around it, and revive the memories of his youth. The hole had dried up long since, but he built a modern and up-to-date concrete swimming pool which is the mecca of all the younger folk of Richmond.

One of Sam's first loves is fly-fishing, and he has plenty of opportunity to indulge that pastime on his own little river. Just a short time ago visitors dropped in unexpectedly and a hired man set out to locate the host, who was nowhere to be found. Half an hour later the visitors saw the hired man returning with what appeared to be an ordinary bun.

On closer inspection the unshorn and disreputably clad man turned out to be Sam, who had been wading unobserved in the river up to his knees in search of a finny supper. He has fished in all parts of the country and has a considerably valuable collection of fishing tackle and equipment, including a number of rods which he has expertly constructed himself.

From his many fishing and hunting expeditions, Sam has become quite proficient as an outdoor chef, and any of his sportsmen associates will rhapsodize about his special brand of stew, which has its own particular formula, and which contains practically everything but the very instruments of the chase.

The rugged troubadour has always been a stalwart and energetic athlete. As a boy in Richmond, he shone in basketball, and the grail for his high school teams, not to mention playing on the first basketball team formed there. In those days basketball was a new game and there was a popular misconception that it was a game for girls. Few of his schoolmates were foolhardy enough to suggest that IQ him, though for he was just a bit too tough for them to take such a chance and court disaster.

His main outlet for athletic endeavors now is the ancient Scotch pastime of golf and he usually manages to do pretty well at that. But he got the most out of his golfing of his life this summer when he tangled on the links one day with his friend Walter Hagen and got nothing more for his pains than a bit deeper shade of tan.

The summer is pretty nearly over, and like all good things, Singer Sam's Seventh Heaven will draw to an end for the present, so shortly after this makes its way into newspaper, he'll be off to New York again to resume a full schedule of Columbia broadcasts.



JUSTAMERE FARM
... That swimming pool has replaced the dried up "Of Swimmer" Hole ...

100,000 people were in its audience. That's pretty good for a small town, and you can be sure that its popularity was at least in good part due to the fact that Singer Sam, the home town boy who made good, took a prominent part in it. For many years, you know, Singer Sam toured

Radio's FARMER

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

Well, Singer Sam has had his wish, and he's been in Seventh Heaven all summer. Back in May he returned to the old home town, commuting once a week to WKRC in Cincinnati.

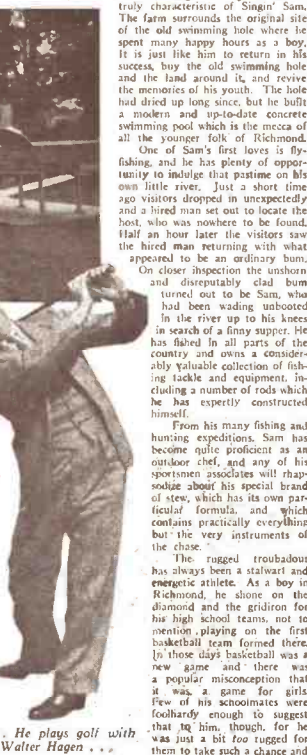
His broadcasts have been relayed to the rest of the Columbia network from that point. Outside of a business trip or so and a couple of personal appearances in the middle west, he has had practically all summer to devote to "huntin' and fishin' and playin' golf and just putterin' around the old farm."

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

*Singer Sam Treks to
Chose Indiana Acres
Whenever He's Able*
By Douglas D. Connah

the country as a minstrel show performer, and it's not so very long since he abandoned black-face for his present medium of entertaining.

Richmond and the surrounding country harbor countless of Singer Sam's friends, and "Justamere Farm," his place near Richmond, is their headquarters. It really shows his pride and joy, although he's pretty modest about it—the name alone bears witness to that. And well he might be proud of "Justamere," with its spacious lawns and spreading sycamore and beech trees and the trim house, covered with rambling roses. It's pretty particular about how the acre and a half of lawn is kept, and you can often find him piloting a motor lawnmower, manuring the green-sward himself. Richmond is noted around the countryside for its nurseries and there are copiously blooming gardens at "Justamere." There's a large vegetable garden, too, in which he raises just about everything you might suggest in the vegetable line. There's far more than he can ever use, but if you know anything at all about what kind of a fellow Harry Frankel is, I don't have to tell you that the large surplus goes to feed Richmond's needy. There are several hired men



... He plays golf with Walter Hagen ...

His LIGHT Dimmed By BIG NAMES

A LARGE shadow always in the shadow of a more distinguished shadow—that's the perfect way of describing Al Goodman and Al Goodman's career. Recognized by the greatest as the best, by the most discriminating as the most dependable

*Al Goodman Picked by
Biggest Stars to Play
On Their Air Programs*

By Frank Parsons

and the most rare, publicity has not lifted its purple trumpets here and proclaimed a momentary God. Rather, the mass weight of genuine talent has dug its own pathways into the mountains of fame. Al Goodman's position in the musical world today is unique. Chosen by men who know best as one who knows music best, that same condition that has made him in a sense a satellite on the stage, and has followed him to the radio—a large shadow always in the shade of a more distinguished shadow.

A colleague only of the great, his good fortune in attracting their applause has been in a sense the reason he has not attracted every bit of the attention he deserves. For the general public only sees one star at a time. In front of the mike, however, everyone comes unto his own and the name of Goodman is being coupled with his finished rendition of any musical bit.

An outstanding figure in the musical world, Al Goodman has been a headliner for the past fifteen years. When the Shuberts speak of musicians it is always Al Goodman—when Carroll looks back on his great shows, the name of Goodman is always coupled with them. When Al Jolson begins to talk about Bombo, Big Boy or the Winter Garden Shows—he sees the figure of Al Goodman waving the baton. Such great



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



... Al and his son, Herbert, on the deck of the Europa ...

names as Cantor, Wynn, John Charles Thomas, John Steele, Marilyn Miller, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe, Marie Dressler, Ada May, Ethelred Terry, George Hissel, Howard

Marsh, Bert Lahr, the Howard Brothers—stars of the Pass Shows, Trini Frigiana, Charlotte Greenwood, Fred Astaire, Frank Morgan, Jim Barton, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Claire Luce, Ray Dooley, to name just a few—have memories of that generous smile and genial but firm directorship. What a storehouse of memories he must have—this man who has sat at the table of so many of the great. Think you're handicapped? Then remember that he was born in Russia—that his father was a humble cantor who saw unrestricted advantages for his son in America and spent his last ruble to bring his family to America, where they settled down in Baltimore. As a boy his father wanted him to become a cantor, and began teaching him to read music at the age of four. At five, he read music perfectly and sang in the synagogue choir on Saturday mornings. For one year, unknown to his father, he also sang Sundays in the choir of a Catholic church in Baltimore. His singing seemed to be his career, for later on he was the one chosen from the public schools of Baltimore to be given the prized scholarship at the Peabody Institute.

where he studied with such pillars of musical pedagogy as Ernest Hutchinson and Howard Brockway.

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

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

and it also marked the first instance of Al Goodman, the undercover man.

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



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

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

A SHADOW in the shade of great names. How many people know what a tremendous percentage of the great musicals of the past fifteen years have had his musical direction? The entire Shubert train ... "The Passing Shows," four "Follies," several "Vannies," "Sons of Guns," "The New Yorkers," "Good News," "Strike Me Pink," "Blossom Time," "May Time," "So Long Letty" ...

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

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

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

CONTENTED orchestras give sweet music.

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

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

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

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

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

You hop in a taxi in Chicago's "Loop" and after twenty minutes' ride along the famous Outer Drive and Sheridan road you see two large buildings, a block apart, joined by a long concourse. The buildings are constructed

Mark Fisher's Boys Enjoy Rehearsals

It Really Isn't Work When You Can Play in Bathing Suit on Beach

By George Johnson

In the Spanish style of architecture. A huge sign in front informs the visitor that this is the Edgewater Beach Hotel and that here Mark Fisher and his orchestra are playing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The scene is a beautiful setting for his music. Off shore a couple of hundred feet, graceful white yachts undulate rhythmically with the slight swell of the lake, and the soft murmur of the breaking surf blends with the strains of the orchestra. Through the windows of the Marine dining room, you look out over the broad expanse of water and a hush descends over the diners as Fisher's boys send their exquisite harmony. (Continued on page 77)

Left—Mark Fisher presents Jean Fay, featured vocalist with his orchestra

Right—Do you wonder that Mark likes the surroundings at the Edgewater Beach Hotel?

Below—One of those rehearsals on the Beach. Those cooling lake breezes have driven Mark to don the winter benny, a scarf and ear muffs



BAR Value of Experience:
During the last twelve years I have given my brother more of money which he has well used in the thousands. He has many times saved him from losing his home. I am sure, because of my losses, here I am glad to be of some use to him. This time I have refused to pay. I have little left and nothing to spare.
My question is, should I be generous with the brother to my last penny, or am I justified in stopping now? I have never, in any sense of the word, under any obligation to him.
Will appreciate your reply in the RADIO GUIDE.
E. F. O.

ANSWER: I wonder if you realize, E. F. O., that instead of being a benefit to your brother you have allowed yourself to become his financial support. I am not condemning you or the many others who have been misguided as you have been in dealing with relatives.
I do not question the advisability of you having helped your brother initially, but if you have helped him as you have been his crutch and he has learned to lean upon you, with the result that he has not acquired the habit of standing up on his own hind legs and fighting his own financial battles.

A child when it is frightened or hurt, will run to its mother for protection and sympathy, but eventually we outgrow this childish trait and learn to face whatever life has in store for us on our own. This is, in some way, the reason others never outgrow their childlike dependence on another.

And this applies to your attitude toward your brother. You have given him a right to assume that no matter what financial distress he encounters, all he has to do is say to you; that you and your brother are broad enough to assume for him the distress of his creation. That means that you are not allowing him to learn the art of facing adversity, the science of turning liabilities into assets. I have just written a new series of pamphlets, one of which deals entirely with "Adversity," in which I treat this subject from the standpoint of its being an asset. I believe that it would be worth your while to write and secure a copy of it, digest it yourself, and then pass it on to your brother.

Twelve years is a long time for you to have lived your brother's life for him, financially supporting, but if ever he is to become an adult and to enjoy any self-assuredness together with the ability to solve his own problems, there is only one way it can be done and that is simply for you to make him meet his own obligations.

It may sound unkind and ill-advised for me to say to you, even though it means the loss of self-dependence, the loss of his home, will be a small amount. I can assure you, to pay for this experience. There will be those who will disagree with me in this answer and you may number among that group. However, remember that I am only advising, not dictating, but the advice that I give, if you will submit it to any good psychiatrist, you will find is both sane and practical as viewed from your standpoint as well as his.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE:
I have a younger sister that my brother would be proud of, and naturally I am very much interested in her welfare. Recently she met a fine young man whom she admires very much. He is completely sane, well educated, cultured and possessing charming personalities. The young man, however, has never yet conveyed his true sentiments toward her. Recently he has lost his job.
Sister has come to me, very much worried over her friend, and she believes that it is because of his feeling of jealousy that he has not made known his true feelings to her. I suggest, therefore, since she has no money that was left to her from her estate, that she go to him and suggest that he should start his own small enterprise, not letting him know that it is her money which is really involved. In this way she hopes to encourage him to reciprocate her love sufficiently to allow her advising her based on experience.
Please answer my as early as possible an edition of RADIO GUIDE.
STEPHEN

ANSWER: Oh, Stephen, Stephen—have you and your sister stopped to analyze what you are doing? Your sister, whether she realizes it or not, is asking you to buy her a husband. I have either you ever encountered a man or a woman who pursued a mate with a grand name, or social standing? You can set it down as axiomatic that any husband who has to be bought will never prove worth one cent as a husband.

How truthful is the fact that when money becomes a consideration, even indirectly through relatives, in the decision of a man to take unto himself a wife, the chances are mighty slim that his interest in his new wife will possess any degree of permanency.
The moment that any phase of her better enters into the conditions upon which marriage is ultimately effected, that moment have you taken away from that marriage almost the vestige of expectancy as regards happiness and longevity. This is not theories of mine; they are facts, proven in thousands of cases until you might almost say

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

By The Voice of Experience

that a definite role has been made to which there are very few exceptions.
Fortunately, if we are to believe the weather vane, the clouds of depression are rapidly dissipating under the rays of the "New Deal." If this young man, then, has that dominant quality of "go-gettiveness" which would make of him a desirable mate, it certainly will not be long before he will be back on his feet with his worries of unemployment. If, then, consideration for your sister has been the dominant factor in his silence, in all probability she will hear from him as soon as he feels that he is self-supporting. But, if it meant the entire loss of this man's employment, you are unable to finance him, I should say that would be preferable to her experiencing a temporary arrangement with him which would be predestined to failure and therefore to her loss of him at a later date.
I am offering practical advice, Stephen, whether you and your sister recognize it or not, and before I conclude, let me express the hope that if he is worthy of your sister

ANSWER: First, let me commend you for having assumed the great responsibility of the grave responsibility of mothering your half orphan brothers and sisters. Yours is an arduous task for a girl of your age. I wish you success in your undertaking.
But now to your younger brother. Even though he is the only one that is unaware of the conditions under which he was born you, my little friend, are not the one to take this information to him. In the first place, he would misunderstand it, and in the second place, if you should tell him you would invite a rift between yourself and him that would very probably widen as the years roll by.

You say that his real father is well fixed and wants the boy—if that be true I believe, if I were you, I would sit down and write a letter to this uncle of yours and put the matter squarely before him, asking him to pay your brother a visit and if he is unable to do so, to establish a relationship to your brother, let the truth come from his lips, not from yours. But even if he is unwilling to do this, I certainly would still advise you, very strongly against telling him the truth. I believe that this is so even though it meant that your brother had to wait until a very belated date before realizing the truth about his father.

I can understand your motives and I believe they are good. Nevertheless you would be very much misguided, I can assure you, if you were to follow the plan that you have outlined. Get in touch with your uncle and I hope that this will solve the problem. If not, remain discreetly silent.

DEAR Voice of Experience:
My sister married about a year ago, and she claims that she and her husband are very happy. This sister is just the person I remember than I am and the man that she has married is the man whom I had known for many years. I had thought nothing happened to bring despair upon us and no one knows anything about it excepting him and me.

Here lately he has acted quite strange about me, staying away from our house for months at a time, and I have been wondering what it is all about. I don't know why he is so set that way but he said that he is afraid that I might tell someone about our former relationship and he would not like my brother to know. I have told him that I would say nothing, not only for my sister's sake but because I do not wish to ruin my reputation with my mother. I don't know why my sister comes to visit us, another blames her, but I don't think she should be so. Naturally I can't stand for having sister blamed for what occurred between me and her husband before they were married, so I don't know how to go about fixing matters up.

Will you please advise me what to do?
FREDDA

ANSWER: You, Frieda, not unlike the average woman, have a natural maternal instinct which causes you to want to protect those that surround you, particularly sisters and brothers and nephews and nieces as well as children. This is a well-complimented instinct that you have and I am glad to see you exemplifying it even though its cost to an individual is sometimes quite excessive.

But I analyze this problem a minute: This brother-in-law of yours is fearful that you are going to read past indiscretions involving him, and he is exemplifying a very selfish and self-centered attitude. If I were you I would send him along and would say to him something like this: "Now you listen to me, I have kept silent about our former relationship. I have kept silent and have allowed you to go ahead and have my younger sister for a wife. I have never broken to her anything derogatory to you. I am going to keep absolutely quiet about that past, provided that you will let me. But remember, you have become a part of our family and you are going to stay here and you are going to stay here. My sister for quarreling with you because you do not come to our house with her. You are not treating my sister fairly, and I am not going to have my mother calling my sister down for anything and she will be right. I don't want to ruin my reputation with my mother and I certainly do not want to hurt my sister, but if you are not going to prove yourself a man, then certainly I will have to take some drastic action even though it hurts me personally."
You put this up to him squarely and show that you really mean what you say and watch how quickly he comes to reason. Try it, and see if you are right.

Your Friend and Adviser,
"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"
(Copyright 1935 by Radio Guide, Inc.)

Advice for Radio Guide Readers

The Voice of Experience is now back on the air with its sustaining program Mondays at 2:15 p. m. C.D.T. and will return with its commercial program on an augmented network September 17. It will continue its weekly program on the radio through October 1935.

Contributors are assured that their letters will be held in the same confidence as those sent direct to The Voice of Experience. All mail addressed to The Voice of Experience is sent direct to him, unopened.

Just address your letter to The Voice of Experience, c/o Radio Guide and your communication will be forwarded immediately to The Voice of Experience, who will give it the same personal attention that he gives to the thousands of problems he receives from his vast radio audience.

Your Friend and Adviser VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

and she of him, that eventually they will find their interests mutual without the necessity of a financial arrangement.

DEAR Voice of Experience:
We are lessees of Warren County Welfare Home, Oxford, R. I., and are ready in need of a newspaper. The Home is on a back road and about the only outsider we see is the postman, so you can understand how lamehearted it is to have slowly the time pass. Most of us have been used to reading a great deal and would certainly be delighted if we could get a paper. We have begun to feel that we are really the forgotten ones it seems impossible to get help from any source and most of us are past seventy years of age. The Home itself is one that the few papers can be proud of, as all who visit us say they never saw anything to equal it.

INNATES OF THE HOME
ANSWER: May I say to you, Warren County friends, that I should consider myself derelict in my duty were I to turn a deaf ear to your appeal? I am asking the Editor of Radio Guide to send this copy of the paper to your institution and I am also promising you that I will see to it that a daily metropolitan newspaper is delivered there for a period of a year.

Not knowing the literary tastes of the majority of the inmates of your Home, may I suggest that you fellows get together and decide what paper the greatest number of you would like the best. Then write me another letter, stating the name of your selection, and I will consider it a privilege to finance the delivery of that paper to you.

I congratulate you upon the nice Home in which you may spend your declining years, and let me wish for every one of you peace, happiness and contentment during the remainder of your sojourn on this planet.

DEAR Voice of Experience:
I am a girl of nineteen. My mother, who had been married three times, died last January, leaving me the care of seven young children.
By my mother's second marriage I was born, and also a brother, and my mother married again, and she has since refused to wed. My father is living in the mid-west and we write to each

THE Hummingbirds! Meaning, ladies and gentlemen, three gals of great talent who have been the means of carrying out successfully an ancient but a grade A idea. Margaret Speaks, Kathrine Cavalli, and Dorothy Greely are the cheerful, yet lascivious, voices which bring you music on a number of big-time programs, with snooty orchestras, of course, and always in the best of taste. But, oh yes—about this idea.

A long, long time ago, and we mean a handful of hundreds of years, when inventors were not plentiful and such things as saxophones could not be originated as quickly as at present, the Greeks or whoever happened to have a yen for it, used to take the good old human voice and use it somewhat like an instrument. This sad state of affairs grew out of several situations. First, nobody knew how to make instruments. Second, the voice was a pretty good means of expressing a musical idea. Third, it helped to tell a story when there was a fair text language.

Anyhow the proceedings developed and developed and developed until the lyrics and the other things down in one's throat got to be such near-sounding gadgets that the gentry who inhabited the Tin-Pan-Alleys of a few centuries ago decided *song* should be the specialty and that those who could sing and make people happy should do so. Well, this wasn't such a bad thought, and, as a result, in a few generations or so we got around to Rubini, Lehman, Melba, Plancon, Giannini, Caruso, Easton, Schumann-Heink, Martini, and a few more. Those were the "nights of a thousand stars" if you include a few present-year productions, when many a fortune was made and many a halo shone along the highways of the harmonic heavens.

Yes sir, those were times to sigh for. But there is always a villain in our story, and our story would not be complete without the sinister shadow of a contrapuntist or a theorist sneaking about to do tricks and things. Maybe he was some other character and it does not matter a whole lot whether we call him Christopher Willibald Ritter von Gluck, Ludwig van Beethoven, Wilhelm Richard Wagner, or Igor Stravinsky, for all of those fancy cognomens were attached to a lot of just such mousethroat-twisting high-binders of the composing fraternity. They decided to start arguments, they burned up at all who called them iconoclasts, and they went on their respective ways eventually accomplishing much in a magnificent manner, nevertheless viewed in our estimation up behind the eight ball in the estimation of a few.

Now just what did those good burghers do that got so out of hand? Nothing really dastardly or seditious. They got the idea that the business of using the voice as part of instrumental combinations, in the fashion of their very remote ancestors, was quite the thing. One of them began in a small way and got along very well thank you. The next was called a few ugly names, and in the midst of a great storm he shook his fist at the heavens and passed to his eternal rest. The third really had a tough break in life and was severely covered in his unmarked grave ere the world regretted its foul treatment and wept loudly for a successor, yet unfound. The last, together with a number of contemporaries, exists in a cosmos of more indifferent blood and there isn't a dog about what he likes. So we have partly reverted, through this series of mortal coils, to a thought that wasn't so bad in the first place.

SETS steam for a moment up our own Tin Pan Alley and look over the back fence. Ideas for songs are as freely given as Orchestras, in order not to be cut and dried, require occasional stimulants. The smart lads, like Victor Young, Bob Harling, Ray Sinatra, Nat Shilkret, Andre Kostelanetz, and Ferde Grofé, know what these stimulants are. But they too are getting along to a point where they'll wallow in the dol-drum if they don't watch out. What is new if anything? What is good, if anything? What is both good and new, and thus effective with the tone-conscious gentlemen? Those are a few of the questions that continually baffle the boys of Tin Pan Alley.

There seems to be an answer here in the idea the Hummingbirds have developed, for it has worked out through about two years of experimentation, and perhaps the sun will shine a bit for the seekers after light. Back, then, to the point of our story about three fair maids. Some twenty odd months ago a young gentleman, by the name of Arnold Johnson had an orchestra. It wasn't the first he had assembled, nor has it been the last, but it was a nifty aggregation of musicians. Mr. Johnson was known to broadcast his theater manager now all out at the time of our story he couldn't seem to get quite what he was looking for. Mr. Johnson was another gentleman with an idea—something to do with voices in the orchestra, but out of it. This something was a trifling conceit, the maestro explained that his men didn't sing, but that he had three sweet young things to sing—no words, but that was instrumental parts. At the time the four estimable Mills Brothers, who are pretty well known to nice simulators of instruments, were still obscure in the Middle West. Mr.

Johnson said his ladies couldn't be bothered with such things. It almost turned out that the Beckmessers of Broadcasting couldn't be bothered with such things. It almost turned out that the Beckmessers of Broadcasting couldn't be bothered with such things. It almost turned out that the Beckmessers of Broadcasting couldn't be bothered with such things.

Now the three sweet young things were to do their peculiar brand of vocafion, you might be surprised to know, were not the gals of this year, but another trio which has since climbed to a neat place in the affections of the radio audience. Well, of a morning, they all piled into the studios of a certain Broadcasting Co., Inc. and proceeded to do their stuff. Mr. Johnson realized there was much the matter with that addition, but he still stuck to his scheme, despite the rebuffs of the hard-hearted listeners on that sunny a. m. This put him irrevocably in the class with that foursome we mentioned a few para-



THE HUMMINGBIRDS
Margaret Speaks, Kathrine Cavalli and Dorothy Greely

One Warbling Bird

Sidelights on Career of
Radio's Newest Star Trio
Ye!ept The Hummingbirds

By Donald Couper

graphs above, for by now you have recognized Mr. Johnson as a discerning lad who wished to join the troops of his illustrious predecessors. So he departed from the studios wiser, sadder perhaps, but still on the up and up. He wanted to state the length of time that elapsed before he found a sympathetic ear, i. e., one that could afford to permit his idea to reach its natural climax. History further fails to elucidate regarding the trials and tribulations encountered by Mr. Johnson in his building of the plot, or plan, or whatever it was. But by and by a person of discernment, whose trigger decisions in a large advertising agency had brought such glittering gold to the coffers of his clients, asked for a listener on the outfit and set about to do something when he perceived its worth. The same person of imagination was a musician of parts, and he decided that the reason Mr. Johnson had so much trouble with his idea was the small matter of the three sweet young things. They were pretty, sang with charm, and had "stuff," but they just didn't fit in the picture. What to do about it was the next problem, for trios were scarce without a trio. Mr. Johnson's antediluvian novelty was just plain out.

THE pages of the past relate that in due time Mr. Johnson was sent to fetch in three more voices—not necessarily a trio, but at least three voices, female to be sure, and above all ones that were backed up by sound musicianship. In the meanwhile the agency wanted to account for a trick voice and an announcer combined in the person of our well beloved friend, Whis-

pering Jack Smith. The erec had been mighty smart about such things in the past, and he felt that his hand was still good, so he dispatched the one and only Jack in on the hunt. Things now grew complicated, but they come out properly, and there really is no villain. Jack knew three girls—blithe, pretty, good musicians, and excellent singers. He had once auditioned them with them for the Broadcasting Co., Inc., who hadn't seen Mr. Johnson in the proper light, but he wasn't sure they were just what his client sought. So he hid himself off to a friend who is a smart arranger-pianist and stated his problem. This worthy fellow, one Peter Koppelson, thought perhaps he could assist, and he named a threesome. And by the beard of a prophet, they were the same three who had sung with Massa Jack in the audition that had drawn a blank. Acting on the hunch of coincidence, Jack hurried to the agency to suggest what was uppermost in his mind. Scarcely had he seated himself and drawn breath when the erec with the wide-open mind inquired if the whispering troubador had by any chance heard a trio comprised of Margaret Speaks, Kathrine Cavalli, and Dorothy Greely, some old friends whom he had been told were now warbling in a unit. Well, how do you do and thank you. Yes ma'am, ladies and gentlemen, those were the ladies that Whispering Jack also had on his mind.

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

Kathrine Cavalli is a brunette, and she announces Jersey City as her first stop on the journey of life. Kay, as it is at dinner or at the club, wanted to be a fiddler or a dancer or something equally bizarre and iniquitous, and she considers Fritz Kreisler the hero of her imagination.

Dorothy Greely craved this sphere in the historic state of Massachusetts—Waltham, if you must be particular—one April. Her gang had her Dottie, and she originally wanted to be a nurse. She got mixed up in her high school glee club and also studied piano for some long time. Broadcasting occupied her attention early, in Boston, and it has kept her busy ever since. Light opera and concerts take up some of her spare time, and she also likes to play tennis and read, not to mention swimming and bicycling. Black cats trouble her, Nino Martini sings to suit her taste, and she never gets enough of hosing.

Thursday, September 7 Rudy Vallee 7:00 P.M. Death Alley 8:00 P.M.

8:00 a.m. CDT → 7:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Popular Club; variety program
WAFB—Breakfast Club
WBBM—Musical Program
WGN—Kidder's Amphitheater
WGES—Poland's Music
WGLD—Good Morning; Musical program
WHD—Happy on the Air; Art Link
WHD—Polish Hour; John Rowinski
WHD—Cumberland Ridge Runners
WMAQ—Charlie Wilson's Gym of the Air
WSD—Polish Hour of Music and Song
9:00 a.m. CDT → 7:15 a.m. CST
WCFI—Time Parade
WHD—Hungarian Hour; Frank Kovach
WGLD—Fidelity Reports; orchestra (NBC)
WMAQ—Breakfast Club; orchestra (NBC)
8:25 p.m. CDT → 7:25 p.m. CST
WLS—Kentley's News
8:30 a.m. CDT → 7:30 a.m. CST
WBBM—In the Luxembourg Gardens (CBS)
WCFI—Popular Dance Music
WHD—Learn to Speak English; Peg Lobb
WCFI—Tower Topics True
8:45 a.m. CDT → 7:45 a.m. CST
WBBM—Songs (CBS)
WHD—Devoations; Rev. F. S. Delaney
9:00 a.m. CDT → 8:00 a.m. CST
WGLD—Four Scouting Singers (NBC)
WAFB—Morning, Merry Go-Round
WBBM—Vitala Dancers; orchestra (CBS)
WCFI—German Entertainers
WGLD—Songs of Slovakia
WCFI—WGN Kmp. Reg.
WHD—Today's Dancer
WGLD—Lobby; Livestock Receipts; Dr. Bunderson Hour
WMAQ—Green and 46 Rose; vocal and instrumental (NBC)
9:15 a.m. CDT → 8:15 a.m. CST
KVM—Irene King, talk
WHD—American National Arts Program
WGES—Carary Concert
WCFI—Talk, Lu' '87, small town gossip (CBS)
WMAQ—Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen (NBC)
WMAQ—Organized Hodge Podge
9:30 a.m. CDT → 8:30 a.m. CST
WBBM—Musical Melodies
WGLD—Morning Parade; variety (NBC)
WBBM—Braug Chat
WGES—Highlights of Music
WCFI—Today Party
WGM—Market Reports

Wednesday—continued

10:05 p.m. CDT → 9:45 p.m. CST
WGLD—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
10:30 p.m. CDT → 9:50 a.m. CST
WGM—Jan Gardner's Orchestra
11:00 p.m. CDT → 10:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Russell Graves' Band
WERN—Ralph Kirtley, baritone (NBC)
WHD—Ted Lewis' Orchestra (CBS)
WBBM—Mile Drive on Band (NBC)
11:50—Midnight Review
11:55 p.m. CDT → 10:05 p.m. CST
WBBM—Blue Boreas's Orchestra (NBC)
11:10 p.m. CDT → 10:10 a.m. CST
WGM—Claire Agnew's Orchestra
11:15 p.m. CDT → 10:15 a.m. CST
WCFI—Tommy Waa's Orchestra
11:30 a.m. CDT → 10:30 p.m. CST
WCFI—Mack Fisher's Orchestra (NBC)
WCFI—Gordon Birch's Orchestra
WGLD—Henry King's Orchestra
WGLD—Hal Kopp's Orchestra
WMAQ—Larry Wilks' Orchestra
WMAQ—Carlton Wilks; Tango/Rhumba Orchestra
11:45 p.m. CDT → 10:45 p.m. CST
WCFI—Steve Studanus's Orchestra
WGM—George Dvorak's Orchestra
12:00 M.P. CDT → 11:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Hulk O'Hare's Orchestra
WGLD—Ted Wesson's Orchestra (NBC)
WGLD—Charlie Agnew's Orchestra
WHD—Art Fisher's Orchestra
WGLD—Earl Hing's Orchestra
12:15 a.m. CDT → 11:15 p.m. CST
WGM—Jan Gardner's Orchestra
11:45 a.m. CDT → 11:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Carlos Molina's Tango/Rhumba Orchestra
WERN—Buddy Iroter's Orchestra
WGLD—Claire Agnew's Orchestra
WGLD—Hesslein's Orchestra
WMAQ—Dick Fiddler's Orchestra (NBC)
12:45 a.m. CDT → 11:45 p.m. CST
WHD—Mule Train's Orchestra
WGLD—Richard Cook's Orchestra
WGLD—Bessie Siles
1:00 a.m. CDT → 12:00 M.P. CST
WBBM—Around the Town; Dance Orchestra
WGLD—Hal Kemp's Orchestra
WHD—Instrumental Melodica

WIND—Bill and Ginger, songs (CBS)
WMAQ—Happy Jack, songs (CBS)
9:05 a.m. CDT → 8:05 a.m. CST
WGLD—Louisa Salvo, organist
9:45 a.m. CDT → 8:45 a.m. CST
KVM—Stage Moments (NBC)
WBBM—Nelson Parole; (CBS)
WGES—Musical Grand Parade
WHD—Glen Gray's Orchestra
WMAQ—To be announced
10:00 a.m. CDT → 8:50 a.m. CST
8:55 a.m. Grant, concert pianist
WJLD—Fred Beck, organist
9:50 a.m. CDT → 9:00 a.m. CST
WGLD—Wally Clark
WMAQ—Memory Lane
WBBM—J and Pate, comedy and songs
WGLD—Kobay
WGLD—Allyn Rees
WGM—Movie Personalities
WHD—The Lipstickers (CBS)
WJLD—Fred Beck, organist
WLS—Poultry and Livestock Markets
WMAQ—Women's Page of the Air
WSD—Polish Dancers
10:10 a.m. CDT → 9:10 a.m. CST
WHD—Studio Program
WIND—Gary Police Blotter
10:15 a.m. CDT → 9:15 a.m. CST
WGLD—Studio Program
WBBM—Music Singing (NBC)
WGLD—Studio Program
WCFI—Popular Varieties
WGLD—Grand Harmonies
WHD—Art and Hyman
WHD—Art and Hyman
WJLD—Nick Nichols, comedy
WMAQ—Bobby Conditate (NBC)
WSD—Little Harry
10:25 a.m. CDT → 9:25 a.m. CST
WGLD—Market Reports
10:30 a.m. CDT → 9:30 a.m. CST
WBBM—United States Navy Band (NBC)
WBBM—Liaison and Exchange
WBBM—Jack Brooks, talker
WCFI—George O'Connell, baritone
WGLD—Studio Program; Keenan and Phillips, piano team (CBS)
WHD—Favorite Dance Bands
WGLD—Jimmy Kemper, songs
WGLD—Musical and Popular Story Hour
WBS—Suzette
10:45 a.m. CDT → 9:45 a.m. CST
WBBM—Edward Hoese, organist
WCFI—Popular Music
WERN—Allyn Rees; orchestra (NBC)
WGES—Germany in Song
WGM—Digest of the Day's News
WHD—Leadery of Melodica (CBS)
WHD—Fred Beck, organ recital
WMAQ—Today's Children
WGLD—Mile Drive on Band (NBC)
10:55 a.m. CDT → 9:55 a.m. CST
WGM—Organ Interlude
11:00 a.m. CDT → 10:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Rea Maupf's Concert
WAFB—Hallah
WGLD—Rudolph; pianoforte
WERN—Gene Arnold's Commanders (NBC)
WGM—Jack Baker, household hits
WJLD—Frank Laer's Orchestra (CBS)
WJLD—Famous Dance Bands
WMAQ—Merry Maas; vocalists (NBC)
11:15 a.m. CDT → 10:15 a.m. CST
WAAF—World News Reports; markets
WBBM—Gene and Charlie; Virginia Clark
WBBM—Originalities; orchestra (NBC)
WGLD—Studio Program
WJLD—Billy Sunshine; Jack Owens, baritone
11:20 → Dorothy Fuldheim, talk (NBC)
11:30 a.m. CDT → 10:30 a.m. CST
WGLD—Suzette Battle's Concert Ensemble (NBC)
WAAF—Neel Rippe; Talk by Mildred
WBBM—Frank Wilson, tenor; Jules Stas
WERN—Honor Service
WGM—Market Reports
WHD—Hansman Serenade
WJLD—Parade of Radio Stars
WGLD—De Wingo et al. (NBC)
WMBI—Columbus Story Reading
11:35 a.m. CDT → 10:35 a.m. CST
WHD—Danial Dini
11:45 a.m. CDT → 10:45 a.m. CST
WAAF—Variety
WHD—Concert Miscellaneous (CBS)
WHD—Organ Selections
WGLD—Dick Bull; vocalists; Sheldon Ball
WLS—Ma and Bob; "Knoxville" hits
11:50 a.m. CDT → 10:50 a.m. CST
WGLD—Leland Hall
12:00 Noon CDT → 11:00 a.m. CST
KVM—Rea Maupf's Orchestra
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WBBM—Harold Knicht's Orchestra (CBS)
WCFI—Lynchon Concert
WGLD—Lynchon Services
WHD—Noontime Dancer; Weather Report

WCFI—Voice of the Air from World's Fair
WHD—The Music Weavers
WHD—Dramatic Sketch
WGLD—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
WLS—Betty and Bob (NBC)
WMAQ—Echoes of Erie (NBC)
WSD—Melodica of the Moment
2:15 p.m. CDT → 1:15 p.m. CST
WBBM—New World Salon Orchestra
WGLD—Studio Program
WCFI—Grace Wilson, contralto
WGLD—George Frenner's orchestra
WCFI—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
WJLD—Famous Dance Bands
WMAQ—Wanda and Maude (NBC)
WSD—Radio Features
2:30 p.m. CDT → 1:30 p.m. CST
KVM—Women's Radio Review (NBC)
WBBM—Jacques Villier's Orchestra
WCFI—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
WMAQ—The Story of Helen Trent
WGLD—Studio Program; tenor; Orchestra (CBS)
WJLD—Favorite Songs
WLS—Lillian Home Theater
WSD—Vale Yodvil
2:40 p.m. CDT → 1:40 p.m. CST
WBBM—Finnegan's Sport Rounders
2:45 p.m. CDT → 1:45 p.m. CST
WAAF—Sergeant Ray Emmerich presenting "Advertising with the Matinee"
WCFI—Sports Review
WGLD—Bandoli; Cubs vs. Boston
WJLD—Fred Beck, organ
WMAQ—Baraball; Cubs vs. Boston
2:55 p.m. CDT → 1:55 p.m. CST
WBBM—Bandoli; Cubs vs. Boston
WCFI—Baseball Game
3:00 p.m. CDT → 2:00 p.m. CST
KVM—Winters and Steberg organ duo (NBC)
WAAF—Lillian Dorman in Melodica, Moods and Memories
WHD—Loela Ditt, soprano
WGLD—Studio Musical Variety Show
WBBM—Feature Program
WSD—Mineral Mentiment
3:15 p.m. CDT → 2:15 p.m. CST
KVM—Talk by Dr. H. M. Bordenes
WCFI—Satin Concert
WHD—J. S. Army Band (NBC)
WJLD—Baseball; Sox vs. Washington
WLS—World's Fair Program
3:30 p.m. CDT → 2:30 p.m. CST
KVM—Two Doctors with Aces of the Air
WGLD—Jamaica Harmon
WERN—Sports Reporter
WGLD—Rhythm Kings (CBS)
WHD—Message
3:35 p.m. CDT → 2:35 p.m. CST
WERN—Thursday Special (NBC)

Edwark Reese
Or "Spencer Dean" in the detective role made so famous by his portrayal, returns with the re-impugnments of Crime Chief, NBC.
WMAQ network on Tuesday and Wednesdays at 7 p. m. CDT.

WJLD—Studio Program
WGLD—Ma and Bob, sketch (NBC)
WHD—Local Evangelistic Service
12:15 p.m. CDT → 11:15 a.m. CST
KVM—Hulk O'Hare's Orchestra
WHD—Art Jones, tenor; Modern Songs
WGLD—Studio Program
WBBM—Walkathon News Details
WLS—WLS Roundup; variety act
WMAQ—Fede Y Val's Novelty Orchestra (NBC)
12:20 p.m. CDT → 11:20 a.m. CST
WBBM—Local Market Reports
12:25 p.m. CDT → 11:25 a.m. CST
WBBM—Chicago House of Music
12:30 p.m. CDT → 11:30 a.m. CST
KVM—National Fan and Home Hour
WGLD—Studio Program
WAAF—Noontime Concert
WERN—Allyn Rees organ
WGLD—Local Market Reports
WHD—Scheran's Gypsy Ensemble (CBS)
WBBM—Dick Fiddler's Orchestra (NBC)
WMAQ—Classical Varieties (NBC)
12:35 p.m. CDT → 11:35 a.m. CST
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WLS—Berkeley's News
12:40 p.m. CDT → 11:40 a.m. CST
WLS—Indiana State Fair
12:45 p.m. CDT → 11:45 a.m. CST
WCFI—Sam DeLo
WGM—The Music Weavers
WJLD—Livestock Markets; Phil Evans
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WAAF—Honor Philosopher
WBBM—Eddie and Fannie Cavanaugh, radio gossip
WGLD—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
WERN—John Bull, sketch
WHD—Ann Lett, organist (CBS)
WJLD—Studio Program
WBBM—Dick Fiddler's Orchestra (NBC)
WMBI—Organ Program and Bible Reading
1:15 p.m. CDT → 12:15 p.m. CST
WAAF—Operatic Memorabilia
WHD—Dora Baccus's Orchestra
WCFI—Clive Talk; Mayor's Office
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WJLD—Moosters' Children
1:20 p.m. CDT → 12:20 p.m. CST
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
1:30 p.m. CDT → 12:30 p.m. CST
KVM—Hulk O'Hare's Orchestra
WHD—The Story of the Circus
WBBM—Don Roer, baritone's Orchestra
WCFI—Eddy Hanson, organ recital
WGLD—George Frenner's Orchestra
WHD—Livestock Markets; Phil Evans
WLS—Circle Error
WMAQ—The Pieters (NBC)
1:45 p.m. CDT → 12:45 p.m. CST
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WAAF—Markets and Weather
WGLD—Famous Dance Bands
WGLD—Palmer House Ensemble
WCFI—Health Talk
WHD—Gary Lord and Garden Program
WJLD—Billy Sunshine; Jack Owens, baritone
1:50 p.m. CDT → 12:50 p.m. CST
WLS—Livestock and Grain Markets
WMAQ—Happy Jack Turner, songs (NBC)
2:00 p.m. CDT → 1:00 p.m. CST
KVM—Rea Maupf's Concert; vocalist
2:05 p.m. CDT → 1:05 p.m. CST
WBBM—L. H. George, Bertram Musick (CBS)

3:45 p.m. CDT → 2:45 p.m. CST
WAAF—Organ Melodica
WHD—American Legion Campaign (CBS)
4:00 p.m. CDT → 3:00 p.m. CST
WAAF—Plane Novelties, Jimmie Meach
WGLD—National Federation of Women's Clubs (NBC)
WGLD—Studio Program
4:15 p.m. CDT → 3:15 p.m. CST
WAAF—Rhythm Kings
WHD—George Hall's Orchestra (CBS)
4:30 p.m. CDT → 3:30 p.m. CST
KVM—Harold Bran, baritone
WGLD—Studio Program
WERN—Larry Larsen, organist (KBC)
WGLD—Studio Program
WHD—Youngsters Club; Uncle Frank on songs
4:45 p.m. CDT → 3:45 p.m. CST
KVM—Three Strings
WAAF—World News Reports
WBBM—Harris Steele, news commentator
WERN—Musical Moments (NBC)
WGLD—Studio Program
5:00 p.m. CDT → 4:00 p.m. CST
WGLD—New Vanderbolt at the piano
WAAF—Frank Baker, the Bookworm
WBBM—Sallyp, children's playlet (CBS)
WCFI—Tony Arnet; accordion
WERN—Reggie Child's Orchestra (NBC)
WGLD—Songs of Poland
WGN—Travails of Tunes
WHD—Indiana String Trio
WMAQ—Winners Ensemble (NBC)
5:15 p.m. CDT → 4:15 p.m. CST
KVM—Reggie Child's Orchestra (NBC)
WGLD—Three Time Tunes
WBBM—Jacques Villier's Orchestra
WGLD—Studio Program; food talk
WERN—Concert Favorites
WHD—Century of Progress Orchestra
WHD—Barry Rapp's Orchestra (CBS)
WJLD—Mickey Dickson, baritone
5:25 p.m. CDT → 4:25 p.m. CST
WGLD—Studio Program
5:30 p.m. CDT → 4:30 p.m. CST
KVM—Theater Club; Club-Entertainers Club
WAAF—Jimmie Kull
WBBM—Jack Armstrong, the All-American (CBS)
WGLD—Grace Wilson, contralto
WGLD—Studio Program
WHD—The Singing Lady, jingles, songs, and stories
WGLD—Fred Poland, pianist
WJLD—Tae Danante
5:45 p.m. CDT → 4:45 p.m. CST
WGLD—The Spotlight
5:55 p.m. CDT → 4:55 p.m. CST
WMAQ—Village Barn Orchestra (NBC)
5:55 p.m. CDT → 4:55 p.m. CST
WAAF—The Spotlight
WBBM—Don Sylvia; Songs You Love to Sing
WCFI—Flora of Nations
WGLD—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet
WHD—Little Orphan Annie; children's playlet
WGLD—Lillian Jones' children's playlet
WGLD—Lillian Jones' Orchestra (CBS)
WGLD—Studio Program
WMAQ—Dance Masters; orchestra (NBC)

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Chicago Studio PEEPS

By Rollin Wood

of the drawing power of the WLS entertainers.

Norm Sbert, featured pianist in the *Galaxy of Stars* program heard over WBBM at 10:15 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, says that "sukiyaki," a Japanese delicacy, is not made by sweeping up the kitchen and cooking the results in a pot. We listen to Norm because we know he's an authority on Oriental foods. He's travelled through China, Japan, Philippine Islands, India and worked professionally in Tokyo, Sbanghai and Hong Kong. He should know his chop sueys!

The truth will out! That's why a flood of letters from rural listeners reached WLS following the broadcast of the national milking contest during *Farmer's Week* at the Century of Progress. Microphones placed close beside the cows picked up the peculiar metallic, splashy sound of the first streams of warm milk striking the pails and listening dairymen realized that they were hearing the real thing.

William L. Klein, director of the *Germania* broadcast, formerly heard over WCFM and the now extinct WBO, has returned from a two month's trip through Europe where he has been scouting for new material. The airing of his discoveries in the Old Country may be heard daily at 6 p. m. over WIND.

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

Harriet Cruise, WBBM and Columbia songstress, along with the *Norwegian Quartet*, have begun a new three-week series over WBBM. The show is sponsored by Sleepy Waters Company and is heard every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9:30 to 9:45 p. m.

Harriet is celebrating her first anniversary with WBBM. It was just one year ago this month that she, the blonde girl from Lincoln, Nebraska, came in for an audition. In the try-out her voice failed to register and still an ingenious operator turned the microphone in an unusual direction and she is now rated as one of the mid-west's better songstresses.

The Evans Fun Company show, Sunday night, September 3, WBBM at 6 p. m., is dedicated to the young crowd returning soon to college. The program includes the *Big Ten Singers*, doing college numbers. *Joe Evans*, former "Northwestern football star, *Frank Wilson*,

him one better, I call it anybody's Paradise. But let him tell it. "Just stop and think," he reminded me, "of everything I have here. The most beautiful spot in the world. A wonderful place to broadcast and reach thousands of listeners. Then there is the prestige of the Edgewater Beach—don't overlook that. The contacts I am able to make here—captains of finance, society leaders, college students, celebrities—every type of audience. It's most valuable to me, and in more ways than one.

"First of all, I am in a position to learn at first hand what types of music and entertainment appeal to each. If I please them, they listen to my broadcasts, and tell their friends about me. Most of the guests here, especially during the summer months, are from the South and the East. If I satisfy them, they spread my reputation from coast to coast. I hope I have been able to satisfy them, and one of the main reasons I have for believing I have it is that I have been here for ten consecutive months.

Peggy Forbes

Popular songstress heard with *Danny Russo's Orioles* in their weekly broadcasts over CBS, WBBM from the Oriental Gardens, located in Chicago's loop.

Evelyn Mason, Jules Stein and Jean Paul King

Blonde, beautiful **Peggy Davis** becomes a shanghaied lass when she plays the leading role in the *Princess Pat Pageant* drama of love and romance next Monday night, September 4, at 9:30 p. m. CDT over NBC and WBBM. **Jane Whipple**, NBC production man and author in the past of other salty radars, including *Forty Fathom*. **Travelers** wrote the play, which is entitled "Contraband." The crew of the tramp freighter, aboard which Miss Davis will find herself, includes the captain, played by **Stanley Andrews**; first mate, **Arthur Jacobson**; second mate, **Jack Daly**; and Billings, a cockney sailor, **Doug Hoop**.

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

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

NORM SBERT
Youngful veteran pianist of the air. First went on the air in '23 over WJL and has been kept busy ever since. You can hear him over WBBM, Monday, Wednesday and Friday on the *Galaxy of Stars* program over WBBM.

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON, director of *President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act*, has accepted the invitation to be the speaker of the day at the Annual Labor Day Celebration, sponsored by the Chicago Federation of Labor, which will be held on the grounds at a Century of Progress. The gates will be thrown wide at 9 a. m., Monday, September 4, and every one connected with labor, his family and friends, are invited to attend. The program will last throughout the day until 10 p. m. when an unusual fireworks display will be given. A high point on the calendar of events for the day is a concert, consisting of one hundred specially selected musicians, under the direction of *Peter Cavallo*.

Patricia Ann Manners and the *Spirits*, who have been heard over WGN on Sunday evenings for four weeks, will be renewed with their songs. They are a pleasing and musical group and it said a former arranger for *Paul Whiteman* is the party responsible for the tricky musical concoctions used.

A free performance of the *WLS National Barn Dance* will be presented at the Court of States at a Century of Progress each Wednesday night for the next three weeks between 8 and 10 p. m. The attendance of approximately 30,000 at the Barn Dance during *Farmer's Week*, convinced the Fair officials

Mark Fisher's Boys ENJOY Rehearsals + By George Johnson

(Continued from Page 5)

out over the waves of the lake and the air.

Mark's own rich tenor voice is heard in some of the vocal numbers, with *Hagberg*, *Miss Fay*, *Lucia Garcia*, *Bell*, *Oliver*, and *Emil DeBovol* contributing their bits.

After dinner, everyone goes out onto the Beach Walk, and early in the evening the dancing begins there with Mark and the boys on the beach bandstand which they use in the afternoons for rehearsals. It is no uncommon sight to see several thousand persons dancing to the strains of his orchestra under the light of a shimmering moon which casts its silver glow over the rippling waters of Lake Michigan.

In addition to a wonderful band of good old American syncopation, Mark has a complete rumba and tango unit in his orchestra for the benefit of those who prefer those warmer Latin dances.

He calls the Edgewater Beach the orchestra leader's paradise. I so

him one better, I call it anybody's Paradise. But let him tell it. "Just stop and think," he reminded me, "of everything I have here. The most beautiful spot in the world. A wonderful place to broadcast and reach thousands of listeners. Then there is the prestige of the Edgewater Beach—don't overlook that. The contacts I am able to make here—captains of finance, society leaders, college students, celebrities—every type of audience. It's most valuable to me, and in more ways than one.

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"Another reason this is a nice spot for an orchestra leader is because most of the guests are residents who are here for periods ranging from three weeks to the year. And it is much easier to play to this type of audience than to transient guests, because it is possible to become acquainted with the likes and dislikes of your listeners.

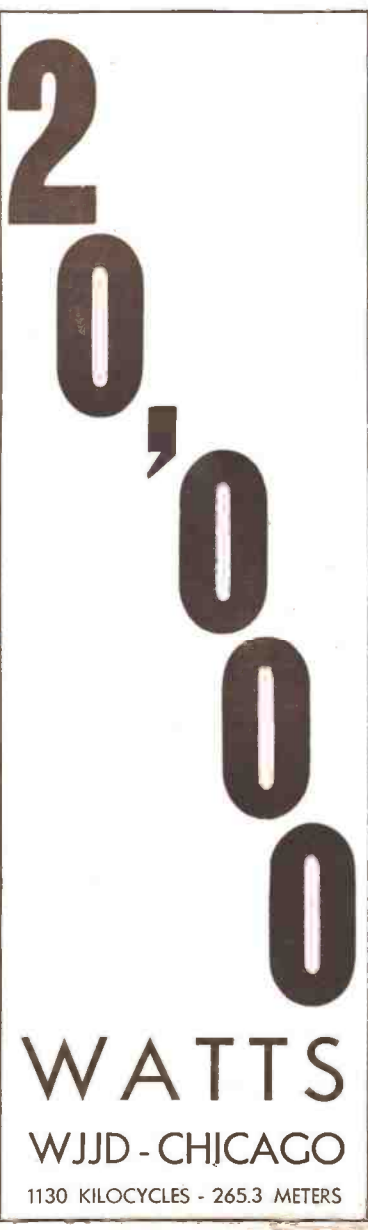
"The radio is wonderful, and I am happy to have the opportunity of supplying those less fortunate than I with some of the gaudy and beauty of the Edgewater Beach Hotel by means of the NBC network."

I asked Mark to give me his impression of the hotel, and his position there, but he balked at that.

"I can do it," he confessed. "You see, there are so many reasons why I like it that I couldn't tell you without skipping some, and I wouldn't want to do that."

"But I considered 'Ding, Bell' and asked him the same question. He was less hesitant.

"Why, it's the nuts!" he declared. And that's what it is. The nuts.



A Guide to the AIRS + + +

with Martin Lewis

IF ANY of you are baseball fans, you probably are familiar with the story about Lou Gehrig, the Yankee star, when he was sent to the seven-bit severals years ago. If you're not, the answer is that Larupin' Lou is still in there and the player he pinch-hit for is on the outside looking in. Recalling that I was hoping all the time I was away on my vacation that my boss didn't know the story, Frank Luther did such a swell job as a pinch-hitter, I was afraid—well, you know—one never can tell.

My vacation was spent around the shores of Lake Michigan. In other words, Chicago and the World's Fair; and believe you me I'm glad to be back along the Allegheny. I went there was a rest but I should have known better.

Well, I spent a considerable amount of time over at the Blue Ribbon Casino where Ben Bernie is doing a capacity business, nightly. I doubt very much if any visitor to the Fair doesn't spend at least one night with the Maestro. To try and get a table any night after seven o'clock is as easy as having a tooth pulled.

Before I ramble on, I must tell you about one of Bernie's socialists, Little Jackie Heller. I've often read letters in the Voice of Listener page, raving about this much-misunderstood fellow. Not until I met Jackie myself could I appreciate what all the applause was about. He has nice personality packed in that one hundred pounds of his and a manner about him that tells you he's a real gent after you meet him. It's amusing to watch him work. He sits on a high stool and with a microphone as if it were a playboy. And his voice made just what a hit with the crowd as it did with this scriber.

Looking Up

IT LOOKS as if the radio broadcasting business is going to have its best season since its inception. Most of the good spots have already been sold and you'll be hearing a lot of your old favorite programs and personalities, again. At the present time there is very little indication that you will be hearing new stars on the airwaves this fall unless they come out of the nowhere and rise to fame overnight. However, there are great possibilities for newcomers who have scored three times on Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour. Fennar started on a new series, Sunday, October 8, for the people who formerly sponsored the Great Moments in History program. I predict that his comedian's "Wanna buy a duck?" and "You want a man?" will be repeated by visitors as often as his "Repeat: 'What you dese, Sharlet?'" and Ed Wyn's "Sooooo."

Speaking of the Baron and Cliff Hall, they'll be back on the NBC-WGBH network with a new show for Lucky starting Saturday, October 7, at 8 p. m. CDT. Will you be there?

Old Friends Back

THE parade of your old favorites starts immediately. Last Monday afternoon brought back to the airwaves your friend and adviser, the Voice of Experience. This is the new weekly sustaining spot for the Voice and he will be heard each week on Wednesday at 10:30 to 12:15 p. m. CDT. His commercial series starts September 11 at 10 a. m. and he will continue each morning except Saturday and Sunday at the same time. He will also be heard on Wednesday nights from 7:30 to 7:45 p. m. CDT. This also is a new time, so you Voice of Experience fans make a note of it.

ing your dial, you will hear the debut of a new type of vocal quartet called the Novellets. They will feature programs of a popular nature, especially arranged.

We always did enjoy Fred Waring's weekly broadcasts and now, with Harry James and the Glenn Miller added to this program to replace "Mandy Lou" starting this Wednesday night, it should be a treat to one of the very top-notch ether shows.

An all-star show will be presented over the NBC-WMAQ network next Saturday (9) night at ten, CDT. The occasion will be the dedication of pioneer station WSB's new 50,000-watt transmitter. If you're going to be home, listen in and you will probably hear many of your favorites, *Congratulations to WSB and to Landon Kay, its veteran manager.*

CYRENA VAN GORDON
... makes her return to the NBC microphone ...

Sunday at 6:30 p. m. CDT, brings back the first of a new weekly series *Tales of the Foreign Legion*, authentic stories taken from the experiences and adventures of the author, *Walter O. (Bill) Cooper*, who will also play the role of Mendoza, the Spanish soldier. NBC, however, gets this formerly CBS feature, *Tales of the Foreign Legion*, dates back to the days of 1918, when Bill served as a sergeant in the United States Army. In the sector adjoining Bill's outfit, the Second March Regiment, French Foreign Legion, held the line. The sergeant used to drop in on the Second March Regiment to polish up his French, and his little black notebook grew fat with yarns of the legionnaires.

An hour later, over the Columbia network, marks the premier concert of *Johnny Green*, distinguished show composer, arranger, and concert pianist. The 24-year-old musician will present his own modern arrangements of current popular tunes, and songs of his own composition. Green is the composer of such songs as "Birds Are Born in My Yurs," and more recently, "I Cover the Waterfront." He also conducts a number of symphonic jazz symphonies, particularly the famous "Night Club Suite."

Still another hour later in the NBC corner will be sitting *Walter Winchell*, teeing off the last minute inside news of the day, and no doubt, plenty of the awe-inspiring news about the night-life of the folks along the Great White Way and those in Scotland or Hollywood or whatever you want to call it.

Following Winchell, without twist-

L. G. Chicago, Ill.—The Show Boat program is put on from the New York NBC studios. Rosaline Green is featured as "Louise," Charles Vininger as "Sam" in *Black Creek*, Wisconsin, on May 28, Lambert, Randolph Wayne, Leonard Stokes and Robert Moody did sing as the Four Singing Clerks in the old Musical Grocery Store program.

Mrs. W. F. Glenolden, Pa.—Jean Sothorn was born in Philadelphia and began her career at the age of fifteen, featured as "Louise" in "The Two Orphans." Following a series of personal appearances she remained in vaudeville, making repeated tours of various circuits. Came to radio in 1931 as a dramatic interest, but has since developed a flair for comedy and dialect characterizations. Has appeared on the air with Harry Richman, Eddie

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Lewis only returned five of them. So, dear readers, allow me to present for the first time on any Radio Guide page, Admiral Mike the Porter. Incidentally, if I never hear the song "Stormy Weather" again, it will be soon enough. I'm afraid it will bring back memories.

P. S. Mike has a couple of fractured ribs and your boys truly has had a severe case throat ever, since.

I TRIED to get a dollar from the Klags and Boners Editor, but he knew me, couldn't get away with it. Here's the gag:

The other night I arrived at my domicile, only coming in from the hectic storm which played havoc with the ships at sea and did plenty of damage all along the east coast. As is my custom, I turned on the good old radio, and was just in time to hear the announcer introduce the next number, "My God! This Night Go on Forever!" Good night.

How To Safely Lose Fat

Without Drugs
Without Starving
No Violent Exercise

Eat Big Meals
Buy 700 Boxes
Mail Away
Less 1500 Lbs.
in 2 Weeks

Miss E. Bartholomew writes: "I lost 1500 lbs. in 2 weeks taking Sleepy Pills."

MAKE THIS 7-DAY TEST
If you want to lose excess fat, if you want digestion to improve, if you want to lose weight, buy, use, Sleepy Pills, arm's, ankles and legs. You want that double chin to disappear and do it as your doctor will advise. Buy, use, Sleepy Pills. It's the first working "miraculous" treatment to date. Don't wait.

Buy, use, Sleepy Pills. You're leading your store far Sleepy Pills. Take a half spoonful in a glass of water, or milk, or tea. Do not use on sweets and potatoes and weight which is not fat. Sleepy Pills, it's the only normal as fat disappears.

BUILD HEALTH AS YOU LOSE FAT
The Simple Health WATER WAY

Best of all, Sleepy Pills is a blend of ALL the important health producing salts found in natural Sleepy Water from Hot Springs, Ark. It is tasteless—in fact you can make your own mineral water recommended by doctors the world over for high blood pressure, gas pains, indigestion, neuritis, constipation, etc. And so on and so forth. Buy, use, Sleepy Pills will make 15 gallons mineral water, enough for 15 weeks.

Why delay when it may be so easy to have that chin you desire the most. Buy, use, Sleepy Pills. It's the only health, happiness, popularity, success and activity, building, fat-losing, weight-reducing, diet-free, child-free.

AT ALL LEADING DRUG STORES
If your druggist cannot supply you send it January 19, 1935. He is American born SLEEPY WATER CO., MIDWEST HEADQUARTERS, 1400 W. Erie St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Take in on HARRIET CRUISE, The Sleepy Suits Girl, and THE NOBLESSE, WORLD 770 Kingston, 120 p. m. CDT, Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday

out of a trousers pocket, opened it, and said "Boy, looks that. It's a birthday present for Ruby." I looked and I give you my word I've never seen a square cut diamond ring more beautiful—just ten carats, that's all.

Let me tell you something else, although you probably know it, Rubby is absolutely nuts about Ruby.

When someone reminded him of the fact that she was going back to the coast Monday to make another picture, his face dropped. And you should have seen Ruby with her mother and sisters sitting in a box during the show. She got just as much of a kick out of Al as did the rest of the audience, and her applause after each number was as spontaneous as enthusiastic. A great, lovable pair, this Jolson-keeper team.

Looking around me I spied *Gowrie, Martha and Vel Bissell* looking better than ever. *I Drive European* rip apparently did their world of good. *Three Little Words* and *Hi-De-Ho*. *My Attention* was called to the big build-up *Deems Taylor* is giving prominence to each program, which no doubt will do as much for her as *Cantoro's* repeated comments about *Rubinsky*. These helped the Russian plenty.

THE other afternoon before departing on a never-to-be-forgotten trip with *Admiral Mike Porter* from Atlantic City to New York, Mike and I were sitting in the front snapshots that were taken about his boat. Not until he turns to this page will he realize that "Smarty" is still alive.

WAITED around for the Jolson-Whiteman program, which started on the air at 10:30 p. m. fell on Rudy's show. Jolson walked in smiling from ear to ear, came up to me and after a minute in the Jolson manner, "Boy, am I happy. Today is Ruby's birthday." And with that he pulled out a little box

and presented me with a diamond ring. It was a square cut diamond ring, ten carats, that's all.

Cantor and George Price and was featured in True Story and "Raising Junior." Pet hobby is writing comedy and is a petite blonde, five feet, three inches tall. He is married.

G. B. Fort Wayne, Ind.—The information you seek on popular Broadway was printed in this column several weeks ago. Norm Sherr, of WBBM, is five feet, six inches tall, twenty-four years of age and married.

E. P. Rockdale, Texas—There are twelve members in Cab Calloway's orchestra and thirteen members in Eddie Ellington's, not including Duke. Write to E. P. Mills-Rockwell, 799 Seventh Ave., New York City, for pictures of Cab and Eddie.

Bubs, Waterbury, Maine—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare are not regularly scheduled on the air at present.

J. C. Jersey City, N. J.—Lanny Ross is not married. His birthday is January 19. He is American born of English-Welsh parents. He has never done any recording.

J. L. Louisville, Ky.—Pat Kennedy is not married yet. Victor Karpis is a child. Joe Sanders is no longer booked at Castle Farms; future bookings not available at present.

THE ENTERTAINMENT BOX

HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

(Programs Listed in Daylight Saving Time)

SPECIAL

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—New York Sun 100th Anniversary, James E. Craig, editorial writer, "A Hundred Years of Independent Journalism." CBS-WIND at 6 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—WSB-50 km. Christening, Lambdin Kay, M. C. Variety Show, NBC-WMAQ at 10 p.m.

COMEDY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—Bert Lahr, Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, with Rubinfoff, Taylor Holmes, M. C., NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.
 George M. Cohan, Revelers and Al Goodman's Orchestra, NBC-WGAR at 7 p.m.
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—Minstrel Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
 Clara Lu 'n' Em, NBC-WGN, daily excepting Saturday and Sunday at 9:15 a.m.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—Ben Bernie and his Band, NBC-WLS network at 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—Fannie Brice and George Olsen's music, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.
 Burns and Allen, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra, CBS-WGN at 8:30 p.m.
 Harry Richman and Milton Berle with Fred Waring's Pennsylvania CBS-WGN at 9 p.m.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Guest comedians with Rudy Vallee's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.
 Molasses 'n' January, Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Handary and Marie Wilson on the Showboat, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Walter O'Keefe, Ethel Shatta and Don Bestor's orchestra, NBC-WLS at 7 p.m.
 Fred Allen, Roy Atwell, Portland Hoffa, Fred Goetz's orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p.m.
 Phil Baker and Harry McNaughton, Roy Shield's orchestra, NBC-WENR at 8:30 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—Ray Knight's Cuckoo Program, NBC-WJR at 9:30 p.m.

MUSIC

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—Howard Barlow's Columbia Symphony orchestra, CBS-WIND at 2 p. m., also CBS-WGN, Monday at 9:45 p. m.

Willard Robinson's Syncopated Sermon, CBS-WIND at 4 p. m., also 1 Thursday at 9 p. m., and Saturday at 8:30 p. m.

In the Modern Manner with Johnny Green, composer-conductor, and Gertrude Niesen, CBS-WHK at 7:30 p. m.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—Ferde Grofé's orchestra, Concert Thibault, baritone, NBC-WMAQ at 7:45 p. m., also Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Fray and Braggiotti, piano team, CBS-WIHK at 7:45 p. m. Harry Horlick's Gypsies, Frank Parker, tenor, NBC-WMAQ at 8 p. m.

Andre Kostelanetz presents Gladys Rice and Evan Evans, CBS-WGN at 9 p. m.

Gus Haenschen's orchestra, Ohman and Arden, Conrad Thibault and Arlene Jackson, NBC-WMAQ at 9:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—California Melodies, CBS-WGN at 9 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—Corn Cob Pipe Club, NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Al Johnson, Deema Taylor, Ramona, Jack Fulton and others, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p. m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Concert with Jessica Dragonette, NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.

PLAYS

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—John Henry, Black River Giant, CBS-WBBM at 6:30 p. m., second episode at 7:15 p. m., third with CBS-WIND.

Desert Court, (formerly "Tales of the Foreign Legion"), NBC-WLS at 6:30 p. m.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—The Theater of Today; "When the World Stopped," CBS-WBBM at 8:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—Crime Clues, "Scarlet Serenade," NBC-WMAQ at 7 p. m.; also Wednesday.

Miniature Theater, "The Constant Lover," NBC-KYW at 7 p. m.

Miss Lilla, NBC-WCKY at 9:30 p. m.
 Talkie Picture Time, NBC-WMAQ at 10:30 p. m.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Columbia Dramatic Theatre, NBC-WIND at 7:30 p. m.

Death Valley Days, NBC-WLS at 8 p. m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—The First Nighter, NBC-WENR at 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—The Optimistic Mrs. Jones' with George I'ram Brown, NBC-WTAM at 6:45 p. m.

Tales of the Titans, Willy Collins' "The Love Quarrel" by Agnes Strickland, NBC-KYW at 8 p. m.

K-Seven, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p. m.

VOCALISTS

BOSWELL SISTERS—CBS-KMOX Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 p. m.

CHARLES CARLILE—CBS-WIND network Tuesday at 7 p. m. with Gladys Rice, Wednesday at 11:30 a. m. and Saturday at 8:15 p. m. with Ann Leaf.

ETHEL WATERS—NBC-WENR Saturday at 6:15 p. m.

KATE SMITH—CBS-WGN network Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

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

OLGA, COUNTESS ALBANI—NBC-WMAQ Thursday at 6:15 p. m.

PAT KENNEDY—NBC-KYW Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:45 a. m.

TITO GUIZAR—CBS-WHK Sunday at 8:30 p. m.

NEWS

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

EDWIN C. HILL—CBS-WIND Wednesday and Friday at 9:45 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS, Headline Hunter—NBC-KFY Friday at 8:45 p. m.

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

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

SPORTS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—Ted Tusing, CBS-WBBM at 9:30 p. m., also Thursday.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Grantland Rice at 8:30 p. m. over CBS-WISN.

By Mike Porter

(Under Nautical Influence)
 With apologies to Nick Kenny

of Whiteman's audition-winners who had the gumption to keep going until she made the grade, hey, Mike?

A blueblotter insect of my acquaintance was buzzing around E. A. Rolf's office the other day, under the impression that he was circling the equator, when he heard about Rolf going on the air with something new. How would you like to hear, Uncle, of a whole choir of crooners? One crooner is not much good. Two crooners—well, I never heard two at once. Maybe this is Rolf's idea: Maybe he's going to get all the crooners off Broadway and into a studio for this choir, and then blow up the place. You old son of a sea-cocker will be better listen in September 1, at WJZ! That's when the Rolf Choir of Crooners begins its ensemble lullabys. The time is 8:45. And you'd better not be out slicking your nose in Jimmy Cannon's love affair, or hunting for good Samaritans.

I WISH I had a job story for you today, Uncle Mike. But maybe it's sad enough about that trip you took on your new motorboat with *Martin Lewis*, of Radio Guide. You didn't know it, but there was a spider, my cousin, under the compass all the time, even when Landlubber Lewis ran into the cabin when you hit that storm.

They tell me you had a swell time going through a blow in Hell Gate, Uncle! That you fell down the engine hatch and washed a couple of ribs. Or was my cousin ribbing me? My-Hor! Radio Editor Ribbed at Last! Is that a headline?

Well, Uncle Mike, do I remember when you used to write picture captions in the newspapers. The salt was still in your beard, and you used to dish out things like this: "Heav! Lo! Little Girl Killed by Truck," and "Blow Me Down—Wife Poisonous Unfaithful Mate."

I've got to be getting along now, you old tar, so I'm your chin up and why in hell don't you write one of those NRA songs? I've found a lot of rhymes for you—"Moon," "June," "Love," "Dove," etc. I'll send them to you—the Spider.

REVIEW WITH RADIO

HULLO, Uncle Mike! This is your old gal, the editor.

And oh, boy, am I thrilled! It's all on account of that beautiful poem in the paper today by David Ross. My cousin, Jimmy Centepede, was following you around last night and while he was hiding in one of the crates behind *Johnny Johnston's* seventh and eighth chins, he heard you talking about Jack Pearl, in between song titles. Well, Uncle Mike, you can swab off the deck and forget all about any threatened trouble between his sponsor and NBC. It's all smooth sailing, and you can set your course for the return of the noble Boris over the N-B sea waves once October.

I was up in an agency the other day, chasing the flies off the desks and did I hear a lot of gossip? Well, me hearty, boy, you'll be interested no end to learn that the fog-horn voice of Bill ("Red Pepper Sam") Costello, which adds that note of mystery to the NBC-WENR network Betty Boop Frolics each Friday evening is now being starred in a new series of "Pop-Lite, the Sailor" sound movie cartoons. Or did that budge your top galled?

Well, Sam, that was news last week, hey? About Donald Flamm turning over commercial phases of WNCA to Jack Adams, Clendening and Allen Ryan, Jack Whinery and those other millionare socialites. And say, Uncle, there seemed to be a lot of doubt whether Donald Flamm would stay or go. Well, I was visiting my Aunt Terahbell when the papers were drawn up, Skipper, and it's the weirdest arrangement. Listen:

Let's think of WNCA and the Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. as being Donald Flamm still chief, as a theater. Donald, licensed by the Radio Commission, runs the mechanics of the job. The society lady put on the bling, under an agency outfit, known as the



RHAPSODY IN BLOOEY!

By David Ross

TOSS MASTRO, he of Downey dee
 Did lead his davis through the meyer,
 And crossed feet sailing of the green
 Through reedy valley and loberhede.
 This crashed with 'ing' the rebby steen
 That sweet the melody late so high,
 It flug a warwar in its mark
 And swayed the melody late so high,
 So having still the night, and,
 He cleared the hall in an swell groove:
 The lowest seats was in his mood:
 Too late the rhythm to disprove,
 Guided the his human to his side
 To arden him his obann job,
 He gulped not long but found the song
 As evet as fern in the sabb.

L'Envoi

So let us out a book end
 And blow sweet songs and said;
 Grown to the herb where green the grass
 For every last seed in his seed:
 Oh, suck the honey in the bond,
 And caress the jim
 Oh, hang the porter to the milk
 And let it all hang with him.

Federal Broadcasting Company. Flamm and the Federal lads split the profits if any. The playboys stage, buy, sell, etc. but Flamm, as the licensee, holds a technical executive post. Or am I too technical? I loo for your old friends in the Camel camp, Uncle! Back to the air shortly they come with one night's show from Hollywood, another with *Stoopnagle and Budd*, and the third with *Mortie Downey*. I see your friend, Ann Lester, is singing regularly on the NBC with *Meyer Davis*, cap'n! It'll good to see her making good after the tough struggle she had getting into a regular spot. . . That's one