RADIO VARIETIES

VEMBER 1940

TEN CENTS

CHUCK ACREE of WLS, CHICAGO

PATTER OFF THE PLATTER

BIG NEWS of the month in record circles is the barrage of re-issues unleashed by Columbia. Jazz collectors are in for the time of their lives with the large store of classics in tempo now available at bargain-basement rates. The traffic in original issues stands to lose much of its money value, as the result of the Columbia blitzkrieg on hard to get issues.

George Avakian, Yale's erudite swing critic, and John Hammond, probably the best known authority on jazz in the country, dug through musty matrice files in the cellar of Columbia's Bridgeport plant for hitherto unreleased items by such names as Fletcher Henderson, Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Bix Beiderbecke, Red Norvo, Red Allen, Don Redman and others.

The first release consisted of four albums and 15 singles, with plenty of interesting jazz emerging from the 62 sides. We especially liked the Fletcher Henderson album. "Hop Off," resurrected from a dusty bin, proves one of the greatest Fletcher items in years. Recorded in November, 1927, it has Bobby Stark on trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Jimmy Harrison, trombone; Carmello Jejo, clarinet and Joe Smith on cornet. Other swell Henderson sides in the collection are "Sugar Foot Stomp", "Money Blues, Stampede" and "New King Porter Stomp."

Of the single records, you'll like Duke Ellington's "Ducky Wucky" and "Swing Low," Buster Bailey's "Call of the Delta" and "Shanghai Shuffle" and Red Norvo playing "I Surrender Dear" plus "Old-Fashioned Love."

Chuck Foster's popular Chicago band has just begun to record for Okeh. First four sides are "All I Desire," "Sleepy Time Gal," "Spring Fever" and "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." The outfit leans heavily on the sweet side and provides good, listenable and danceable waxings.

We don't understand why the Quintones haven't made more of a splash on the waxworks. They are surely one of the finest swing vocal groups in the country. Personnel: Four boys and a girl with the tone and rhythmic ideas which has made the critics and radio audience sit up and take notice. Hear their Okeh record of "Fool That I Am" for proof of their clean-cut superiority in the choral field.

This might be a good time to call attention to a Paul Whiteman album of Decca records that should be in most libraries. It's called "Manhattan" and comprises some of Louis Alter's finest compositions on the teeming life of the big city. Whiteman does a thorough, musicianly job on all counts and the net results are distinctly worth-while. Incidentally, by the time this column appears decision should have been made on the new commercial Paul, Andre Kostelanetz and Don Voorhees are currently competing for. At this point it looks like a dead-heat, for all bands have been asked to make another audition.

Columbia's Barry Wood, star of the "Hit Parade," has recorded Raymond Scott's clever "Huckleberry Duck" with Ray's brother, Mark Warnow, supplying the musical backing. Barry does a swell job on the lyrics which Jack Lawrence set to the tough melody. This is the tune that most bands decline politely — to save the reputation of their sax sections.

Lanny Ross makes his entrance into the record field with "Moonlight and Roses." Lanny's pleasant voice has been a favorite on the air for years and he is a notable addition to recording ranks. Another new name on the labels is Claude Thornhill, formerly Maxine Sullivan's pianist-arranger. Thornhill has a band which includes two clarinets and four saxophones for unusual reed effects. Rhythm and arrangements are excellent. Catch his discing of "Bad-Humor Man" from Kay Kayser's new picture, "You'll Find Out."

Other discs: Fair, and only fair, is Ziggy Elman trumpeting "Bye 'n Bye" and "Deep Night." Larry Clinton comes through with a good pairing for dancing — "Dancing on a Dime," "I Hear Music." Duke Ellington's "Five O'Clock Whistle" and "There Shall Be No Night" are up to the usual incomparable Ellington standards.

RADIO VARIETIES

No. 3 Volume 11 NOVEMBER 1940

F. L. ROSENTHAL, *Publisher* WILTON ROSENTHAL, *Editor*

Published at 1056 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois. F. L. Rosenthal, Publisher. New York Office: 485 Madison Avenue, Hollywood Office: 3532 Sunset Boulevard. Published Monthly. Single Copies, ten cents. Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the United States and Possessions, $1.50 in Canada. Entered as second class matter January 10, 1940, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses for such matter contributed. The publishers assume no responsibility for statements made herein by contributors and correspondents, nor does publication indicate approval thereof.

Wanted—Experience

By BOB TROUT
CBS' newscaster and
presidential announcer

Newscaster Bob Trout was a fiction writer who took a brief stab at radio . . . for the experience. Now he tells you the experiences he's had in nine years of radio reporting.

You might think that writing adventure fiction is a long way from reporting the world's news through a microphone. I used to think so. I don't any more.

Writing stories packed with action was what I was trying to do nine years ago when I fell into radio. The first few days behind a microphone seemed to me like good experience on which to base more stories. Maybe some editor, somewhere, in an unaccustomed happy frame of mind, caught off guard, might even buy one some day. The first few months still seemed like good experience. The first few years ditto. I'm still getting experience.

Microphones and I first became acquainted when I was just twenty-two years old. I think that's how old I was. Radio executives, who are always where microphones are, at various times changed my age in an attempt to make me look older until I am no longer sure just how old I am. My insurance agent still writes me indignant letters, full of uninteresting statistics about the relationship of ages to premiums. The radio executives made me grow a moustache, too, to look older. Recently, I met one of these executives from the past. He said: "You can shave the moustache off now. You look old enough, at last." But now I've got used to the darn thing.

All this started when I stumbled into the radio business in a little Virginia city near Washington, D.C. — after several active years spent in such strange occupations as collecting debts (no, I never DID collect any) for a firm that was supposed to collect debts, putting gasoline into automobile tanks and wiping off windshields, delivering messages for a banking firm, driving a taxicab, acting as a laboratory assistant (or, rather, standing around and trying to act as I thought a laboratory assistant should act), and best of all, working on a merchant vessel in the North Atlantic. You see, I did want to be a writer. And I thought that first I needed experience. Of course, you may think that the search for experience was just an excuse, and I really did such things as sign on an oceangoing vessel just for the fun of it. And maybe you are right.

Bob Trout

In the intervals between these jobs, I pounded a typewriter, to the great unconcern of practically every editor in the United States and its territorial possessions. Including the Canal Zone. I still firmly believe that if I had kept steadfastly pounding my typewriter until the year 1940 I would now be earning my living by writing fiction for the nation's big magazines. Some day I still want to try it — seriously. But back in 1931, a microphone sneaked up and bit me in the back. The bite of a microphone is as far-reaching in its effects as the sting of the love bug. Sometimes it's even more permanent.

This typewriter pounding occurred largely in New York's Greenwich Village. That, too, seemed like the right thing to do at the time. Then, one snowy day, I caught something which might have been a bad cold and might have been pneumonia. I decided it was pneumonia. That sounds like a good sensible reason to leave the snow behind and go south. Virginia was where it all happened.

A radio studio seemed to me to offer good possibilities as the locale around which to plot a story. So I decided to see one. That was WJSV, Mount Vernon Hills, Virginia. At least once every month, these days, sometimes several times a week, I broadcast news over CBS from the studios of WJSV. But it is not Mount Vernon Hills any more. Now it is CBS' 50 thousand watt key station for the nation's capital, Washington, D.C.

In 1931, WJSV's program director convinced me, on that evening I visited his station, that the big money was quicker — and bigger — in radio than in the magazines. At least, I agreed mentally, in the magazines which were not buying my stories. Unanimously.

After about two weeks of writing radio plays, news, comedy sketches and other undying literature of a similar type for the local station, I counted up my earnings. This took a remarkably short time. So far I had enjoyed a gross income of zero dollars and zero cents. My net income was no better. I resigned.

But in my second and final week as a script writer my fate had caught up with me. At the time, I didn't realize it at all. One evening at six o'clock, the reporter from the Alexandria, Va., Daily Gazette, oldest daily newspaper in the United States, had not appeared for his news program. There was a copy of that afternoon's Gazette in the studio,

(Continued on page 4)

Radio's New Portia

Lucille Wall is heard in the title role of Portia Blake, in the new dramatic serial "Portia Faces Life" over CBS at 3 p. m. CST Monday thru Friday. It is the story of a courageous woman attorney who battles the forces of crime, injustice and civic corruption in a small American city. When Miss Wall made her first microphone bow in 1927, the then teen-aged girl was literally catapulted to stardom after a performance as leading lady for Fredric March. Since then, the charming young "veteran" of over 500 roles, has appeared in almost every type of drama.

Portia's ten-year-old son will be played by Raymond Ives, wellknown child actor who began his dramatic career at the age of seven by joining a Shakespearean Repertory Company for a three-year-run.

Young Myron McCormick of film, stage and radio fame has been recruited to portray the fighting editor of Portia's town who is also the "heart interest" of the story.

Political bosses, respected citizens and the city judge — all of Portia's town, Parkerstown—will be introduced as the serial progresses.

WANTED - EXPERIENCE by Bob Trout

(Continued from page 3)

so I picked up the paper and went on the air. It was a rather unpleasant experience.

Of course, I had mike fright, which is just another way of saying that I was nervous. Then I hesitated to perpetrate such an outrage upon our unsuspecting listeners: I had never had any sort of voice training, and had always regarded my voice as the sort of disagreeable sound which is best used as little as possible. Telephone operators had consistently been unable to understand me, and elevator men had always asked me three times what floor I wanted. And then let me off at the wrong place. Less than ten minutes after I had finished my first news broadcast, the program director, who had been dining quietly at a nearby barbecue stand, came running into the station. I didn't care particularly. I was going to resign anyway.

"I just heard the news show at the barbecue wagon," he announced. "That fellow is much better than the reporter who has been doing the program. We ought to get him every day. Who was it?"

He was surprised when I told him. But nothing came of it until I had resigned as the station's script writer. Then a vacancy on the announcing staff developed, and I was offered the job. I declined. I was coaxed. I declined. I was argued with, at, and about. I wanted to be a writer. There was a meeting. I still wanted to be a writer. The hours wore on and the meeting grew more animated. My resistance wore down. They got me. The next day was Sunday, and promptly at eight o'clock in the morning I put a record on the WJSV phonograph and signed on the station. I was a broadcaster.

It was a long crowded road from that day, when I began taking part in all the types of program known to radio, to the days several years later when I began specializing on news broadcasts and special events for the Columbia Broadcasting System. First in Washington, now in New York — and wherever the news is happening. I could write a book about radio's part in the first hectic years when the New Deal came to Washington. Maybe some day I will.

Since the days when Herbert Hoover was President of the United States, I have introduced the President to the radio audience. I have traveled through every state in the Union to put on broadcasts, covered two Presidential Inaugurations, Republican and Democratic political conventions and campaigns, the Coronation of King George VI in London, the maiden voyage of the Atlantic Clipper from Long Island to France, taken my portable microphone into campaign trains, up the outside of the Washington monument, into a submarine, and high in the Rocky Mountains. The list of famous people I have introduced to the listening audience reads like an international Who's Who.

Years ago I graduated from the role of radio announcer into the field of microphone news reporting, with the emphasis on reporting the news as it is happening, on the spot. And long ago I realized that all that experience I thought I was amassing as a reservoir of fiction plots has been invaluable in radio. I don't mean because the news of our time is so similar to fiction, although there is something in that, too. What I do mean is that my pre-radio experience was gathered among real average people, the kind of American who listens to the radio, and wants his radio to talk to him — and her — with understanding, sympathy, and honest friendliness. You can't do that if you don't feel it. You can't do it if you don't know the people you are talking too, or if you don't like them. I think I know my audience, because I once worked on a steamship deck with them, filled their gasoline tanks, and drove them around in a taxicab. As I see it, I'm still working with them now. There is no trick in understanding the man in the street when you realize that you are one of the men in the street yourself.

Fifty Years With Henry Burr

Featured Singer on National Barn Dance Has Colorful History

Henry Burr

"ARE YOU the same Henry Burr we used to hear on our phonograph?"

This is the constant query put to Henry Burr, dean of ballad singers on the Alka Seltzer National Barn Dance.

The question is understandable because Henry Burr, born Harry McClaskey, is a living tale of the history of the mechanical amusement industry and a pioneer in radio broadcasting — his silvery voice has been heard from coast to coast for a half-century.

Despite the years, Henry Burr has kept his popularity, as evidenced by the heavy fan mail received each week.

Each week also he receives innumerable requests to sing songs he made famous from the Gay Nineties on.

Henry Burr was born in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada, in 1885. When he was five years old he became a boy soprano, singing in theaters, churches and community centers — and he's been singing ever since.

For many years he toured the country with such artists as Herbert Witherspoon, baritone and late director of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Then he became interested in the queer contraption invented by Edison in which the voice could be played back.

So, in 1903, he was one of the first to make records for Edison and Columbia.

"These were disc records," he explains. "I would sing into a number of horns each one of which was attached to a separate recording. And for each one I received the magnificent sum of fifty cents."

Despite the frugal monetary returns, Henry Burr kept on. He has made more than nine million records. One, "Goodnight, Little Girl, Goodnight" sold more than three million copies.

At the time of his initial record ventures, Burr was a soloist at a Madison Avenue church in New York. Since record making was considered in the light of a toy, he was strongly advised to discontinue such nonsense. So he dropped his real name, Harry McClaskey, in order to continue the "nonsense".

In 1912, he organized his own concert company, Eight Popular Victor Artists, touring the United States from Maine to California, with such men as Billy Murray, Frank Banta, pianist, and Rudy Wiedeoft, saxophone player.

Then came radio, and Burr who had shown he was not afraid to try new things, bravely approached a crude microphone in 1920 for his first broadcast.

The studio was in a doctor's laboratory in Denver. The microphone was a crude wooden bowl with an inverted telephone transmitter.

Immediately after the broadcast, Burr left for California, finding upon his arrival that the fact that his voice had been heard from Denver to San Francisco via the ether waves had made front-page headlines up and down the West Coast.

In the years following he performed on such programs as the City Service Show from New York, the Maxwell House program, and Goodrich Zippers.

Six years ago he joined the Alka Seltzer National Barn Dance where his silvery voice still carries on.

Burr is five feet, nine and one-half inches tall, weighs 205 pounds, has a fair complexion, gray hair and blue eyes. He has been married to concert singer Cecelia Niles since 1910.

Of his listeners he says:

"I have fans who've been following my records and listening to my broadcasts since the beginning. They're my friends, and each time I approach the microphone I sing to them."

But each time he approaches the microphone, Henry Burr has an attack of "mike fright" — despite the fact that he's been doing the same thing for twenty years.

Henry Burr is heard on the National Barn Dance each Saturday evening at eight o'clock (CST) over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Light of the World

By BASIL LOUGHRANE
Director of "Light of the World"

Radio wiseacres claimed it was impossible to direct a daytime show adapted from the Bible, but Basil Loughrane has made "Light of the World" one of the most notable shows on the air.

When I first took over the assignment of directing "Light of the World," the wiseacres in the radio business pulled long faces, and were generous in their sympathy for me.

"Poor Basil," they commiserated, "he's got one tough assignment! Directing a daytime show adapted from the Bible! Poor Basil, he won't know what to do about it!"

Well, without any boasting, I think I can frankly say that "Light of the World" is one of the notable shows on the air, and that we have put it on without either offending sensibilities or pulling dramatic punches.

The first daytime radio show based upon the Bible, and the only serial drama to "translate" Scripture into modern broadcast serial terms, "Light of the World" was looked upon with mingled fear and hope in the radio world when its airing was first announced. For many years we radio people looking around for basic sources of dramatic material had been drawn to the Bible, and its wealth of story and dramatic content. But prejudice and fear was against us. True, sporadic attempts had been made, here and there, to put on portions of the Bible, however, these bits of the Bible were heavily garlanded with music and tense dramatic material so that the spirit of the Scriptures, if not lost, was at least concealed.

"Light of the World" takes the Bible, and puts it on in unadorned, simple terms, letting the eternal stories of the Book stand on their own feet as tales of emotional and symbolical value to all of us.

Drowned in the wave of popularity that has met "Light of the World," and resulted in its renewal, fear has gone.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the popularity of this Bible series lies in the care with which it is prepared for the air. Under the leadership of Dr. James H. Moffatt, eminent Scripture authority, Professor at Union Theological Seminary, and author of numerous books on Biblical topics, a religious advisory board was formed. This advisory council consists of representatives of the leading faiths. We work closely with these men and they are as keen as we are to see to it that the Bible is spread to millions of listeners through the medium of the radio. Their knowledge and experience is a guarantee that the eternal truths of the Bible remain unimpaired in the radio treatments.

The importance of religion and the Bible today is sharply demonstrated by the public reception to "Light of the World." Unsettled world conditions have emphasized the eternal values of the Bible. There is no begging the fact that the halo surrounding The Book has obscured for many of us the truth, beauty, and drama inherent in the Scriptures. In the medium of radio, we do our humble best to present these tales so that they relate a continued dramatic story, and are freighted with the eternal messages of the Prophets. Written most poetically and dramatically, many Bible passages lend themselves easily to broadcasting technique. Other passages have to be adapted so that they retain the original story and message, but form consistent dramatic unities.

Our aim in presenting these radio versions of the Bible is to make the listener feel that he — or she — is hearing about real things happening to real people. If we succeed in doing this we feel that we are achieving our primary purpose. Listeners of all religions and sects have given us an enthusiastic response, from all parts of the country. Perhaps the greatest compliment we have received is that our broadcast has spurred the sale of Bibles.

Considering the use made of the Bible in other arts, it is odd that radio should have come so late to this source. Painting, sculpture, and architecture have stemmed directly from attempts to depict the stories in the Bible, and emphasize their moralities for mankind often in terms as contemporary to their period as radio is to this age. The Italian and Flemish artists, for example, painted from models with features and clothes of their time in depicting Bible scenes, remaining faithful to the essence of the stories. The novelists, including such diverse writers as Kingsley, Anatole France, and George Moore, have been ceaselessly fascinated by the Scriptures. Playwrights ranging from the anonymous authors of the mediaeval Morality Plays to Eugene O'Neill, George Bernard Shaw, and Jerome K. Jerome, have coped with some of the tremendous dramatic situations enacted in the Scriptures. Some of the more ambitious motion pictures have been based upon Biblical incidents. It is high time for this radio interpretation of the Book . . . a Book that has affected all mankind for thousands of years and shaped the form of human society.

We find that our radio Story of the Bible, "Light of the World," has endless fascination for our listeners, the same fascination that held enthralled the first men and women who heard the Bible stories.

"Light of the World" is heard daily Mon.-Fri., 1:00-1:15 p.m. CST on NBC, sponsored by General Mills, Inc., for Softasilk Cake Flour.

A FOLKSOME TWOSOME

Woody Guthrie and Margaret "Honey Chile" Johnson sing real old-time folk ballads on the CBS network show, "Back Where I Come From," heard on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 P.M. CST. Woody hails from Oklahoma and "Honey Chile" got her southern accent in the state of Texas, but the folksongs they sing come from the four corners of the continent. If "Honey Chile's" face looks familiar to you, you may have seen it in a magazine ad — she's also a professional model.

I'm a Hollywood Farmer

By Bob Burns

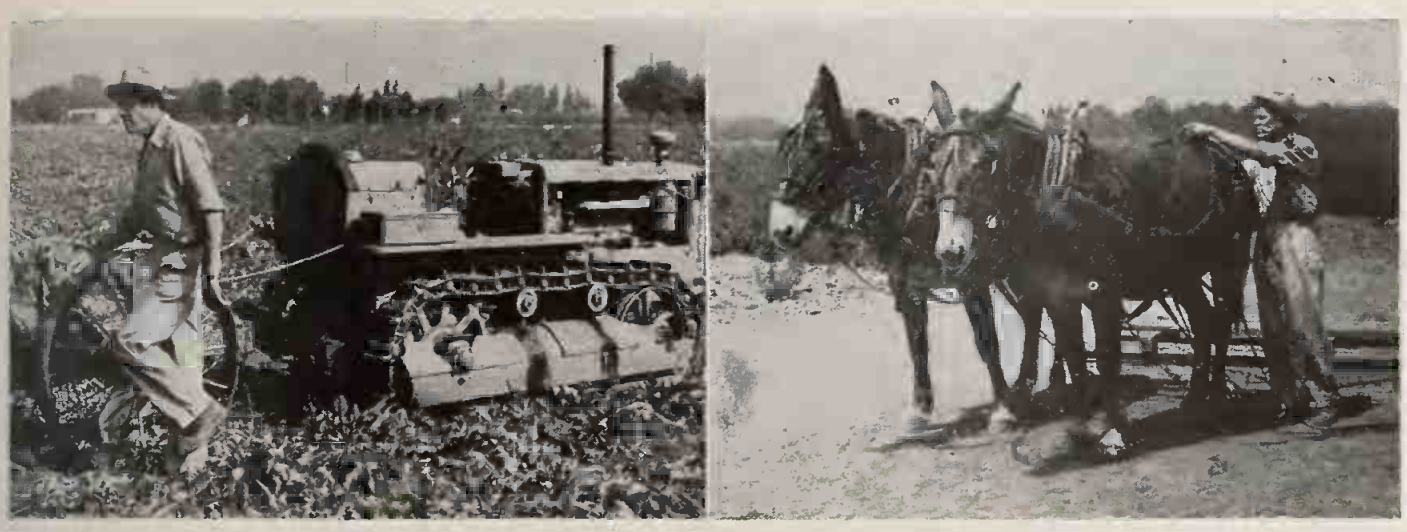
(As told to Joe Alvin)

It must have been an Uncle Fud story that made this mule Hee-Haw.

Farmer Burns just shows one of his sugar beets instead of bragging about them — Like everything else in Hollywood, they're colossal.

I WANT to tell you how it feels to be a Hollywood Farmer. A lot of folks think that being a farmer in the same town with Hedy Lamarr and Madeleine Carroll is awfully funny. They even say that movie and radio folks buy themselves ranches in San Fernando Valley so the people would think they're real. Well, I'll tell you. When I get through with my work on the Kraft Music Hall Thursday night and drive up to my ranch house in Canoga Park thirty minutes later, it almost makes a poet out of me. It's just about sunset time, and the peace of twilight is spreading over the land, every acre of it mine. It's just too wonderful for ordinary words. It makes me feel almighty thankful that I'm alive and just plain glad that God gave me the talent with which to earn the money to invest in land.

I've wanted to be a farmer all my life, and farming is right in my blood. Like every boy in the world, I've had my share of wanderlust. I've bummed and worked around the country and I've done my share of travelling all through the east and west. I've worked at odd jobs in small and big towns, I've tried the life of a soldier with the U. S. Marines and I've done my share of trouping in the show business. But all that couldn't take the hankering out of me to get back and dig in the soil like we used to do when I was a boy in Van Buren. It wasn't until I finally got to Hollywood and got settled working in radio and in pictures that I got right down to brass tacks and realized what I really wanted out of life. I had a nice home that was plenty comfortable and peaceful out in Stone canyon. There was room enough for all of us, and there were trees and mountains around, but there was



Acres and acres of sugar beets ready for harvest are plenty compensation for Bob's toil. Bob uses mules for most of the farm work, and has a thorough knowledge of how to harness them.

something missing. It took me a long time to figure out, and when I did, I wondered why it took me so long when it was so simple. What I really wanted was land, land that I could dig into and plant things in and then watch them grow.

I began buying land, acre by acre, in what I think is the prettiest spot in this section of the counry. It's a district called Canoga Park, thirty minutes by car from Hollywood, close enough to get to the NBC or movie studios in a hurry, but far enough from the city and studio atmosphere to make us completely at ease. There are trees and mountains all around and there isn't a dull spot on the whole horizon. And I wouldn't be lyin' if I said it's as pretty as a picture. But there was a better reason why I decided to buy in Canoga Park. The land was rich and productive.

Maybe it's because down where I come from in Arkansas we had to make a living out of the soil, like farmers everywhere have to do unless they're gentleman farmers, but I just ain't got any use for land you can't grow things on. As much as I like land and soil, I wouldn't give you a dime for land that don't produce. Land to me is like a living thing like a human being. It's got to be useful. It's got to give a man back something for his sweat and his pains. Now, I don't mean to say that there aren't fine human beings who don't produce. Maybe they never had a chance. Land is like that too. It won't produce unless it's given a chance.

Well, I took that land of mine

(Continued on page 23)

This is Bob Burns' new ranch home in California with modern out buildings. It's a dream house Bob began to think about way back in Van Buren County, with a few Hollywood touches thrown in.

Among the wordmen at the NBC Central Division are the above pictured gentlemen, rear left to right: Durward Kirby, Cleve Conway, Verl Thomson and Norman Barry; Seated, left to right: Lynn Brandt, Fort Pearson, Bob Brown and Charles Lyon.

Radio's Super Salesman

By Dan Thompson

Salesmen of a modern age are the announcers of a radio program. Adept at voicing the written sales arguments of the many sponsors of radio shows, these men know rules of accent, syllabification, proper breathing, pause and color as intimately as actors and singers. As a matter of fact many of them have had training on the stage. Few of them ever reach the networks — which correspond to the big leagues in baseball — without having served time in the minors — i. e., small radio stations.

Let's look at the record of the eight NBC announcers pictured above. **Kirby,** for instance, was born in Kentucky and came to NBC via WBAA at Purdue and Indianapolis and Cincinnati stations. He made his radio debut as a singer at Purdue. Blue-eyed and blonde, he is 6 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds. He was born August 24, 1912 and, in addition to being heard as Ransom Sherman's stooge on Club Matinee, announces Lone Journey and the W E N R 10 o'clock final Walgreen show.

CONWAY, whose real name is Kleve Kirby, gave up his legitimate name because of Durward Kirby's priority claims at NBC. As Kleve Kirby, Cleve Conway served "time" at WWL, New Orleans, before coming to NBC in April 1940. You can hear him on the Roy Shield Encore and Sach's News programs.

THOMSON entered broadcasting as a singer over W C F L, though he had broadcast prior to that as an amateur over WFAT in Sioux Falls in 1923. He has also worked at WXYZ, at KSOO-KELO as program director, and WIND. He came to NBC in 1937.

BARRY, newscaster for Manhattan Soap, and one of several Club Matinee announcers, is 31 years old and an ex-sailor. He was a bass baritone for a time with Don Irwin's orchestra, worked at WIBO and came to NBC in 1934. He is grandson of Mother Lake, considered one of greatest platform lecturers in her day. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 175.

(Continued on page 23)

The WDZ Screw Ball Club

RADIO'S biggest little band, "The WDZ Screw Ball Club", provides entertainment that delights the young and old alike.

They are pictured above just as they appear in the studio each afternoon for their rollicking jam session and informal discussion of the most whimsical events of the day. The band was organized here at WDZ less than a year ago by Dippy Johnston (seated on the piano), who came to this station as Musical Director, after a career in the music business with some of the biggest band leaders in the country, plus a Chicago band of his own, which he organized and directed in 1933 and 1934.

According to Dippy, their winter schedule includes a great deal of dance and show work outside their regular radio activities.

Curly Bray, competent bass player, better known to the Screw Ball fans as "Dog House Curley", is the possessor of a very pleasing Irish tenor voice.

Curl Poulton, jovially referred to as "Six String Gerty" on the show, was born in West Virginia, a hillbilly as exemplified by his compositions, "When It's Lamp-Lightin' Time In The Valley", "We'll Rest At The End Of The Trail", and his most recent release, published by Broadcast Music, Inc. "There's An Old Easy Chair By The Fire Place". Curt's rendition of his own numbers is a welcome addition to the versatility of this splendid organization.

Bashful Bob Mills, Pianist and staff Accordionist is a thorough musician and fills that position most competently.

"Fish Horn Buddie", Bud Carter, his real name, hails from Southern Illinois where he claims he learned to play saxaphone as the line of least resistance. Bud weights only 96 pounds and takes considerable pushing around both verbally and physically.

The Screw Ball Club is truly a program of merit in that it is entirely different from any show yet devised, and its ten thousand paid members bespeaks the value of such a program on any radio station.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8 P.M. (9) Coach Lemuel Q.
gle sweeps around the right
his "Quixie-Doodles" program
Sunday at 4:30 P.M. (10) Brenda
obina of the Bob Hope program.
programs central standard time.)

THEY'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH!

(1) Jerry Colonna & Bob Hope heard every Tuesday at 9 P.M. (2) Judy Canova (Flapjaw) and Daddy (Ethan) Smooth (Harry Jansen) Thursday nights at 7 P.M. CST. (3) Fanny Brice hosts with her gang on CBS at 8:30 P.M. (4) Fibber McGee & Molly on NBC every Tuesday at 8:30 P.M. (5) Fred Allen over CBS at 9 P.M. (6) Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy over NBC every Sunday at 8 P.M. (7) Jack Benny returns to the Lucky Strike airwaves with Mary Livingston and Phil Harris at 7 P.M. (8) Bobby Breen every Saturday at 5 P.M. (9) Kate Smith every Thursday at 8 P.M. (10) Coach Lanua Q. Smith and the Quiz Kids every Sunday at 4:30 P.M. (11) Brenda Marshall on the Bob Hope programs. (All programs central standard time)

A Star Is Made

The Talent Scouts and Publicity Dep't of NBC Artist Service Build the Stars of Tomorrow

"Old-fashioned!" said one critic looking her over from head to toe. "Not enough poise," remarked a second sage. "She simply lacks that certain something," was the verdict of observer number three.

Eyeing the pretty, raven-tressed lass who had just trilled the last notes of a stuffy operatic aria, the talent scout shook his head. "For the present", he replied, "You may be right. But I like that feeling in her voice. And her looks and figure aren't exactly to be

GIRL IN UNIFORM
During her radio days when Lillian Cornell posed for pictures, the Chicago Cubs were photographed the same day. Her managers dreamed up the idea of Lillian posing as the mascot of the Chicago Cubs baseball team. As a result of these pictures Lillian gained national recognition.

sneered at! No — we'll keep her. And just wait'll we put a warble in her voice and a spark into her personality! Wait'll the build-up begins! She'll wow 'em! Mark my words — someday Lillian Machuda will be a name known to every radio and movie fan in the U.S.A."

Well, the talent scout's actual prophecy is impossible now, for the first action taken by Lillian's managers, the NBC Artists Service, was to change her name from Machuda to Cornell — the one we know her by today.

And after deciding her voice was fashioned for popular music rather than the classics, the next step in their campaign to make Lillian Cornell famous was to dispatch her to a voice teacher experienced in light musical veins, who taught her the intricacies of popular rhythms.

Soon the time arrived for her first real step up the ladder of success. Artists Service assigned Lillian to a few local radio spots where the songstress acquired the "mike technique" experience essential for a network debut. Then spots on two popular Chicago programs, the NBC Jamboree and Club Matinee, were obtained for her to display her talents.

Meanwhile two powerful "build-up" forces were working for Lillian Cornell. The contract she had signed with NBC Artists Service to manage her career covered more than mere business routines. Clothes, friendships and recreation all called for their knowing counsels. The right places had to be frequented and the right people met. Clothes had to be streamlined to her personality — all in all, everything designed to type her as a glamorous radio songstress was strenuously plugged.

The publicity departments of Artists Service and NBC meanwhile had also swung into action. One of their first actions was to photograph their charge from every concievable angle and in scores of different costumes. Accompanied by fitting sheafs of publicity copy, photos of Lillian Cornell posing as the ideal tennis player, the typical mermaid, the college boy's dream, ad infinitum, flooded newspaper and magazine offices throughout the nation. Lillian's managers even arranged to have her picture taken as mascot (fully uniformed!) of the Chicago Cubs!

While all this was going on, Lillian was appearing on more and more sustaining radio programs. As her fan mail rose and her personality became etched on the public mind, she began to receive top billing with greater frequency. Eventually her break came — in form of a bathing-suit picture, published in a radio fan magazine, which created quite a stir amongst Hollywoods movie producers, and led to urgent demands for auditions.

A PRETTY GIRL—A BEAUTIFUL VOICE—A SARONG

Dorothy Lamour, made famous by a scanty piece of colored cloth—the sarong.

Since Lillian's radio commitments in Chicago prohibited a personal Hollywood appearance, her managers arranged a cocktail party in the movie mecca, at which an audition of Lillian's voice was heard by special wire from the Windy City . . . The rest is history. The large public following of the songstress plus her looks plus her figure plus her singing

and acting talent led to an immediate contract with Paramount, and a few months later Lillian Cornell appeared high up in the Dramatis Personae of "Bucky Benny Rides Again!"

Although our heroine has not yet reached the "star" class, she's definitely on the way. Rapidly, too. Her movies, as they appear, will win her larger and loyaler audiences, as her series of sustaining assignments did for her radio career. She has already appeared in four pictures, soon to be released, since "Buck Benny": "Dancing on a Dime," "Rhythm on the River," "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" and "Touchdown."

All of which isn't to say that anyone with talent can be "built up to Lillian Cornell's proportions. For mere ability abounds today in the entertainment world.

But one of the most elusive things in the world of talent is an individuality that appeals to the public. That is what the scout has to keep his eyes peeled for in addition to personality, physical charm and voice. Arresting individuality. That's what the talent scout perceived in Lillian Cornell with the clairvoyance that only successful scouts possess. Then, once the catch was made, began his real job: to sharpen that individuality and through continual radio spots and an accompanying flood of publicity to etch her personality deep on the public's collective mind.

All of which is a trying, painstaking task, calling for canny insight into fickle public tastes and understanding of the panics and brainstorms of the show business. Anyone from NBC's Artists Service Bureau — the men who discover and develop divas, ballerinas, tap dancers, mystery writers, cowboy singers, symphonic conductors, dialecticians, ad finitum — will vouch for that.

Although night clubs, hotels and theatres are sources offering a vast amount of talent to radio, the biggest slice of radio's bigtime talent comes from small stations around the country. When a particularly fine voice is heard by a scout, its possessor is investigated, and if the necessary ability and individuality is there, he (or she) is taken to Chicago, Hollywood or New York's Radio City for an audition. Then, if the results are successful, begins the "typing," the press campaign, the whole general buildup. Movie, radio and gossip columns are plugged. New fashion styles are watched, and sometimes the artist's manager can even get a new style named after his charge. In some cases, even a color is named after a star, witness Genevieve Blue — after the party bearing that monicker on the "Amos claims: "Heavens, look how So-And-So came from nowhere and jumped suddenly into stardom!" — we hope you'll know the answer. For looking back over the case histories given, it is obvious that the management of radio artists figures extensively in their rise from obscurity to the cream of the vast radio crop.
and Andy" program.

Dorothy Lamour is an outstanding example of a radio artist who benefitted immeasurably by an extensive build-up. Artists Service "found" her while she was singing with a Chicago band, placed her under contract, and planned her career with the result that she eventually became one of the most outstanding screen and radio personalities of our day. Lamour's publicity centered around her breathtaking glamour, and she was billed as the "Dreamer of Songs."

The history of Lucille Manners sounds like a Horatio Alger story. Sometimes the vital role played by the artist's manager is overlooked in cases of her sort. A fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographer in Newark, Miss Manners missed many meals in order to pay for her coveted voice lessons. Eventually she landed a spot on a local New Jersey radio program and later an audition at NBC, where she was given an assignment on a small sustaining program.

Meanwhile the Artists Service Bureau was building her up through guest appearances with popular concert orchestras. In 1933, this build-up, together with Miss Manners' natural talent, qualified her as the summer substitute for the Cities Service Concerts. A few years later, Miss Manners became the regular Friday night soloist for the Cities Service Concerts!

Wonder why the blonde soprano is referred to as Miss Manners? Well, it's a result of her build-up. Just as people associate the words Dorothy Lamour and sarong (they are inseperable, aren't they?), they synonymize Lucille Manners, in their mind's eye, with good manners, satiny evening gowns and a personality sweet and sedate. Each Friday night she appears before the studio audience gorgeously gowned. Colored spotlights play on her face. The atmosphere is permeated with austerity. And well knowing that he must perpetuate the public conception of his client, Lucille Manners' manager sees to it that her photos convey the same impression of sweet dignity.

An entirely different approach is being used in building up a songstress you'll hear a mighty lot about before long. Her name is Yvette, and she sings French and American tunes in a pert and saucy manner. Petit, blonde and vivacious, Yvette lives the part she plays on the air. For NBC Artists Service, realizing that they have created an arresting personality different from all others as well as one that has caught the fickle public's fancy, will see to it that Yvette stays that way!

Dinah Shore is another youngster clambering up the success-ladder. Dinah was brought to Radio City from a small Nashville station where she sang while studying at Vanderbilt University. She was developed by her Artists Service into the dreamy Southern type. Langour, not glamour, was her groove. First she was given a sustaining spot on NBC, and at present her wisteria-laden crooning is making her a favorite with network audiences. She sings every Sunday afternoon now with "The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street." Unless all signs fail, she will star one day on a topflight commercial program. When that happens don't plant all the credit on her pretty head. Save a kudo for her builder-upper manager.

Join the Light Crust Dough Boys — and See the World

Well, not exactly, maybe, but anyway if you're a member of the Burrus Mill & Elevator Company's Doughboy musical combination you'll cover a lot of territory. And when not going to Hollywood or the East coast various and sundry notables who compose the more illustrous citizenry of these regions — visit the Doughboys.

By ELBERT HALING

YES, THE Doughboys hob-nob with the luminaries of stage, screen and radio and why not? They've made many stage appearances themselves and every day their studio in the Burrus Mill, seven miles north of Fort Worth, is jammed with folks who have heard their shows on Station WBAP and Texas Quality Network. As for screen endeavor the gang, led by tall, dark and handsome Parker Willson, has appeared in such jumping tintypes as "Oh Suzannah" and "The Big Show." They backed up Cinema Star Gene Autry in more ways than one in these pictures. And as far as radio is concerned the boys have been singing and playing for the electric ears of radio since 1923.

The Doughboys own and operate a streamlined sound truck in the neighborhood of a city block in length. It's air conditioned and serves as a studio when the boys are on the road. Western Electric's latest sound equipment is used throughout. Not so long ago, the Doughboys, all seven of them, took to the air literally as they chartered Braniff's largest airliner for a jaunt into Oklahoma. It seems as though their bus wasn't fast enough and the gang voted on the other highway route full well knowing that their leader, Parker Willson, suffers air sickness even while standing atop a Texas haystack.

Last year Texas' own Mary Martin came to town. Mary had just stepped from the silver screen showing of "The Great Waltz". Did she appear with the local Town Hall Group? Did she sing with the Fort Worth Symphony? Absolutely not. Much to everyone's surprise, including Mary's own pretty surprise, she found herself singing popular ditties with Parker Willson's "Bring-Em-In-Alive" gang.

Last September Samuel Goldwyn's gigantic, super-colossal spectacle, "The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper, Doris Davenport and Walter Brennan, had its world premiere in Fort Worth. Plans for entertaining the visiting stars had been laid for many

Gary Cooper does his bit for the Light Crust Doughboys' audience as Parker Willson, Doughboys' mentor, looks on approvingly from the right.

Here we see Film Star Charlie Ruggles with Publisher Amon Carter in white hat.

Bob Hope, Pepsodent's ether salesman, speaks his part while the slightly baldish gent on the left looking on is Samuel Goldwyn.

weeks ahead. The entire reception crew of local dignataries were on hand to greet the three airplanes and their platinum-plated contents. Texas Rangers sat astride their steeds with alertness while the mayor and his company hung on to their steeds for dear life and hoped for the best.

Did the movie kings and queens follow the police escort straight into the waiting sport model luxury liners? Did the flicker heroes and heroines escape via the Airport's Administration Building and its side door? Absolutely not! Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Bob Hope, Bruce Cabot, Doris Davenport, Charlie Ruggles, Edward Arnold, Lillian Bond, etc., headed by Producer Samuel Goldwyn, were corralled by "Jessie James" Parker Willson and his merry band of Light Crust "outlaws" and steered for the Doughboys bus. From this point the airport broadcast originated and was carried by Station KGKO, 5,000 watt little brother to WBAP, it's Fort Worth Star-Telegram 50,000 watt big brother.

Along about noon-time of this same September day, the most eventfull in Fort Worth's visiting celebrity history, Amon Carter, genial Star-Telegram publisher, dined the notables at the fashionable and exclusive Fort Worth Club. It was an invitation affair with few invitations. Only the "really somebodys" passed through the Club's sacred precincts.

When 12:30 p. m. rolled around and the guests had filled their illustrous tummies, up popped — not Yehudi — but a whole crew of Yehudi's in the form of Willson and his Doughboys. In less time than it takes to run down another pedestrian Gary Cooper and his crowd were speaking their bits for the Light Crust audience from the Texas caprock in the Lone Star State's Panhandle to the Gulf's silvery sands. Some folks murmured: "Such crust!"

Master of Ceremonies Willson never missed a word of the script as he cast this aside: "Yes ladies, it's good old Light Crust!"


Doris Rich

From Stage Boards to Bread Boards!

From stage boards to bread boards might seem a broad jump, but it has been no feat for versatile Doris Rich.

AS DORIS MOORE, home economist and commentator, she points out to women listeners that home baking is easy, simple and economical. Her vivid descriptions of piping hot Parker House rolls fresh from the oven, or cinnamon rolls dripping with hot butter and sugar, both made with fast, granular Maca yeast, have started many a housewife running to the kitchen to surprise her husband with the almost-forgotten rolls "like Mother used to make."

As Doris Rich, daughter of the founder of the Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, and a veteran musician while still in her teens, she lived in a trunk or stage dressing room until she settled down to radio work in Chicago two years ago.

Having a permanent home for the first time in her life, she set out to make it charming, expressive of her personality — the sort of home that every woman with a spark of individuality dreams of. Miss Rich found her self-expression simple — an indulgence in antiques.

Her transformation to home economist has not been confined to her role on the air. She has become an expert on breadmaking and hostess whose Italian spaghetti and Chicken Tetrazinni, served in her antique copper Russian milk pan, along with Italian breadsticks, are famous in radio circles.

Inaugurated last spring as a local test-program, "Songs of a Dreamer" has gone national, with WLS and a series of stations from coast to coast broadcasting the show. Prime purpose of the program is to accelerate the "back to baking" trend in American homes. Gene Baker, baritone, weaves bits of home-spun philosophy into his poetic narrations, rounds out his songs with a "thought for the day." A musical background fitting each performance is provided by Larry Larsen at the organ.

Miss Rich's background in drama and music is more than extensive — it occupies a life time. Her father, Henry H. Rich, had her studying piano at seven years of age, and the flute at nine. He was determined that his daughter should become a musician. At 15 she was playing with the Rochester Symphony orchestra. Miss Rich recalls that she was 11 years old when she earned her first money — six dollars for a two-hour performance on the flute, and which she promptly spent for a front-lace corset. This was because a young lady whose figure she admired had told her that she owed her own splendid curves to such a garment.

At seven Doris Rich had a role in a benefit play, and was struck with stage fever. In spite of parental objections she entered some years later the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, determined to become an actress. That she attained her ambition is obvious in a glance at a record of her roles in the succeeding years.

She was Prudence in "Camille," in both the Jane Cowl and Eva LeGallienne productions; Maria in Jane Cowl's "Twelfth Night"; Clytemnestra in "Electra" with Blanche Yurka. She played Ibsen with LeGallienne on Broadway, and on the road. In "The Constant Wife" she appeared with Ethel Barrymore, and in Broadway productions starring Margaret Anglin, Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy. Her last appearance in Chicago in the legitimate theater was with the Lunts in "The Taming of the Shrew."

For ten years, off and on, she had radio parts in such plays as "Rich Man's Darling," and "Lorenzo Jones," and for 26 weeks she played over the air on Ethel Barrymore's series, "Great Plays." Then two years ago she settled down to radio permanently as Houseboat Hannah, and subsequently was selected to play Doris Moore for Northwestern Yeast Company.

She has made a hobby and a home collecting Early English and American Colonial antiques. Her particular prizes, among a well-balanced collection that has caught the eye of more than one antiquarian, include an old linen press, used now as a table — a spice box which hangs on the wall — an English tea table of 1790, complete with locks — a sailor's sea safe with a tiny, but efficient combination lock—a cobbler's bench — a Lazy Susan tea table — a rosewood music stand — and a small but fine China collection of Edward VIII pieces. Her Russian milk pan is just one of a large collection of antique cooking vessels of brass and copper.

The only note from Broadway is a miniature theatrical callboard, tucked away in an out-of-the-way corner of her apartment, where several old press notices are displayed. Among these are two about Sarah Bernhardt.

*Doris Rich, home economist known as **Doris Moore** on the Northwestern Yeast Company radio show, "Songs of a Dreamer," on WLS, Chicago, and other stations, and expert on Maca breadmaking, demonstrates a test that determines whether bread has properly risen. She presses her finger into the dough. If the dough holds a dent without springing back, it is "ready." Miss Rich uses an antique bread proofing box from colonial days for raising her dough.*

Jane Alden
Fashion Stylist

This former 4-H Club girl from an Iowa farm has attended European salon style openings, attends all the American openings, and as a leading American stylist today interprets personal and home styles for the radio audience over WLS, Chicago.

ONCE UPON a time, and not so long ago, either, well-dressed women of America thought fashions might come from anywhere, but style — ah, style — that had to come from Paris!

That is what Jane Alden thought, too — until she took a trip to Paris. She knew that the American girl had a style of her own, and believed she should have a style of dress of her own. So she returned to America and embarked on a career of informing American women on style.

Jane Alden was born on a farm in Iowa and engaged as a girl in 4-H Club activities, like so many girls living on farms today. But Jane Alden has vision; she wanted to bring style to the girls on the farms of America. She, too, went to Paris, to observe the fine points of style, and today Jane Alden is known to millions as the woman who dresses the farmer's daughter. And certainly, thanks to radio and motion pictures, the farmer's daughter today wants to be dressed in up-to-the minute fashions.

As stylist for the Chicago Mail Order Company, Jane Alden conducts her own radio program over WLS, Chicago, at 10:30 A. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Miss Alden's gay, chatty talks have proved inspiring to many housewives, since her down-to-earth advice on personal care and charm, as well as on good grooming for the home are practical and workable on limited budgets. The secret of her appeal is the bold, straight-forward way in which she blasts through the snobbishness of staging which characterizes many presentations of Paris, New York and Hollywood designers. Miss Alden talks in the plain, Mid-Western manner, picks out the styles she thinks practical for American women. She is smart and clever, but her attitude toward styles is refreshingly direct.

In her broadcasts, entitled "Fashions for Living", Jane Alden discusses the fashion ideas of famous and interesting personalities whom she has interviewed especially to report to her radio audience. Among those whose interviews are to be reported are Kate Smith, the Grand Duchess Marie, Antoinette Donnelly, Orchestra Leader Griff Williams, Prince Obolensky, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Joan Blaine, the radio actress.

JANE ALDEN

When Jane Alden interviewed Joan Blaine, they found they had a lot in common, for they grew up on neighboring Iowa farms. Miss Alden lived on a 500-acre farm near Fort Dodge, where she grew up with her five sisters. She still remembers the cold Iowa winters, how when the men would come in the girls would yell "Close the door," and hurry to put the rug back against the crack between the door and the floor, where the wind and snow whistled in and sent icy shivers up their backs.

She well remembers how, on rainy days she and her four sisters would cut out and color the paper dolls in the magazines. But it was the fine weather little Jane Alden really liked, the days when she could be out on her Shetland pony, romping over the rolling farmland. It was, however, best to stay away from the farmyard with her pony. For whenever Aunt Sally saw her in such boyish pursuits, Auntie would call her in for a lesson in mending or darning socks, with a warning that she had to learn to be a lady. It was Aunt Sally, too, who gave her one of her first lessons in styling.

Another early lesson, too, came from Aunt Sally. Jane was fascinated by the variety and beauty of a neighbor's clothes. She chattered away to her Aunt about them. But wise Aunt Sally only nodded her head and answered: "She should have nice clothes. Every cent she has, she puts on her back. But you ought to see her **house.**"

And today, Jane Alden, stylist, gives a large part of her broadcast time to discussion of home furnishing, as well as to clothes style and personal charm.

This Iowa farm girl has grown to be a style leader, a true sophisticate. She attends all major style openings in this country, and before the war, all those in Europe, including the openings of the swank salons along famous Parisian boulevards.

But for all her smart style, Jane Alden is still a home girl, practical and unspoiled. One of her pet peeves is the heavy smear of lipstick some women use — then leave most of it on the rim of a glass or coffee cup. And Jane Alden still loves to get back to the home farm in Iowa, to rest and visit with her sisters and to talk with 4-H Club girls about their dress problems.

The regulars of the Ouachita Roundup, heard from KTHS, Hot Springs, each Tuesday night. From left to right: with leis around their necks, the Easterlies:; standing, Carl, Lulubelle, Truman, Pee Wee and Cotton, the Skyliners; second from the right, Ed Appler. The remainder are members of Cowboy Jack's Prairie Pals. In addition to the regulars, from fifteen to thirty guests appear on the Roundup each week.

THE QUACHITA ROUNDUP

THE QUACHITA ROUNDUP is the successor to a barn dance-type of show which has been featured on KTHS, Hot Springs, weekly for the past thirteen years. Originally scheduled as a Barn Dance, the program was first conducted by Campbell Arnoux in 1929 and was broadcast from the studio of KTHS until the spring of 1938 when the show was renamed the Country Store and moved to the city auditorium.

During its colorful existence the feature has presented many notables and practically all the outstanding hillbilly and cowboy acts of the Southwest.

At one time, the Country Store, as it was then called was deluged with rabbit's feet. During a performance one night, Ed Appler, who then served as master of ceremonies, made great formality of hanging a rabbit's foot on the microphone. Within a month he had received rabbit's feet from thirty states. The collection included every size bunny tootsie from the tiny red rabbit in Georgia to the great Snowshoe rabbit. The response wasn't entirely limited to the feet of rabbits. A bass fiddle was adorned with two mule-sized ears from a Texas jack for many months.

In the spring of 1938, the Country Store had grown to such proportions that acts were run into the studio for broadcast in relays, so the stage of the city auditorium was set to simulate a Country Store and the show moved there with the public invited to attend.

Shortly afterward, in an effort to give the program a distinctive name it was renamed the Quachita Roundup after the Quachita National Forest near which Hot Springs is located. The setting now includes a campfire, a chuck wagon and bales of straw.

Everett Kemp succeeded Ed Appler as master of ceremonies and Pee Wee Roberts took over in 1939. The Quachita Roundup, one of the oldest shows of its kind on the air, has moved from night to night and had many changes in talent, but it continues to attract a nationwide audience. Frequently cards are received from listeners who have never missed a broadcast.

The Quachita Roundup is currently heard from KTHS, Hot Springs, at 9:05 P.M. Tuesday nights.

Tommy Dorsey (right) NBC's "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing," goes over the script of his new series with his featured vocalists Connie Haines and Frank Sinatra. Tommy and his popular gang are heard over the NBC-Blue network Thursdays in a musical show called "Fame and Fortune."

Charles Penman in the dual role of director and leading man "John Fairchild" in CBS's "Stepmother" serial gives a bit of advice to Barbara Fuller (Peg Fairchild) and Janet Logan (Kay Fairchild).

Statement Of The Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required By The Acts Of Congress Of August 24, 1912, And March 3, 1933.

Of RADIO VARIETIES published monthly at Chicago, Ill. for October 1, 1940.

State of Illinois., County of Cook—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. L. Rosenthal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the RADIO VARIETIES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher — F. L. Rosenthal, 1056 Van Buren Street

Editor — Wilton Rosenthal, 1056 Van Buren Street.

Managing Editor — None.

Business Managers — None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

F. L. Rosenthal, 115 S. Illinois Ave., Villa Pk., Ill.; Wilton Rosenthal, 3270 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

F. L. ROSENTHAL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of October, 1940.

M. A. BINDER,
Notary Public

(Seal)

(My commission expires Dec. 6, 1940.)

I'm a Hollywood Farmer

(Continued from page 9)

and began to plant on it. I have 361 acres in all so I cultivated a third of it and put it in sugar beets. I did a lot of the work myself, that is, as much as I could with movie and radio work. And my very first harvest turned out just dandy. I not only paid my expenses, but turned a little profit. The next season was even better as I got to know more about sugar beets and how to raise them. I never raised sugar beets before, you know, though I did have my share of farm work, both in Van Buren and on my uncle's farm in Oklahoma during my wanderings. I began thinking too about diversifying my crops. I planted some barley and black eyed peas and lima beans and had luck with all of them. And it was about that time that I decided to give up the house in Stone Canyon and build a home of my own right there on the land.

Well, let me tell you, folks, I've never been so happy in all my life as I've been since we moved into the house. Why, time there passes so fast that when I get to the broadcast on Thursday it seems just like the day before that we did last Thursday's. And that's a pretty sure sign a fellow's happy, I guess, when times begins to fly that fast. There are so many things to do around the farm it keeps every one of us busy from morning till night. I've got six hands now who live on the ranch permanently, and I hire as many as fifteen at harvest time. And there isn't a one of them that's idle. I guess they like the soil as much as I do.

Of my 351 acres, there's only six that aren't planted. That's the six I built the house on. It's not of them "style" houses, just a plain, white ranch house with eleven rooms, and believe me, we need every single one of them, what with the help and the Missus and the kids. By the time you read this, there'll be another one too, (and we've been prayin' hard everything turns out all right), born right in the house. All the other children were born in hospitals, but we didn't want this one to come anywhere but in the house. I was born in a house and so was everyone else in our family back in Van Buren, and I want at least one of my kids when he grows up to be able to point to our house and say, "That's the house I was born in."

We do all the farm work and all the hauling ourselves. I own two tractors now, and two trucks, and all the farm implements we need. I also have two mules to do some of the work we can't do with tractors and when it comes to putting on the harness and hitching them to the wagon, I'm just like a kid. We also have a circular saw with which we cut all the wood we need around the place. We build our own fences and sheds and I have two big barns in which to store alfalfa. I've started growing my own alfalfa already with the idea in mind of going into cattle raising next year. I've put 140 acres into alfalfa, and I'm going to buy up some of the lean and hungry pasture cows around here and fatten them up for the market. I expect to make a profit on it, of course, but nothing will give me a bigger kick than to see these cows dig their noses into the alfalfa and eat till they bulge. All my cattle will be beef cattle. I never did care for show cattle.

Well, so far we've worked hard and we've made the ranch pay for itself. I even flatter myself, or maybe it's just the truth, that I could quit radio and movie work right now and live off that farm. What's more it wouldn't make me unhappy. But don't get me wrong. Being a radio and picture comedian is my line. I'm in it because I like it and I aim to keep on trying to entertain you as long as you'll let me, even if it's 'till I'm so old I can't blow the bazooka any more. If anything, that farm of mine has made me work harder as a comedian than I ever did before. It's made everything in life seem more substantial and worth while. Maybe that's why God gave all of us way down deep in our hearts a hunger and a love for land. And I don't know of anything else but land that a fellow can still use after he's dead.

RADIO'S SUPER SALESMAN

(Continued from page 10)

BRANDT was born Brandt Bloomquist at Lynn, Mass., September 28, 1907, but was educated on the other side of the continent at the University of Washington. An orchestra leader in his school days, he became first violinist on Station KOMO in 1921. Was chief announcer at WROK for 4 years and came to NBC in August 1936. A perfect blond, he is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is conductor of the gossip column of the air known as Radio Parade.

PEARSON, another ex-radio singer, sang in his spare-time over a Shreveport, La., station while working as a bank teller. He worked later in radio at Port Arthur, Texas, and on KPRC, Houston. He came to NBC in June 1935. Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., on May 3, 1909, he now may be heard as announcer on The Guiding Light for Procter & Gamble, on General Mills' Beat the Band, on Miles Laboratories' Quiz Kids, on R. J. Reynolds' Uncle Ezra and on the Fitch Bandwagon.

BROWN, another ex-singer, admits he's a disappointed baritone. His early training pointed towards a vocal career, but he left the Cincinnati College of Music to study civil engineering at the University of Buffalo. Instead of following engineering, he took a radio audition at WGR, later moved to WLW in Cincinnati. He came to NBC in Chicago in 1932. Is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds. Is regularly heard on The Story of Mary Marlin for P & G's Ivory Soap and on Backstage Wife.

LYON, like Norman Barry, is an ex-sailor. He is also an ex-actor. He played juvenile leads in Cameo comedies in Hollywood, later joined Stuart Walker Stock Company in Cincinnati, played in "The Poor Nut" on Broadway and entered radio as an announcer at WTAM in Cleveland. He is 5 feet 9½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Shows on which he appears as announcer are Sach's Amateur Hour on WENR, Girl Alone for Kellogg, Uncle Walter's Dog House and Plantation Party.