They Call Her Radio's Garbo
But She's Not
By Lewis Y. Hagy

Foreign Legion Tales Based on War-Time Notebook, by Steve Trumbull
Fannie Brice and George Olsen's Orchestra

... She is probably singing "My Man." George is missing at the moment...

Funny Fannie Brice

Inadvertent Appearance At CA Brooklyn Amateur Night

Started Her On Her Career

By Ernest S. Colling

The association with Ziegfeld lasted for fourteen years with only one show of a short run when Miss Brice played an entire season in England. Edition after edition of the folies found Fannie heading the list of stars, and she became one of the best known and highest paid musical review artists.

Fannie might have been an Irish conceit, if it hadn't been for Irving Berlin. During her burlesque days, principals of the company were asked to get up a specialty act. She went to a publishing house and asked for a novelty song, and Irving, who was just starting out his career, gave her a number called "Sadie Salome." She sang it, and it was hit, and she sang all those songs in three days, but Berlin gave her the birdie.

"Try it with a bolder accent," he suggested. I'll buy you fifty songs!"

Of course, as she points out, if Irving had happened to have a loophog song in his store, he might have been George Gershwin. And that's not as good as it might seem, because Miss Brice, in addition to being a comedienne, is a fine concert artist. Audiences discovered this the night she sang her most famous number, "My Man," for the first time and handed Broadway reviews reading "bravissimo.""

Fannie left the Folies after the 1924 edition, and appeared in two Music Box Follies and as the star in "Fanny" in 1927. Then she broke into the talksies and made "Be Yourself" and "My Man." She came back to the stage to star in other musical comedies, and to continue the radio work which she had started some time before.

Fishing and portrait painting—and trying to imagine two more widely varied avocations—are Miss Brice's favorite hobbies. At night, when she isn't working and can't fish or paint, she does on the radio. Then, in the morning she goes in and in the evening she studies lyrics in bed. She goes in for clothes in a big way, especially black and tan ensembles and if she can afford it, she makes her dress when she will make it, and she can't remember names of people she knows. One time, when Fannie had been married for more than a year to Billy Rose, she started to introduce him as a friend, and to save her life she didn't recall her private life name, and she doesn't forget how to put a song across or how to get a laugh. She learned how to "my man" before the old Bill, and her ability to do it made her one of the greatest favorites.

MR. FANNIE BRICE—There's not much need to go ahead with the story; the name tells it all. Those who have seen and heard her are enthusiastic fans; those who have not, want to, and nothing that can be said or written can add to charm or the interest she arouses wherever her name is mentioned.

Fannie, who is Mrs. Billy Rose, wife of the theatrical producers, has been in the public eye for what seems all too short a time, but which in reality covers quite a span of years. During most of this time she has been a recognized star, and for the past fifteen years she has been one of the biggest and highest paid headliners in musical reviews and vaudeville and never comes by chance or opportunity. She has been awarded a place among the handful of theTesting...
Gertrude Niesen's Pose Of Sophistication Got Her Past Broadway's Gates

By Lewis Y. Hagy

It is just by way of proving that Gertrude Niesen, once found by some of the people all of the time, Gertrude Niesen has been kidd ing the ears of 31st Broadway ever since she entered the show business two years ago. And especially the portion of Broadway comprising the bighorn of radio.

To them that tell me that this dainty and exotic young person was the Gertrude of the air, I confess the comparison seems quite as inapt as though she had been called the human butterfly. But with the mind and wherefore I understand what a lovely run-around this lady has been handing the sophisticates into whose midst she found suddenly plunged.

Two years ago, Gertrude, newly graduated from Brooklyn College, was leading the careful circle of the only child of well-to-do parents, and had little on her mind but beautiful and softly waved black bangs. Life for her was therefore a fairly beautiful one. She had no thought whatever of any career, and gave herself up completely to the extremely pleasant existence of a beautiful and perhaps younger girl. When there wasn't anything amusing at hand, she stirred something up, and the best illustration I can give you of the depths to which she plunged the life of this dainty little girl was known to dance until 3:30 a.m. and then tumble out of bed two hours later to give her a moment of beauty. She might see Lydia Roberti in "You Said It," and the night after that, she attended a party at the home of a girl they have.

One of the young men at the party played "St. Louis Blues" on the piano, and Gertrude proceeded to astonish everyone, including herself, by giving one swell imitation of Lydia Roberti.

Of course, critics find at such a gathering are apt to come along with their praise, and the forthcoming chorus of "Why that's marvelous, Gertrude." "You ought to go on record, sweetie." and the like. Those are noticed at Gertrude's performances, and she took the moments of praise and with a pinch of the heart, set out to embark upon a career. Just like that.

Now up to this time, there is not anything to indicate that young Miss Niesen (she was nineteen then) Get out your pencil and paper and figure out what makes her two years later. That's right—you've got it) resembled the noted Garbo in any respect whatever. But that day, the day she set out all afraids from Brooklyn for the air of the booking agent—that day she adopted the adopted the the protector armor that led her to later in being dubbed "La Niesen." You must remember that she had never in the office of a booking agent. When you come to think of those experienced actresses, acclimated to the cynical sows of such gentry, frequently approach booking agents in a state of marked trepidation, you can easily understand that this unsuspected girl of nineteen must have experienced much the same sensation as one of her own Christians selected to go ten fast rounds with a lion, back in the days of the Carsons.

So she figured, and apparently figured correctly, that the only way she stood a chance to wear the mask of extreme la la. Which, events seemed to prove, did to perfection.

And she walked into the den of the booking agent, never having held a job before in her life, and with a carefully assumed not-too-eager manner, informed him that she wanted work. Brusquely he told her to sit down, and with an air of doing the guy a great favor, he did so.

"What have you done?" the agent demanded.

"I'm a singer, I do impersonations," Gertrude informed him.

"How much money do you want?"

That was precise. For a moment, because as a matter of fact, Gertrude didn't know the answer. But she tempted that hurdle lightly. That depends on where I'm billed, and what's offered," she countered.

So the agent took her name, and address and telephone number, and said he'd get in touch with her when something turned up.

Naturally, Gertrude figured the agent had seen through her insincere pose, and that she'd never hear from him again, so she went on home, and said nothing whatever about her visit. She simply charged the thing up to experience, and returned to the carefree round of parties and the Roberti imitation won her an instant offer of $100 a week.

Of course, perhaps the thing to do would have been to refuse, and stay home with her mother and father Niesen, but to Gertrude, it seemed more logical to accept the offer right away quick, and do the talking over afterward.

But while father and mother were adding that codicil to their permission for Gertrude to take the audition, she was on her way toward Broadway.

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Certainly it was away past bedtime before Gertrude's parents were finally won over to her side of the argument, but suffice to say that they were won over, so that's that. And it might as well go on record that, once they agreed, they were perfectly swell about it from all that time on.

Just as she had adopted an air of extreme and bored sophistication when she first crashed the gate of the booking office, so the terrified young girl hid behind that pose Gertrude's parents suggested was to keep her away from fame and fortune, but nevertheless, it is true.

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Certainly, by the time Gertrude was 19 years old, and the announcer had been taken over at meeting 75 at Radio City Music Hall. But even then, she was already under contract to CBS. 

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By Lewis Y. Hagy

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Gertrude Niesen was quite a smoothie...
Atmosphere Is HALF the Job

That carries the lines to the listener, the crooning, the pauses— the actor's time, and reaction to it. The actor's effects and voices in the background build the show into a dramatic entertainment rather than a mere dialogue.

This western series, it seems to me, is particularly well cast with actors and actresses whose entire experience is centered in the territory east of Hoboken, N. J. Drawing room accents are unaccented, and there is a hard, authentic, hard, outdoor, western sound in the background. Fraser, the actor, is a native Texan, and I find that when I listen to the show there is a kind of a guy. That one word makes a lot of difference.

To the listener—these people are just voices. The audience doesn't get a look behind the scenes to see what goes on at rehearsal or they would have a different impression. These actors and singers have proven on many occasions to be valuable team players in a program, and the sound effects engineers and the story writers themselves, are a native Texan.

The program directors are not my line, but detail, and plenty of it, is a big factor in my radio work. The detail which is my particular worry must fit in with other innumerable details in the program. I'm the man of my program for these Monday night western shows and play occasional parts in the script. Under the able direction of Marion Parsonnet, the actors, the sound effects engineers and the listeners (I may say, at the risk of being charged with immodesty) impart an atmosphere of authenticity to every program.

This air of authenticity is to me, the strongest item in the program's foundation—or in the foundation of any dramatic program. It is the invisible scenic painter that works on the imaginations of the radio audience. Without it, the most dramatic of script acts falls flat. It is present in a number of details that seem to go unnoticed, but which, nevertheless, have a psychological effect on the listener. The tones of a rolling western drawl can fill the air waves with the tangy winds of the range and the prairie; the use of a colorful collocation can transport the audience unconsciously to a sun-scorched Texas town.

To me this background seems all important, when a program is considered worth putting on the air, it is usually taken for granted that there is a powerful enough story—if it is a script act—to carry it along. Otherwise it would probably not have been auditioned in the first place. But the story is just the clay from which the real show is moulded. The director and his cast must put on the finishing touches. In their hands lie the power to improve or spoil the material they have been given. This is particularly true in the Bar X programs. The stories turn out by Ferris Fraser, Columbia's continuity director, are always colorful and loaded with action. But the voices of John and Bill Mitchell and Pearl Pickens are westerners and Kenneth Duganne comes from Minnesota.

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Romances of FIGHTING MEN

ACCORDING to old and official records of the Columbia Broadcasting System, "Tales of the Foreign Legion" is exactly forty-three weeks old. The forty-third episode of this weekly Friday evening adventure drama from the Chicago studios had just been presented as it was written.

Actually "Tales of the Foreign Legion" is some 239 weeks old.

Its real beginning was in a proposed notebook in the mud-splattered O. D. trenches of Sergeant Bill Cooper in the Marine sector of France back in 1918. Between lulls in the more serious business of pumping steel-packeted 30-06's at the other fellow's trenches, Sergeant Bill of the 11th Infantry, developed the habit of jotting down the line for some chatter with the Second March Regiment, French Foreign Legion.

Sergeant Bill thus polished up his French, and heard some weird news, which were later jotted down in the aforementioned notebook. Having a gift for picking up languages, and having served with Pershing in Mexico and on the border, Sergeant Bill was already quite proficient with Spanish. He developed friendships among the Spanish soldiers in that regiment of all nations, and the outline of still more yarns went into that little notebook.

Sergeant Bill was planning to put it all in a novel some day. He'd never considered radio broadcasting back in those days of 1918.

The war ended and Sergeant Bill became Willis O. Cooper. He drifted into the advertising business, as a copy writer, but his interest in military affairs continued. His relaxation from business was the Reserve Corps. He now ranks as a captain in the 17th Cavalry.

Three years ago, the notebook packed away and forgotten, along with the other momentos of those distant days. Cooper entered radio broadcasting as a continuity writer. For eighteen months he wrote "The Empire Builder." Then he came to the Columbia network as continuity chief at the Chicago studios.

Sgt. Bill Cooper (now Captain Willis O.) had authored scores of radio scripts, and one day, he chanced to find in a notebook a mention of that notebook and the unwritten novel. And that's the real low-down on the book of "Tales of the Foreign Legion."

From the very first episode this radio series has drawn a steady flow of letters of praise from soldiers and ex-soldiers. The tone of all of these letters is the same. It's a real picture of military life.

The reason is obvious. Sergeant Bill is playing the role of Mendora, the Spanish soldier, and he has hand-picked a cast of actors who talk like soldiers.

The crossing tribute to Cooper's show came last summer. Captain Edgar Hamilton of the Second March Regiment, Foreign Legion, now stationed at Meknes, Morocco, was back in the United States, and in Chicago on leave. Captain Hamilton had read several not complimentary American books concerning his beloved Legion, and his ire was mounting. Someone told him about "Tales of the Foreign Legion," on WLBV and the Columbia network. Captain Hamilton didn't want to hear an episode. Assuming that it must be in the tone of all other American opinions of the Legion he called at the studio, and there was a pleasantly surprising greeting in his eye inquired for the author.

Duly curtey the captain introduced himself. Le-

Sgt. Bill Cooper

780 weeks ago he made notes shown above...
Stoopnocracy

To do

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the security and happiness of tomorrow.

show how

powerful

"Horse

Kelley

long before

predictions of

which

attended until

also

comprehend. Each program

(boys)

Kelley

DANNY-

as

believed in his own vision-

point, the manufacturer from his, the farmer from his, the

manager from his, and the political think-tank from the Lord

knows what. New Danny, whatever we need most of all. Casey

thinks collectively of all the different parts. Do ye see what

Andrew Kelley sold his program idea first to Kelin Hager,

manager of WGY. Kelley himself was, in his ambition to help

reform the public in the realm of economics, to impress

everyone with the idea that everyone was agreed on the ideas of

Kelley, and it was in the interest of his program to work

through a program that was called "educational," and they

were winning the approval of the economist, the banker, the

lawyer, the doctor, the farmer and trade unionist. Whether

or not they all agree with the arguments of Danny, practically

all believe that he has adopted an effective method for

putting over his message.

KELLY is American-born, but he has inherited and

retained a perfect Irish brogue. All his lines carry

the flavor of the Emerald Isle. Now a resident of

Marcy, N. Y., a village near Utica, Kelley was born and

lived the greater part of his life in Cleveland. He was

educated at St. Ignatius College, a Jesuit institution. For

many years Kelley was engaged as a building contractor,

succeeding to the business of his father. During the World

War he was drafted by the government, on the recom-

mendation of his friend Newton D. Baker, to preserve

houses between workmen and employers. The great in-

dustrial zone which included Ohio and western Pennsyl-

vania. So effective was he as an intermediary that not

one hour of work was lost because of strikes by a single

man of the 360,000 workmen in the zone.

Kelley is proud of his record during the World War.

It was an achievement to keep 360,000 men at work during

a great crisis. Today he is trying to help the country in

a different way, and it is his ambition to help restore

conditions so that millions now idle may again have

opportunity to earn a living.

Have you ever given any thought to butterball
paddles? They're strange little things, with their tiny
grooves—row upon row of them—resembling ever-so-many we tresses
over which little soldiers might wage minia-
ture warfare, if that's their idea of fun.

Some say they are begetted upon us, too, which sort
makes a nice thing of it all around.

All of this reminds us that Stoopnocracy is doing
swimmingly. They're being scattered hither, thither and
yon—to the four winds, as they say when using nautical
jargon—and I'm not going to make a pun on the word
"nautical," which is indeed a dandy fine break for youse
all.

One of the Jimm-dandyest ideas yet to gain admittance
into the inner sanctum of Stoopnocracy, whatever the hell
that is, is one submitted by Jimmy Reis, of the Cincinnati,
O., Reis'. Jimmy, after considerable time and thought, has
evolved a jig-saw puzzle made of cork so you can
play in it the bath-tub. He's pondering now over what
to do about people who take showers.

You don't hear so much talk about butterball paddles
anymore, and it's caused us to wonder somewhat.

But to get on with the thing, a prospective Stoopno-
crat, who signed himself "B. Winkler," of the Bronx, N. Y.,

thinks that a lot of wasted time would be saved at base-

ball games if the catchers would wear cellulophone masks.

Then, when the batter hits a foul tip the catcher won't

have to pull his mask off in order to see the ball. Nice
gong, "B."

The other day we started to wonder who invented the

first butterball paddle. Stuff like that always makes us

stop and think.

Moths are another thing. One day we feel sorry

for moths, and the next day we get mad as anything

at them. We once met a tired moth. It was just

the other day, too. We felt pretty darned sympathetic,

and then we got a great idea. We decided to manufacture

suits with moth holes already started in them just for

the benefit of tired moths.

Sort of like ourself-stitching moth holes.

Then for the moths that we're mad at, we've got

another disinvention. It's a suit made entirely of moth

holes, so the moths will starve to death. We haven't quite

figured out how to sew a button onto a moth hole, but

time solves stuff like that. Maybe we're getting a little

slightly.

We went out and bought several books, but none of

them had a single word about butterball paddles or how

they came into the world, so we went our way, and just

wondered and wondered.

Ronald Hartle, of West Lafayette, Ind., who once

before broke into print with a crackerjack idea, says that

the moths could revolutionize the great American

game of baseball by eliminating one player. Then you'd

have to say that you played on your school "eight" in-

stead of nine. We wish Hartle would get an idea of

introducing a baseball in the shape of a boomerang, so

that the pitcher would throw it and it would come right

back to him.

An autobiography of a butterball paddle would make

interesting reading.

For, if, for no reason at all, you

wouldn't take a Butterball Paddl

crat, send an idea for a dismo-

vention to Colonel Stoopnagle

and Bud, care of R. O. C.

Gone, 112 Fourth Ave., New

York. You will be enrolled

on the Great Stoopnocracies.

And we'll reward you with a

copy of the second annual

booklet, which is the last word

in the Butterball Paddles of

America.
Their Problems Are Problem.

That Might Have Been Yours—
Old As Time, Yet Always New

By Robert Andrews

Betty and Bob, having gone Broadway with trepidation in their small-town hearts, found they were right at home after all. And the man who writes about them went home to do some more writing, with enough material to last him for weeks—provided by people you'd imagine had never heard of "Betty and Bob" in all their electric-lighted lives.

And maybe that proves something. Maybe, I wrote radio just long enough, by now, to be sure of only one thing about radio, which is that you can never be sure about anything.

But... as Mr. Smith of the Empire State Smith

Betty and Bob...do I think Betty and Bob got pretty close to the heart of a great many married men and women? Surely, the returns from this first experiment were encouraging, and as "Betty and Bob" continued to attract more listeners, we went to NBC, we are there, doing afternoons each week, and Marcia Talent, the elegant, the impeccably cruel, Miss Smith, the office wife: Garenza, the devoted confidante; George, the boy from the family; Jane Water, who used to work with Betty in the office and who latterly married George because he has too much money, or, rather, counts to be real, today. Real. Betty and Bob discovered that day they spent at Broadway—today as much, to Main Street, America.

"We're not taking elaborate hops about realism, about radio art. We're simply going along, trying to remember that the colonel's lady and Jolly O'Grady are artists, as an audience, but not so deeply observed, but more, that the colonel and Corporal Mike O'Grady are alike, as well. It meant something, then, the day the two-thousand-dollar-radio broadcast started. Betty and Bob, South Dakota, found in a plea to let Betty triumph right away over Marcia Talent. It meant something when the deb from Park Avenue who works on the Showboat hour for fun said—drowning the little stenographer in Chicago—"I think it's time Jane Waters said Yes to George."

"Beatrice Churchill is Betty." I think her Cinderella story has been told before, but it is worth telling again. She came along to the audience with a little girl from the country, her friend, to have the audience; Bean was only there because the dog had a bad cold, but her friend's cold was so bad that the friend could not even talk on the microphone. So Beatrice, frightened, tense, asked if the audience might be allowed to speak words into the mysterious, magic make. And did. And her voice quality was so perfectly that sometimes he had imagined it as a synthesis of all the shy little brides in all the little houses on Main Street, America, that immediately Beatrice Churchill was contracted for "Betty and Bob."

Don Ameche is Bob. He heard every young twin story our own could offer, as we sought a "Bob" for the program. There were cultured young men with a "Des Moines—Park Avenue Avenue"... there were authentic college; there were weary matine idol's hoping to rejuvenate their youth on the air where their wrinkles could not be seen; there was a young fellow who grew up as a "Bob" as he was supposed to have grown up, to two of "good" colleges, having a lot of fun, being casually irresponsible, being carelessly correct, whose name was Don Ameche. He was asked. Don become Betty's Bob.

"We're built, I think, the first real "all-star" cast in radio history. For the Dane May Salburg is "Churchill," Yale Walker as "Baldridge" (slowly) That's right, Betty."

BEATRICE CHURCHILL AND DON AMECEHE

...Betty and Bob, having gone Broadway with trepidation in their small-town hearts...

says... let's look at the record. "Betty and Bob" started its radio career as an experiment, as does every other program. In three widely separated cities, listeners began, one day, to hear about a girl who worked in an office until she met the millionaire's son, about the rich boy who having married a working girl against his father's orders, found himself cast aside with no money, no training to earn a living. About Betty and Bob, married just one month, facing poverty, realizing that Bob's father's implacable determination to separate them wrecked a marriage for both. As it did. The disaster of epic tragedy. The disaster of not having enough money to pay for the laundry, of having to rob the little pie-bakc in the kitchen clock for enough pennies to pay for a movie in town—and then having Bob spend the money, also, on a luncheon for a college friend downtown. Who was it wrote about little things hurting so much more? I think they...
Monday, June 12

Radio Guide

King George V

Contented Program

8:00 a.m. CDT - 7:00 a.m. CST

KWGN-Chicago Symphony program

WMAQ-Breakfast Express

WBBM-Little Jack, vocal and piano (CBS)

WGCA-Fidelis' Aircraft Club Program

WBCN-Bohemian Melodies

WGN-Good Morning, America Program

WJWD-Happy Go Lucky Time

WLS-Morning Edition

WMAQ-True Time

9:15 a.m. CDT - 8:15 a.m. CST

WBBM-World News

WLS-World News

WGN-World News

WCFL-Miss Flanders Hour

10:00 a.m. CDT - 9:00 a.m. CST

WBBM-Men's Club

WLS-Newspaper Round Table

WGN-Miss Flanders Hour

WCFL-Girl's Sextet (NBC)

11:00 a.m. CDT - 10:00 a.m. CST

WBBM-Wish Book

WLS-WBSC Little Aces

WGN-Wish Book

WCFL-Symphony Orchestra

12:00 noon CDT - 11:00 a.m. CST

WBBM-Children's News

WLS-Children's News

WGN-Children's News

WCFL-Breakfast Show

1:00 p.m. CDT - 12:00 noon CST

WBBM-Hot and in Trade

WLS-Hot and in Trade

WGN-Hot and in Trade

WCFL-Memorial Service

2:00 p.m. CDT - 1:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Memorial Service

WLS-Memorial Service

WGN-Memorial Service

WCFL-Children's Hour

3:00 p.m. CDT - 2:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Memorial Service

WLS-Memorial Service

WGN-Memorial Service

WCFL-Children's Hour

4:00 p.m. CDT - 3:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Memorial Service

WLS-Memorial Service

WGN-Memorial Service

WCFL-Children's Hour

5:00 p.m. CDT - 4:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Memorial Service

WLS-Memorial Service

WGN-Memorial Service

WCFL-Children's Hour

6:00 p.m. CDT - 5:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Memorial Service

WLS-Memorial Service

WGN-Memorial Service

WCFL-Children's Hour
PIELMUS AND PRUNES

Radio Guide

By Evans Plummer

IN CASE you're ever in an accli-
mation Chicago's north
shore, you might want to carry
a card instructing people not
to take you to the St. Francis Hospital.
If you tell them that it, you might
after you have read Vincent Piel-
mus, NBO, mikeman, and an engin-
neer, your network, were badly
injured last week in a car crash.

Mamie took the unconscious
Pelletier to the St. Francis. For
two hours they would make no
progress. Blood had mingled in
its skull was fractured until broadcasting asso-
ciation. Chicago NBO and the
studio passed the bat and
raised the $50 to $75 for money
argent was guaranteed. Credit,
by the way, is due Dr. Loyd Davis,
brain specialist and friend of radio,
who examined Pelletier and
took his case in charge—for nothing.

Prunes to the St. Francis Hospi-
tal

What's What

LEO REISMAN, handicapped by
being forced to employ Chicago
musicians, has to try to keep his
social good self to the Congress of
Genius and to open the beau-
iful new Naperville room there, and
better, the degree the chance was over
won the elite crowd hands down.

The Chicago Pastorale of
Lopez, in the urban room of the
same hotel, will have plenty to
do with the halls, knowing the
Reisman musicmanship and per-
sonality. The crowd away, they
have NBC wires—First Nighter,
then, offers "The Three Strikes;", a
realistic baseball play with
Hal Tafel, yet NBC editor.

This de luxe and first-rate
Grace Allen and George Burns
clear their show in Chicago and
flew aboard a huge transport plane
from "Baron Mancham" to New York.

"I'm flying myself and it's
time to say good-bye," and the
rest, is history.

"Why Baron;" Scrubbed this col-
umn. "There is no plane with
twenty engines."

"No?" The Baron came back.
"I suggested five."

They had chatted with Pearl.
He had just crowded a bunch
of newsmen to entertain the
vests at the Edward Hines Memori-
al Home. A hundred didn't take
enough for the pleasure I had in giving
them some fun," he said. And
you knew he meant it.

Plums and—

BERNARDINE FLYNN, Vic's
sister rates another plum for a
them afternoon show and in
which she played Queen Elizabeth
and also doubled at a applying meal.
So splendid was her work that even
NBV officials thought Lynn Fos-
more was doing her regular role and
some detected the doubling.

The National who was a basket-
of juicy plums for "Hill-Billy
Heart Throbs". It's a dream with
"Tales of a Way-side Inn" and
"Moonshine and Highwater."

if you liked them which you must
have; and a runner-up for CBS's
"John Henry." A pat asks me who
advertisers pass up such naturals
and after three-weeks of audition,
arrival at the unoriginal de-
signer—but the question is
the question I put but difficult.

Can cannot analyze the
of account of executives
and advertising agency
vice-presidents.

Taglines

HEADMAN, M. J. Ayersworth,
of NBC, in Chicago this week
attending the Radio Manufacturers
Association dinner and doing the
World's Fair. While he ar
announced William F. Hedges, veteran
WMQ manager, will assume the
post at KDKA Pittsburgh effective
June 5. Hedges will take with him
Solomon A. F. (Roy) Harrington,
producer and John Gibbons, who, of
the Chicago Post-Gazette, will join.
Harrington, of WMQ pro-
matically.

As you read this, Mikenom Charley Luyk
will be pulling into Edmonton, Al-
bera, to make NBC contact for a broadcast premi-
ere when the globe circling pilot lands
there.  Busy Dick and his
Corps are due in Chicago June
22, where their show will
be in show June 25 and open July 1 at the World's
Fair Mid-Ath Pavilion.  "Rin Tin
Tin," in a show in town with master
for Boston to bow to bow-wit other
clothes at the Hollywood opening
at the Hollywood Bowl. Rin Tin
will run. Thursday, June 6, on the show
traveling to Chicago.

Now that Mary Stahl, NBC's
reactor, has been made a Ken-
tucky Colonel, the truth court
about her career and peculiarities.
Many pressed her about her
weary wearing shoes
when she broadcasts, is a myth.  "It only happens once, and that
pair of shoes looks terrible."

Gracie, George and Guy

Gracie Allen, at the step ladder
climbs a ladder to hang the wine odd and i brother of beer on the build-
ing of her sponsor at the World's Fair. She please
note, is at the end of her rope and giving the hook to Guy
Lombardo while George Burns directs.

Cosmetics

Buy Yours Where the Radio and Stage Stars Buy Thems
Write for FREE Samples and prices

Prof. J. Warrenson
Dept. B, 693 Washington St.
Boston, Mass.

HOW YOU CAN GET INTO BROADCASTING

BROADCASTING offers re-
markable opportunities to
talented men and women who
are trained in broadcasting
training. It will also
our associates to

WHAT is YOUR major in School?
School.

Engrossed in Broadcasting and Film

Complete evening explo-
as a designer is an valu-
ous course in tailor-

www.americanradiohistory.com
Wednesday, June 14

11:00 a.m. CST

Honoring Roosevelt

11:40 a.m. CST

Tales of Titans

11:55 a.m. CST

Radio Guide

12:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-Sports Report

12:05 p.m. CST

WGN-Alma's Orchestra

12:10 p.m. CST

WGN-Palmer House Ensembles

12:15 p.m. CST

WBBM-Jimmy and Ernie Songs; horns

12:20 p.m. CST

WBBM-The Court of Monte Cristo; crime

12:25 p.m. CST

WBBM-Burke Higgins, contrabassist

12:30 p.m. CST

WBBM-Chansons Parisiennes, tenor

12:35 p.m. CST

WBBM-Booby Rogers' Orchestra

12:40 p.m. CST

WBBM-6:45 CST

WBBM-Elvis Lopez Orchestra

12:45 p.m. CST

WBBM-City of Music and Song

12:50 p.m. CST

WBBM-Utility Consumers and Investors

12:55 p.m. CST

WBBM-From Hollywood, Alas Lynums and Allen Smith

1:00 p.m. CST

WBBM-George Anderson, real estate

1:05 p.m. CST

WBBM—Three Kings

1:10 p.m. CST

WBBM—Phil Cones Shavers (NBC)

1:15 p.m. CST

WBBM—7:00 CST

WBBM—Mark Fisher's Orchestra

1:20 p.m. CST

WBBM—Honoring Editors

1:25 p.m. CST

WBBM—Phil Harris' Orchestra

1:30 p.m. CST

WBBM-To be announced

1:35 p.m. CST

WBBM—Uncle Joe

1:40 p.m. CST

WBBM—Tales of the Titans (NBC)

1:45 p.m. CST

WBBM—Conrad Thalh and

1:50 p.m. CST

WBBM—Thames of Music and Song

1:55 p.m. CST

WBBM—7:15 CST

WBBM—Star Dust; studio; guyo solo by Uhlen Turr

2:00 p.m. CST

WBBM—Arthur Tracy, the Street singer, and

2:05 p.m. CST

WBBM—Walter Campion's Orchestra

2:10 p.m. CST

WBBM—Walter Campion's Orchestra

2:15 p.m. CST

WBBM—Walter Campion's Orchestra

2:20 p.m. CST

WBBM—Walter Campion's Orchestra

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CARL SANDBURG, accompanying himself on the guitar, will return to the air and several of his own poems Sunday (NBC-WLS at 7:30 p.m. CDT.

One of the first strong voices to come from the land of Mr. San Souci, has steadily enlarged the scope of his work. His voice, which to read was once thought like "Taking a cold shower," did much to make this country acceptable here. Those who were shrewd by its rough sound of things found it broodingly tender and ever invigorating.

San Souci's voice and music have come from a place that is both a bower and a bower, the only authentic children's tales written by a modern American. Normal and implicative, they are the Gulliver's Travels of American folk music.

San Souci today walks for hours through the canyons of the city and amuses himself by looking along the new buildings with a smile, or a bit of an uncanny twisted wood. His great passion, gone from his writing, is the only entertainment we phonogamically disguise is night clubs. His weight and growth might with profit be followed by our columnists in "Time = Solitude = Toll."

Folk Lore

It is not for all that this we are concerned with Mr. Sandburg in this column. Rather it is because for many years he has been interested in rescuing American folk-lore from obscurity. All the songs our country has had are collected in his "Melodies from Many lands." Without it, many of the forgotten tunes and songs from our history would be lost. With it, we have preserved the beginnings of American music.

I want to hear you tell the deep, low story of the guitar, in speech. San Souci makes use of all the devices of a vocalist. He doesn't talk, he sings. And he gives a glimpse of American folk-lore as no other performer can.

You may relish his philosophy and his music, or you may not. He says, which is an echo asking 2 shadow dancer, to be partners in the content of your thoughts. But remember, too, that a song is the history of a people. A history of yesterday are a gold mine produced by some composer of tomorrow.

Happenings

A TIRO TOSCANINI has accepted honorary citizenship in the city of Bayreuth. The great Italian was honored by the Burgomaster of Wagner's home town, in an act that deserves commemoration because it overlooks narrow nationalities and stupid patriotism.

Mr. Toscanini feels it an honor to be the first world guest at Bayreuth. For him, the place is

Radio Guide

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Radio Guide

Chicago Studio PEEPS
By Rollin Wood

June 13, at 9:15 p.m. will be composed entirely of his own compositions.

Those popular "Quillibland" stories over WMAQ every Friday at 5:15 p.m. have a timely World's Fair theme which listeners each week a free trip to the Exposition and a complete tour of the enchanted island.

WJJD's White Sox fans have handsewn themselves together to be known as the Sox Boosters Club.

The club is planning, in honor of Ted Lyons, jugboy of Chicago, some sport announcements have been made but four announcements of this day have been made by the listeners to send in a sum of money not to exceed ten cents. The response has been tremendous as more than $50 has been received in dimes. The money collected will go for gift for Ted Lyons. This is the first radio has created a day for a baseball player.

Tony Enfield, NBC publicist, has time for everything, even the 12,000-mile trip from the Lincoln Tavern, where anabolic act is part of the floor show. Tony was invited to this table to become part of the act, principally because he represented a daily paper, and permitted himself to be represented. Faint cheers from Frances Clark, another member of the show's back-up, were heard.
Radio Guide

By Mike Porter

W ith the rustling of the summer tires, as the people repatriate from the South comes the annual depreciation of the fact that radio is still not as loud and clear as we might wish. It is seasonal, this complaint, because the broadcasters' clients, finding that the great majority of listeners desert loudspeakers for beach and resort, and pay only scant attention to the auto radio, and the networks, there, are winding up their budgets and preparing to lay off until the chill winds of the autumn force the audience indoors again.

Really, the summer season with its inevitable retreat of the big radio events, ought to bring added interest to broadcasting. It is the season when the "in-jun," get their break—when the big stars return themselves, and where words thus far are filled with new voices and new situations—not just new everything, but orchestras, which seem to be radio periodicals. I am a person who appreciates an interest in summer broadcasting changes, the music, the novelties which afford, and try to discover in the summer crop of performers, something that will glorify, at least, the entertainments of the winter.

But all the voices, unfortunately, are filled with the performing personalities of novelties. It seems incredible for instance, that the networks, with all the talent still at hand, that they should not maintain that a speech by King Cog, Hitler, Mussolini, or any of the European leaders who have been talking us to death, is still a novelty. It is unbelievable that experienced network executives should continue wasting their time and ours by pouring into our ears the serious and often dull talk which comes from the foreign capitals. We do not insist on native orators, but we do expect the novelty of listening to a lot of old stories in which we have no interest, so far as entertainment is concerned.

Ideas for Talks

They have been working around microphone long enough to suspect also that endless talk and speeches are boredom to them, and the cause of public resentment. Let it seem to the networks, if continuing, looking for the next group of big stars, why, in heaven's name, do they not bring up and bring some interesting talkers to the limelight? If, for instance, the air might bring a head man of a radio network, or a few of his key men, he might find his remarks interesting. Another personage, if we must have programs from foreign capitals, which I would like to hear, is J. James W. Walker, former Mayor of New York, who is always interesting. And why not have Queen Mary of England talk on "Toilers of the Sea," friendship? Would it be interesting to hear the story of Mme. Lepusche, the lady love of King Carol, from her own throat?

On a dull evening, it would be both edifying and educational to hear a few ad lib remarks by Al Capone.

And I have a notion that Ossian Connelly, the champion gourmand, would have a few interesting items about which to remark. Why should we strain our ears listening to Hitler when they could give us a speech by Tom Mason, or the principal in some recent and topical divorce case?

The cop whose job it is to spot perverts in Central Park, to be an ideal guy for dispensing some red hot stuff by way of caricatura.

I think, too, it would be interesting to hear Attorney Edmund Peck offer a few well-chosen remarks.

There are many of the radio moguls and the broadcasting companies who write anonymous letters to newspapers containing all sorts of uncomplimentary and threatening remarks—particularly if their property budgets have been exposed.

I have received one particularly unimpressive missive by an anonymous scribbler, to whom I beg leave to reply.

"I have your letter before me, and in a few minutes it will be gibralto me."

The two best stories of the week, to materialize in the New York Studio, I believe were these:

-- No. 1—Pit Cook, the many voiced gent, contracted the first cold in his life. When he became husky, naturally, all twelve voices of the village characters he portrays, became husky too. So it was necessary for Pit to rewrite the script, and write six of the characters out by leaving the others alone. The other six were scripted to complain about Pit.

The whole business goes to show, Pit remarks, that this village was really a one-horse town.

-- No. 2—WABC was surprised and delighted and annumg when they discovered that this village had really a one-horse town.

Begin This Entertaining Pastime Today. The Rules:

How to Enter: Cut the pieces in each group of numbered stars printed in RADIO GUIDE weekly and paste them in their proper places to form picture of the stars. Number each picture. Paste all of the stars in one group and the same group must be entered on one theme card. Enter "Group No. 1, Group No. 2. etc."

HOLD PICTURES: Star State Contest is made up of 15 groups, one of which will appear weekly in RADIO GUIDE until the last group is printed. After putting up these pictures, hold them all until you have completed the series.

WHERE TO SEND ENTRIES: When you have completed the series of 15 groups, send them by first class mail, postpaid, to Star State Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

ELEGIBILITY: Every person except employees of RADIO GUIDE or members of their families is eligible to compete.

JUDGES: A committee of judges will be appointed by RADIO GUIDE and all entrants agree to accept their decision in final.

STARS ABOVE ARE AMONG EIGHT BELOW

Back Copies May Be

Ordered from

James Melton

Edwin C. Hall

June Meredith

Jack Benny

423 Plymouth Court

Chicago, Ill.
Disposing of Us?

Dear Voice:

I think this sort of thing is too bad, especially as it's my father's first effort, and he

Bernie and Guy Lombardo.

Dear Voice:

I read every word of it, but I do not like the type and hope you reduce the size

Radio Guides

Dear Sir:

I understand the letter is the last in a

Ethele's German Band

Dear Voice:

I believe, I was correct

Cliff as Rossemblies

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading Mike

Mr. M. H. Meizenman

We're Good

Dear V. O.

Dear Mr. Martin's Brothers: Are

Winchell's Find

Dear V. O.:

Mr. Martin's Brothers are

Write a Letter

Dear Radio GUIDE readers:

Garrard

An Open Letter

Dear Mr. Rainier, Maryland

You are the guy with the real rock and

The Voice of the Listener

In the Voice of the Listener, Chicago.

Radio Guide

May 21—Chase and Sanborn—WEAF—8:15 p.m. "Will you be kind?"

Bob and Stan—CBS

May 22—Eddie and Fanny Cavanaugh Groves—WGN—8:30 p.m.

Marlowe and Ross—NBC

May 22—Five Star Theater—WOR—7:15 p.m.

Mike Adams—NBC

May 22—Merrill—CBS—SRSC—7:30 p.m.

May 22—Barnes—CTC—5:00 p.m.

May 22—Baseball Game—WOR—5:00 p.m.

Bob Hope: "This name has been

The Voice of the Listener, May 1, 1947
SUNDAY, JUNE 11—Carl Sandburg Poetry Reading, NBC-WLS at 9 p.m.
MONDAY, JUNE 12—Opening World Economic Conference in London with address by King George V, CBS-WBBM and NBC-WMAQ networks at 8:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14—Confering honorary degree on President Franklin D. Roosevelt by the Catholic University, NBC-WMAQ network at 5 p.m. Graduation Exercises also Tuesday at 9:15 a.m. over KDKA.
SATURDAY, JUNE 17—National Intercollegiate Track and Field Championship, CBS-WBBM network at 8:30 p.m.

COMEDY
SUNDAY, JUNE 11—Bert Ira, Hyman Bailey and Lee Sims with Rubino, NBC-WMAQ at 7 p.m.
MONDAY, JUNE 12—Knute Buehler’s Quartet and Al Goodman’s orchestra, NBC-WJZ at 8 p.m.
TUESDAY, JUNE 13—Munster Show, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14—Fannie Brice and George Olsen’s music, NBC-WLS at 8:30 p.m.
TUESDAY, JULY 1—29..33, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.

MUSIC
SUNDAY, JUNE 11—Radio City Concert with “Roxy” master of ceremonies, NBC-WMAQ at 11:15 a.m.
JUNE 12—Concert of Famous Musicals, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.
JUNE 13—Ray Knight’s Cuckoo Orchestra, NBC-WCKY at 9:30 p.m.
JUNE 14—Columbia Symphony Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.
JUNE 15—BBC orchestra, NBC-WLD at 8:30 p.m.
JUNE 16—The Baron Munchausen, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.
JUNE 17—Ray Knight’s Cuckoo Orchestra, NBC-WCKY at 9:30 p.m.
JUNE 18—Columbia Symphony Orchestra, NBC-WMAQ at 8:30 p.m.
JUNE 19—BBC orchestra, NBC-WLD at 8:30 p.m.
JUNE 20—Concert of Famous Musicals, NBC-WMAQ at 9 p.m.

PLAYS
SUNDAY, JUNE 11—Roses and Drums, CBS-WBBM at 3:30 p.m.
SATURDAY, JUNE 17—I 111, Adolph Bolm’s new musical, CBS-CWQ at 7 p.m.

Along the Alac-to
With Martin Lewis
I was an all-star show that Bob Hope put on celebrating the second anniversary of his Meet the Artist program. The studio was jammed with many luminaries and artists, jumping from mike to mike scattered all over the place. Bob was plenty nervous and had a devil of a time getting the whole show together. It was unusually interesting and amusing, because it was all right for the studio audience to see the beauty of the way they were themselves. Orson Welles and Eddie Dowling argued about stealing each other’s arrangements. Little Jack Little made the most of it, plugging his own song to the amusement of the vast studio audience. Coast Steppang and Bob Voss was a hit of fun. Owners that were heard were Kate Smith, George Hall, Louis Mallea, little Ann Lily, Tommy McLoughlin, Phil Brown, Ray, Franois, Frank Waring and Ted Hughes, Lawrence Bancroft, without Martha and Vel, and Gay and Horner and his boys, were picked up in Chicago. Yes, at times I was a hotshot on one program. It would be nice if CBS could gather the herd together more often.

JUNE 11—“The Magic Voice,” CBS-WGG at 9:15 p.m.
JUNE 12—“We’ll meet again,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 13—“A special broadcast of the Varsity Night Reveler’s March, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 14—“The Magic Voice,” CBS-WGG at 9:15 p.m.
JUNE 15—“Your favorite music program,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
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Along the Alac-to
With Martin Lewis
I was an all-star show that Bob Hope put on celebrating the second anniversary of his Meet the Artist program. The studio was jammed with many luminaries and artists, jumping from mike to mike scattered all over the place. Bob was plenty nervous and had a devil of a time getting the whole show together. It was unusually interesting and amusing, because it was all right for the studio audience to see the beauty of the way they were themselves. Orson Welles and Eddie Dowling argued about stealing each other’s arrangements. Little Jack Little made the most of it, plugging his own song to the amusement of the vast studio audience. Coast Steppang and Bob Voss was a hit of fun. Owners that were heard were Kate Smith, George Hall, Louis Mallea, little Ann Lily, Tommy McLoughlin, Phil Brown, Ray, Franois, Frank Waring and Ted Hughes, Lawrence Bancroft, without Martha and Vel, and Gay and Horner and his boys, were picked up in Chicago. Yes, at times I was a hotshot on one program. It would be nice if CBS could gather the herd together more often.

JUNE 11—“The Magic Voice,” CBS-WGG at 9:15 p.m.
JUNE 12—“We’ll meet again,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 13—“A special broadcast of the Varsity Night Reveler’s March, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 14—“The Magic Voice,” CBS-WGG at 9:15 p.m.
JUNE 15—“Your favorite music program,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 16—“A special broadcast of the Varsity Night Reveler’s March, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 17—“Your favorite music program,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 18—“The Magic Voice,” CBS-WGG at 9:15 p.m.
JUNE 19—“Your favorite music program,” NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.
JUNE 20—“A special broadcast of the Varsity Night Reveler’s March, NBC-WLS at 8 p.m.

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Frank Laver informs us that he heard the broadcast from the plane with Amelia Earhart and Ted Woing and got a great kick out of Ted’s last ad lib remark, to wit: "Well, folks, I’ve had a grand thrill up here tonight with Amelia Earhart."
Frank adds, "at least that’s the way it sounded."

Or a month Duke Ellington and his orchestra had been scheduled to sail for London on the Olympic on June 2, but when it was too late to change the date, his bandmen felt they would like to sail on a different day. When the Ellington band first arrived it numbered twelve men, including the Duke. Then Duke added a trombonist. The first day he was in the band, the boys looked around, counted instruments discovered they were thirteen, and refused to play a note. So Duke had to add a fourth saxophone player to the band in a hurry, to bring the number of men up to fourteen. The boys then discovered that June 2 fell on Friday. It was too late to change reservations, and the best solution the members of the band were able to evolve was to board the boat Thursday night... it’s still a secret, but I’m telling you that Al H. L. is coming back on the air with their two-hour Paul Whiteman local New York program which will be something like his Sunday night concert series of last season. We were told, while making the rounds, that your announcer John S. Young is to receive the honorary degree of D. of D. - that Nine Martens will be presented with the Columbia medal for distinguished contribution to the radio program business and the AIBRBM network Tuesday at 8:30 p.m. CDT... that Arthur Tracy, believing that the amateur composer should be given a fair chance to bring his material to the air on a program as he has heard it fifteen years and will do his share of listening to see if there is anything more... we may say with Martin Lewis.