Never-Told Tales of Grace Moore's Unrevealed Self! Four Radio Women Tell How They Got What They Wanted
OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

My favorite Star of Stars is
My favorite Musical Program is
My favorite Dramatic Program is
My favorite Actor is
My favorite Actress is
My favorite Child's Program is
My favorite Dance Orchestra is
My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is
My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is
My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is
My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is
My favorite Announcer is
My favorite Sports Announcer is
My favorite Commentator is
My favorite promising new star is
My name is
My address is


Barbara Luddy: Actress Number 6 as the Star of Stars Poll nears its end!

ONLY nine days are left in 1937—so far as the Star of Stars Election is concerned—only nine days in which to cast your ballot! That means that if you haven't already voted, you'll have to do it at once—or miss your chance completely this year.

Midnight of May 31 is the absolute deadline—ballots post-marked later than that will not be counted!

Now—though little more than a week remains—you still have time to vote! Votes sent in right away will get in on time—but you must act immediately. There is no time to lose! Little things are bound to come up from time to time to make you put off doing the things you intended to do—and they'll cost you your vote this year if you don't figure on them.

The only way to be sure of your vote is to get it in the mail at once! The time is limited—but you can still vote—and have your ballot count as much as any other.

As Radio Guide goes to press this week, the stars hold their present positions in the ranking only by virtue of very small margins. Thousands of ballots are pouring in, the mail is growing heavier each day, and yet the voting is close. With each successive tabulation there is a good deal of fluctuation in the standings, and it is quite possible that the tide may turn sharply at any time, that stars of lesser ranking may rise above those who hold the lead today. That depends upon your vote! Your ballot—and the ballots of your friends—are the only things that can make this change possible. This is positively your last opportunity to give them your support. Vote now, while the balloting is still open! Make sure that your votes are in before the final deadline! Get your ballots in the mail—today! (See Star of Stars Standings on Page 18)
MEDAL OF MERIT

WHEN DEATH RODE DOWN THE AIRWAYS TO STUN THE WORLD INTO A HORRIFIED SILENCE — RADIO'S HEROES CARRIED ON!

A VIGILANT's greatest disaster of recent years has given radio its greatest heroes. They are Herbert Morrison, an announcer, and Charles Nehlsen, an engineer.

They had been sent by Station WLS from Chicago to Lakehurst, N. J., to make a recording for later broadcast of the arrival there of the giant dirigible Hindenburg, concluding its first flight of the new season. Morrison and Nehlsen little guessed that the greatest, eye-witness reporting job in history was the assignment Fate would hand them. They expected to report routine news. Instead, they recorded history.

They waited twelve hours for their story to begin, for the sky monster was delayed by adverse weather and head winds. Then the dirigible circled Lakehurst, headed for the first of three landings toward the mooring mast. And then Morrison began his greatest of all recordings, then Nehlsen faced his greatest test. Into the recording microphone, Morrison spoke of the cursed gas gathered to witness the safe landing of the beauty of the skyship's sleek sides. They were eagerly awaiting the safe landing unclouded by the wisdom of the officers, who protected the safety of the passengers by waiting for calm ground winds before trying to land.

Then into Morrison's microphone burst the horrified cry: "Fire! It's burning up!" For before his eyes was occurring the tragedy that shocked the world of aviation! Through his hot lips he begged, "God save those poor people!" Then, crying with the utter horror of it, hysterical at the sight of suffering, he told in tears the most tragic tale ever to reach a microphone. For forty-five minutes, the recording apparatus turned at its task of preserving a record of the terrible scene — turned, because Engineer Nehlsen kept his wits, protected his apparatus, calmed the shaken announcer at his side. Onto the wax disc was graven aviation's unhappiest story.

FOR this most wonderful of all reporting jobs under the most terrific strain ever endured by a broadcaster, Rango Guide stands with the rest of the world in admiration of Herbert Morrison and Charles Nehlsen. To them Rango Guise is proud to present its Special Medal of Merit!
ANNE of Austria," I call her. Like that famous seventeenth century queen of France, Grace Moore is a creature of stormy and contradictory impulses. Few people understand her. Those who dislike her, dislike her intensely. Those who are her friends admire her greatly.

She is ambitious, yet pleasure-loving; greedy, yet amazingly generous; emotional, yet calculating; loyal, yet vindictive, headstrong, yet changeable. And she is imperious and very proud. My nickname for her grew out of a jest. The story, I think, is worth telling.

She had come to Hollywood to co-star with Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon." That was seven years ago. And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was anxious to publicize its new diva. One afternoon, two other writers and I were chatting with a member of the Metro publicity staff. She tried to persuade us to write stories about Grace Moore for our respective publications. "The woman is absolutely irresistible," we were assured.

Finally we agreed to write a single story in which each of us would present his individual impressions of this irresistible newcomer. "Three Men Look at Grace Moore"—that was to be our theme.

The use of that word, "irresistible," had been unfortunate. It put us on the defensive; we went to her home firmly resolved to dislike her.

We sat down at the luncheon table at noon. It was seven o'clock that evening when we arose. We were completely captivated by the wit and charm of the woman. Amused, she started calling us her "Three Musketeers." In retaliation, I dubbed her "Anne of Austria."

If I am inordinately proud of her friendship—and I hasten to admit that I am—it is because she is a great human being rather than because she is a great star. With her rare virtues,
the highest-paid musical-comedy star in the world, was given her second audition by the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. They told her to forget her opera studies and be content with her musical-comedy success. "You will never be an opera star," they said. That same day, Grace Moore turned her back on a contract which paid her $2,500 a week, and sailed for Europe and a year of study.

One year later, her hopes vindicated, she made her debut at the Metropolitan. She received $15,000 a week—one-fifth of the amount that she had earned in musical comedy! I know of no star who has ever made a greater monetary sacrifice to an artistic ambition!

Her personal charm is amazing. To a great extent it is natural, yet she has, I think, deliberately cultivated certain traits which are designed to please. She has, naturally, a great eagerness for life. She lends every subject that she discusses and everything that she does an emotional quality. She invests the most prosaic things with drama and romance. Her voice is eager, her eyes are eager—she fairly tingles with the desire to live. To converse with her is to experience a strange stimulation. She is like an electric battery, forever giving off sparks.

Without having received a profound formal education—she ran away from school to go on the stage before she was twenty—she has made herself one of the best-informed women in the world. She is naturally curious; she loves to talk with witty, well-informed persons; she has an amazingly tenacious memory. When something worth knowing is said she always catches it, makes a mental note of it. She has learned that the best way to be a good conversationalist is to be a good listener when others speak—and she is an attentive listener. Consequently, her conversation sparkles.

I have never entered her home without finding a particular cheese-spread, of which I am fond, displayed on a coffee-table at my elbow. She remembers the drink which I prefer to all others, and I am no more than seated when a servant places a tall glass in my hand. She makes it a point to remember each guest's personal preferences and to serve them. Could any compliment be more subtle or more gratifying to a visitor than that?

Being the most feminine of women and a daughter of the South, too, she takes, in her power over men. And men give her instant homage. Without being a great beauty, she gives the impression of being extraordinarily beautiful. Her eagerness, her wit, her emotional voice and her flair for romance stimulate every man's urge to escape the commonplace. She is exciting, fascinating.

She is a connoisseur of good food and good wine. She has studied the art of living as thoroughly as ever a student priest conned his Latin. She is a confirmed gourmet, and she is writing a book about European cafe and cuisine. She is also, by the way, a most excellent cook.

She has a pronounced flair for clothes and has several times been mentioned as one of the world's best-dressed women. Yet let me sketch her in an idle hour at her villa on the south coast of France—dressed in overalls, planting a garden of American vegetables and toiling with hammer and shovel to build a new henhouse for her prize Faverolle hens. So successful is she in the business of poultry-raising that the King of Denmark, himself a chicken-grower, summoned her to the royal box after she had appeared in Copenhagen in "La Boheme" and asked her for her methods of feeding.

She lists among her friends most of the world's great. And yet I don't think she gives a hoot for their lofty positions. She values each one because of his worth as a human being.

One of her greatest faults lies in her inordinate ambition. She tries to do too much. She drives herself and others beyond physical endurance. Eventually she collapses and is forced to spend several days in bed, resting.

She is unusually loyal and steadfast in her friendships; she is also unforgiving in her animosities.

Six years ago, she met and married Valentín Pareá, Spanish actor. Her love for him has become the keynote of her life. I have never seen two people more obviously in love. Their romance had an amusing beginning. Valentín proposed to her on the Ile de France, en route to Europe, on the same day that they were introduced. She accepted. He remembered of a complication. He was already engaged to a girl in Spain. "I'll have to break that engagement before ours is announced," he explained. "Don't be concerned," said Grace. "I'm engaged to two men in New York."

If I have succeeded in giving you the picture of a stormy, tempestuous personality who has a great love for life, I have succeeded in my purpose. I think my name for her—Anne of Austria—is well chosen.

Grace Moore may be heard Sunday on the Nash program over a CBS network at 9 p. m. (EDT: 8 EST; 7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).
**Four Women who got**

**CAREER Woman—Home Partner—100 Per Cent Wife-and-Mother—The Woman Who Wants Everything:** Which of these four kinds of women are you? Do you believe that the wife should make all of the compromises after marriage? Do you think that the woman today should make no compromises at all? Or do you believe that there is a happy mean—that marriage is a give-and-take proposition? That the wife should make some adjustments, while the husband makes others?

I asked four women these questions—four women who represent the types which I just mentioned. Two of them are radio stars; the other two, wives of radio stars. Each one of the four has made a success of marriage—but each in a different way from the others. One woman I feel justified in terming the perfect Career Woman. Another I call the ideal Home Partner. A third, I named the 100 Per Cent Wife-and-Mother. And the fourth, I describe as The Woman Who Wants Everything.

But who, you ask, are these women? What have they done? What careers have they followed—or what men have they married?

I shall tell you in a moment. But first I should like to make this point: Through their experiences, you and I—and women everywhere—can learn the secrets of successful marriage.

Ann Leaf, the famed woman organist, is my choice for the perfect Career Woman. At the age of twenty, she was already earning an excellent living playing the organ at a large Los Angeles motion picture theater. And Ann was a very lovely young woman, too. Just five feet tall, she held her head proudly. Her raven-black hair and the sparkle in her eye were the envy of many another woman.

But Ann didn’t want to get married. She loved her work. She fought love like a little tiger! She thinks it was because she so long resisted the feminine impulses of her nature that she made her first big mistake after marriage. Eli Kleinert, a handsome fellow himself, had wooed her for two years before she married him. Then, in the first sweet days of her marriage with "Kliny," she decided to give up her career entirely.

"Women like me," she says, "have a double problem. We must satisfy two sides of ourselves."

A year later, the Kleinerts were living in a very new, very modern apartment in Greenwich Village. Kliny was well on her way up; he was assistant to Boris Morros, at that time musical director for a group of motion picture theaters.

"I told myself over and over," Ann says, "that some women would have been so happy to be in my shoes!"

Somehow Ann couldn’t be. The days seemed to follow each other monotonously. She hated housework. Though she had plenty of money for a maid, she cleaned the apartment and cooked just to have something to do. Still, all that took only a couple of hours. She’d been working since she was a girl. Nothing she did gave her any sense of accomplishment. Her life seemed to her just waste.

Kliny was puzzled and a little miserable, too. And they had started out so well. But now the fiery, vital little brunette he loved had almost disappeared. What was wrong?

"Of course I often thought of going back to work," Ann says, "but when you’re out for a while, it seems so hard to get started again."

Then Ann made another blunder. She decided to depend upon Kliny to pave the way to her future career. It would be so easy for you to ask Boris to give me an audition," she said one day.

"I’d rather not do that!" said Kliny. "You know what men look like who try to wrangle jobs for their wives through pull!"

At last Kliny decided to do all he could to throw his wife and his boss together socially, so that it would be easier for her to ask for a hearing. As a result, he arranged to bring his boss home to dinner one night.

The kitchenette was one of those built-in affairs, visible from the living-room. Ann was all aplus with self-consciousness and excitement. She wanted so desperately to appear poised and charming. But everything went wrong. She'd phoned the grocery for chef; she said, she had the little biscuits for shortcake. She asked the little biscuits to make shortcake. The biscuits themselves were hard and flat as leather. The lettuce was full of sand.

"Never mind," said Kliny when she came out of the kitchenette, conscious that her hair was wild, her face a sort of battle-sharp gray. "We’ll just go down the street to a restaurant," he added. And they did.

Next morning one of those moods of clarity that sometimes follow an emotional upset came to her. She had a massage, bought a new red hat, and called up Boris Morros, her husband's boss. "I'm a washout as a housewife," she managed to say lightly, "but I am swell organist. That's what I ought to be doing, Boris. Give me an audition, will you?"

"Why sure!" answered the director.

Ann had her audition, was sponsored over a national network in less than a month. "Kliny and I have been happier ever since," she says. "A woman like me needs to accept love and marriage, but she needs also to go right on with her work after she takes off the orange blossoms. Yes, even if her husband opposes it! For it's the only way she can be contented and remain a good wife!"

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Helen Jepson: "Wives fail because they lack balance," she says.
If you searched the world over you couldn't find a woman more different from little Ann Leaf than Mildred Wallace Pine Crooks. She is my ideal Home Partner. She is tall and poised, with the strength of character that identifies her as a pioneer woman. She is the very archetype of the Home Partner, and she says: "I have very little sympathy with a career woman if her husband doesn't want her to go on working. A woman who marries assumes a responsibility as definite as a worker owes an employer. It is her job to work with her husband, to create the sort of home that means the most to him, to rear his family and hers. I can't believe a woman is a good wife when she goes out into the business world because she's bored and wants excitement! I think she's not playing fair to her main job, which is that of being a wife.

You think she's right? There's no doubt that Richard Crooks adores her. He feels he might be a musical comedy star, which he'd hate, or even an office-worker, if Mildred had been other than she is. Let's see if it's her story which will tell you how to be the kind of wife you want to be...

Dick Crooks and Mildred Pine were brought up on the same street in Trenton, New Jersey, but in different circumstances. All through childhood and adolescence the two were chums. Sometimes Mildred would see a certain look on Dick's face and realize that he was having a bad time. She'd give him her warmest smile, go out of her way to be nice to him. There were soft, whispered childish words of comfort.

At seventeen, Dick became an ice-man's helper. He wanted to earn money for music lessons. At the same time Mildred was beginning to have nice parties for Trenton's youthful elite. She was bright and pretty and talented. She might have spent her days dreaming of the triumphs of a famous woman musician. But already her type was defined. It was Dick's career she dreamed of. He'd come to the comfortable Pine home to see her.

When he was nineteen, Richard wanted to go to New York. In the metropolis, so near to concerts and the Metropolitan Opera House, he felt he'd be able, somehow, to further his ambitions to become a great singer. But he hated to leave Mildred.

"You must go," she insisted when she learned how he felt. And he did.

Two years later, in 1923, they were married. Dick earned $50 a week, singing in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. But Mildred knew he didn't want to continue within the limited field of church singing. She'd search over music libraries to find compositions which would stimulate him. She kept up her own piano work so that she could be his accompanist. Though a baby was coming, she did her own housework and laundry so there'd be enough margin to buy Dick music lessons. The crisis of Richard Crooks' career came when their daughter, Patricia, was a dainty little woman of three. Two offers came to him. A concert manager wanted to put him on tour. But the salary was very small. The second offer was from a musical comedy casting-office, and the weekly salary they mentioned made Crooks blink.

"What would you do," Mildred asked her husband, "if that salary wasn't such a temptation? Which do you really want to take?"

"Well, of course, I'd rather plan for opera than musical comedy," began Dick, "but that money we'd lose would mean too much to you and Pat--"

"Patricia and I have a big stake in your life," said Mildred. "We're rooting for you to take the concert offer."

"And I think," she said to me, "that a really good wife takes the responsibilities of the home on her shoulders. And I believe a wife should stand alone sometimes, just as a man must. My little daughter contracted sleeping sickness and became dangerously ill when Dick was on his first big tour. Of course I wanted my husband with me, but it wouldn't have helped the child, and it would have hurt Dick's future."

It's easy to see that Mildred Pine Crooks wouldn't relish the same kind of life as Ann Leaf. And that Ann would be miserable with Mildred's marriage.

Peggy Cartwright, who deserted a brilliant musical-comedy career to marry Phil Baker, is yet another kind of woman with another kind of need. She is my choice for the 100 Per Cent Wife-and-Mother type. The Baker romance is famous. Phil happened to drop into a theater where "Americana" was playing, saw the blue-eyed, serene Peggy, fell in love with her in the grand romantic manner, got a job in the show, and in a few weeks had persuaded her that she should become his wife.

The Bakers didn't want the ordinary whirlwind theatrical marriage. So, for the months while the show went on, they pretended to be just friends. When "Americana" closed, they bought a little secluded house near Palm Beach and had a honeym"...

"I didn't do anything so definite as to decide whether I was going back to the stage," Peggy confessed to me. "I guess I always just took it for granted I would... sometime. Meanwhile, the days were so pleasant, I kept putting off thinking about it."

When Peggy had been a child herself, she'd owned the best collection of dolls in the neighborhood. She sewed for them, dressed them, talked with them, invented problems for every one.

And as the months of the Baker marriage became years, Mrs. Baker began to learn a good deal about the man, Phil. And even more about the woman, Peggy.

One day, when she was delayed while shopping and returned home late, she found Phil pacing up and down their little drawing-room in a kind of terror. He needed to find her there when he came home.

So, little by little, Peggy learned how restless and skeptical of happiness Phil had been when he met her. He'd had all sorts of triumphs on the stage. But he'd been moody and unsatisfied.

She found that bringing peace and security to her husband gave her the deepest ecstasy she'd ever known. She thought less and less of the stage. In--

(Continued on Page 17)
SAY something funny—make me laugh!"

Yeh, they'll say it to you, too, my friend, if you're a comedian. Your intimates will say it to you when you're off the air. And your listeners will do likewise—when you're on the air.

It's like being a lion-tamer and every time you meet someone, he says, "Go on, tame me a lion. Let's see you do it!"

You could respond, "I'm sorry, the lion is busy," but then you'd have all the earmarks of a comedian, and people would again beg, "Go on, say something funny, make me laugh."

So where are you?

So you're better off not being too much of a funny fellow. If people don't expect a hilarious witticism to drool from your lips every time you open your mouth—then when you do say something funny, unexpected like, you've got something there—besides your uppers!

At least, that's the way I've doped it out. And I'm just the dope that can do it.

There's only one Jack Benny, one Fred Allen, and from then there're your Burrous, Bakers, Beetles, Bottles, Bernies, Budds and Stoopnagles, your Cantors, Penners, Wynns, and Muenchausens. So what?

So the first two named have gotten along on personality—especially Benny—and let the gags fall where they may... and some Sundays they may!

It's taken me ten long years on the wireless to find where I belong and I hope the answer isn't equidistant from two plow handles. I'm not exactly an announcer, not exactly a comedian—just a messenger of ceremonies.

I know I can't sing. I have one of those toothpaste voices—you squeeze it and it comes out flat. I know I can't tell funny jokes all the time because I can't afford a staff of gag writers; and then too, I get tired of hearing the same jokes on other shows. But I do know that I can be myself on the air—if that means throwing in a pun on the least provocation.

IF THAT means mentioning my two kids and my wife (samee one allee—never changee) whenever I happen to think of something that happened at home I want to mention—I'm sorry again.

After all, I'm married. I don't care who knows it. And I like to talk about it—but I would have stopped long ago if I didn't think listeners rather enjoyed hearing someone who wasn't ashamed of the fact that he's happily married—even though being happily married means one darned thing after the other. After all, a bachelor's life is one undarned thing after the other. You see—there I go again!

IT'S WHAT YOU ARE—NOT WHAT YOU SAY THAT COUNTS—and DON MCNEILL IS JUST THE "DOPE" WHO CAN DOPE IT!
What I mean by personality versus the puns is this:
If your personality is such that you can't help saying:
"Well, Spring is in the air. I just saw somebody stealing my purse before I came in the building." "What's your seeing somebody stealing your money got to do with Spring?" says a near-by stooge, conveniently. "Well," you say, "as far as I know, it was the first robin of Spring."

I MEAN if you're that type of a guy who has a slight impediment in his speech—namely, gags—all well and good. And if you can get serious at the same time and speak about a little girl in Philadelphia who couldn't afford to buy her mother a birthday present and wondered if you'd play an orchestra number from her to her mother as a present, that's fine too. That's your speaking; that's your personality. Listeners can take it or dial it out. You're not depending on gags alone—you're being yourself. But if your program consists of:
COMEDIAN (ENTERS WITH A LOUD LAUGH): Heh-heh-heh-heh. Listen, Gus, my girl is calling me her slabber now. STOOGES (ALMOST AS CONVULSED AS HE WAS ON THE WAY): Well, Benny, you're just a fugitive from a Bifley cartoon.

Then came Fred Allen's remark:
"Why, Benny, you're just a fugitive from a Bifley cartoon."
Mary, meanwhile, sided with Jack—unexpectedly.
Benny and Allen leave to go out in the hall and fight it out—return old buddies—Lyman chides Benny again—and then Jack Benny calls on his new buddy, Fred Allen, to protect him... Call it situation if you will—there's

Below: Don with his one-year-old son, Don, Jr. "The older they get, the less they laugh at my jokes," said Funnyman Don once, practicing on his baby son, and hoping his stuff isn't "a word rhyming with frowzy"
Baer's narrow

that way"— be-

them together—

now they're wed!

SO THEY shot Max Baer and carted him off to the hospital. They shot him deliberately and in cold blood by some fiendish witnesses—and no one was even so much as arrested.

Newsreels reported America with banner-lines screaming the story of Baer's narrow escape from death. In-
dignation rose high—but Baer felt swelled!

And no wonder! He'd just pulled the biggest publicity stunt of the year!

You remember the story. It was in the Spring of 1933. Baer was "training" for his fight with Jimmy Braddock. For relaxation—and a fat weekly check—he was doing a radio skit called "Gloomy Smith." The show was fairly popular, but Baer wasn't pleased with his publicity. He told his press-agents to get him on page one—or else.

"O.K.," they told him. "We'll get you page one—if we have to shoot you to do it!"

And that's how Maxie Baer got his almost-mortal wound. A shooting was written into the " Lucky Smith" script. The gun was loaded with a blank, fired at close range; Baer collapsed in convincing agony—and that was that. The wire service men sped into the broadcasting studios, loaded the moaning Max on a stretcher, and carted him a long time to the hospital. Maxie Baer, heavyweight champion of the world, was shot—and reporters fought for phone booths, wire-ser-

vice tickers pounded out the news from Maine to California. Smart press-agency had scored again.

IT HAPPENS every day. If you spent ten minutes with your paper today, you read half a dozen publicity stories, so cleverly disguised as news that they had slipped through the hands of men trained to spot publicity two city blocks away. Perhaps it was a story of a new and thrilling Holly-

wood romance—perhaps it told the sad tale of how a lovely stage star had been replaced of $30,000 in gems—may-

be it was about flutist Horace Hearbreak and his plan for saving the world from the menace of phoney cowboy songs. Remember now?

Remember a show-girl named Anna Held? You probably do. If you do, you're paying involuntary tribute to the press-agent who thought up the famous "milk bath" stunt—because it's been blazoned in the bright lights of Broadway. The dazzling Held beauty, this bright young man in-

formed a gasping world, was due to daily milk baths. As a regular practice, as a manner or form of relaxation, it was due to her press-agent, for page one, and for posterity.

The same stunt was tried a few years later by Earl Carroll. At a back-

costume party, Earl Carroll dressed in a milk bath in a tubful of champange. It hit page one—but it backfired, and was a public-relations fiasco.

So far, Baer was the only one to make it work.

One of the most talked-about songs of recent years was "Gloomy Sunday," a Hungarian importation and a night-

mare in music if ever one was set down on paper. Yet it swept the country, and no popular song ever got more publicity. Why? Because a smart public-

ity man had an idea.

"Gloomy Sunday" was written by a Hungarian around the subject of suicide too love. It was a run-of-the-

mill song, no better and no worse than scores of others published at the same time. But a press-agent had an ins-

piration. He remembered that the Hungarian suicide rate has always been terrifically high—almost as high as the Japanese. What could be sim-

pler? Stories date-lined "Budapest" be-

gan to drift into the United States—

stories of suicide—and always, it seemed, there was a note—"Gloomy Sunday"—that tells my story.

The song was brought to America—

and immediately three suicides were credited to it! It became a national issue. Women's clubs, legislators, or-

chestra leaders, newspaper editors and college professors battled over the is-

sue. "Shall "Gloomy Sunday" be banned?" NICC barred the song from its network. Representative Stefan of Nevada got on the bandwagon with a threat to invoke the powers of Con-

gress. Hal Kemp, who made the first recording, wrote anxious letters to ra-

dio editors asking whether or not he should use "Gloomy Sunday." Kemp had played the song 22 times before he got a satisfactory master recording, and he reported that he and his men

had been seriously—nay, dangerously—affected. They had been highly up-

set.

All this could have but one result: the publishers pounded their presses to pieces trying to print copies enough to satisfy the demand! At any given hour of the day or night you could find "Gloomy Sunday" somewhere on your radio dial. It was a smash hit!

GRANDFATHER to the present-day high-pressure publicity technique was World War propaganda. Before the War to save the world for democr-

cy—and the dictators—publicity was an art unborn. Now and then there had appeared a man, or a woman, who knew the value of publicity—P. T. Barnum was the first name that comes to mind—but for the most part the gentle pastime of getting the right name into the right paper at the right time, the trick of forcing the people to think in certain well-directed chan-

nels, was a mystery. With the World War, the necessity of forcing public opinion into chosen molds became ap-

parent. Publicists learned just how gullible the public really is. They learned the value of repetition, the lit-

tle tricks of news presentation. They

found out what the people would stand for and what they wouldn't stand for. And so publicity was born!

It wasn't until radio began to domi-

nate the American scene that the press-agent really came into his own. Now radio publicity—in itself a mil-

lion-dollar industry—tops the field, and the biggest, most spectacular stunts are radio stunts. Because radio is a comparatively new industry, a lusty industry and a wealthy one, everything about it is big, high-pow-

ered, impressive.

Six months ago you watched a big radio stunt in the making—you prob-

ably took part in a nation-wide politi-

cal argument started by a politician's press-agent—and you never dreamed the fight was fixed!

This stunt—one of the biggest in a campaign that was full of them—was Senator Vandenberg's famous debate with a phonograph recording of one of President Roosevelt's speeches. You remember that one?

A few minutes before Vandenberg was due to go on the air from Colum-

bia's Chicago studios, someone saw a copy of the "debate." A near-riot fol-

lowed. The "best minds" of CBS were panic-stricken. "He can't do it," they screamed. "The rule—what about the rule?"

"The rule" was just that—a ban on the use of recordings on national net-

works. Both NBC and CBS have such a ruling, and it's iron-clad. And, of course, in this instance, there was also the question of the propriety of using the President's voice when he could not actually reply. There were fran-

tic long-distance calls, confusion, arg-


tements. Finally, it was announced that the broadcast had been cancelled. Despite that, it went on the air from Chicago, only to be cut off in New York. A few stations carried it.

"GET IT IN THE PAPERS! GET IT ON PAGE ONE! GET IT ON THE RADIO!" IT'S PUBLICITY. IT'S BIG BUSINESS. IT'S PART OF YOUR LIFE—BUT DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

BY KEN W. PURDY

Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937
Next day the battle raged. The question of the hour was, "Should Vandenburg have been cut off the air?" Republican partisans said Vandenburg's speech had been "censored" and charged discrimination. Democrats upheld the letter of the broadcast law and charged the debate was unfair in the first place. Meanwhile, Vandenburg and the Republican party got a million dollars' worth of free publicity. And they had it coming!

To MOST politicians radio publicity is of vital importance only during pre-election campaigns; but to radio stars, it's something more than that. They can't live without it, and they and their agents—will go to any lengths to get it.

Standards, of course, is the "romance" stunt. You know it well. Hollywood first brought it to perfection, still uses it continuously. It's a simple procedure. Ward is allowed to "leak" out—via leased wire—to the effect that Sanya Samovarovich, the latest Continental importation, is in love with a famous male star. They're pictured holding hands, dancing, dining, etc. Inside the old build-up and it means merely that Samovarovich is due to be featured with a new leading man.

It's hard to believe, but sometimes these routine build-ups produce real romance—in which case no one is course the gossip columnists didn't know that, and the item was picked up. And then one day, quite by accident, Patti and Bob met in an NBC studio.

"So you're the man I love!"

"So you're the girl . . ."

That was over a year ago. Now they are married, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Simmons they're sworn to keep on meaning it until death do them part! As fantastic a stunt as balloononed on the front pages last Winter was built around the "love angle" by Tom Fizdale, Chicago publicist ace and the same man who joined the nation with the Vandenburg-Roosevelt debate. This was the startling "chain and radiatortag, and if you don't remember it, you weren't reading the newspapers during February in this year 1937. If you do remember it, you may recall that the stories about it flooded the land were all date-lined "Excelsior Springs, Mo." Therein lies the tale.

Excelsior Springs has long been locally famous for its curative waters. That was just the trouble—it was only locally famous. That's why Fizdale reasoned: Why not have the wedding ceremony in Excelsior Springs over the land. And that's just what he did!

IF ALL the world loves a lover, Fizdale reasoned, then the world must have twice as much love for a lover in trouble—a lover whose sweetheart's heart belongs to another! Fizdale decided his problem was to find a young man, who, though jilted, refused to be dunned; a lover who persisted in loving, no matter what. For such a touching little drama, there was no wealth of ready-made characters in Excelsior Springs, so Fizdale asked as his own casting-director.

He wanted a young man who would mean it and act like it to a radiator in the home of his lady-love. He finally found the man—nine, Harold Murnen. Next rule to be bent was that of the unwilling sweetheart. That didn't take long, either. Name, Floro- wick, he was. The cast assembled. Fizdale had only to coach the actors in their lines, send them to their places, and then, ring up the certain thing, the newspapers to "the first sit-down strike for love!"

The rest. From Tuesday noon until Sunday, Helen obligingly stuck by his radiator, posing in the air, as guest star with Phil Baker. When press-agents get together and talk goes around the table, sooner or later the name of Harry Reichenbach comes up. Reichenbach, now dead, was the Old Master of the profession. He wouldn't work for less than a thousand dollars a week, and he made fortunes for his employers. Millions of Americans who think Rembrandt is a town in Michigan can identify the painting "September Morn"—and Reichenbach is the reason. "September Morn," before Reichenbach went to work on it, was just another calendar throw-away. He made it so famous that seven million copies were sold at one dollar each!

His method was simplicity itself. Reichenbach knew that people want nothing so much as that which is forbidden to them. First of all he had a large display of the painting placed in a prominent place against the wall. Then he hired a group of small boys to stand gaping in front of the display. Then he phoned Anthony Comstock, head of the Anti-Vice Society.

"There's an obscene picture in So-and-So's window," he screamed. "It's positively outrageous. It's undermining our youngsters and you should have it removed immediately!" It's a disgrace to the City of New York!"

Comstock, ever eager to damp the trail of obscenity and vice, was soon on the scene. Horrified, he saw the small boys clustered around the window, whispering and giggling. Storming into the shop, he ordered the proprietor to remove the picture, as Reichenbach had anticipated. The shop-keeper refused—as Reichenbach had ordered. The Anti-Vice Society took the case to court—and September Morn was famous!

Reichenbach did the same thing with Elnor Glyn's famous book, "Three Weeks." It was an ordinary love-story, but after Reichenbach arranged to have it barred from the U. S. mails, sales skyrocketed out of sight.

It was merely another example of the same technique that had boosted "September Morn" into the money.

"Tell 'em they can't have it—and then stand by for the mob scene" is a tried-and-true principle of the press-agent! "Press-agent," by the way, is a term that tends to be used in two professions. "Publicity man" or "publicity director" is a little better, with "public relations counselor" the top ranking. The late Ivy Lee was one of the all-time greats, is generally credited with being the first "public relations counsel." It was Lee who persuaded American industrialists that publicity and profits go hand-in-hand—and he proved it.

The press-agent and the newspaper city editor are popularly supposed to be forever at swords' points, but as a matter of fact, they are vitally important to each other. The press-agent gets valuable space from the newspapers, but he gives valuable service in return. No newspaper in the world could afford to maintain a staff of reporters large enough thoroughly to cover even the United States alone.

The press-agent is an important source of news. But his news must be carefully chosen, and that's where he comes in.

Many and circuitous are the devices used by press-agents to sneak a scoop right under the noses of the newspapers, but he gives valuable service in return. No newspaper in the world could afford to maintain a staff of reporters large enough thoroughly to cover even the United States alone.

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BETTE DAVIS ON RADIO THEATER

Star Will Play In 'Another Language'

Bette Davis, whose startling beauty and great dramatic talents have sent her soaring into the highest ranks of film and radio stars, will make another appearance on the Radio Theater Monday, May 17, this time in the leading role of the stage success, "Another Language." Bette Davis' appearances on the air in the past—her last was the recent "Marked Woman"—have added tremendously to her already imposing stature as an actress. Her film success has been achieved in spite of her refusal to heed one of Hollywood's long-established maxims: Don't play sympathetic roles. She has received outstanding plaudits for her part in "Of Human Bondage," an entirely unsympathetic role.

"Another Language," written by Danish playwright Frans Modig, depicts modern marriage and family life. The Hallam family's trials and tribulations are revealed as the daughter-in-law makes an effort to escape the uniformity and boredom of the family life. In the story she attempts to take her husband with her and meets with the objections of the entire family, headed by Mrs. Hallam. Cecil B. DeMille will direct the program, of course, and Bette Davis, who has not yet signed at this writing, will appear.

Monday, May 17—CBS
8 p.m. (EST); 7 CST

Urges Old Painters As Color Models

A bodge to artists that don't know how to decorate their new homes will be offered by Betty Moore, decoration authority, in her broadcast over the NBC-Red network Thursday, May 13. Miss Moore has a unique plan: she proposes to shift the responsibility from the bride to one of the famed old masters—Rembrandt, Rubens, or Gainsborough, for instance. "Select a famous painting," Miss Moore suggests. "Use it as a color chart for your living-room, bedroom, or den. The color you use in the room, either for walls, woodwork or furnishings, is in color. In the picture. It's a picture-blue proof." Miss Moore will give a list of paintings available for this use, and translate them into modern color schemes.

Thursday, May 13—NBC
11:30 a.m. (EST); 10:30 CST
9 p.m. (EST); 8 CST

Arctic Explorer Talks

Brigadier General D. L. Brainard, sole survivor of the Greeley Expedition to the Arctic, will make another appearance on the NBC-Blue network on Thursday, May 13, recalling vivid experiences of the expedition.

Thursday, May 13—NBC
2:15 p.m. EDT (1:15 CST); 12:15 CST
SMALL-TOWNERS IN BIG TOWNS

IF "HOME" TO YOU IS MERELY A WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD—DON'T BE ASHAMED, FOR YOU'RE IN THE BEST OF COMPANY!

By Katherine Albert
MIGNON
By Ambrose Thomas
May 15, 2 p.m. EDT (1 EST; 1 CDT; 12 noon CST; 11 a.m. MST; 10 PST)

The Cast:

Mignon — Jennie Tourel
Philine — Josephine Antoinet
Friederich — Maria Matyas
Wilhelm — Armand Tokayzian
Lothario — Leon Rothier
Garino — Norman Gordon

Conductor: Wilfred Pelletier

Music... of the MASTERS

Fritz Reiner—He'll direct "Richard the First" in New York

The great wave of Wagnerian sound that engulfed the Metropolitan Opera House last Winter has now inundated the Lewisohn Stadium and swept over the horizon until it reached Hollywood. From both ends of the continent we are to hear Wagnerian Festivals this Summer.

For the first time in its twenty-odd years of history, the Stadium concerts in New York will present the masterly dramas in sound of Richard the First. And they will be broadcast. That distinguished Wagnerian authority, Fritz Reiner (whom the Metropolitan would do well to gather into its fold), will direct. And we may expect to hear Miss Florence Easton as Brunnhilde and Isolde; Goette Ljungberg as Fricka; Paul Allhouse as Loge; Siegmund, Siegfried, and Tristan; Dudley Marsick as Wotan in "Das Rheingold" and the Wanderer; Julius Heuhns as Wotan in "Die Walküre," Gunther and Kurvenal, Edwina Eustis as Erda, and Kathryn Meisle as Brangane.

The dates, in case you care to check them off, are: Monday, July 12, "Das Rheingold";

Wednesday, July 14, "Die Walküre.", Tuesday, July 12, "Siegfried.", Thursday, July 22, "Die Gotterdammerung."

Tuesday, July 27, "Tristan.".

Mr. Reiner plans to play more of these scores than is usually heard on the concert platform. Since the transcendental glories of many of these pages are seldom disclosed, this may indeed be a rewarding experience for many a music-lover. The strings and wood and brass choirs of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra are far superior to those of the Metropolitan Opera House ensemble. Like Mr. Lawrence Gilman, I too would "travel many miles" to hear the great orchestra reveal the heroic immensity of the music that produces Tristan's entrance into Isolde's tent—an orchestral invocation beside which... any singing actor might blush unstudiedly to set his own inevitably dwarfed and nugatory image.

Not only is the Hollywood Bowl plan to include Wagner's entire opera in its Summer concerts, but the wires from the film center carry the news that Kirsten Flagstad has agreed to appear in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." You will see her as Brunnhilde—hear her give the cry of the Valkyries, "Ho-Yo-To-Ho." Later, she will appear as Elisabeth in "Tannhauser," singing the air, "Dich, teure Halli."

Two other productions on the Stadium agenda that will bring many music-lovers to their microphones are Strauss' "Salome" and the controversial "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" by Dmitri Shostakovich. Both will be directed by Alexander Smallens. The title role of the Strauss music-drama will be sung by Erica Drape, the Scandinavian dramatic soprano. These two performances are scheduled for July 1 and August 5.

It was good to hear Lawrence Tibbett sing the other evening and assert once more his supremacy among the baritones of our day. He may force his top tones and commit other exaggerations, but there is a sincerity, a compelling magnetism that rings true in his voice. I like to have heard a whole evening of his singing... and many more substantial thoughts than those contained in the story of what happens along "De Glory Road.

Then it is, of course, gusto, and the singer would do well to be proud to Mr. Tibbett to us weekly, and, alas, to keep before a microphone that long-lost-forestmanbaritone, John Charles Thomas, who remains the finest baritone among living singers.

Vivian Della Chiesa, a talented and rarely gifted young Italian artist, already well known to veteran listeners, makes her debut on the Magic Key hour this Sunday when it originates in Chicago. Miss Della Chiesa has a clear and beautiful soprano voice, perfectly produced. Her artistry reveals consummate effort, a natural understanding of the music she sings, and an instinctive flair for doing the right thing at the right moment. She knows already the meaning of phrasing, of style... and she has something to say, though she does not always say it. With maturity, the proper atmosphere, and coaching under a great maestro, Miss Della Chiesa will very probably become one of the great singers of our day.

Those of you who missed Grete Stueckgold on King Korby's program the other week will be pleased to know that she did not sing because her husband, Gustav Schuet- zendorfer, had died in Berlin a few hours before she arrived. Madame Stueckgold, however, broadcast, however, at a later date, again in the West Coast this Summer in order to take part in a motion picture.

A Synopsis of The Metropolitan Opera

MIGNON

By CARLTON SMITH

Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937

Miss Flagstad is considered by many contemporaries to be the master-work of its composer, Charles Laiso Thomas. The son of a图画师, Thomas demonstrated his genius early in life. In addition to his composition of formidable talents as a composer, Thomas was an artist, poet and writer in general. His work is distinguished by an inventing of rarest, extreme baritones. Sometimes called a masterpiece of a master's work in music, "The Metropolitan" has been repeatedly praised. The opera opens in the courtyard of a German Lawn. Amok is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character. Diagonically is the opera's principal character.
CHICAGO—Radio refuses to be mellowed by some of the incidents and broadcasts during the past week have only gone to prove this contention. Borne with the actuality of those pruneful, boresome time-killers who regularly embrock us with their malarms to tell you what time it is, thereby causing you to glance at your watch to see if some-a change has begun or lost, brightened two recent nights at my radiophone. Saturday morning, I announced the time just three hours less than it was and other, beginning to spell the trade-name, managed to mis-spell the word—and after all these years! And then, of course, Mikey Mouse of Bloomington, Illinois, brought home the cheese to the Mid-west by his na-tional singing-roid competition. That's something. Even the studio audience seems to have caught the spirit. To wit, the announcer at a Nickelodeon program, intro-ducing the various players, presented William Waterman and the actor received a nice round of applause. Then the clothes, and, in order that he might proudly go into Hollywood, he cut his neck, polo coat, and monogrammed white ascot.

Millions of you undoubtedly heard the confusion on the Jack Benny pro-gram several Sundays ago when im-proper switching at the network west centers caused Helen Traubel to be sent to the stations ordinarily talking Ann Harding: She joined Husband Werner Janssen on new coffee show, May 9. Baseball's play-by-Drive Dean—deserted the good ol' diamond for a try at radio recently—was inter-viewed on an NBC show by genial Comedian Joe Cook, airing heard over the Mutual net. Last week, in fact, nature may not return to the auto show in the Fall. Now that one can't be very much interested in radio at all and will not sign again for any show. When the show begins, August 24 to be precise, Bob Burns will play a turn for the east coast, and not to list it. Barbara Luddy of the "First Nighter" is also taking a trip but it isn't a vacation. The show leaves California after the broadcast of the 26th and moves east. Barbara is busy these days and rounds the style shops, buying a complete new wardrobe.

Arthur Godfrey, of the Prof. Quiz show, suggests that the audience or-ganize a guard to defend its rights. The only trouble with the Professor's suggestion is that already the home of Mrs. God-frey supports an all-night guard for his gird which will be supported by many. Among its objects are: (1) Log-roll-ing contests, (2) opportunities for you to listen to one another's programs. (3) Radio sets will be equipped with studio audience eliminators. (3) Those maestros who insist upon cluttering up the latest music with their "swing" music will be required to swing for the rest of the night around the band of a rope. (4) The correct age of each gag must be announced before it is told and the announcer will always prosper to be kind to your elders.

Ventilologist Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy said that he was "simply exhausted" in his first trip in Chi-cago last week on his way to Holly-wood, but was thinking of returning to the movie colony, too. He had fitted him-self on an opera hat and full dress the top comedy show. Such mishaps are frequent and generally occur at the telephone company's main switch-board, which controls the routing of all NBC, CBS and MISS. You might be interested to know that at these main switchboards, of which there are several located across the continent, the two NBC networks are called the "Hollywood" and (as I have suspected), the CBS is called the gold network, and MISS is the purple net-work. To keep the maze of wires in these switchboards connected properly, colored threads are woven into the insulation about them.

Barbara Parks, who recently left Joe Sanders to go on her own and now is working in the floor show at Chit's Chez Paree, last week signed a six-months' option contract with Werner Brothers pictures. Virginia (Helen Trent) Clark, the new host, has decided to live in Gramont, the new smart suburb of the Midwest side of Chicago. She has bought here- self a small car to dash in and out of the city for her broadcasts. This week finds Little Jackie Heller working from the NBC Chicago studios for the first time since his return from London. He is finishing a wholly ap-pearence at the Oriental Theater.

NOT much in the way of hot news this week so I'll just give you an assortment of scrambled notes gathered from both coasts. The Sunday Evening Hour exits from the airplanes after the broadcast of June 13, with a scheduled return for the Fall... Sonja Henie, the girl who floats on ice skates with the greatest of ease, will guest star on the new Don AMeet show Sunday night, May 23. -Les-

Lieu Howard, Ann Sothern, Leo Carrillo and Gene Raymond will appear on the Hit Parade programs in the order named, starting with the broadcast of May 22 and continuing through June 12. There is a possibility that Jane Froman and Don Ross (Mr. and Mrs. private life) may take over the Jack Benny program for the Summer.

"Show Boat" will set sail for its world tour on September 30 and is scheduled to dock on about July 1. Carmen Penelope leaves the "Browns Variety," July 3 and will hold immediately for the same town. The Hollywood parade of the stars continues with Bert Lahr preparing to go westward. He'll still be heard on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round from the Coast. This will be the first time this program switches to another studio to pick up that program.

My Hollywood snoop tells me that Bing Crosby's new contract will run well into 1940, with 26 weekly broadcast-2 casts a year at the tidy sum of $4,000 per airing with a graduated salary in-crease to $7,500. They tell me Nor-man Brokenshire, the man who came back, will be the lead man of a new show to replace the current Ray Knight-Arnold Johnson Sunday p.m.

INSIDE STUFF

Bob Burns will be vacation-bound very soon, but the busy Mr. Burns will tell you what his going. He wants to be alone, which un-avoidably accounts for his instructions to the phone com-partment to change his number and not to list it... Barbara Luddy of the "First Nighter" is also taking a trip but it isn't a vacation. The show leaves California after the broadcast of the 26th and moves east. Barbara is busy these days and rounds the style shops, buying a complete new wardrobe.

Plums and Prunes

BY EVANS PLUMMER

Ruth (Girl Alone) Bailey was recently dim beside programs from her two pet dogs, Mary Queen of Scots and Willi the Conqueror. It happened when she leased a new apartment on Chicago's North Side...

Lindy Hop—man's new song, is not married. That's her mother's engagement and wedding rings she wears.

The Hollywood show to go home port in Hollywood and is scheduled to dock on about July 1... Carmen Penelope leaves the "Browns Variety," July 3 and will head immediately for the same town... The Hollywood parade of the stars continues with Bert Lahr preparing to go westward. He'll still be heard on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round from the Coast. This will be the first time this program switches to another studio to pick up that program.

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Above: It's the "1937 Radio Show"—Mutual's bid for big Sunday audiences! Arnold Johnson conducts, directs; Ray Knight gags with his Cuckoos; the Ambassadors Trio and Christina Lind sing! Right: Comic Ray Knight teases Stooge Sallie Belle Cox.

Upper right: Christina Lind and the Ambassadors Trio: Mart Sperzel, Jack Smith and Ray Hall. The little songstress was on Arnold Johnson's amateur show; became a permanent soloist when he dropped amateurs. Real name: Jean Peterson. Right: Arnold Johnson; He conducts the orchestra, is producer of rest of show!

Right, below: Johnson's premiere as a conductor was in a Chinese restaurant in Chicago—when he was 14! Since then he has grown musically to leadership on the air! He's been married 17 years—loves it! Lower right: Joe Bolton, free-lance announcer, opens the show as Johnson waits his cue!

HAROLD STEIN Photos

Radio Show 1937 Model

SONGS, MUSIC, LAUGHTER—THEY SET TODAY'S PACE—ON THE AIR!

Left (above) and left: Ray Knight—his found inspiration for his Cuckoos by eavesdropping in the subway—still gets gag ideas there! His theme song was written by home-town talent—a druggist in Salem, Mass! Ray also writes "News of Youth" show, aired over CBS.
FOUR WOMEN WHO GOT WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 7)

steal, she helped plan a new home, thought what Phil would like best for dinner, cracked the ex-
citement of the theater, the thought of a little star over her dressing-room
door. And the lovely brown hair, age and a baby boy came, these old associations dreamed strange—to her—and
a bit unreal.

But once in a while, she still sang and danced, as if she were living her first sur-
mer. She seemed to Phil so gifted, so ex-
quited, so lovely, that she would be at her best always. One day she was bound to go back to the stage, he
thought.

"Come the air in my act," he be-
gan to urge her. "After all, you're a
modern woman and your kids are well
taken care of!" And that's how it hap-
pened you heard Peggy on Phil's broadcast last year.

"Still, it's lucky I did it," she admits, "because now both Phil and I are con-
vincing how little things mean to me.

"Peggy's children are not only pre-
cious to her but "such fun. What song-and-dance routine could she make
with helping them up to become well-rounded, handy people?"

"I think the most magnificent mistake of my kind of woman," ended Peggy, "is to be born. To each of her chil-
dren, Phil and I go off on little trips without the babies sometimes. Parents need.

"I think you hasten to find new children, now and then, to remain true lovers."

To put Helen Jepson, who is at once so poised and so princi-
pal, is of the few celebrated wom-
"We have a child and an adoring hus-
band, and who has never been di-

"The first rule," says, "is to pick out a
man-for a husband. And one who will put his strength to fight for
you, not against you. If you're to be
serene enough for really happy mother-
hood, you want enough for really ro-
mantic with someone, vital enough for
really distinguished work, there's simply not enough left over for good fights
with your husband!"

Helen married George Possell when she was still studying at Curtis Insti-
tute. But she didn't really marry him, she
wasn't sure she was going to amount to a lot as a singer. She only knew she must give her utmost to the at-
tempt. Even before they married, George seemed to be her own confi-
cidence.

"They both feel that the hours he spent coaching her during the first
days of their marriage are some of the
cutest they ever experienced."

When Helen was graduated from
Curtis, an impresario, whose name
spelled glamour and power to ambitious young singers the world over, asked Helen to lend her her singing.

"It's a great opportunity, Helen!" George said.

Helen threw back her golden locks with a little gesture of abandon. "If I go to see him and accept, I'm
means giving myself up to working and studying my profession," she said.
"I mean letting others be only for my
baby. Let's put off my career for this
one glorious year and four more to
get together to the full!"

This little gesture gives you the key
note to Helen Jepson's attitude toward
her marriage. She did—she almost al-
ways does—what she would have done whether there were a baby, or not. And she wouldn't deny him
the opportunities of being a woman for the worker. And you mustn't frustrate your husband either:
If he's a man, he would want to help you, sometimes even boss you. It's fun to have a famous husband, most of
all, must give her husband's masculinity its due!"

UNDER-WATER BROADCAST

BY JERRY MALCOLM

FIFTY-EIGHT feet below the surface of Lake Michigan, two Milwaukee
deep-sea divers conversed with each other and their surface-buoy crew
one recent Saturday afternoon, while engineers of WTMJ, the Milwaukee
Journal station, broadcast their move-
ments and conversations over the
Coast-to-Coast NBC-Blue network. It
was the "American Dress Rehearsals"
of the Laustiana Salvage Expedition
and the first underwater broadcast of
this type in radio history.

The broadcast was originally con-
ceived as a special-event show for
WTMJ listeners. So great was its in-
terest, however, that the network
wanted it for the nation's listeners and
revised the program to make it a special
privilege of recording the action. From the deck of the Coast Guard Cutter
Antietam, a portable short-wave trans-
mmitter relayed the signal to WTMJ's
hunting activities a definite possibility.

The problem of the recovery of the vast treasure that went to the bottom
when the great superliner was tor-
pended off the coast of Ireland on May 7, has baffled and intrigued divers
ever since that time. The great depth of the location was only one problem:
first, the Laustiana had to be found.
This discovery did not come until very recently, with the perfection of a new
type of sounding instrument. Irish
seamen who had watched the vessel go down, and taken her things as she sank,
were also called into service.

THE equipment was a medium-
low-frequency, broadcast relay
transmitter, WJE3, with an output of seven and one-half watts. The talk-
back circuit was a seven and one-half watts ultra-high-frequency broadcast re-
lay transmitter, W9XAZ, while the

WTMJ Announcer Russ Winnie broadcasts a diving test from the deck of the Coast Guard Cutter Antietam.

Note the large mass of bubbles

short-wave station several miles away in Milwaukee, and thence to the
WTMJ transmitter. After half an hour of successful operation, the program
was switched to the WTMJ main con-
trol-board, where it was put into the
NBC-wire to Chicago and then broad-
cast on the national hook-up.

RUSS WINNIE, WTMJ announcer, stationed on the Antietam, and the two divers, their suits equipped by
WTMJ engineers with built-in head-
sets and microphones to receive speech equipment formerly used by Admiral Byrd, ended on a three-way conversa-
tion for listeners' entertainment. The
success of the entire broadcast depend-
ed on the continuous operation of a
small one-cylinder gasoline engine which WTMJ engineers set up on the
Antietam's deck to supply power for the transmitter on the bout. Without
any loss in quality of reception, the broadcast was transmitted through six
different relays finally heard by
listeners throughout the country. With the exception of a momentary break,
the broadcast was the result of the
balance of the gasoline supply for the generator motor, the broadcast was
flawless.

The divers were Max Noxon and Capt-
ain John Craig, who tested their newly
invented diving suit with which they expect to reach the wreck of the
Laustiana next month to recover its
treasure. The broadcast proved their invention to be a decided success, with the appearance of WTMJ engineers made broadcasts of the coming Laustiana treasure-
speech circuits consisted of a Western Electric 22A amplifier and three Western
Electric 633A microphones. A rather
peculiar line-up of speech equipment
was used because each of the two diving-helmets was equipped with both
headphones and microphones, all work-
ing off a common amplifier. Since the
nature of the diving test prohibited the use of a number of cables for communi-
cation, a sound-shielded cable was used with each diving-dress. The program
line which led the headphone circuits was also used to feed the
newscast sound equipment.

The microphones were built as an
integral part of the breathing tubes in
the divers' helmets. Both headsets
were fitted into skull caps worn as part
of the diving-suit. During the entire
broadcast, all microphones were open
so that the two divers under water
and the announcer on deck could con-
verse with each other.

Pardon Us, Please!

On the cover of the May 15th issue of Radio Guide, Frank Pacci-
eli was credited with taking the part of Jack Marsh in "Today's Children." This part is taken by
Seymour Young. Frank Pacelli plays the part of Bobby Moran in this same program.

STAR OF STARS STANDINGS


MUSICAL PROGRAMS


Dramatic Programs


SPORT ANNOUNCERS


Commentators


Announcers


Promising New Stars


Female Popular Singing Stars


Operatic & Classical Singers


Orchestra


Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937

17
SMALL-TOWNERS IN A BIG-TOWN

Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1. Incites
2. Poloxalene, handreector
3. More qualified
4. BBC, nuclear director
5. Author
6. Professor Kalmeyer
7. Joan — "Mary Martin"
8. "Scotch"
9. "John of the coopsas"
10. "Caval in New York"
11. "Bilas" — maestro
12. "Cantor's celebrated riee"-unlike
14. "Fred Waring's theme song"
16. "Part of "to be"
19. "Fred and Ginger"
20. "Ann - anunciator"
21. "Tow — announces"
24. "Travelling on a course"
26. "Supplies food for"
28. "Bots — annunciator"
30. "Richard E. Pryer"
31. "King of the jungle"
32. "Fixing"
33. "Phoan comprehensive"
34. "Clear up, explain"
35. "Bittied shot"
36. "Chinese measure"

VERTICAL

1. "Jack," comedian
2. "Creeks"
3. "Jewel"
4. "Moses, soprano"
5. "Howard — announcer"
6. "Fred and Ginger"
7. "Ann — announcer"
8. "England"
9. "French" — star in the current
10. "Masque
11. "Chicago" — star in the current
12. "Frances, tenor"
13. "Mie" — in the current
14. "Buddy" — male singer
15. "Famous Opera"
16. "South American cafe"
17. "Jack, orchestra leader"
18. "Travelling on a course"
19. "Supplies food for"
20. "Bots — annunciator"
21. "Richard E. Pryer"
22. "King of the jungle"
23. "Fixing"
24. "Phoan comprehensive"
25. "Clear up, explain"
26. "Bittied shot"
27. "Chinese measure"

Solution to puzzle given last week

1. "Mary Martin"
2. "Mary Martin"
3. "Mary Martin"
4. "Mary Martin"
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6. "Mary Martin"
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34. "Mary Martin"
35. "Mary Martin"
36. "Mary Martin"

Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937

18
VOICE OF THE LISTENER

The "Voice of the Listener" letter-forum is a regular feature in Radio Guide offering the opportunity for readers as well as for advertisers to express their views on any subject or point of view, as a means for expressing and exchanging opinions about radio. Radio listeners may pay $10 for the best letter published each week and $5 for the second best letter. The aim of the letter-forum is to increase our readers' attention and to serve our readers' attention also will be published.

PRO

Voice of the Listener: Most of the good continued dramatizations such as Betty and Bob, Bachelor's Children, Pretty Kitty Kelly, Today's Children, Flat Plain Bill and David Harum are on in the morning when we are busy with our work. Usually we are in the part of the house farthest from the radio.

It would be a fine thing to have some of these programs on in the afternoons when we have time to sit down, relax and really enjoy them. — Miss Helen Cooper, Waterman, Illinois.

CON

Voice of the Listener: A very small percentage of the American public really understands the delicate, intricate operation of our governmental machinery. What is needed is a varied radio program, explaining the civic affairs of our America, a short sketch, for instance, showing how a proposal becomes law. The long procedure that is necessary to pass a bill through the House of Representatives and then the Senate. Air a series of programs giving the operations of Congress in detail. In other words, inform the American public as to what is happening "behind the scenes" in our Capital. Give them a civic education, so that the voters may discuss the affairs of government intelligently, thereby creating better citizens, and decreasing the ever-increasing danger of Communism in America. — Kenneth Tottenhoff, Marshalltown, Iowa.

TO ENTERTAIN CHILDREN

($5 Prize Letter)

Voice of the Listener: A few weeks ago, becoming annoyed with my twelve-year-old son for missing the first part of his evening meal to listen to a favorite program, I requested him to turn the radio loud enough to be heard in the dining-room and come to the table. As a result of this action I found out some things about children's programs that I had not before known.

A boy and his father were creeping up a stairs, hushing each other with very loud whispers. Suddenly discovered them, and the screams and shouted warnings broke in, ending abruptly in a terrible silence. When this had lasted until one's nerves had nearly reached the breaking point (and what a wonderful timing), there were more screams and shrieks. One of them, for instance, was a bone-crushing thud, a groan, and the program, mercifully, was over for that day.

Now, this, my son, who knows all about microphones, scripts, sound-effects, radio stages one can learn from pictures and reading in Radio Guide, sat, tense and actually pale, staring and seemingly seeing the whole thing. The young son was becoming very ill upon listening to one of these programs immediately after eating his supper, and he too understands something of broadcasting. A child's imagination is so very vivid that this knowledge plays little part in his acceptance of a program during the programs. There are many skillful men and women writing for the radio. I would like to see some of them turn their attention to the writing of more acceptable programs for children. These programs would probably be more difficult to write, but I think they would be worth the effort. — Mrs. W. H. Gleson, Topeka, Kansas.

REVERSE ENGLISH

Voice of the Listener: Not long ago, I sent a note asking my husband for a certain song. The reply came, signed by the singer himself. The letter began, "Dear —" (using my first name) "I would like to receive your letter asking for a song. Anytime you want to hear a song I will be only too glad to sing it for you. I am so glad you like my program—" it went on, with about the same thing. At the end, "Do let me hear from you again. This is only the beginning and I will write to you when I sing." The letter made me pretty angry, I admit, and perhaps the radio performers feel the same way when they heard letters from strangers. But after all, their bread and butter depends somewhat on our reaction to their programs and we, if at all, should be gentle with them and put our exposure of their programs to the test. — Mrs. E. L. Grover, Middletown, N.Y.

DUMPLINGS

Radio Guide, Editors: I have been married 16 years and never did make dumplings until Saturday—and could you guess? "Your Magic Chef" persuaded me to make them with his spare ribs and his directions. — Mrs. C. F. Crabtree, Fort Worth, Tex.

WE CIVILIZED FOLK NEED DENTENE!

It works in Nature's own way to help keep teeth sound and white. Dentine's specially firm consistency invites vigorous, healthful chewing-exercise. It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth-tissues polishes cleanses. Helps keep your mouth healthy — teeth white.

ITS FLAVOR'S A TREAT! Spicy yet smooth — taste it and you'll know at once why it's so popular! Notice the fashionably flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentine feature)—just right to carry in pocket or handbag.

HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE
MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTENE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

<Digital image of a magazine page with an advertisement for Dentine chewing gum.>
Log of Short-Wave Stations

(Frequencies in Parentheses Are Magazines)

STARGING on about April 20, a blanket of silence began to slowly lift from the markets of the world. By April 24, all stations in Europe and the powerful United States broadcasters were on the air again, and the atmosphere was almost overpowering. Even the 20-meter band appeared, on the whole good when all other bands are poor, was dead. South American stations alone continued to break through the magnetic curtain and even these were much below normal. under favorable conditions are slowly returning to DXers Alliance and city. Mrs. Asiatic and Australian stations again were evident. This strange phenomenon is believed to be caused by the Southern Lights condition. Thun them a peculiar magnetic disturbance in the upper stratas was responsible, but we at least do know this was no local condition, for Eugene Darlington, director of short-wave broadcasting for General Electric Company, reported by telephone a two-way contact with VA2ME in Sydney, Nova Scotia, that station noted similar conditions.

The secretary of the Hong Kong Broadcasting Committee, who is an of- ficial of the Hong Kong Broadcasting Committee, understands that experimental transmission has been completed and no longer will be continued.

With the introduction of the new Daventron transmitters, more frequen- cies have been made available. The following shows the new schedule of transmissions is now in effect: 5:45 to 6:55 a.m.; EST (4:45 to 7:55 a.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSI; 6:45-9:45 a.m.; EST (5:45 to 8:45 a.m. CST) over GSG, GSI, GSO, and GSB; 7:45-10:45 a.m.; EST (6:45 to 9:45 a.m. CST) over GSG, GSI, GSB, and GSD; 8:45-11:45 a.m.; EST (7:45 to 10:45 a.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSD; 9:45-12:45 a.m.; EST (8:45 to 11:45 a.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSD; 10:45-1:45 p.m.; EST (9:45 to 12:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 1:45-4:45 p.m.; EST (12:45 to 3:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 2:45-5:45 p.m.; EST (1:45 to 4:45 p.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSD; 3:45-6:45 p.m.; EST (2:45 to 5:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 4:45-7:45 p.m.; EST (3:45 to 6:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 5:45-8:45 p.m.; EST (4:45 to 7:45 p.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSD; 6:45-9:45 p.m.; EST (5:45 to 8:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 7:45-10:45 p.m.; EST (6:45 to 9:45 p.m. CST) over GSG, GSI, and GSD; 8:45-11:45 p.m.; EST (7:45 to 10:45 p.m. CST) over GSG, GSO, GSB, and GSD; 9:45-12:45 a.m.; EST (8:45 to 11:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 10:45-1:45 p.m.; EST (9:45 to 12:45 p.m. CST) over GSG; 11:45-2:45 p.m.; EST (10:45 to 1:45 p.m. CST) over GSG.

Tunis, the capital of Tunisia, is the largest city and the political and economic center of the country. It is located on the Mediterranean Sea, about 110 miles (177 km) south of the Strait of Gibraltar. Tunis was founded by the Phoenicians in the 8th century BC and has been inhabited for over 2,000 years. It is known for its rich history, culture, and cuisine.
Deems Taylor (above), eminent music commentator, for his Philharmonic-Symphony Intermission discussions—and now again for thrilling musical experiments he presents on his own show!

**THEIR AIR ENTERTAINMENT HAS WON CHEERS FROM YOU—RADIO'S SUPREME CRITICS!**

Benny Goodman and his hottest of all swing bands. With the world dancing at his feet while he plays his torrid clarinet, Benny remains modest almost to the point of timidity. He first won radio fame on the old “Dance Parade” series, now goes collegiate weekly for his “Jack Oakie’s College” music!

Charlie Butterworth, his wife and their two pet pups. Charlie regularly steals the show in his appearances on Fred Astaire’s hour—but nicely! His impersonation of age is strictly an act—and his muddling simplicity covers a mind trained for the bar!

Winners of the weekly Metropolitan Auditions—Maxine Sulli- man and Thomas L. Thomas, pictured with Director Edward Johnson, of the “Met,” and Mr. Charles Lemperly. Thomas Thomas is radio’s “answer” to the movies’ Simone Simon!
Let's Go Partying with MARK WARNOW
RADIO GUIDE TAKES YOU ON AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC TOUR OF MAESTRO WARNOW'S "YOUR HIT PARADE" PARTY!

1 Don't be alarmed—that's only ginger ale in front of lovely Jane Froman and maestro Al Goodman. Jane's husband—baritone Don Ross—attended the party, too!

2 The Hit Parade alumni get together. Left to right: Harry Salter, Mark Warnow, Bob Haring, Al Goodman and Harry Spink. At the piano is announcer Andre Baruch. Alumnus Carl Hoff couldn't be present because it was his opening night at the Hotel Biltmore. The Hit Parade changes bands every seven weeks—alters between these friendly rivals.

3 Mark Warnow staged a supper dance immediately following his premiere as maestro of the Hit Parade and here's the host in white tie and tails taking time out from his guests to put an arm around Mrs. Warnow. This is the first time she has ever been photographed with her famed hubby!

4 Bob Haring, bandsman and one of the alternating Hit Parade maestros, is talking it over with a friend in a quiet corner. Haring's a not a newcomer to the airwaves, having directed orchestras on fourteen commercial programs in ten years.

5 Announcer Andre Baruch of Your Hit Parade program smiles as he glides over the floor with Cora Shepard, CBS hostess, to Warnow's music. Was born in France, speaks seven languages, is one of Columbia's youngest regular announcers.

6 Billie Bailey, pretty CBS singer, is the smiling and popular young lady dancing with Irving Reis, director of the CBS Workshop dramas. Tut, tut, Mr. Reis, didn't you want your picture taken?

BERT LAWSON Photos
Amidst the blare of trumpets, the tooting of horns and the tramp of marching feet, Waukegan staged a welcome home celebration for its beloved son—Jack "The Bee" Benny!

2 "Good old Waukegan," says Co-mediated Jack as he looks the sign-post over. He's just a home-town boy who made good in the great world returned to the scene of his boyhood!

3 At the City Hall Jack was greeted by former school chum Mayor Mancel Talcott. The Mayor occupied a desk adjoining that of the future comedian in primary school and at Waukegan High — was one of Benny's staunchest backers during his feud with Fred Allen!

4 The Benny troupe en route to Waukegan, Illinois, where Jack was feted by home town citizens in a day-long celebration. Left to right: Timid Tenor Kenny Baker, Jovial Announcer Don Wilson, suave Jester Jack, Poetress Mary Livingstone and Script-Writer William Morrow.

5 Thronga, anxious to see their honor guest, milled around Jack when he came home. But he found time during the day to visit many of his soldier friends and get a shave from his favorite barber in the Waukegan Barber Shop.

6 "Buck Benny" handled the spade when an elm tree was planted in his honor in front of the City Hall. Jack was guest at a luncheon, a mass meeting, a dinner dance—was back-slapped by his old buddies!
Above: Here Engineer Al Van Brakle of Columbia's sound-effects department produces the sound of a railroad car, vintage 1880. He's using a heavy iron disk on wheels, rotating it rapidly to make the clickety-clack, clickety-clack of an old-time railroad car bumping over a rough track.

Above: Robert Stone of NBC demonstrates some of the uses of broom-corn. Uncut broom-corn can be used to simulate the sound of a person walking through underbrush, the sound of a comfortable, crackling little camp-fire, or a roaring forest fire. Dexterity in the manipulation of the corn is essential, of course, and many rehearsals are necessary to perfect the sound.

Here's Eric Dan Pam of NBC actually at work on a show. Carefully marked, the script on the stand before him indicates every sound he must make and when it must be made. Around him, at arm's length, is the equipment necessary for this show. The turntable at his right produces crowd noises and trains, best made by recordings.

Above: Ray Kelly, NBC sound ace, is the demonstrator. Constructed in the fashion of the familiar wind tunnel used in testing airplane models, this machine produces the sound of any kind of wind, from the eerie whisper of a night breeze to the howl of a full gale. Mounted on wheels, it can be easily moved from studio to studio.

Here's one type of wind machine. Ray Kelly, NBC sound ace, is the demonstrator. Constructed in the fashion of the familiar wind tunnel used in testing airplane models, this machine produces the sound of any kind of wind, from the eerie whisper of a night breeze to the howl of a full gale. Mounted on wheels, it can be easily moved from studio to studio.

Ray Kelly again, this time atop an 18-foot ladder, is poised to hurl it to the floor near the microphone.
AGAIN RADIO GUIDE TAKES YOU BEHIND CLOSED DOORS TO REVEAL HIDDEN SECRETS OF THE MYSTERY MEN OF RADIO—THE SOUND-CREWS!

Above: The script calls for the sound of a creaking old horse-drawn wagon jogging down a country road behind an ambling horse, and here it is! A little wagon wheel turned on a sandpaper cylinder, some coconut shells and a tray of sand produce the scene.

Above: Mrs. Ora Nichols, of the Columbia sound-effects staff, works a telegraphic "bug" key. One of the few women in the sound game, Mrs. Nichols is one of the best. Notice the compressed-air tanks in the background. They're used for a number of sounds. Left: Peach baskets, for a wood-splintering sound, and broom-corn.

Ray Kelly takes a look into his rain machine. Above the box is a hopper filled with bird-seed. The seed drops down onto the disk, which can be seen on a level with Kelly's head. A wind-shield wiper brushes it off to fall on a triangular shaped board which scatters it. The seed then falls onto several surfaces of different height, rattles on the ping-pong ball.

Right: SOS! The S.S. "Dixie" is aground on a reef off the French coast. In this scene—from a recent "March of Time" broadcast—you see production of wind and wireless. Jimmy Rinaldi, holding a drumhead filled with sand, is making the swishing crash of surf against the doomed ship and the beach. In the rear, Ora Nichols taps out an SOS on her wireless.

SHER and BERT LAWSON
Muriel Wilson, lyric coloratura, was born in New York City and has spent most of her life in the shadow of Manhattan’s skyscrapers. Her mother came from America from England when but thirteen years old and her father is a native New Yorker. Muriel has two brothers—Donald and Gordon. Childhood school days for Muriel were spent at Public School No. 17 on West 47th Street near her home. She was graduated from Wadleigh High School and from the American Institute of Applied Arts; stood out as a singer even when she was in high school, where she sang second alto because nobody else could follow the part. Her fondest memory was when she played a fairy queen, wore huge silken wings, and sang to a large audience of enthusiastic schoolmates. She later studied with William Reiger, who sang with Nordica, Schumann-Heink, others. Once Muriel had launched her career as a singer, making her debut in a church choir at the age of 18, she went on concert tours throughout New England, followed by a vaudeville trip, making her radio debut shortly after. Fell in love, was engaged to be married three years ago, but the engagement was broken. As Mary Lou in “Show Boat” she captured the true, soft charm of a southern gentlewoman. She is known and loved by a vast army of radio listeners, loves singing, enjoys her fan mail, her associates at NBC!

1. Muriel Wilson’s mother was born in the house shown in the extreme lower right, under the shadow of Nottingham Castle, England—came to America when she was 13 years old. Her father was of Scotch-Irish parentage—but a native New Yorker!

2. So striking is the resemblance that at first glance it looks like Muriel, but no, it is her mother—Mrs. William H. Wilson. In a gown beribboned and lace-accented, Mrs. Wilson posed for this picture at the age of twenty—just after her marriage.

3. Muriel arrived and joy was complete in the Wilson household. Here’s her first baby bonnet—made of China silk—daintily tucked—net ruching trimmed—a pretty frame for her face.

4. The resemblance to Muriel is complete. Mrs. Wilson is Muriel’s mother.

5. Years fly and here you see Muriel at the age of 13. Donald at the age of 9 and Gordon at the age of 15. Muriel is growing up and she’s wearing the latest hairdo of the day—curls, a pompadour and satin ribbon.

6. Muriel Wilson was an inquisitive girl, very precocious, with a most unusual sense of humor.

7. Public School No. 17, located on West 47th Street, where Muriel attended school throughout the grades. It’s the tall building in the center. The other day Muriel went back to Public School No. 17, recalled those happy school days when she sat again at her old desk!

8. Muriel Wilson enjoyed painting, music and poetry.

9. Muriel Wilson is a woman with a direct appeal. She is a member of her family with a basic value underpinning her. The long hair and curls, and other lines of expression, characteristic of her parents, appear in her.

10. Muriel began her concert work in 1926—used this picture as the front cover of a four-page leaflet to promote the tour. She stood out as a singer even when she was in high school, later studied with William Reiger, who sang with Schumann-Heink.

11. Much favorable comment, generous praise was received as a result of Muriel’s first tour in 1926. She has since filled numerous successful engagements.

Photos by DE MIRJIAN, SYDNEY DESFOR and GENE LESTER

THE PHOTO-STORY OF MURIEL WILSON’S LIFE

A STAR IS BORN—AND WE PRESENT HER LIFE STORY—IN PICTURES!
A little lady at the age of two pinching one finger—before she ever thought of singing—before radio was even heard of. We saw her doing this very same thing the other day on an NBC program—pinching the very same finger!

Five-year-old Muriel with her two brothers, Gordon (rear), age 7, and one-year-old Donald. Today, Donald is a salesman, married, once sold opera tickets. Gordon is married, has two children—Audrey, 3, and Muriel Helen, 5—works in the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York.

A family portrait and here's Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; Muriel, age 11; Donald, age 7; Gordon, age 13. When a child, Donald had a slight deviation of vision, but has completely overcome it. Mrs. Wilson was just becoming interested in politics—she still is!

Muriel's mother is keenly interested in politics—a power in the Republican party in the East. Here's a picture of members of the New York State Electoral College of 1925 when Coolidge was re-elected President. Mrs. Wilson is the third woman from the left in the front row. To the right is Florence Knapp, former Secretary of State of New York. Then comes Elihu Root, statesman.

Three years ago Muriel and Fred Hufsmith, NBC tenor, were teamed on a commercial show. Friendship blossomed into love, they announced their engagement, broke it—no one knows why!

Muriel grew up and radio was born. She got her first job on an NBC program here's the shy little lady standing directly behind the first violinist. Jessica Dragonette, at mike, was the show's star.

Continued on Next Page.
Miss Wilson's fans are many, loyal—and she's constantly showered with gifts, highly treasures them. Our photographer took this exclusive photo to show you a few of the presents she's received. It took one fan in New Jersey one year, three weeks to make the tablecloth at right!

Lanny Ross and Muriel Wilson of "Show Boat" fame. Five years ago Muriel joined the cast, has since left. They called her Mary Lou and the script said she was in love with Handsome Lanny. The make-believe love grew stronger, the songs sweeter—the show a success!

It was in this house at 330 West 47th Street that Muriel and her brother Donald were born. The family continued to live there until last January, when Muriel took an apartment to herself. The old house was too large when all the children left.
THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Sunday
May 16

MORNING

7:00 CST
Church of the Air, WONK, Chicago, Ill.

8:00 CST
Morning Service, SUN-Times Savor, 7:15 (sw. 15.33)

9:00 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

9:15 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

9:30 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

9:45 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

10:00 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

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Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

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24:45 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.

24:00 CST
Call from the Church, WIMP, Pom. Pk.
**Monday, May 17, 1937**

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**Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937**

**Radio**

**WEAF-Harmonie**
**WBAP-Home Melody**
**WOR-Dancing Love**

**Sunday, May 16, 1937**

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**WBBM: Choraliers**
**WGN: Monday Night**
**WOC: Monday Night**
**WOC: The Ladies' Club**

**Tuesday, May 18, 1937**

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**WGN: Princess of Swords**
**WLW: draped in the color**

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**Wednesday, May 19, 1937**

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**WOR: Hello Bellevue**
**WOR: New York Memorial**
**WOR: The New York**
**WOR: The New York**

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**Thursday, May 20, 1937**

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**WOR: The New York Memorial**
**WOR: The New York Memorial**

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**Friday, May 21, 1937**

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**WOR: The New York**
**WOR: The New York**

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**Saturday, May 22, 1937**

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**WOR: The New York**
**WOR: The New York**

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**Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937**

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**Radio**

**WEAF-Harmonie**
**WBAP-Home Melody**
**WOR-Dancing Love**

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**Notes:** Symbol in parentheses, such as (sw-9.53), appearing after a program listing indicates that this program may be heard by tuning in 9.53 megacycles frequency on your short-wave dial. For foreign short-wave programs, please see page 20.
**Monday May 17**

**WVMA**

- Don Harding’s Wife, sketch: NASH WMMK WCOO WTMJ
- Love & Learn, sketch: WJJD
- CBS News, weather: WJJD
- CBS Newscast, weather: WCFL
- CBS-500, weather: KMOX
- CBS-800, weather: WBBM

**WQVI**

- Tom, Dick & Harry: WGN

**WVTAQ**

- Wally and the Flames: WBBM

**WVTAQ**

- Tunes for Today: WBBM
- The Smoke Path: WBBM
- Popular favorites: WBBM
- Popular Quartet: WBBM

**WVTAQ**

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Tuesday

May 18

for story suitable for Jack Benny, George Burns, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Nazimova, Pauline Lord, Ruby Keeler, and in passing to Jack Benny, who has been a loyal and long-time patron of the Theater.
Wednesday May 19

**FRED ALLEN**
"Town with a Star" 7:30 p.m. CST

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**WCLF** 3:45 CST
**WMAQ** 3:45 CST
**NBC** 3:45 CST

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**WCLF** 12:15 CST
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**NBC** 12:15 CST
MORNING

7:00 CST
- NBC Breakfast with the Wife (5/21)
- CBS: Air Wives, Like It! News (5/22)
- WLS News: WTMJ, WTMK, WILM
- WBBM News: WBBM, WBBF
- WREX News: WREX, WREX, WRFK
- WMAQ News: WMAQ, WMAQ, WMAQ

7:15 CST
- CBS: Breakfast with the Village Chapel (9/25)
- WBBM News: WBBM, WBBF

7:30 CST
- CBS: General Hospital (5/20)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

7:45 CST
- CBS: Battelle's Children's Morning News (5/12)

8:00 CST
- NBC Mary Kay Tuscany Market, Old English Vinyl (8/23)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

8:15 CST
- CBS: Betty White, Mrs. Krupp, Good Sammy (5/2)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

8:30 CST
- NBC: The Edsel, sketch (4/25)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

8:45 CST
- CBS: Breakfast with the Wife (5/20)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

9:00 CST
- NBC: Mrs. Wally Baker's Boy (5/20)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

9:15 CST
- NBC: Sealed with a Kiss (4/25)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

9:30 CST
- NBC: Just Plain Bill, sketch (4/25)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

9:45 CST
- ABC: Advertisement, sketch (4/25)
- WCFL News: WCFL, WCFL, WCFL

10:00 CST
- WLS News: WLS, WLS, WLS

10:15 CST
- WLS National Collegiate Sing (4/25)
- WLS News: WLS, WLS, WLS

10:30 CST
- WLS The Morning Comedians (5/21)
- WLS News: WLS, WLS, WLS

10:45 CST
- WLS The Morning Comedians (5/21)
- WLS News: WLS, WLS, WLS

AFTEWEW

12:00 p.m.
- CBS: Big Sister, sketch (5/5)
- WBBM News: WBBM, WBBM

1:00 p.m.
- CBS: Today's Melody, sketch (5/20)

(Continued on Next Page)
NEXT WEEK:

**Housewives**

One of the most amazing women's careers in America today is that of Dorothy Thompson, known to thousands as one of the world's leading correspondents, known to millions as the wife of Sinclair Lewis, known to untold millions of radio's listeners as a frequent guest commentator on the air! This great career-woman has found the life of her husband can bring far greater happiness than any material success, the same can be said of which the world can bring!

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**Radio Guide** • Week Ending May 22, 1937

**DOROTHY DRESSLIN**

**Friday**

12:00 CST 1:00 CDT

**IN RADIO GUIDE**

**MON-SAT:**

**WAFP** Symphony Hour
**WRAM** Principles of Sociology
**WIB* FM: Bay Down East
**WHBO** State Street
**WFBM** Tying Roof
**WWE** Front Row
**WIB** Linda's First Love
**WCTF** Oh, Mabel
**WR** Milt Jackson's Print

**W EI** Man's World
**W DRA** Homemakers Pay Day
**WCE** Earl Hines' Freedom's Dawn
**W M Q** She'll Be in the Air
**WBCY** TUNES OF THE TIMES MONTREAL POLICE BUREAU
**W OR** Friday Gospel Hour
**WABX** All Star Varieties
**WRSZ** News; Stock Reports
**WIB** Betty Crocker

**11:15 CST 12:15 CDT**

**WFBM** Woman's Forum (Wonder Bread)
**WIB** Wonderful World of WATCIO

**W AF** Lillian Romanoff, gang

**12:15 CST 1:15 CDT**

**WIB** Milburn Charles, organizer
**WCTF** Jack & Loreta Ceninas

**KMK** Musical Kitchen

**1:00 CST 2:00 CDT**

**WAF** Raid on the Street
**WFBM** WARB Radio; WATCIO
**WIB** WATCIO; WIBD

**1:30 CST 2:30 CDT**

**WFBM** Tornado; WIBD
**W AF** Hollywood on Parade

**2:30 CST 3:30 CDT**

**WIB** Monte Carlo, sketches
**WAF** One Girl in a Million

**3:30 CST 4:30 CDT**

**WAF** wbwo; WIBD
**WIB** Musical Revue, sketches (Cameo); WIBD; WATCIO; WIBD

**4:00 CST 5:00 CDT**

**WAF** Cupid's Arrow

**5:00 CST 6:00 CDT**

**WIB** Wonderful World of WATCIO
**WAF** wbwo; WIBD

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**DOROTHY DRESSLIN**

**Friday**

12:00 CST 1:00 CDT

**IN RADIO GUIDE**

**AFTONERNON**

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**Boys: Get This Glove—FREE!**

Play ball, fellows, with this "Rajah" Horsey model glove, made of genuine hide with greased palm. Full leather lined.

You can get this glove and many other swell prizes by doing a little extra work. Don’t offer self-delivering RADIO GUIDE to customers in your neighborhood.

You will get a profit on each copy delivered and get coupons for these special prizes, including other baseball, fishing, Boy Scout equipment, bicycles, etc.

Write for fully illustrated catalog and how to get started. It’s a cinch! Send coupon now!

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Mr. Al Jones, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

I want to get started selling RADIO GUIDE. Please send catalog and information.

Name ________________________________ Age ________

Street Number _________________________

City ____________________________ State ________

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**Radio Guide** May 22, 1937

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City ____________________________ State ________

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**Radio Guide** May 22, 1937

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**Boys: Get This Glove—FREE!**

Play ball, fellows, with this "Rajah" Horsey model glove, made of genuine hide with greased palm. Full leather lined.

You can get this glove and many other swell prizes by doing a little extra work. Don’t offer self-delivering RADIO GUIDE to customers in your neighborhood.

You will get a profit on each copy delivered and get coupons for these special prizes, including other baseball, fishing, Boy Scout equipment, bicycles, etc.

Write for fully illustrated catalog and how to get started. It’s a cinch! Send coupon now!

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Mr. Al Jones, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois

I want to get started selling RADIO GUIDE. Please send catalog and information.

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Next Week: 

Tragedy

Into every woman's life comes at least one cataclysmic tragedy, bringing grief, bitter tears! Into Lucy Monroe's life came the ill-fated event which deprived her of the woman who had cared for her from the day of her birth, through the early stages of her growth, and had conscientiously guided her steps along life's rough pathway to fame!

In Radio Guide

WMT Town, Cedar Rapids
WTAD News
WMT-AM Pop Concert
WMT-Dj Dave Orchestra
1:15 CST  
WDC-Concert with Max Shipp
WBA Die Diplomatic Shrimp
WMB Man in the Street
WDC To Be Announced
WDZ-Organ Recitals
WBB-PSH News of the Day
WMBD Saturday Carnival
WTAM-Gram Band
WDZ-Exchange

1:30 CST  
WTAM-St. Baldrick School Band
WCRD-Forty Days
WCRD-Safety Drama
WDZ-Petula Clark
WBA-Chamber Music
WBB-Texas Diva Concert
WMT-Movie Man
WDB-Reaching Melodies
WTAM-Mr. X: Mystery
WDB-Johnny Mathis

1:45 CST  
WDZ-Concert of the Dutch Masters
WMT-Concert of the Masters
WDB-Rolling Meadows
WMBD-Mr. X: Mystery
WDB-Johnny Mathis

2:00 CST  
WDB-Jazz Club
WCRD-White Willow WOM
WDB-Jazz Club
WMT-White Willow WOM
WMBD-White Willow WOM

2:15 CST  
WDM-Traveling Show
WIMAX-Wood Wednesdays
WDM-Comedy Varieties
WDB-Weather Part 3
WMBD-Music of the Masters
WDB-White Willow WOM
WDB-Woman's Various

2:30 CST  
WDB-White Willow WOM
WDB-White Willow WOM
WDB-White Willow WOM

Radio Guide • Week Ending May 22, 1937  

45
In every RCA Victor Radio, NBC broadcasting skill and RCA engineering combine to give you the magic of radio that's

**RCA All The Way**

RCA builds and equips broadcast stations, organizes radio networks. Through NBC, it creates programs and puts them on the air. Equally skilled in the technique of broadcasting and reception RCA builds receiving sets, matched to modern broadcasting. RCA is the only company that makes and does everything in radio. Only with an RCA Victor can you get the benefit of this unequalled experience—radio that is RCA ALL THE WAY.

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**Let's Follow a Program from Antenna to Your Ear—RCA ALL THE WAY**

**THIS FEATURE BY FEATURE REVIEW**

**tells the story of RCA VICTOR'S extra values**

1. You snap on the switch. Tuning is guided by the green glow of the Magic Eye.

2. On Magic Voice instruments only hand tuned, appears on the Selector Dial.

3. On short waves you'll find stations conveniently separated by the Band Spreader.

4. Fuzzy reception is eliminated, twice the output obtained by the Beam Power Tube.

5. More stations, easier tuning, better tone... perception recalling the human mind... the Magic Brain.

6. Proved better in hundreds of thousands of radio sets... RCA Metal Tubes.

---

**Magic Voice**

**ONLY RCA VICTOR GIVES YOU**

If your radio—or one you are thinking of buying—lacks these features ask the reason. Every one of them is important. Every one plays its part in bringing you the full excitement of the great shows that are on the air now. These features are based on the unmatched experience of RCA, the only organization that makes everything in radio from microphone to receiving set. They give you more for your money... radio that's RCA ALL THE WAY.

Every RCA Victor Magic Voice Radio has all of these thrill making features. The number of these features in all other RCA Victor models is in proportion to size and cost. RCA Manufacturing Company, Inc., Camden, New Jersey.

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan! Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life into your present radio—use RCA Radio Tubes!

RCA presents the "Magic Key of RCA" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M. (E.D.T.), over NBC Blue Network.

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**RCA Victor**

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA