DEANNA DURBIN

Fibber McGee & Molly tell why "Hollywood Isn't Heaven" "I'm No Dummy!"—Says Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy
Happy Listening...

Open All Summer" is the illuminating title of a booklet published by one of the broadcasting networks. The book reminds us that the number of people listening to radio this summer will be greater by millions than ever before. For instance, about twenty-five million families are now supposed to have radios in their homes. Of these, five million have radios in their cars. Wherever they go during the warm months, listeners' ears will never be far from a radio...or far from the greatest show on earth.

Here's one for Ripley: Today's mail brings the impish announcement of a refrigerator which contains a built-in radio. Just press the button, ladies, and your kitchen becomes a music room. For a few additional dollars you can have chilled Benny Goodman or frosted Louis Thomas right beside the gas range. We await this challenge to American ingenuity with fear and trembling. Will the next mail tell us of radio's invasion of the other rooms of our homes? Say, a soiled-linen hamper with which we can tune in the "Voice of Experience" or a Singing Shower? As we've said, we await with f. and t.

Speaking of Benny Goodman, the news has just reached us that the swing Profess will be the center of one of the air's brightest spots this summer. Jack Oakie vacations and the good Benny will provide a thirty-minute period which will be dedicated to Mr. Charlie's "Swing, Mr. Charlie" fame. Swing has certainly got these United States (possible exceptions: Maine and Vermont) by the heels. And Benny is its busiest. On any given Saturday night in June at a thousand college proms, you can find prancing imitators murdering the gentle jazz in which he specializes. Let this be a warning to the makers of those ice-box radios we just mentioned. With Benny on a summer schedule they had better be sure they have installed plenty of freezing-coils or some startled housewife may open her Nevobor to find her cold storage chicken trucking with a perspiring leg of lamb.

In our ceaseless efforts to serve the public, we deem it our duty to pass on to those radio listeners who are interested in Keeping the Air Clean and Free of Fraud, a rumor concerning the recent widely publicized broadcast of the Singing Mice.

Well, it seems that those mice didn't sing at all. According to "Tide," a most trustworthy publication, they didn't sing at all but merely squealed when they had their bottoms pinched with a pair of tweezers.

Fights are always interesting—and so are big money figures, especially when that money takes the place of the swords that dueling adversaries might otherwise employ. This fight is between the National and Columbia networks, and it concerns their efforts to secure exclusive broadcasting privileges to certain exceedingly important sporting events.

It appears that the rival networks had been going along on a pretty thin gentlemen's agreement not to make competitive bids. But that's all over. It seems the Braddock-Louis fight did it. Both NBC and CBS wanted the broadcasting rights. NBC got them by paying $50,000. That's when CBS went into action. It dashed out and paid the United States Lawn Tennis Association approximately $10,000 for the sole right to have Mr. Husing relay a stroke-by-stroke description to CBS network stations only. It laid $20,000 on the line in order to be the only network present for the next five years during the big golf championships. And right this minute, CBS scouts are said to be tying up everything in sight, which includes the Kentucky Derby, the International Yacht Races, the Poughkeepsie Regatta, and perhaps the Soapbox Derby.

Looking back over a fruitful winter season of broadcasting, one must marvel at the tremendous impetus the winter of 1936-37 gave to the career of a one-time boot-a-doo boy named Bing Crosby. No longer the pulse-prodder of his romantic "I'm-singing-to-you-and-you-alone" baby days, he has matured both in personality and artistry. Not generally known is the fact that much of that maturity comes from the Grade A line he has been given to read. Lifting the curtain on backstage life just a bit, we can reveal that those lines are written by one of radio's most competent scribes named Carroll Carroll. Ten years ago, this Carroll Ditto was joke-writer and a maker-upper of snappy paragraphs. Radio came into his life; he came into Bing's life; and Bing came into ours with a grown-up manner and an intelligently provocative line.

Strange special events have been presented—and from many strange places. But few have been as unique as the one which originated in New York recently when a window-washer, Richard Hart, talked with a fellow worker in Chicago. Hart carried an NBC portable transmitter with him to "the job"—what happened that day to be many stories up in the scaring Empire State building.

---The Editors.
I'm no dummy

VENTRiloquist edgar Bergen has been praised by the crown prince of sweden—but he's been booed too! Here's his real life story!

charlie mcarthy

Today my boss, Mr. Edgar Bergen, was in a dither. There he sat at his typewriter writing a story about himself and the phone kept ringing and the doorbell kept ringing and it turned out he was supposed to be ten places at once. He's been an awful busy guy since we got out here to California. Finally he snatched the paper out of his typewriter in a rage, balled it up and stepped on it.

"O.K., Charlie," he muttered between his teeth, "it's a swindle but I'll do business with you. You write this story and you get the wig."

Now a new red—I might say titian—wig is an item I've been trying to talk him into for days. How can I afford to show up at broadcasts, with all those gorgeous Hollywood blondes in the audience, in a toupee fantastically moth-eaten around the ears? A fellow has to look smooth to make any headway with blondes, and I've got to make some time to show Gertrude (Gertrude's my girl. We aren't speaking this week.) But the boss argued that my toupees have to be ordered from one of the most expensive places in New York and he saw no reason why we couldn't overlook a few moth patches for a couple more seasons. He's usually a very generous guy, Mr. Bergen, but I understand how he feels about the wig. Being as he's getting a bit thin at the dome himself, he isn't very amenable on subjects pertaining to hair.

"Make the story eighteen hundred words"—he snatched his hat to rush off to one of those meetings where they plan the radio program we're on—and before I go maybe I better give you a few pointers about writing."

Pointers! Deeply insulted, I rose up to my full three feet. "Mr. Bergen," I replied icily, "I'm no dummy! The McCarty's are pioneers in all fields. If I compose this yarn it will be my own individual creation, my exclusive literary piece de resistance..."

"O.K., Charlie," he dashed for the front door, "but no funny business. Stick to the facts."

So here I am, banging away at the typewriter to beat the band. I met Mr. Bergen fourteen years ago, in Chicago. It's always a trifle embarrassing to explain my lineage because my only ancestor seems to have been a little Irish boy who used to sell papers outside the building where Mr. Bergen went to high school. Mr. Bergen would always watch this Irish boy and he liked his little pug-nosed mug, so he made about a hundred charcoal sketches of him from every angle and said whenever he had me made he was going to have me look exactly like those sketches.

So one day when he was a sophomore at Northwestern University he went to a wood-carver in Chicago named Charlie Mack and Charlie took a chisel to a chunk of hickory and after a while I began to have a head.

The first thing I saw when they glued my divine hazel eyes in place (well, Gertrude says they're divine, anyway) was a lanky blond young fellow about five feet ten, with blue eyes and a pleasant face. I'd heard this fellow talking for several days, so I knew his name was Edgar Bergen and that he was a ventriloquist.

"Hello, Charlie McCarthy!" He picked me up and inspected me with obvious pride. Then he said, "You (Continued on Page 18)"
WISTFUL VISTA IS JUST A PLAIN HOUSE—BUT TO MARIAN AND JIM. JORDAN IT'S A DREAM COME TRUE

BY ELGAR BROWN

THE witching call to Hollywood is most troupers' idea of open sesame to Heaven—but there is, alas, a fly in the oyster stew of the Clan McGee.

News of their impending assault on the screen capital had just broken when I called on Jim and Marian Jordan, who are Fibber and Molly as well as sundry other quaint characters on a weekly radio program.

I found them at a modest but quite fetching home in Peterson’s Woods, an attractive, spick-and-span district of Chicago’s North Side, neither exclusive nor ritzty. It is the Wistful Vista of the McGee radio script.

No fashionable showplace, this. If the Jordans shiver anything more than a sustaining program it’s a show-off. Just a two-story dwelling of mustard-colored brick exterior and severely practical design, set on a 30x125-foot lot. Pretty, homelike, inviting. Something any well-paid working man might aspire to own.

With the ink scarcely dry on a lucrative movie contract, it seemed reasonable to expect a jubilee spirit at the Jordan menage. Instead, there was a hangdog look in the keen brown eyes of the short-sleeved little gent who stood in the front yard.

I tried hard to keep it in my nogin that these genial, bluff, commonplace folk were famous funmakers, beloved of millions, bound for Hollywood and new glory. Yet something was wrong. Some intangible shadow. The Bluebird must be around somewhere, but I didn’t hear him warbling.

“My pet, that movie contract, now,” I ventured as fast as we sat in the streaming sunlight of the Jordan solarium. “I suspect that’s an answer to an oft-spoken prayer. Jim and Marian, you’re riding high!”

The Fibber don’t hear it at all.

But Molly has heard. She sighed. “Yes,” she said dully, “that movie contract. It’s thrilling, of course. It’s fine to be appreciated. Pretty soon, now, and she seemed on the verge of tears, ‘we’ll be off for the Coast.”

Jordan ambled over and laid a hand on her shoulder. They seemed as happy as a couple of strays condemned to the chair. This was intolerable.

“Say, what is this?” I blurted suddenly. “Is it a victory celebration or a wake? You’d think a movie contract was a mortgage foreclosure, the way you both take it.”

“Might as well take our home on a foreclosure as take us away from the home,” McGee broke in darkly. For the first time I got an inkling of where the trouble lay. Molly noticed. She turned to me.

“It’s this way,” she explained. “Ever since we were married down by the schnapps factory in Peoria, Jim and I have longed for a home, pictured and planned it in our minds. This is it.”

“But your success has brought you the home. And aren’t you happy about a new chance in a new field? Don’t you get a kick out of the figures on that contract? Why, you’ll be able to build an even better home.”

Fibber McGee answered quickly.

“It isn’t that we aren’t appreciative. Molly doesn’t mean that. Sure, success built this home. Incidentally, we don’t want a better one. We’re happy in this home—when we’re here, which isn’t often enough or long enough. Certainly we’re glad to enter the movies. But it means going away from Wistful Vista. If we could just take time out, now, to enjoy our dream-home! But we can’t. Gotta keep going. It’s part of the game.”

This was a new McGee, this philosopher. I wanted him to continue. But Molly interjected another doleful note.

“There are the children, too. Don’t forget the children, Jim. They were part of our dreams.”

It developed that the Jordans, during the several weeks’ work in the studio (they talked like it would be years, scene by scene) were leaving behind them sixteen-year-old Kathryn, comely high school junior, and thirteen-year-old Jimmy, eighth-grader, who sings like Bing Crosby (says McGee).

“Let me show you the house,” Molly cried impulsively. “Then maybe you’ll understand what we’re talking about.”

She did, and I did.

The Vanastorbilit wouldn’t go for this home, but any middle-class family would dote on it. There are three large rooms downstairs, besides the solarium. Three inviting bedrooms upstairs. In the basement, a huge playroom for the younger Jordan generation.

Appointments are beyond reproach, though Marian, a self-disparaging sort of person, sometimes referred to her “interior decorator’s nightmare.”

“No frills or freaks,” the First Lady of the House of Jordan cheerfully admitted. “But every inch is utilized. We built this house to live in—if there’s any way to.”

“Jim inspected and gave his personal blessing to every timber and brick and nail. They’re part of the game.”

“Jim inspected and gave his personal blessing to every timber and brick and nail. They’re part of the game.”

“Jim inspected and gave his personal blessing to every timber and brick and nail. They’re part of the game.”
nobody can say what's going to happen tomorrow.
About their home, they both are garrulous old gossips, pulling no punches.
"In the original contract it was supposed to cost $10,000," Jim recalled. "As it stands now, including furnishings, carpets, drapes and everything, I figure it's worth a good $15,000."
Here in their own home, at least, you couldn't doubt that the Jordans knew happiness.
Like millions of others, you see, home life and comfort and security are all that Jim and Marian Jordan care deeply about. Luxury formed no part of the earlier career of either, and now that success has caught them up, neither feels the need for extravagant things.
Nothing ever came easily for the Jordans, and what they have now they cherish. Even their romance was stormy. Jim was seventeen, Marian, sixteen, when they decided to marry.
Peoria frowned on youthful marriages. "Puppy love," sniffed the citizens, and asked, "How can that strip-ling Jordan support a wife?"
Jim wondered about that himself, but Marian didn't hesitate. Neither has ever been sorry, but the going, in spots, was painfully rough.

When the War came along, Jim volunteered. In St. Nazaire he fell ill. Thereafter he fought the battle of pink pills and pale liquids in a base hospital.
Meanwhile Marian taught violin, voice and piano to Young America, or to that part of Young Peoria she could interest. Reunited after the firing had ceased, they picked up four musicians who played fifteen instruments and began hitting the tank towns.
The Jordans then saw vaudeville, but vaudeville didn't see them very clearly. In 1924 the doughty duo turned to radio, never suspecting they had grasped the magic key to success and the things they most wanted—home life, comfort, security.
For ten long years it looked like a sour idea, with the hard-working Jordans slotted for mediocrity. Marian and Jim toiled diligently and quite steadily around Chicago studios, never quite producing that extra spark that would mean stardom. They became the O'Henry Twins, the Smith Family, the Smackouts. They frolicked at the Saturday Jamboree, whooped it up with the Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten.
They were still in the dime-a-dozen class less than three years ago when, overnight, the Fibber McGee and Molly program was born. Smash hit—meteoric rise—fat contract—permanent stardom.
For a while, now, you're hearing the McGee radio broadcast as it originates in a Hollywood studio. Between times the beloved comedies are toiling industriously to score a four-star knockout in their first cinemadventure. With the calm confidence and optimism of battle-scarred troupers, they are not losing sleep over the outcome of this epic in celluloid.
They will give their best and leave the verdict in the lap of the gods, hoping for a favorable pay-off. And that'll be that.

Of deeper concern to Jim and Marian Jordan, if you could peep into their hearts, is the matter of their personal happiness. Call it a Bluebird if you will. For the Jordans he's not in Hollywood at all, but in the solarium of the dream-home that is Wistful Vista.

Fibber McGee and Molly may be heard Mondays over an NBC network at 9 p.m. EDT (8 EST; 7 CDT; 6 MST; 5 PST).

Above: The children see Marian and Jim Jordan off to Hollywood. Right: A recent picture of the Jordans. Taken at home.
Broadcasting the latest news is no easy matter—it calls for alertness and plenty of work. Here you see Columbia's ace commentator, H. V. Kaltenborn, at the teletype, preparing material for his next airing.

CBS has many interesting programs, but so far as the children are concerned, few compare with Dorothy Gordon's broadcasts. As a spellbinder she's "tops." When she's on the air, children crowd the studio—and thousands more sit at home by the radio—enthralled.

**Working Hours...**

Bob Burns, left, who teams up with Bing Crosby in the movies, as well as on the air, has set Hollywood tongues to wagging. It is said he'll soon marry his secretary, Harriet Foster.

Princeton's Dick Foran came to Hollywood to make western pictures, ended up singing on the program which features Burns and Allen. Foran stands six feet tall, has wavy red hair.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt conducts an informal discussion of the domestic side of White House life each Wednesday evening on a sponsored program over the NBC Blue network. The money she receives is turned over to charity.

Left: Leith Stevens, wielding a baton, is permanent conductor for the "Saturday Swing Session." Each week a noted leader and his orchestra are guests on this program, which is rapidly becoming one of CBS's most popular features.
Above: A recent picture of Rosa Ponselle, celebrated American soprano, who made her operatic debut singing opposite Caruso. She was married last December, is seen here at the Pimlico races.

Kate Smith, "The Songbird of the South," and Col. Jack Major attended a dance recently, had a grand time. Kate is a perennial favorite of the airways, Major, a newcomer, the protege of Irvin S. Cobb. Both of them are aired over CBS.

NELSON HOWARD Photo

Above (left to right), you see Bandleader Lud Gluskin, Songstress Shirley Ross, Comic Ken Murray, and Marilyn ("Ooh, Mama, that man is here again") Stuart. They're all on the same Wednesday program over CBS.

You may be familiar with Andy Devine (left) on the air or screen—but did you know he's a horse-trader, and a good one at that? He is, and here's a recent addition to the stable he and his father-in-law own.

Radio's College Prexy Jack Oakie tells fifteen-year-old Songstress Judy Garland how the game is played—unaware of the fact that she's already won!
One guy said I walked jauntily to the exit after a scene and collapsed,” Bill grumbled. “I never collapsed in my life. My legs just gave way. If, instead of going in for a lot of doctors and nurses I’d stuck to my drinking I’d have been all right months ago.”

“Just what was the matter with you, Bill?” I asked.

“Nothing,” he rasped. “Absolutely nothing. I’d been working too hard and needed rest. That’s all. But they said I had neuritis, arthritis, a displaced sacro-iliac, double pneumonia, a relapse and another attack of double pneumonia.”

Only a person who knows Bill’s background can appreciate the punishment his body has taken during the course of his life. He ran away from home when he was about eleven to escape a beating his father wanted to give him. He lived for weeks in a cave, subsisting on what his friends could steal from their homes to bring him. He slept in box cars, in sheds, in doorways—wherever he could find a place to park his weary little body.

He sold papers, swept out pool-rooms—anything to keep body and soul together. Instead of shrinking from under-nourishment, Bill thrived on it. He is as rugged as one of the Rocky Mountains. If he hadn’t been he’d never have pulled through.

“Did you ever beg?” I asked him.

“No-o,” he chortled. “I might have resorted to hanky-panky a few times—but that’s as far as it went.”

WONDERED, even in the face of Bill’s remarkable constitution, how he had survived his recent illness. “The radio saved my life,” he remarked simply.

“Radio?” I ejaculated incredulously, knowing something of the staggering sums Bill has paid doctors, nurses, hospitals, etc.

“Yeah,” said Bill.

“I’ve never cared much about radio. But when I first went into the hospital they wouldn’t let me have any company. So I started fooling around with the radio and before I knew it I was a dyed-in-the-wool fan. The radio saved my reason.”

“I got to be so rabid on the subject that when it came time for one of my favorite programs I used to get into my car and drive a block or two away from the sanitarium so that when they turned on the therapeutic machines (as they always did when I particularly wanted to listen to something), it wouldn’t interfere with my reception.”

Bill snorted and I chuckled. That act is as characteristic of him as his firing five nurses during his illness.

“How did you get on with your nurses, Bill?” I asked.

“I didn’t,” he shouted. “One morning one of them was changing my pajamas. She got the coat on all right, but when she began pulling on the pants I felt like my toe-nails were being torn out by the roots. Hey!”

Radio Saved his

When “Poppy” was being filmed, Fields rested between the scenes—like this!
GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS, BILL FIELDS PROVED HE WAS FAR FROM THROUGH BY WINNING NEW LAURELS—IN RADIO!

BY

S. R. MOOK

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"We love a band-leader," shout Alyce and Yvonne King, embracing Horace Heidt. Missing King Sisters, Louise and Donna, tried to get into the picture, couldn't find places!

Right: Horace Heidt and His Brigadiers! Taken at New York's Biltmore this picture shows the entire playing organization of 28 performers. When Heidt goes on the air for half an hour once a week (over 48 CBS stations) it costs an approximate $8,000, plus about $5,500 for salaries, extra talent, various odds and ends.

Left: Ernie Pasqua, Heidt's assistant trombonist. He's not only the band's best, he's among the top-ranking trombonists of America. It's said that he hits higher notes than anybody else playing today!

Below: Heidt batons, Lysbeth Hughes sings. She's a harpist, too, has been with Horace for two years, came from San Francisco's Symphony Orchestra, prefers swing.

Above: Jerry Browne, drummer, doubles as funnyman. He's one of the veterans who've been on the pay-roll fifteen years—the age of the band. Left is Dick Morgan, guitarist, and another comedian. His specialty is an imitation of Helen Morgan, and blues-singing in the Morgan manner was being poured into the mike when this was taken.

HORACE HEIDT BEGAN IT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, STILL DOES IT BEST AND SWEETEST! HERE'S HOW
THE Hollywood stars who won the greatest favor last year were Maurice Chevalier and Adolphe Menjou. The man who has the reputation of being the singletest man in radio is Tom Howard.

“I,” says Tom, making no bones about it, “am not in show business for the excitement, but to make the same as the grocery business to me. I don’t believe there’s a guy in New York who doesn’t see me in a night club. I’ve always been the first into the studio and the first out of it, on my way home to my wife and kids. I’ve got the first five hundred dollars I ever earned and I’m proud of it.”

The grocery business is no accident. The man who has twenty years of show business history has not cured him of saying “I seen” and “him and I” in his nasal twang. When he was a grocery clerk, he ran around with a bun of young fellows, who, at parties, sang and played instruments.

“Gee,” Tom said bitterly to himself, “these guys are popular and I’m not. Isn’t there anything I can do? There must be something.”

ONE day in the store he was waiting on a little girl. Tom noticed the book of recitations she had in her hand, open at “The Face On the Bar Room Floor.”

“How much did you pay for that book?” he asked her.

“Five cents,” he gave her a dime for it, took it home and memorized “The Face On the Bar Room Floor,” with gestures. The next party saw him reciting it with the girls who turned down low and one of his friends, the boy who played the piano, furnishing “Hearts and Flowers” by way of background music. At the end, when he shouted the line, “He fell across the picture dead,” Tom pitched wildly to the floor. He nearly broke every bone in his body, but it was a wow finish and the reception was a tremendous success.

Soon he was giving it at a men’s smoker. They gave him a two-dollar bill. Then another where he became a professional. He had eight picture-postcard photos taken of himself for a dollar and handed up a vaudeville booking agent.

His first engagement took him to a Pennsylvania mining village. He was to get a total of $15 for three days’ work, out of which he had to pay his own railroad fare, board and room. At the close of the engagement the theater manager said, “Sorry, Mister. The best I can do is your hotel bill and five dollars.” He also owned the hotel.

Tom’s second job took him to a stock company, where he played for seven weeks because the receipts were too small to pay anybody’s fareback to Philadelphia. The situation was somewhat complicated because, dazzled by his sudden rise in the theater, he fell in love with one of the girls in the company and married her.

“And right then,” he says solemnly, “I took an oath that whenever I get a dollar I’d hang onto it. I saw that the show business was a tough racket. The stories they told about it weren’t true.”

Sure enough, when he landed his first half-way decent job in Camden, New Jersey, at twenty dollars a week, he put four dollars into the bank every pay-day and he paid his one-dollar commission to the booking agent. He was in Camden a year, and in that length of time he deposited the greater portion of one-thousand Ninth and Walnut Streets in Philadelphia. Those are the five hundred dollars he still has today, in the original savings account.

From Camden he went into burlesque at fifty dollars a week. His second in burlesque his salary was doubled. His one ambition by now, with babies coming, was to own his own home. This—this time—followed the burlesque. Then the Greenwich Village Folies.

Tom stayed there for seven years and worked his salary slowly up to a thousand dollars a week.

His first move was to buy the home he had wanted for so long. It was a bigger house than he would have been able to buy as a grocery clerk, perhaps, but it still wasn’t any huge mansion. He paid a thousand dollars down on it and assumed a two-hundred-dollar mortgage.

Then, at once, he sold it. It was what he had always wanted, but he got rid of it nevertheless. He made a profit on the deal, but that wasn’t the reason. The reason was that it cost too much to heat. Coal was eighteen dollars a ton or thereabouts. Ten—twelve—fourteen tons. That added up.

He moved his family into a smaller house which didn’t cost so much to heat.

By this time the show business which he regarded so definitely as a business was almost a side-line with him, in a manner of speaking. The minute he got off the stage Tom was a realtor. He bought and sold houses.

In the old days of vaudeville, playing three and four shows a day, a performer had little time left to himself. Radio, demanding only a few hours a week, allows time for realtor-ing. Other comedians hire professional writers to turn out their scripts for them. Tom prefers to do his own money. “I tried a couple writers,” he says, “I used to have to rewrite their stuff anyway. Why pay someone to do what I can do myself?”

Other performers pay press-agents to get their names in the public eye. “If sponsors bought time on the air to advertise their products,” Tom figured, “I wasn’t getting free advertising for Tom Howard? Why should I, pay a press-agent anything?” But for once it didn’t work out the way he thought it would. He saw other comedians’ names mentioned in the newspapers, but never his. So much as he disliked it, he was forced to hire a press-agent against his will.

INSTEAD of buying a fifty-dollar suit of clothes for myself,” he says, “I decided to buy a twenty-five-dollar suit and put the rest towards a press-agent.”

He bargains like an old-time horse-trader for anything he wants. The pride of his life—his only extravagance—is a collection of curios.

“Let’s be sensible,” he puts it. “The way I look at it this. How long does a performer last in radio? A few people like Amos and Andy and Rudy Vallee go on for years, but most of us last about five years at the most. That’s a fair average. A man has to protect himself against that. A grocery clerk thinks of his old age. Why not a radio artist?”

“My advice to a youngster coming into radio is that his first concern should be how much money he can save. He can easily lay aside twenty-five percent of his salary. He should be willing to go without a lot of silly luxuries. Do as Mrs. Howard and I did. Eat good food, but don’t bother about variety. Then, as things get better, he can have pie.”

TOM Howard may be heard Sundays on “Sunday Night Party” over an NBC network at 10 p.m. EDT (9 EST; 8 CDT; 7 MDT; 6 PDT).
CHICAGO.—On Monday of last week, the termination next January 1 of the contract of the sponsor with Amos 'n' Andy—longest single sponsorship in the history of radio—was announced by Albert D. Lasker, president of the advertising agency handling the comedians, at the request of Messrs. Correll and Guden. On Tuesday of last week, "Andy" (Charles Correll) was sued for divorce by his wife, Marie, in Superior Court here. Mrs. Correll's bill cited two causes of complaint: Fraud, and a slap "on the right side of the face" administered here last Christmas Eve and one on May 1 at Palm Springs, Calif., at which time she also charges he deserted her. Thus do America's kings of the air break into the news in 1937. The report is current that a new client will take over "Amos 'n' Andy" without change of time or policy—but with increased salaries for Amos 'n' Andy... Meanwhile, pending the settlement of his marital difficulties, Charlie Correll is living in bachelor quarters at the Sunset Tower, Hollywood, California.

You'll be missing Sade (Bernardine Flynn Doherity) from the "Vic and Sade" sketches around September 1 when Bernardine anticipates a visit from the studio. Incidentally, the "Vic and Sade" sketch has all kinds of fans. The other day a company of Sioux Indians, in Chicago to present a pageant, took time off to drop into the NBC studios and give a few friendly whoops for Vic, Sade and Rush. Rush had a good time talking to the Indians, who for years have been keeping up with the story of the radio serial.

Romance Corner: Jack Costello, one of the many handling Parks Johnson's and Wally Butterworth's "Vox Pop" show, will marry Mary Margaret Sullivan, of Minneapolis, on June 19 at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. Another announce, Lester Griffith, of Chi-NBC, and Laura Satterwhite just announced that they're going to May 1. But Zorova, the glamorous Russian soprano of California Concert fame, just won't tell what that beautiful diamond ring on her left hand means!

Walter Huston (right) congratulates Les Tremayne, the first radio actor to get a contract that guarantees him 52 consecutive weeks of work a year.

When CBS' "Broadway Varieties" celebrated an anniversary recently, Oscar saw, m.c., gave Sigrid Elizabeth Lihn a bite of his cake. Elizabeth ways wears a "inky" ring when facing the mike, likes red, hates crowds. Oscar likes to play poker, golf, first got on the stage as a chorus boy.

PLUMS and PRUNES

BY EVANS PLUMMER

How they do catch on! A network press release says, "Prunes are the favorite dish of Gale Page, songstress, but for her singing, she really doesn't rate them." I agree thoroughly.

Remember "Arabesque"? Its revised version, with Joan Blaine in the lead, will be brought to you very shortly from Coast to Coast. That's the secret Joan and her representatives have been keeping for a long time.

Fred Allen program twice and taking in the Broadway play "Excursion." Your new leading man of "Modern Cinderella" is Dave Godhart, also featured in "Honeymoon." He replaced Eddie Dean.

Apropos of summer is the new song composition of Jack ("Poetic Melodies") Felson and John Hancock, who announces the program. It's tagged "Tying Knots in Soda Straw.

John Goldsworthy, who as Bertie Gadsby, is m.c. on NBC's Piccadilly Music Hall, was born in London, came to the United States in 1900. In 1900 he entered radio, is now heard from Chicago.
Funny will also crease contract arranger about continuing the Joe one Trudy Johnny makes. Ibi added to edition her hubby, Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen likely . . . Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen also calls for many prominent night who has to surprised the Sunday night airing and the Rhythm Chorus show -"Hollywood big will continue his new cast. -name ork pi-

A. L. Alexander's "Good Will Court" was taken from the air, he has been thinking of a somewhat simil

Eddie Dean, recent "Modern Cinderella" leading man, and Heroine Virginia Clark of "The Romance of Helen Trent" roller-coaster in Chicago's Riverview Park, Eddie's hobby: sculpturing, Virginia's, yachting

Inside Stuff

by

Martin Lewis

Left: Richard Bonelli, heard Saturdays over CBS, made a recording on Edison's original phonograph at existing Ford's Greenfield Village. Here he's listening to the record from his own, there and everywhere, including a band in Paris, France.

Above: Announcer Bill Perry says good-by to his wife, leaves for Peru to air the sun's eclipse on June 8. Mrs. Perry is well known to Broadway theater-goers as Claudia King Murphy for his season's starter. But he did sink one birdie . . . Add Poetry-Reader Franklin MacCormack to the semi-pros with his almost eighty. Also last those Pine Ridge, Ark., phil. and Abner. Both travel the toughest courses in the seventies, and Chester (Lums) Lauck expects to enter this year's Los Angeles Open Tournament, this coming summer.

Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937
VERSATILE BUDDY CLARK SHOWS SWIMMING STROKES— IN PICTURES!

Photos by
GENE
LESTER

Next Buddy shows you the right way to swim the breaststroke. First, he places his outstretched hands together directly in front of his head, palms out. Then he moves his arms outward to each side. Meanwhile he is kicking his feet—the same way a frog would do it!

Relaxed, Buddy shows you how he floats. But you will notice that his head is not thrown back as it should be. Usually, the ears are under water, but Clark fears that might affect his voice, and keeps his out as much as possible.

Buddy Clark, who is the singer heard each week over both NBC and CBS on "Your Hit Parade," illustrates an overhand stroke while enjoying the Park Central pool in Manhattan. Left: He shows how to breathe correctly.

When treading water (right), Buddy's feet move as though he were pedaling a bicycle. At the same time he rotates his arms in circles that have a radius of eight inches. Notice that his body is almost perpendicular.

All set to dive into the pool, Buddy demonstrates the plunge. At the right you see him, arms wide-spread, hands clenched, toes curled on the edge to afford him leverage, showing how to make a shallow dive properly.

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Grofe, Smalle in
Series Debut
On June 4

Ferde Grofe, distinctive American composer, his symphonic orchestra, and a choral group directed by Edwin Smalle will inaugurate a musical series scheduled for the summer months over the CBS network on Friday, June 4.

The new series, sponsored by General Foods and presented from Smalle's choral group, which is associated with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, will feature one of the world's best-known composers. The 30-piece orchestra will be accompanied by the chorale, which is specially formed for this series. The program will attempt to illustrate that subtle harmonies and melodies are as interesting in vocal presentation as when handled instrumentally.

Grofe will pattern his share of the program on the modern school of American music which features concert concerts with lighter and gayer melodies. The opening program will be given by "Red Skiff," including the selections "I'm Feeling in Love With Someone," "Gypsy Love Song," "When You're Away," "Jools," and "The March of the Toys." The other orchestral selections will be Bloom's "Song of the Bayou," "La Cinquantaine," "April in the Park," and "American Banks."

The chorale numbers will be "Liebestraum," "Giovanni Grinz," and Fromm's "Gianna Minna." Friday, June 4—CBS 10 p.m. EDT (9 EST; 8 CST)

Braddock Meets Louis—but Not To Battle!

A two-way broadcast from NBC will bring together the principals in the Joe Louis-Jimmy Braddock fight on Thursday, June 3. Announcer Lynn Brandt will interview Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, and visiting newspapermen at the Braddock training camp at Grand Beach, Mich., and then the broadcast will switch to the Louis camp for a pick-up of Announcer Norman Barry interviewing Julian Black, Louis' co-manager, and more newspapermen.

Thursday, June 3—NBC 4 p.m. EDT (3 EST; 2 CST)

It's An Eclipse—On the Air!

The eclipse of the sun on June 8 will occasion no less than nine broadcasts by the NBC and CBS networks. Each network will broadcast on June 7 from the headquarters, where preparations will be made for the eclipse. The programs will be CBS airing its Andes Mountains expedition, and NBC broadcasting from its South Seas base. On Tuesday, June 8, NBC will describe the eclipse and its effects in three special broadcast costs, and CBS will again take the air from the Andes to describe the scene there.

Tuesday, June 8—CBS and NBC (See adjoining column for time)

GUESTS, SPECIAL EVENTS & PREMIERES

THURSDAY, June 3

6th Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. (Chicago, Ill.; EDT; EST; CST). Miss Pauline Lord, Mrs. John E. McFarland, and Miss Ada Gerard will be among the speakers.

Parade of Champions, New York (EDT; EST; CST). A parade of champions will be dedicated to the American Army and Navy.

International Peace Conference, Rio de Janeiro (July 22 to August 2; Gulf). The conference will be held in the city of Rio de Janeiro.

SANDHURST, FRIDAY, June 4

7th Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. (Philadelphia, Pa.; EDT; EST; CST). Dr. Ada Gerard, Miss Ada Gerard, and Miss Pauline Lord will be among the speakers.

Chicago World's Fair (June 1 to September 1; Pacific). The fair will be held in Chicago.

SANDHURST, SATURDAY, June 5

9th Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. (Chicago, Ill.; EDT; EST; CST). Miss Pauline Lord, Mrs. John E. McFarland, and Miss Ada Gerard will be among the speakers.

Cincinnati World's Fair (June 1 to September 1; Pacific). The fair will be held in Cincinnati.

TUESDAY, June 8

17th Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. (Chicago, Ill.; EDT; EST; CST). Dr. Ada Gerard, Miss Ada Gerard, and Miss Pauline Lord will be among the speakers.

Montreal World's Fair (June 1 to September 1; Pacific). The fair will be held in Montreal.

SATURDAY, June 12

21st Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. (Chicago, Ill.; EDT; EST; CST). Dr. Ada Gerard, Miss Ada Gerard, and Miss Pauline Lord will be among the speakers.

Cincinnati World's Fair (June 1 to September 1; Pacific). The fair will be held in Cincinnati.

Robinson, Davis Put Galahad On 'Hotel'

Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson will bring their latest film play, "Kid Galahad," to the air when they guest-star during the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast for Friday, June 4. The program is heard on CBS.

In this prize-fight melodrama Robinson plays the role of a fight manager who dreams of (as do all fight managers) of discovering a boy whom he can "build up" for the championship. Miss Davis plays a somewhat shrewd Broadway butterfly whose contact with the boxing world whom Robinson discovers, fails to spoil his ultimate happy ending with a young Italian girl.

In the movie version, one of the greatest appeals of the play is the abundance of flyweight boxing and song-and-dance writers-do can write about this is a problem of June 4.

This will mark the first appearance on this program for Robinson, who has a new play, "The Whole Town's Talking" and "Bullets and Ballos." It will be the second time this week that Miss Davis has been heard on the series.

Jen Decker will again head the musical portion of the program with Francois Longford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorn and Raymond Page's orchestra.

Friday, June 4—CBS 9 p.m. EDT (8 EST; 7 CST)

Trudy Wood Stars As Astaire Leaves Show

Trudy Wood will be the featured vocalist in the new musical series replacing Fred Astaire on the NBC-NBC network Sunday, June 7. The new series and his orchestra will carry on.

The new program will make a Cinderella career of the 17-year-old girl who rose from a radio chorus lust fall to singing duets with Astaire in his first long-term radio series. Previous to that "break," she had sung at a night club in Hollywood, and on a two-year tour with dance bands.

Tuesday, June 6—NBC 9:30 p.m. EDT (8:30 EST; 7:30 CST)

Cantor Leaves 'Town'; Wallington Takes Over

As far as listeners are concerned, Eddie Cantor will be missing a radio row, from Thursday, June 4 to Tuesday, June 9, a broadcast. The CBS air on Sunday, June 6—but he'll be there. Eddie is taking a "vacation" which will continue to supervise the show.

Jimmy Wallington will act as master of ceremonies for the remainder of the week, and the revised cast will include Iqan Carlson, brought. Ella Logan, blues singer, "Saymore Saymore," the telephone operator, Eddie Stanley, Greek Elk, Julian, and Bobby Breen. Jeanne Durbin and Bobbi Brown. Les Cattarin and Miss Logan are new to the cast.

Sunday, June 6—CBS 11:30 p.m. EDT (10:30 EST; 9:30 CST)

Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937

15
IT WAS love that led Pete astray, one frisky day in spring.

Pete had been left a pup in his Kansas City home, before love trolled into his life to lure him and leave him lost, cold, hungry, sick—and—at last—a fugitive, hunted by a police radio car.

It hadn’t taken much to keep him happy, in the days of Pete’s innocence. Good meals, a warm place to sleep, a bit of back-yard dirt to scratch in, a number of delightful trees to sniff around—and, of course, a large policeman to tiele him behind the ears.

The policeman’s name was T. J. McManigal, but Pete didn’t know that. You could hardly expect a Boston bull terrier to attach a name, initials and all, to the Almighty Human Being. All Pete knew about Radio Patrolman T. J. McManigal, of the Kansas City cops, was that he loved the man with a sacred canine adoration, quite unlike the profane love which brought the world to an end.

And that is how things stood on the frisky spring morning when Pete discovered the hole underneath Officer McManigal’s back fence.

Strictly speaking, Pete didn’t discover the hole that morning. He had discovered it several days before and, whenever he thought of it, had spent happy moments enlarging it with rapid forepaws and questing nose. But on this particular morning, Pete managed to get his shoulders through the hole.

After that—a twitch of electric terrier legs, a squirming of rump, two jerks of a stubby tail, and Pete was through the hole.

It was a large world, and full of heavenly smells.

PETE nosed his way around to the front of the McManigal house—his house—pausing occasionally to pay suitable tribute. There was a garbage can—gorgeous! And in front of the house, a boy was passing on roller skates. He, of course, was suitably and festantly barked at.

And then she passed by.

She was a small, woolly dog, a bit bedraggled. One of those feminine, deceptively helpless-looking creatures—and all Pete’s senses told him she was divine. She trotted through the spring air and Pete trotted after her, and now we come to the place where writers of a previous generation usually left a row of asterisks. Forgotten by poor Pete was the warmth of his home, the succulence and regularity of his meals. Forgotten, even, was the Greatest Human Being in the World, Patrolman T. J. McManigal of the Kansas City radio cops. Pete left home—but don’t blame him too much. Many a male has done exactly what Pete did—and not all of them canine males, either.

Came the dawn.

With bleary eyes Pete looked out upon a strange and hostile world—and bitter was the disillusionment of that dawn. Deserted by his light o’ love, cold, hungry and lost, the little dog crouched under a flight of wooden steps and shivered.

After a while, a big man walked down the street. Pete’s eyes went up.

The man wore a blue coat with brass buttons. Pete gave a joyous bark and a whine. His stump of a tail wriggled, and Pete ran out to meet the man, crazy with joy.

"Hello, there," said the policeman. But it was the wrong one!

PETE’S ears fell. It didn’t sound like the Greatest Human, Patrolman T. J. McManigal of the Kansas City radio cops. It didn’t look like him—Pete’s tail stopped wagging. And, most damning of all, this big man’s creature didn’t smell like the Greatest Human.

With sad eyes, Pete put the stamp of his tail between his lean buttocks, drooped, whimpered, and ran away.

That was the terrible beginning of a day of disappointments. Again and again the little dog’s eyes had told him that the Great Man was right in front of him—but his nose knew better. Again and again, with the hopeless hope of a lost dog, Pete ran up to some big human only to sniff, droop, follow the man for a few discouraged feet and then stand still and shiver. And of course, everybody knows that only sickness or a great sorrow can make a Boston bull pup stand still.

It was, Pete had found a grim and terrible world. How could there be so many people in the world; and all of them men? So many houses, all the wrong houses? So many streets, all wrong? What was the sense in it? Poor little Pete, he was so ignorant that he had no right to run over people’s lawns and go right up on their verandas, hoping to find the Right Door. He didn’t know that he was a Public Nuisance, liable to summary execution in the city pound.

IT WAS late that afternoon when Pete tried another veranda—and a miracle happened. Theme or opened?

Up went Pete’s ears. A woman stood in the door.

"Puppy, puppy, come here!" said the woman. Down went Pete’s ears.

"Come on, then!" No doubt it was a pleasant woman, for she spoke very nicely and twiddled her fingers as she slowly walked towards him, but to Pete she had another disappointment. Whining, he ran off the veranda and stood on three legs, looking.

"Why, the poor little fellow!" the woman said. "He must be lost!" And with that she shut the door, and Pete resumed his wanderings.

He didn’t know how, could he—that the kind-hearted woman went to her telephone and called the police. He didn’t know that all over Kansas City went a radio call:

"Calling Car 6 . . . Car 6 . . . A dog reported wandering at 1213 Prospect Avenue! Investigate, Car 6 . . ."

Nor did Pete know, as he limply picked his way around behind a store at Twelfth and Prospect Streets, that a radio car burst on to the door of the kind woman’s house.

And then, suddenly, the heavens split wide open, and celestial music swirled through.

YOU might have thought it just a whistle—but to Pete it was the music of the spheres. "Pete! Here, Pete, you little rascal!"

Scarcely police radio itself can move faster than Pete moved at the sound of that voice. In a fraction of a second, he had leaped into blue-clad arms—the strong familiar arms of Patrolman T. J. McManigal of the Kansas City radio cops.

Now, in spite of the fact that truth according to most authorities is stranger than fiction, you may think this is stretching the long arm of coincidence a bit far. But it is a solemn fact, and the radio records of the Kansas City police clearly prove it, that T. J. McManigal was the driver of that radio car which was dispatched to pick up Pete. Not that Pete would find anything hard to believe in that. He’d think anybody dumb who doubted it. Why, Pete always knew his Man hadn’t really got himself lost forever. Pete knew he’d turn up. But what Pete doesn’t know and how could he—is that in all the history of police radio, he is the only vagrant who has ever been happy to be picked up by a police radio car!
LUCREZIA BORI, ending her op-eratic career, and Joseph Bon-tenelli, beginning his, are the Motors Premiere Concert soloists Sunday when that program visits the famous Bowl nestling in the hills be-hind Hollywood. It is one of that se-ries "Good Neighbor" visits.

Miss Bori has been for many years the recognized prima donna, and popular at the Metropolitan. It was she, a diligent descendant of the Borgias, who lost her voice in the prime of her career. Returning to her native Spain, she spent the remnant of her life in complete solitude uttering scarcely a word.

The story is told, that though Miss Bori vouch for it, that her voice came back to her while she was riding on a mule. The animal shipped, gave her a sudden jolt and—well, her voice returned.

Anyhow, the voice did come back, and she continued to give pleasure and to thrill many by being the "beat-dressed and most polished actress on the Metropolitan Opera boards."

In her last season there, she intro-duced to its sacred precincts her partner on this week's broadcast. Stepping in at the eleventh hour, Mr. Ben-tenelli replaced Richard Crooks as Des Grieux and sang opposite Miss Bori in "Manon." It was a triumph for him that was heralded around the world. Since that eventful broadcast, Des Grieux has been kept busy with concerts, operatic and radio engagements. He has been sung in "Lucia" opposite Lily Pons, in "Manon," Everett Sloane in "Rigoletto," and "Gianni Schicchi!"—both with Vittellini in the roles of "Butterfly" and "Laitme."

He has broadcast frequently, being guest soloist for Ed Wynn, Nip-psey, the Sunday evening broadcast of the Metropolitan, he sang the leading tenor in "La Sonnambula," and "Rigoletto," and "Gianni Schicchi!"—both with Vittellini in the roles of "Butterfly" and "Laitme."

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The advance program for the Motors broadcast shows that we may ex-pect to hear a beautiful portion of the first act of Puccini's "La Boheme," beginning with Rudolf's narrative, "Che Gilda Mamma," and including "Mi chiamo Mimi," and "Oh, Sove Fanciulla." This will be a treat to hear soloists when they are permitted to sing music that suits their voices and temperaments. Unfortunately, this does not happen as often as it should before the microphone.

Incidentally, this will be one of few concerts ever broadcast from the Holly-wood Bowl, and it is hoped that the network does not permit its regular series of summer programs to be picked up by the microphone. Near 22,000 listeners are to be filled, and broadcasting, it is believed, decreed the normal attendance; Lily Pons and Andre Koste-letz packed in 26,000 last summer and are returning again August 13.

Other corners of the country, how-ever, will furnish us with much enter-tainment. In the Berkshires, six sym-phony concerts will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky at the new pavilion erected on "Tanglewood," the "farm" where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote and lived and told his famous tales. The New York Philharmonic Symphony will broadcast from the Sta-tium. Philadelphia presents eight weeks of concerts at The Dell with Joe Turbi conducting most of them.

The National's Capitol has lost its Water Gate series ofsummer sym-phony concerts, but a competent com-mandant will often be on the air, playing behind that clump of bushes on the plain surrounding the Washington monument. Cincinnati has its regu-lar "500" programs and Chicago all have popular summer symphony concerts.

The network is hard put to find hours in the week for this plethora of music along with the last minute schedules of foreign broadcasts that they have planned. But one series that is definitely booked is the Juilliard activity at Choulaqua, New York. "Gurreli," the opera of Albert Spoessel and Robert A. Simon, which had its first performance at the Juilliard New York winter, will be broadcast on July 30.

Among the qualities which Alfred Wallenstein brings to the radio and to the network of which he is musical director, are a rare taste and the capacity for digging out and performing musical masterpieces that, except for him, we should never hear. Listen to his programs whenever you find them listed in your issue of Radio Guide. They do not have as many out-lets as they should.

This week on Thursday evening he presents Madame Maria Kurenko, ranked for years as the best Russian coloratura, in or out of Russia. She will broadcast a group of select songs on the Mu-tual network's "Music and You" series, begin-ning with Mozart's "Alle-luia" and ending with Stravinsky's "Pastorale." Madame Kurenko is recognized as an expert interpreter and an unappris-sian. Her interpretations of art and folk-songs are famous in seven languages. You may have heard her on the old Atwater Kent series, for she was one of its original soloists.

An intensive search for new com-position to add to the repertoire of sponsored symphonic hours would not be amiss. I've lost count of the num-ber of times that the Raccoon March, the overture to Gimma's Russian and Lelita, has been broadcast. From Wienberger's Schuamunda have been aired recently. Longer composi-tions, perhaps the short symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, would be a wel-come change from the amusements.

Many are the voices that have been heard on the other Sunday than she has of late. She displayed more ex-pectation and vocalism than might be expected from an artist who is no longer in her prime and who returns to us after a long absence. Whatever one feels from the lusciousness of the great Vi-ennese singing actress' voice, it has taken none of her flair for putting things over. It was a treat to hear her sing those lilting Viennese melo-dies with which she captivated Vienna and the court of the late Franz Josef. For all means, there's more of Ma-dame Jeritza.

...Unfortunately, neither the brisk and colorful commentary of Deems Taylor nor the clever and sophisticated Arm-bruster music created the response that was expected. The sponsor, there-fore, is withdrawing support from this clever show and it will shortly fold up.

Raymond Middleton, America's most exciting young baritone soon to be starred in "Weils, Fargo," is booked for two more guest appearances on the W. C. Fields show from Holly-wood Sunday evenings. Mr. Middle-ton is a middle-westerner, attended the Juilliard, had a season on Broad-way as leading man in "Roberts," and has sung in the Chicago opera. He has recently broadcast "All Points West" and an excerpt from Louis Gruen-berg's "Emperor Jones" on the West Coast shows. He has a natural flair for dramatic delivery and he has a beau-tiful, natural voice, though his work before the microphone does not yet display it at its very best.

Everybody's Music, one of the best of summer shows, cannot be heard in several cities. Chicago, for example, with a metropolitan population of nearly four million, has no outlet for this interesting program. Listeners are missing a great Sunday afternoon show.

Walter Damrosch, noted composer and conductor, who has held the musical premire at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 29 for a month's vacation in Italy and France. They will return on the French liner Normandie, sailing from New York July 9.

Dr. Damrosch's vacation follows his completion of the opera, "The King Without a Country," and its acclaimed premire at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 12. The new opera, the plot of which is familiar to gen-erations of American school children, is set in the early days of the Civil War by Ed-ward Everett Hale, and scenes and situations in the story were made to fit it for operatic use. Dr. Damrosch has died one historic American tune, "Capt-tain Hull's Victory," and composed one or two other airs in the early Ameri-can manner, and there is also a dance tune of American nesrby characteriza-tions.

He was born in Breslau, Germany, January 30, 1862, came to America in 1881 at the age of twenty-three. He stepped into the breach caused by the illness of his father, Leopold Damrosch, at the Metropolitan Opera, and conducted a per-excellence sinulta-nous with its "Tannhauser." In March, 1885, Dr. Damrosch con-ducted his first concert with the New York Symphony Society, which had been organized and directed by his father. He was elected regular con ductor, continuing for 41 years. Two years later he was conductor of the Oratorio Society. He also served as conductor of the Chicago opera. Dr. Damrosch was the first major conductor of American music, he was a medium for widespread musical culture. In 1927 he was appointed music director of the American Broad-casting Company, and one year later in-augurated the Music Appreciation Hour, the weekly radio concerts for school children. Through this program, he has weekly seen the American children through loud-speakers in 60,000 schools. These enter-taining lessons in music apprecia-tion have brought such cultural enrichment to the lives of hundreds of thousands of children and youth as to have been recognized by educational authorities as a major contribution to American education.

On June 3, while in Paris, the famed conductor of the NBC Music Appreciation Hour will attend the Internation Metropolitan Opera until 1891. Dr. Damrosch will resume the appreciation hour on October 15.
I'M NO DUMMY

(Continued from Page 2)
The Chicago Tribune carried the story of the new home. Mr. and Mrs. Bergen had decided to move out of their old apartment and into a new one in downtown Chicago. They were supposed to be able to move into their new home on Park, Illinois, that week-end, the boss' first real professional engagement. He was supposed to play the lead in a new play that was opening soon in the city. He was supposed to be working his way through college then and he hardly ever had more than enough money to buy a sandwich three times a week. He had supposed to be living with his brother and sister in law in Woodford, but he got the job and we showed up a whole week before we were supposed to. So we had to hitch-hike our way back home.

But I refrained from pressing him for more information because he was working his way through college then and he hardly ever had more than enough money to buy a sandwich three times a week—and then he told me about how when he was born in Chicago in 1903 his father was a very successful architect. But his father got sick, so they had to move out of the city. Mr. and Mrs. Bergen and their brother had to work to help support their mother. Mr. Bergen ran a popcorn stand after school and at night he was a bellboy at the hotel. He was a good university student and he made a good photographer Jean Harlow and Mae West if he could get the job.

When Mr. Bergen was still in knee pants he sent two bits to Sears, Roebuck for a book on magic and ventriloquism. He got a real sensation at all the Chicago University socials and school entertainments. He got a very good grasp of the local movies, singing and playing the piano-player piano during the picture show period and he got himself between shows. His act was pulling a cylinder out of a bucket, doing card tricks and making a comic bird talk in Scotch dialect.

"Those were the days, Charlie," he said. "Once I reached for the cat and pulled out three mallese kittens." By the time Mr. Bergen went to college he was picking up a lot of one-night-stands. He never saw an arena, the baseball games at Northwestern University because week-ends we were always playing some dinky little movie house. The first time we played a real theater where they had stage hands and dressing-rooms we celebrated with a 't-bone' steak three nights in a row. Oh it was a great time. Mr. and Mrs. Bergen finally got his diploma and went out for itself in the cold, cold world.

So we went on the Redpath Chau- taqua circuit. That was a great life too. We played in everything from tents to tobacco warehouses. We came connoisseurs of boarding house food and boarding-house beds in every state in the union. However, the boss is a very friendly fellow, so we went around with the rest of the troupe and had a good time when we were on the road. I was crazy for an actress with a name and I was going to be a star on Redpath. That was before I met Gertrude.

Well, one day in Newport the boss, who is very serious about his future, comes to me and says to me, "What the act needs is class. So we both go over to New York and get outfit for a real show. In every fancy thing we got. Mr. Bergen gets this beautiful brunt doll to wear in the new routine and we rehearse. Then we go to a theater for a try-out before the booking agent and he decides whether you're good enough for the big-time.

The booking agent was a strict man. He had a very extravagant boss. He has a very elaborate boss, it's known for it. The booking agent had a very extravagant boss. Mr. Bergen has a very strange boss. I can see something awful has happened.

"She's gone," he says very bitterly. "Then he tells me about how she says she is tired of troupings and wants to set down in one place, and he has no money and he loves the theater. So I am marrying a doctor who can give her a home and security. She can see the boss is talking very hard because he is not like himself at all. He feels very strange and I feel sorry for him because it's a fifty to lose your girl and your job at the same time. I guess that is the blues I have ever seen Mr. Bergen. He was so sweet about it, he will chuck vaudeville for all that, and then he gets an offer to go to Sweden with a musical show so he takes it. Mr. Bergen's parents were Swedish and he knows the language.

We stay in Sweden six months and in England six months and have a fine time and the boss seems to get over feeling so bad about the brunt. We are very successful in London and the boss says one day: 'London's no place for us to stay. Charlie. Let's go home and play in radio.'

So we came home. We made some shorts for Warner Brothers and got some good night club engagements, and tried and tried for four whole years to crash radio. Without a tumble. It was most disheartening.

Finally we got an appointment to see someone who was one of the biggest big-shots in the business. The boss was sure this case could not at least hear what he had to offer, he whistled all the way up Lexington Avenue to keep the engagement. But the big-shot said right away: 'A ven- tiler?' What a laugh! I could see the boss' face fall. He was very much depressed. Then he added when we got outside, 'I've got a good mind to go back in there and punch that big-shot in his kisser.' I was very indignant."

"Shut up, Charlie," replied Mr. Berg- en. "If you had a good mind you'd be the ventiler in this outfit and I'd be the dummy." One night while we were working at the Broadway Roof, we were engaged to play one of those big society parties. Eight hundred people or more. I wouldn't want to brag of course, nothing like that, but if I do say myself I was a hit. Well, we got home and the boss said this radio agency named Fuller: He had told him at the party he thought we could play for a guest appearance on the Rudy Valley show. We were thinking radio agents like we did not get very excited about this until Mr. Field phoned. Then he said that the day before he had clinched the deal and we would definitively have a spot for six minutes the week before Christmas.

RUDY VALLEE, who was our pal from the start, made it very easy for us to get on. The first time he heard it and laughing louder than any- body else in the studio. Rudy is a right good fellow and a first-rate person.

Well, the night we debuted you would have thought from the way the boss was sitting that we had never performed before an audience in his life. And he said, when we were invited back for the next week, then the third week and the fourth week. The third week they moved down on Lexington Avenue one morning to say, "You should have a spot, you should take the contract that is the dirt-shot I wanted to punch in the kisser. This is a screwy record.

So we are finally in radio now after fourteen years of working around. We've lived in some of the best pent-houses and undoubtedly the worst boarding houses has been filled by the Crown of Sweden Kings and Queens. We have been handed some melodious raspberries that were very hard to bear. Very hard. But altogether I might say we have no tears.

In fact, we are even going to be in pictures now. We are out here. The boss likes Hollywood because he says it is a tick town if he ever saw one and he likes to be here. He is nuts about tennis and he has also the kind of guy who can sit all day with a rod in his hand. And his favorite kind of dance is the very fast one.

He is also very fond of pretty girls. When we were playing New York trying for a long time to marry the boss off. He is not averse to this idea, at all, but he won't marry a girl who is in show business. He wants a lot of children and the kind of home where it won't start a family argument if the Cairn terriers he intends to raise leave paw prints on the carpets and bedspreads.

I don't know all the things above everything else he doesn't want to be a big star. He would rather be a consistently good ventiler. He will be a ventiler in radio. He will last longer that way. And he has not the greatest ultimate ambition is to capture a picture and his wife and children on dogs and a photograph of the whole world. And he doesn't care if he never goes anywhere around the globe.

This does not suit me at all because, although you would never guess it, underlies my worldly ambition is to be a great lover of home and family and the quiet life.

Alas, I have been thinking over it and I think I will marry Ger- trude, Gertrude, Gertrude. Gertrude, this is not a proposal. (signed) Charlie McCarthy.

Charlie McCarthy & Edgar Bergen were to appear on NBC network at 8 P.M. EDT (7 EST; 6 CST; 5 MST; 4 PST).
WHEN a young lady fresh from high school and amateur dramatics walks into a motion picture distribution office, she is doing a good job, if she reports only what she is told, says Ruth Brine. WBMB's see girl commentator, it's just a mixture of good business news and gossips, and proved to Ruth's youthful ambitions and encouragement to stick with them until she succeeded. She also predicted that Ruth would have to fight prejudice against women radio reporters.

Ruth went to St. Louis radio station KMPC-Disciple Station. She told them truthfully of her eastern experience. Studio officials told her that the news angle was good, but they didn't want to gamble with women commentators. And that as fashion fitted her so popular she would do well to stay within those lines. So Ruth was back on the air with her fashion comments.

Ruth finally decided to try another city with her ambitions. In Indianapolis she found that fashions still held the fancies of sponsors and program directors. Women commentators were not considered major news items at all.

Ruth offered to broadcast several times a week reviewing new pictures, describing her experiences, and talking about the stars with hints on how local women could achieve similar status. She was pleased, exclusive. She checked out all the leading pictures of the day and ventured her opinion about them. She included all the leading pictures of the day and ventured her opinion about them.

The movie magazine began to suspect too, and after a few weeks asked Ruth how far she had really been. Ruth told them the truth. She had spent the first two weeks of her life in Minneapolis, where she was born on December 20, 1915. Her family moved to Boston in a short time and Ruth had never again been west of Cleveland.

With the necessity for living in a disguise, she was able to work with ease and accomplish more. She stayed in the city for almost a year before she decided to seek out new fields. Her ambition as a future writer was to raise in salary to continue with her fashion news and gossip broadcasts, but Ruth had never again been west of Cleveland and was planning to stay there any longer.

Ruth was at this time already offering second-hand information to people. She wanted to find her own stories and tell them to her audiences. So, with no destination in mind, she packed her bags and headed west.

She got as far as St. Louis before a chance meeting with Kathryn Cravens, noted CBS woman commentator, decided her course. Miss Cravens, and of course Miss Ruth, proved to Ruth's youthful ambitions and encouragement to stick with them until she succeeded. She also predicted that Ruth would have to fight prejudice against women radio reporters.

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SOLAR WAVES

BY CHAS. A. MORRISON, president, INTERNATIONAL DX-ER'S ALLIANCE

(Figures in Parentheses Are Magnitudes)

SHORT-WAVE reception in general is excellent. This is especially true of the European short-wave broadcasts from Europe that are beamed on North America, which are often comparable in signal strength to transmissions from the more powerful broadcasting centers of the United States.

The improvement in volume, static, and tonal qualities is most noticeable from the new Daventry transmitters, which are now utilizing the new directional antennas, and in all probability their full power of 50 or 100 megacycles. Morning programs, foreign reception, throughout the Eastern and Central States at least, is still pretty much of a washout. The few stations on heard, however, have weak and shaky signals but little entertainment value.

Reception from the leading Central and South American stations has been holding up well, and outside of summer static, which is quite bothersome on the 40-meter band and to a lesser extent on the 31-meter band, a wide variety of Latin topics is available for those who enjoy this type of entertainment.

On the U. S. S. Avocet, anchored in Havana harbor, Cuba, it has been learned that the new short-wave transmitter WOEH of that vessel will be launched from the station of WOEH by the National Broadcasting Company, scheduled for the broadcast schedules for the first time next fall. The program listings for details.

Within the next few days, Imperial Airways, Limited, will inaugurate an air passenger service from London to New York. Installed aboard the super-turbine "Oceanic" (10,000 miles), the new short-wave transmitter WOEH, of the Oceanic's transatlantic future. An account of the ocean hop will be broadcast on one of the following frequencies: 8265, 8653, 8420 or 4797 megacycles.

WALTER STILES, JR., amateur operator of the station WOEH, has been selected by a board of five distinguished judges for the Wireless Training Award, which was received by the station of WOEH at a farewell dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, on May 24. The selection was based on his five years of performance. During the March, 1936, flood emergency when for 120 hours through his amateur transmitter WBDKY he supplied the sole direct means of communication for the 4000 beleaguered citizens of Reno, Penn., and transmitted more than a thousand messages on behalf of the various official rescue services.

TPZ (12.12) of Algeria, may be heard from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. EST (2:30 to 3:30 p.m. CST). The Radiodrome Corporation of America and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company have entered joint agreements for the radiotelephone service with American coastal stations and in the western maritime waters of the United States, as well as those in transoceanic trade. Radiodrome will utilize the America telephone stations and the new nation's voice communications to the Great Lakes and operate them as part of any ship's radio communications with the telegraph lines. This corporation has also contracted the Maritime Navigation Company of San Francisco for the installation of telephone apparatus on their steamships Lurline, Melba, Mariposa, and Monterey. These ships will be able to communicate, in cooperation with the North American mainland as well as Hawaii and Australia.

The "KDKA DX CLUB," a popular feature of short-wave programs, is conducted by Ed Lijt, may now be heard over WAJ (610) Fremont, II, EST (10:15 p.m. EST (12:30 p.m. CST) and 11:30 p.m. EST (1:30 p.m. CST). A letter from ZMBJ, aboard the S. S. Atalanta, to Paul Dilz of Evanston, W1XAL, states that on its 8.67 megahertz transmitter radiates 300 watts, while on the 12.26 megahertz the power is about 400 watts. This power is often used when the ship is near a coast, and when the ship's antenna is approaching another vessel.
FOR THEIR IMPECCABLE PERFORMANCES, THESE STARS' WIN OUR LOUD CHEERS—OUR APPLAUSE!

—Walter Seigel

... "Aunt Jenny," whose home-spun drama and everyday-philosophy in CBS's "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories," has greatly endeared her to many listeners. What listeners sense is that she really likes people, that she recognizes not only their virtues—but their too-human failings.

... NBC's Gospel Singer Edward MacHugh for his simple, old-fashioned songs. MacHugh was born in Dundee, Scotland, realized his lifetime dream last year, when he took Mrs. MacHugh to Europe to visit his childhood home. His pet hobby: a farm. During his career as a soloist he has sung some 3,000 different hymns—by heart knows some 2,000

—Sydney Desfor

... Bill Perry, tenor, and Mary Eastman, lyric soprano, because of their lovely songs on CBS's "Saturday Night Serenade." Mary's a Kansas City child prodigy who's made good—began her singing career at the age of 11. Bill taught music in Nashville schools—joined Columbia in 1932

... American-born Maestro Werner Janssen, who is credited with being the greatest of the interpreters of the work of the great Finnish composer—Jan Sibelius. Janssen has rocketed across the musical sky of the new and old worlds for the past six years, is now adding to the brilliance of the new Sunday NBC coffee hour

... Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette of stage, screen and radio fame for their delightful comedy in "Fun in Swing Time," a Sunday Mutual show. They met and were married in St. Joseph, Missouri, back in 1922, work together in perfect harmony, but differ in other respects. Irene's slight, plays tennis, likes green—Tim weighs 160, prefers blue, is a rabid baseball fan

—Harold Stein
Radio Guide Presents A New Air HEROINE

PHOTO-DRAMATIZED — FOR YOU— IN THESE PICTURES ARE AIR ADVENTURES OF A NEW AIR HEROINE!

Photos by BERT LAWSON

Detective Mike Conway (Clayton Collyer) comes to the aid of Pretty Kitty Kelly (Arline Blackburn), amnesia victim who left her home in Ireland and is bewildered by the strangeness of New York. Conway finds a place for her to live in a mid-town rooming house—discovers he's taking more than a friendly interest in the lovely colleen.

Pretty Kitty gets a job as a maid in the Park Avenue home of Mrs. Van Orpington. Arline Blackburn, who plays the title role, strikingly resembles the girl she portrays, with her Gae- lic accent, golden-red hair, gray eyes. Although born in New York, Arline's ancestors were from Dublin.

After the day's duties are over, Kitty accepts an invitation from young Jack Van Orpington to visit a night club. Jack (played by Dick Kollmar, Yale graduate) brought his bulldog, Duchess, along. A gangster lurking in the background notes Kitty's resemblance to his accomplice, plans to make use of the coincidence.

Pretty Kitty and friends read in a gossip column that Madge Cameron, a gangster's accomplice, has been seen at a night club with young Van Orpington. Kitty realizes it is a case of mistaken identity—that it will involve complications.

Kitty does a few chores at the end of the day, speculate on what new difficulties will surround her. Miss Blackburn has her first network series starring role in Pretty Kitty Kelly, a five-a-week airing over CBS. She radio-debuted about six years ago—is in her 20's.
John Barrymore appeared at the Hollywood NBC studios to go on the air with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, to do Shakespeare's "Hamlet."—the 85-year-old actor thrilled New York and London with in 1924 and 1925.

John's had a distinguished stage career—made his debut in Chicago, in "Magda," in 1903. He's been starred in many pictures, is now being lauded for his fine performance as Mercutio in the current film—"Romeo and Juliet.

He sat in a corner, nervously made last-minute notes. After a two-year stormy romance, the actor wed actress Elaine Barrie, Nov. 3, 1936, in Yuma, Arizona, a few minutes after midnight. It was his fourth marriage.

Barrymore, in Napoleonic stance, does "Hamlet." Each year he cruises in his yacht "Infanta" to Alaska or Mexican waters for hunting and fishing, or takes a trip abroad. He's a clever caricaturist. Likes golf and tennis.

The youngest of the "royal family" of the American theater, acted, lived—became "Hamlet."—forgot that millions of people were listening, that across the footlights the Music Hall audience was sitting—spellbound!

FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

The new Odorono Ice was created in answer to these complaints—on an entirely new principle. It vanishes completely! It can't leave a messy film of grease to come off on your clothes.

And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days. Your pretty frocks are safe. You can never be embarrassed by stained coat linings.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy—not stiff and hard to use. It puts on easily—you don't have to work at it!

And Odorono Ice never develops a musty odor of its own after it has been on a while. Its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates completely the minute it is on.

Really, Odorono Ice is the perfect cream deodorant at last! 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used. Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—5¢ at all Toilet Goods Departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6-E-71, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2590, Montreal)

1-each $1.00 (5¢ in Canada) in never cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name:
Address:
City: State:

NEW! NON-GREASY
ODORONO ICE... Goes on just like vanishing cream... Checks perspiration instantly

WHAT YOU WANT IS THE NEW ODORONO ICE—IT DISAPPEARS INSTANTLY

THIS DEODORANT COMES OFF ON MY CLOTHES TERRIBLY!
Unknown in 1933, Nelson Eddy is now a star of stage, screen and radio. His repertoire includes thirty-two operatic roles. He sings in six languages. He likes to swim, ride and play tennis. He'll return to the air soon in the new Sunday coffee show.

Mary Kendel—soloist with Oscar Bradley's orchestra and coloratura member of Phil Baker's Seven G's. She's the CBS featured soprano who never utters a word during her singing, is called radio's latest vocal novelty. Mary plays the violin, too!

Donna Creade, who plays the part of "Judith Merritt" in "Backstage Wife" over NBC, was born in Toronto. She was the high-school basketball captain, won medals as a swimmer. She came to Chicago in 1936. She's married, 23, five-feet-four, weighs 114.

You've heard him many times—but it's unlikely you've seen a picture of him. This is the first picture Art Van Harvey has had taken recently. But unaccustomed as he is to facing cameras, he's often before a mike. He's Vic of NBC's "Vic and Sade"
Patricia Norman, new soloist in Eddie Duchin's orchestra. Patricia first saw the light of day on King's Ranch in Texas, learned to ride horses at four, hasn't stopped since. Likes to golf, bowl and swim—has never missed getting any job she auditioned for.

His cheery signature—"lots of good luck, everybody"—has identified Everett Mitchell on the air for years. Mitchell, long of the "National Farm and Home Hour," has been in radio for thirteen years, is senior announcer for NBC's Chicago studios.

Jack Baker, the NBC "Breakfast Club" tenor, was born Ernest Mahlon Jones in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1908. He has been in radio since 1930, on the blue network since last December. He is five-feet-seven, weighs 158, has dark hair, eyes and complexion.

Violet Dunn—who is Peggy in "The O'Neill"—was born in Toronto, made her stage debut when she was 8. Since, she's starred on the stage, screen and radio—here and abroad! She is 25, five-feet-two, weighs 105, has brown eyes, hair...
Books and pencils—they're the tools of the autograph hunters' trade. Stars are besieged, beleaguered at studio doors, in hotel rooms, on trains, on the streets—by the inevitable outstretched hand. Some stars give autographs readily. Jessica Draganette is one. Others don't. This autograph book cost 29 cents, was bought at a New York chain store in a job well done: The girl with the book shows it to a friend. In it is a new and valued signature of a star. On these pages are scrawled names—given eagerly, angrily. Some stars have signed books only to regret it. Invisible ink has been used. Above signatures have been obligations which committed signers to pay and pay.

**AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS**

Autograph hunters put stars to much trouble. Too often—some stars think. Fans want photos sent to them, want these photos autographed. To mail them costs money—in great quantities, a great deal of money. Some stars fill all requests they receive, some none. In this picture Lily Pons is signing photos for fans while secretaries prepare them for mailing.

Sometimes famed Violinist Dave Rubinoff visits high schools, plays at school assemblies. He did here—and the freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors rushed to the edge of the platform, sought the signature of the great man. Newspaper and magazine writers have often found Dave a hard man to interview, have complained long and loudly. But not the fans. To them Dave is kind, considerate.

Believe it or not, Robert L. Ripley himself. Whether he'd pay for this picture as an oddity is doubtful. Always he smiles, signs, likes to meet his admiring fans. Here he's seen at Radio City's biggest audience studio—known as 8-H, pleasing his fans.

Handwriting experts could write thousands of words, could claim to read character in the lines and curlicues. But not so the fans. They look at these names of stars with affection, pride, gloating.
Autograph hunters stand in line—patiently, impatiently wait for stars to enter, to exit from the studios. Here's a scene at the CBS Theater No. 2 in New York with crowds of fans watching the stage door. This picture was snapped just after a Kate Smith Bandwagon broadcast. Bits of scratch-paper often serve as stationery for star signatures.

Photos by GENE LESTER, BERT LAWSON, CHARLES P. SEAWOOD

ARE THEY A NUISANCE?

As Jimmy Melton hurried from a broadcast, thought himself past the autograph crowd, this girl stopped him. The book was upside down—but nobody seemed to mind that.

The top of the piano becomes a writing-desk as Gladys Swarthout gives autograph seekers her pen-and-ink signature. Attractive women stars win many a broad smile from the male group of fans. Miss Swarthout gets her share!

"Black Sheep" for his radio role, Joe Penner still finds himself surrounded by child fans who remember him as the "Wanna buy a duck?" man (by grown-ups, too). Books, pencils—hem him in after Hollywood airings. He remains a popular star.

Stars once burned shun fire. Jimmy Melton scrutinizes the bit of scratch-paper on which he's about to put his "John Henry." Sometimes fans fold pieces of paper, put "I.O.U." on the side folded away from the person who is about to sign. Some write "I Love You" on the portion of the paper which the star would not see if he did not examine it carefully, make sure of where he signed. Such tricks are not at all uncommon.

This could be any star—anywhere. Stars often deplore the fact that fans are not "right guys," that they attempt to get money under false pretenses. They fold bits of paper, write, on the side folded away from the signer, "I.O.U.," state a specific amount. This could be thousands—but in this case it happens to be only $10.

"Black Sheep" for his radio role, Joe Penner still finds himself surrounded by child fans who remember him as the "Wanna buy a duck?" man (by grown-ups, too). Books, pencils—hem him in after Hollywood airings. He remains a popular star.

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Eddie Cantor with book in one hand, pencil in the other. His signature is one of the most important in any fan's autograph book. And Eddie is one of the most obliging of all radio stars—with pen or pencil. He'll sign whenever he's asked.

Phil Duey smiles, signs as boys, girls, men, women approach him after his cigarette broadcasts. Whether autograph seekers are a menace or not has been a moot question, still is. If there were no fans with criminal inclinations, few stars would have any objection to signing books, no matter how tiring. But such is not the case.
WHOSE ANKLES ARE THESE?
IF YOU CAN'T GUESS—YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 46

PARAMOUNT Photo
You've seen her on the screen with Bob Burns and Bing Crosby—recently in "Waikiki Wedding." At present she's in Al Jolson's show, which is aired over CBS

You know her as a singer with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. She's one of his Noveleers. At present she's not on the air; she is in Hollywood making a picture

You've seen her in pictures. Her last one was "Champagne Waltz." You've been hearing her over NBC on Sundays. At present she's doing some concert and opera work

William Walling, Jr. Photo
You know her as the ingenue in the "Court of Human Relations." She's only 20, but she's an NBC veteran. She used to take juvenile parts, was in the "Penrod" series

In 1935 she was voted "Queen of the Air," last year she was runner-up. She was born in India. She came to radio from Broadway, and is well known for singing in operettas. At present she is the star of the "Beauty Box" program over NBC

This star is a direct descendant of Mark Twain—and to make it easy, you're reminded that was only his pen name. She's on two NBC programs. On one, she's teamed with her brother, sings and plays the piano. On the other, she plays piano

She took her first singing lesson at the age of 21, and five years later she was a star in the Metropolitan Opera Company. You've seen her on the screen, she's famous in opera, and now she's on the air over NBC with Andre Kostelanetz

HAROLD STEIN Photo
This 21-year-old actress plays in a number of the NBC dramatic sketches. Usually she portrays an ingenue—but in "Grand Hotel" she was the telephone operator

When Ethel Merman was forced to give up "Anything Goes," this star took her place. Last year she was on Radio Guide's program. Now she's broadcasting over MBS

This soprano turned contralto after a tonsillectomy. Her air debut was with Rudy Vallee, her screen debut in "Broadway Melody of 1938." She's on "Hollywood Hotel"

Although she's only fourteen, she's already a star. She made her first appearance on the screen in "Three Smart Girls," her radio debut on Eddie Cantor's program
EUGENE ORMANDY "Sunday Evening Hour" conductor
Sun. 7 pm EST (E CDT)

WINS-Jewels of the Air
WLW-Denny Dee, the philosopher
WABD-Jeanette MacDonald
WTAO-DeGeneres & Blythe

1:15 CST 2:15 EDT
MBS-Caruso Orch., KVR
WABD-Jeanette MacDonald
WABD-Beethoven's 9th
WCLH-DeGeneres & Blythe

2:30 CST 3:30 EDT
NW-Dean Martin, Columbia
WJJD-Elvis Presley
WSTS-Orangerie Press

5:45 CST 6:45 EDT
WVLJ-All-American Singers and Orches.
WVLJ-Percy Faith
WVLJ-Drama
WVLJ-State Trooper
WVLJ-Home
WVLJ-Choose
WVLJ-Polite
WVLJ-Choose

6:45 CST 7:45 EDT
WJJD-Thomas A. Edison Hour
WJR-Don Ameche

7:00 CST 8:00 EDT
WBCN-Organ Melodies
WBOC-Children's Hour
WBOC-Children's Hour
WBOC-Children's Hour

9:00 CST 10:00 EDT
WNTA-Children's Hour
WNTA-Children's Hour
WNTA-Children's Hour
WNTA-Children's Hour

9:15 CST 10:15 EDT
WSTO-Children's Hour
WSTO-Children's Hour
WSTO-Children's Hour
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WSTO-Children's Hour

Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937

30

WJJD-Elvis Presley
WJR-Don Ameche
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Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937

30
Monday

**MORNING**

7:00 CST
**NBC Breakfast Club:**
- **Warner Bros.:** WGN
- **CBS:** WBBM
- **WGN:** WBBM
- **WFLD:** WBBM
- **WBBM:** WBBM

7:05 CST
**Morning Parade:**
- **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
- **CBS:** WBBM
- **WGN:** WBBM
- **WFLD:** WBBM
- **WBBM:** WBBM

7:25 CST
**CBS Radio News:**
- **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
- **CBS:** WBBM
- **WGN:** WBBM
- **WFLD:** WBBM
- **WBBM:** WBBM

8:00 CST
- **NBC Today's Children:**
  - **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
  - **CBS:** WBBM
  - **WGN:** WBBM
  - **WFLD:** WBBM
  - **WBBM:** WBBM

8:45 CST
- **NBC Today's Children:**
  - **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
  - **CBS:** WBBM
  - **WGN:** WBBM
  - **WFLD:** WBBM
  - **WBBM:** WBBM

9:45 CST
- **NBC Today's Children:**
  - **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
  - **CBS:** WBBM
  - **WGN:** WBBM
  - **WFLD:** WBBM
  - **WBBM:** WBBM

10:45 CST
- **NBC Today's Children:**
  - **Warner Bros.:** WBBM
  - **CBS:** WBBM
  - **WGN:** WBBM
  - **WFLD:** WBBM
  - **WBBM:** WBBM

**Radio Guide**

June 7

**Sunday**

June 6

**HeLEN TROY**

Saysmore Symphony of Jazz Time!

Sun. 6:30 pm CST (7:30 CST)

**WBBM News & Weather**

12:15 CST
**Brook Bridge to Dreamland**

WBBM Charlie Brown's "End of Summer"
Monday

Radio Guide • Week ending June 12, 1937

7:00 A.M.

RICHARD MAITLAND (Columbia)

7:15 A.M.

JACK HUNTER (Radio City)

7:30 A.M.

WOODROW KELLY (Columbia)

7:45 A.M.

JERRY WARD (Columbia)

8:00 A.M.

JOE WOODS (Columbia)

8:15 A.M.

MONICA DEAN (Columbia)

8:30 A.M.

MRS. JOHN HARRISON (Columbia)

8:45 A.M.

SHERMAN DOUGLAS (Columbia)

9:00 A.M.

WILLIAM MILLER (Columbia)

9:15 A.M.

DONALD WHITLOCK (Columbia)

9:30 A.M.

ILSE HEMBERG (Columbia)

9:45 A.M.

BETTY WHITE (Columbia)

10:00 A.M.

C. W. KNOX (Crosby)

10:15 A.M.

WINFRED BEECHER (Crosby)

10:30 A.M.

DEWEY SMITH (Crosby)

10:45 A.M.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (Crosby)

11:00 A.M.

PILGRIM FAMILY (Crosby)

11:15 A.M.

MABLE PRINCE (Crosby)

11:30 A.M.

WALTER CONNOLLY (Crosby)

11:45 A.M.

BETTY HAYES (Crosby)

12:00 A.M.

DOROTHY MCNEIL (Crosby)

12:15 A.M.

CHANCELOR WRIGHT (Crosby)

12:30 A.M.

J. DOUGLAS (Crosby)

12:45 A.M.

DAVID LEVIE (Crosby)

1:00 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

1:15 A.M.

SHEILA REYNOLDS (Crosby)

1:30 A.M.

EDWARD CROMWELL (Crosby)

1:45 A.M.

LOUISE LEINER (Crosby)

2:00 A.M.

BRENTWOOD PIERS (Crosby)

2:15 A.M.

WALTER KENNEDY (Crosby)

2:30 A.M.

HARRY OLDS (Crosby)

2:45 A.M.

LOUISE WAX (Crosby)

3:00 A.M.

JOHN O'HARA (Crosby)

3:15 A.M.

DOROTHY MCNEIL (Crosby)

3:30 A.M.

JACK HUNTER (Crosby)

3:45 A.M.

DOROTHY McGUIRE (Crosby)

4:00 A.M.

WALTER CONNOLLY (Crosby)

4:15 A.M.

DEWEY SMITH (Crosby)

4:30 A.M.

MABLE PRINCE (Crosby)

4:45 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

5:00 A.M.

EMMA MYERS (Crosby)

5:15 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

5:30 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:00 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

6:15 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:30 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:45 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

7:00 A.M.

RICHARD MAITLAND (Columbia)

7:15 A.M.

JACK HUNTER (Radio City)

7:30 A.M.

WOODROW KELLY (Columbia)

7:45 A.M.

JERRY WARD (Columbia)

8:00 A.M.

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8:15 A.M.

MONICA DEAN (Columbia)

8:30 A.M.

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8:45 A.M.

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9:00 A.M.

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9:15 A.M.

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9:30 A.M.

ILSE HEMBERG (Columbia)

9:45 A.M.

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10:00 A.M.

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11:30 A.M.

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11:45 A.M.

BETTY HAYES (Crosby)

12:00 A.M.

DOROTHY MCNEIL (Crosby)

12:15 A.M.

CHANCELOR WRIGHT (Crosby)

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JACK HUNTER (Crosby)

3:45 A.M.

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4:00 A.M.

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4:15 A.M.

DEWEY SMITH (Crosby)

4:30 A.M.

MABLE PRINCE (Crosby)

4:45 A.M.

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5:00 A.M.

EMMA MYERS (Crosby)

5:15 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

5:30 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:00 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)

6:15 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:30 A.M.

WILLIAM HART (Crosby)

6:45 A.M.

DOROTHY McNEIL (Crosby)
### Tuesday, June 8, 1937

#### Morning

- **8:00 AM - 9:00 AM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO/KSD
- **9:00 AM - 10:00 AM**
  - WCLG/WCCT/WCCT
- **10:00 AM - 11:00 AM**
  - WISO/WCCO/WCCO
- **11:00 AM - 12:00 PM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO

#### Afternoon

- **12:00 PM - 1:30 PM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO
- **1:30 PM - 2:30 PM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO

### Special Events

- **Recreation**: 'Grees of the Sun' will be held.

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**Radio Guide** • Week Ending June 12, 1937

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**ELIZABETH RELLER**

**Betty's Paradise** • Tuned 8 am CST (9 CST)

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**MORNING**

- **7:00 AM - 8:00 AM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO
- **8:00 AM - 9:00 AM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO
- **9:00 AM - 10:00 AM**
  - WIBA/WBOW/WHO

### Entertainment

- **MINIATURE CONCERT**
  - Broadcast time: 9:30 AM CST
  - Network: WIBA

### News & Special Features

- **WIRE**
  - Broadcast time: 11:00 AM CST
  - Network: WIBA

### Sports

- **SPORTS PARADE**
  - Broadcast time: 10:30 AM CST
  - Network: WIBA

### Features

- **WIBA/WBOW/WHO**
  - Broadcast time: 10:30 AM CST
  - Network: WIBA

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**ELIZABETH RELLER**

**Betty's Paradise** • Tuned 8 am CST (9 CST)
ALLIE LOWE MILLS "Midnights and Wows" Tues. 6 p.m. CST (7 CST)

WHA Chamber Music
WMAJ Colonial Melodies
WBZB Southern Serenade
WOCB Serenade
WBBO Rodeo Follies
WDDT Dance News
WIBW Hour

WIBW 7:45 CST
WIBW 8:00 CST
WBBM Victor Arden's Orch.
WOC Duke Martin
WOWO to be announced
WOKY "Addin' Tru

7:00 CST
WIBB Ben Bernie & All the Lads (Kodakine). Original Dukas Quartet, WIBB
WMT WLW WIBB WTM

CBS- "Watch the Fun Go By.", (Fred) at Dail's, repeating WMT

8:00 CST
CBS- "The Man Who Was," (Phillips)

9:00 CST
NBC-"The Old Man Who Was," (Phillips)

WIBW "Addin' Tru"

WIBW 6:30 CST
WIBW 7:00 CST
WIBW 7:15 CST
WIBW 7:30 CST
WIBW 8:15 CST
WIBW 8:30 CST
WIBW 9:00 CST
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WIBW Noon 15.21

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WIBW 11:15 CST
WIBW 11:30 CST
WIBW 11:45 CST
WIBW 12:00 CST

Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937
WROK - Don Nelson; 
WFAM - Frank Voelker, John Renaldo; 
WBOW - Griff Williams' Orch.; 
WNN - Nelson, songs of Aces; 
WFBM - John Allen; 
KSD - Terry Baker; 
WJBC - Women's News; 
WIBA - Lone Cowboy; 
WOC - Hal Homan; 
WJJD - Steve Allen; 
WTMJ - Male News; 
WCCO - Tommy Dorsey's Orch.; 
WFBM - On the Air; 
WJNN - BEHIND THE SCENES.
Radio Guide • Week Ending June 12, 1937

FROM 7:00 CT TO 12:30 CT

MORNING

7:00 CT 8:00 CT

CBS Am. You Like It! News.

WFAB WGN (NBC) News.

WFMN CBS Musical Clock.

WLOL Medical Clock.

WLOL Medical Clock.

WGBH Co., You Like It! News.

WJZ NBC Talk, News.

WQW NBC Talk, News.

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Cinderella

She was a country-bred girl who had never had a job, whose life had been both sheltered and static for years. The marriage to the age of America's test pilots, Jim Collins. She had seen him go to a hero's death. And then—Dee Collins had come to realize that she had found the perfect husband to babies support! How she fought her way ahead, achieved success, is a powerful story. Don't miss it!

**IN RADIO GUIDE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Next Week</th>
<th>Wednesday, June 10</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>CBS-PRETTY KITTY KELLY</strong></td>
<td>(Dee Collins)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WBFS</strong></td>
<td>(Chesterfield):</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CBS-Beverley Sills</strong></td>
<td>(Curtis Theater):</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WBFS</strong></td>
<td>(Curtis Theater):</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NBC-Fred Waring &amp; his Pennsylvanians</strong></td>
<td>(Michigan Theater):</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WFBM</strong></td>
<td>(Michigan Theater):</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>NRC-Personal Column of the Air (Chicago)</strong></td>
<td>(Sun Studio):</td>
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<td><strong>KMOX</strong></td>
<td>(Sun Studio):</td>
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<td><strong>WBAA</strong></td>
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**Frequencies**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Radio Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WCFL WKBK</td>
<td>740 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>WBBM WHA</td>
<td>1130 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>WMAQ WHA</td>
<td>750 kHz</td>
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<tr>
<td>WLS WHA</td>
<td>560 kHz</td>
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<td>WMAQ WHA</td>
<td>560 kHz</td>
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<td>WLS WHA</td>
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<tr>
<td>WMAQ WHA</td>
<td>750 kHz</td>
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**Total WFR**
Boys: Get This Glove—FREE!

Play ball, fellows, with this "Radja" Horsey model glove, made of genuine horsecloth with grease palm. Full size offered.

You can get this glove and many other swell prizes by doing a little extra pleasant work after school delivering the GUIDES to customers in your neighborhood.

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

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

Mr. Al Jones, Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Road, Jolliago, Illinois

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

Name...................................... Age..........................

Street and Number.........................................................

City............................................................ State.................
**Saturday, June 12, 1937**

**Radio Guide**

**DISCOURD YOUR OLD AERIAL**

It is most likely certain that we found your antenna connections in the wrong way. The antenna itself, being a short and easy to check for errors, is generally the culprit. Here are some tips to check your connections:

1. **Check Your Antenna:** Ensure that your antenna is properly connected to your receiver.
2. **Check Your Cable:** Make sure your cable is not loose or damaged.
3. **Check Your Terminal:** Ensure that the terminal is securely connected to the antenna.
4. **Check Your Ground:** Make sure your ground connection is secure and not corroded.

**Better Tone and Distance Guaranteed**

For better sound quality and increased distance, try these modifications:

1. **Increase Antenna Length:** Extend your antenna to its maximum length.
2. **Use a Booster:** Add an RF amplifier to boost the signal strength.
3. **Increase Gain:** Adjust the gain on your receiver.

**GET IT RIGHT**

We guarantee that by following these steps, you will see a significant improvement in your radio reception. If you continue to have issues, please contact our support team for further assistance.

**NAME**

**STAFTE**

**WHAT USERS SAY**

Your comments and suggestions are invaluable. Please share your thoughts on the performance and features of our products. Your feedback helps us improve our offerings and meet your needs better.

**Radio Guide**

**45**
CONTESTS ON THE AIR

SUNDAY
6:45 EST (5:45 CST), NBC network. Jingle program. Broadcast for West at 10, 9, 8 CST. Jingle contest, write in prices.

MONDAY
10:15 a.m. EST (9:15 a.m. CST), Monday through Friday. NBC network. Personal Column of the Air, $10.00 awarded for every four weeks of sponsor’s product used in and used for advertising.

11:15 a.m. EST (10:15 a.m. CST) and 4 p.m. EST (3 p.m. CST), Monday through Friday. NBC network. Personal Column of the Air, $10.00 awarded for every four weeks of sponsor’s product used in and used for advertising. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contests also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly. Contest also on the following 2 weeks. Two pairs of silk stockings awarded weekly.

12:30 p.m. EST (11:30 CST), CBS network. The Warner-Salem, $1,000.00. Second, $500.00. Third, $100.00. 200 prizes at 45c. William Rogers Cine of radio. Condition of contest: A letter of 50 words or less on who you think the day’s champion should be. Merchandise requirement. (See also Tuesday.)

3:30 p.m. EST (2:30 CST), NBC network. Jack Benny, $500.00. Second, $250.00. Third, $125.00. Fourth, $75.00. Fifth, $40.00. 1000 prizes at 10c. Condition of contest: A letter of 50 words or less on who you think the day’s champion should be. Merchandise requirement. (See also Monday.)

TUESDAY
10:15 a.m. EST (9:15 a.m. CST), CBS network. Tuesday and Thursday. The Quality Twins, 73. $400.00, 1st prize. $200.00, 2nd prize. $100.00, 3rd prize. $50.00, 4th prize. Condition of contest: A letter of 50 words or less on who you think the day’s champion should be. Merchandise requirement.

10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST), NBC network. Saturday Night at the Tavern, $750.00. Second, $375.00. Third, $200.00. Fourth, $125.00. Fifth, $75.00. Condition of contest: A letter of 50 words or less on who you like sponsor’s product. Merchandise requirement.

Wednesday
On page 28 are the angles of eleven of your favorite stars. You were asked to guess at which ones they are. Find the correct answers.

1. Martha Raye
2. Princess LaL
3. Betty Walker
4. Tenney Buffington
5. Florence Baker
6. Lily Pons
7. Betty Grable
8. Frances Langford
9. Deanna Durbin
10. Miss Margaret Whittington
11. Miss Margaret Whittington

March 15th

On page 28 are the angles of eleven of your favorite stars. You were asked to guess at which ones they are. Find the correct answers.

1. Martha Raye
2. Princess LaL
3. Betty Walker
4. Tenney Buffington
5. Florence Baker
6. Lily Pons
7. Betty Grable
8. Frances Langford
9. Deanna Durbin
10. Miss Margaret Whittington
11. Miss Margaret Whittington

Thursday
8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC network. Your True Adventures program. Contest winners will be invited to studio to broadcast in person their program.

8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), NBC network. Your True Adventures program. Contest winners will be invited to studio to broadcast in person their program.
The Radio Guide's Summer Bargain

The regular subscription price of RADIO GUIDE is $4.00 per year. As a special Summer bargain offer to regular readers, we will send you fifteen issues for $1.00.

All you have to do is fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance, and we will send you the next fifteen issues for the year.

Remember that it takes some time for your letter to reach us and an extra week to start your subscription.

This Summer bargain offer of fifteen issues for $1 will be withdrawn soon. It is intended as a special inducement for such readers as want to continue to get RADIO GUIDE all Summer long at an unusual saving.

RADIO GUIDE's program section is bigger and better than ever.

It gives you the names of guest stars, premieres, musical selections of symphonies, all of the local and distant stations you can tune in on, American and foreign short-wave stations, and all of the interesting articles and pictures about the personalities of the air. Never before have we been able to make you such a fine bargain offer. Take advantage of it now. Remember, fifteen issues for only $1. Send the coupon below now, before you forget it.

Radio Guide, Desk 612
731 Plymouth Court
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed please find $1. Please send RADIO GUIDE for fifteen weeks to:

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Radio Guide, Desk 612
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Chicago, Illinois

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Radio Guide © Week Ending June 12, 1937

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Miriam Hopkins says: "Sensitive throats welcome Luckies"

"Luckies have been my favorite cigarette for about 5 years. They're a light smoke that sensitive throats welcome. Of the many trends that sweep through Hollywood, one of the longest lasting has been the preference for Luckies. I once asked a 'property' man—who supplies cigarettes to the actors—what the favorite is. He answered by opening up a box containing cigarettes. They were all Luckies."

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc.—smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? You will appreciate the throat protection of a light smoke free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted—Your Throat Protection"