

HOW RADIO "CURED" KING GEORGE VI

Radio Guide

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WEEK ENDING FEB. 13, 1937

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY OF RADIO

10

CENTS



JESSICA DRAGONETTE

**JIMMY FIDLER'S "KEYHOLE CAREER"
7 FULL DAYS OF THRILLING PROGRAMS**

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OFFICIAL STAR OF STARS ELECTION BALLOT

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My favorite Dramatic Program is Log Cabin Dude Ranch

My favorite Children's Program is Greene Wickett

My favorite Dance Orchestra is Wayne King

My favorite Male Singer of Popular Songs is Kenny Baker

My favorite Female Singer of Popular Songs is Kate Smith

My favorite Singer of Operatic or Classical Songs is Jessica Dragonette

My favorite Comedian or Comedy Act is Jack Benny

My favorite Announcer is James Wallington

My favorite Sports Announcer is Ied Kusin

My favorite Commentator is Lowell Thomas

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YOUR FAVORITES—
THEY'RE RADIO'S STARS

YOU FILL OUT THE BALLOTS—YOUR VOTES ARE
COUNTED—AND YOUR STAR OF STARS IS NAMED!

RADIO'S greatest year—that's the forecast of the experts for 1937. And the new year brings with it another Star of Stars poll—a search for radio's greatest star in radio's greatest year!

Every year this poll throws the spotlight of public acclaim on stars in each important field of air entertainment. And to some one star comes the highest recognition possible for a radio actor—the RADIO GUIDE Star of Stars medal, and the title to keep—for a year!

No greater glory can come to a radio star. For this poll is based solely on the largest cross-section of listening America anywhere available—the readers of RADIO GUIDE. You who read the greatest publication in the radio field are the judges. RADIO GUIDE acts merely as a clearing-house for your votes.

But the Star of Stars poll means more than acclaim to a few stars. It is an opportunity for America's listeners to insure continuation of the programs they enjoy, without the bother of writing to each star. Here is how that works: The sponsors who give you commercial radio programs and the network officials who pass on sustaining shows regard this poll as the infallible index of listener preferences. Stars who rate high

in this election bear the stamp of the listeners' approval—and they'll stay on the air. Other stars may not. Thus an annual purging of the stars insures listeners the finest shows possible. Your opinions should be registered!

To enter your radio reactions in this poll, merely fill in the ballot above. First indicate your choice for the Star of Stars, and then the stars you prefer in the other classifications. You can vote several times for the same star, if his type of entertainment comes under several different heads. For instance, you may select Lanny Ross as Star of Stars. But you may also vote for him as your favorite male singer of popular songs. You may find that many of your favorites qualify in more than one division. And that is perfectly all right.

YOUR ballot will not be counted, however, unless it bears your name and address. Fill in your ballot carefully—and sign your name and address!

Remember, your vote, and those of the other readers alone, will decide this poll.

Fill out the ballot printed above for your convenience. Mail it to Star of Stars Election Tellers, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. Vote today!

Wayne King

Kate Smith

Bing Crosby



HOW RADIO "CURED" KING GEORGE VI

BY JACK JAMISON

A LONELY YOUTH GREW TO SOLITARY MANHOOD—AFRAID. THEN HE BECAME KING—AND RADIO HELPED HIM FORGET FEAR IN HIS NEW SELF-CONFIDENCE, POISE—HAPPINESS!

IF RADIO should take an ordinary, happy man and turn him into the King of England we should all, I am sure, agree that it was an unbelievable piece of news.

But for radio to take the King of England and turn him into an ordinary, happy man is a reversal so startling that even the adjective unbelievable is too mild to apply.

Yet if King George VI of England today is a happier man than he has ever been before, radio has played a leading part in making him so. For without the necessity of making speeches over the air he might never have cured himself of the painful stammer in his speech which has harassed him with a sense of shyness since he was a small boy.

King George VI will broadcast one of these days, and almost as many ears will be turned toward loudspeakers as during the climactic address delivered by Edward after his abdication. And each of those ears will be awaiting the confirmation or the denial of a rumor whispered around the

world—that "the King is a stutterer."

We know the King *was* a stutterer. We also know what radio has done for him in that regard. From the day when as a young Prince, he fled from a barracks room in India after attempting unsuccessfully and painfully to make a talk to a group of army officers, to his own secret rehearsals of speeches of state today, his has been a difficult and amazing routine.

UNTHINKING people, without imagination enough to sympathize with others' suffering—the kind of people who laugh at cripples—regard stammering as funny. But the more than a million stammerers in America do not see anything funny about it. There are cases on record of men and women who have committed suicide because they could not cure themselves of the defect. Short of such extreme measures, any physician knows that all stammerers are shy, over-sensitive, antisocial human beings who find the simplest social contact, such as a party or a dance, an excruciating torture.



They want to get away from the world—hide away, alone and unhappy. As many of them as fail socially fail in business. If you remember the terror of stage fright that overwhelmed you the first time you were called upon to "stand up and say a few words" you have an inkling of the state of mind of a chronic stammerer during all the waking hours of the day.

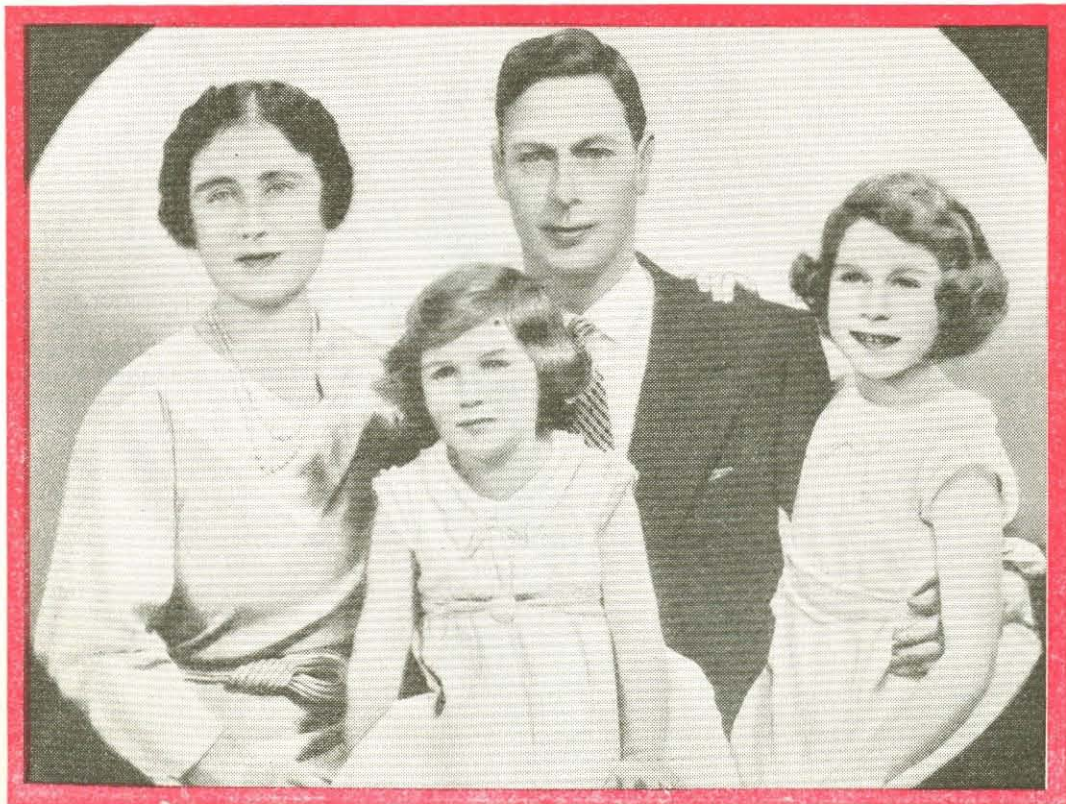
One of these unhappy stammerers has been the man we knew last year as the Duke of York and whom we know today as King George VI. He was born forty-two years ago in York Cottage, at Sandringham. He was christened Albert Frederick Arthur George; and it is no great exaggeration to say that the christening ceremony was barely over before he began the education designed to fit him for the title of prince. (No one dreamed at the time, of course, that he would ever become King.)

BOYS of the royal family go through a rigorous education akin to that of what the British call their public schools, although they are actually private schools. They get lots of sport, the rougher the better, lots of bullying and lots of punishment. The process is designed mainly to make sure, as we should say in America, that they can "take it."

Leading educators all over the world know nowadays that this kind of an education ruins far more boys than it makes, but in those days nobody realized it. Such an education is particularly hard on a sensitive youngster, and as a youngster George was extremely sensitive. He was only a small boy when he acquired his acute stammer.

"As a rule, stammerers begin to stammer," says Dr. John Levbarg of New York's Harlem Eye and Ear Hospital, "when they are four or five years old. Stammering is a functional defect, in most cases, due to an inner psychological conflict. A child begins to stammer as a result of a mental shock. A mother says, 'The bogey man will get you,' or shouts at the child to be quiet just as he is beginning to say something. Or the child is frightened by a dog or a cat—something on that

(Continued on Page 45)



Above: King George VI and Mrs. "Wally" Simpson. Romance in her life was tragedy in his. He came to the throne heavy-hearted, a king against his will

A family portrait: The Queen, Princess Margaret Rose, King George VI, and Princess Elizabeth, who is in direct line to succeed her father

Lucille Manners' Golden

THIS is a Cinderella story to end all Cinderella stories.

It's about Lucille Manners, and its Cinderella slant is obvious. You yourself may have commented upon it when you learned that Lucille, a comparative nobody, was to take Jessica Dragonette's place as the starring prima donna of the Cities Service broadcast when Jessica left to go on the Palmolive program. This young little "nobody" is all set to take her place in radio beside the glamorous Jessica, Helen Jepson, Lily Pons and other of radio's great ladies.

How did she—above all others—do it?

Ask that of Lucille and she'll say: "I was once a stenographer. Not a private secretary, but a plain \$15-a-week stenographer and file clerk. That humble job trained me for the glamorous career of a radio star."

Pads, pencils, dictation, pothooks and ink-smudged fingers.

Orchids, Strauss waltzes, spotlights and autograph-seekers.

What has one to do with the other? How can a chain of typewriters be the

connecting link with radio stardom?

Lucille was a stenographer in a New Jersey insurance office about five years ago. She had always wanted to sing, for her mother and father both had fine voices and they had passed this heritage on to their yellow-haired, pert-nosed little girl. But there was no money for singing lessons. When Lucille reached the age of fifteen and her third year of high school she quit school to take a business course and get a job in a local Newark, N. J., firm.

WHILE she was taking dictation from the boss, she dreamed of herself on a light-drenched stage—singing to an enormous awed audience. Even in those days, Friday evenings were important to her. After dinner she would sit near the radio—close, so as not to miss a single voice inflection—and listen to the thrilling soprano of Jessica Dragonette. And when the program was over, the radio turned off, Lucille would stand near the piano while her mother played, and repeat note-for-note the very melody that Jessica had sung to millions only a few

moments earlier. Then, as now, Jessica was Lucille's favorite. Jessica was something that she wanted to be. Call it her "inspiration" or her "ideal," if you wish. Today, Lucille stands on the very stage where Jessica stood, sings the very songs that Jessica sang, supported by the same brilliant orchestra of the illustrious Rosario Bourdon, instead of her mother's earnest piano attempts. If ever a girl's dreams have come true, certainly those of shy Lucille Manners of New Jersey have.

The first lesson Lucille learned when she worked at her nine-to-five stenography job was the business girls' maxim: "Utilize every minute of your leisure time." You yourself must have noticed the quite remarkable way in which busy working girls crowd an appointment at the hairdresser's, the doctor's and the dressmaker's into their brief one-hour lunch period. Or how they'll fill their evenings with

bridge, school, entertainment, recreation so that they won't miss the advantages of their luckier sisters. Lucille made the business girls' creed work in double tempo. She obtained a short noontime spot on a local New York station. She sang from its Jersey studio. She managed her lunch hour so that she had time to dash down to WOR in time to make her program, then gulp down a ham-on-rye and a malted, and be at her typewriter in time to peck a letter. In the evenings there were singing lessons.

SURELY, the story-book Cinderella never crammed more effort and ingenuity into her few hours before midnight to get her prince, than Lucille crammed into her out-of-office hours to get her career.

The second thing most business girls learn proved a valuable asset to Lucille when she was a star-in-the-making. It was the ability to endure

Slipper Story

FROM PAD-AND-PENCIL "STENO" TO RADIO STARDOM—THAT'S THE BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT TALE OF THIS WORKING GIRL'S RISE

BY HELEN HOVER

inconveniences, to sacrifice personal desires for the job at hand. Many a business girl has had to give up a date because the boss has suddenly decided upon some late dictation.

Lucille auditioned for NBC and passed. Occasional radio jobs came her way, but not enough for her to give up her steady office job. Several times a week she traveled to New York, after work, to rehearse, to practise, or to sing on the rare radio jobs she managed to obtain. Late at night, tired, hungry (she couldn't stretch her salary to take in restaurant dinners) and nervous, she reached home in time for bed . . . but always that alarm clock jangling at seven in the morning to get her at her desk by nine!

"I didn't think I could go on," Lucille says. "It seemed to me that no career was worth it. Then one day I noticed that the girl who worked at the desk next to mine looked rather tired. 'My mother is very ill,' she explained, 'and I've had to stay up with her every night.' If this girl could carry such a burden on her shoulders and not miss a day's work, what was I crying about? Somehow, after that, things seemed much easier for me."

SOON Lucille's work at NBC became more regular, and when she was placed on the "Morning Parade" she left her office job. But she never forgot the rules of tact, courtesy, the ability to take orders—and most of all, patience, which she learned when she was a stenographer. And without these homely characteristics, Lucille Manners would not be the most envied young singer in radio.

For when the test came, Lucille was not unprepared. In the Summer of 1935, Jessica was leaving the Cities Service program for four weeks to take a vacation. Who would take her place? Through the corridors of NBC, over luncheon tables at the famous Gateway restaurant, over coffee and cigarette at Lindy's sped the news. The girl who would be selected to substitute for Queen Jessica, even for a short while, would be receiving high praise indeed. Lucille, hearing the news, hoped in a vague and anxious sort of way that she would be the one chosen, but of course . . .

At that time she was whisked from one audition to another to try out for some mysterious sponsor. It is a rule never to tell an artist for whom he is auditioning, because it might make him nervous. Lucille never dared hope, of course, that the gentlemen listening in on her might be Jessica's sponsors. But as she walked into the audition room she visualized herself taking the great Jessica's place, and she unconsciously carried her blond head in that proud, regal way she had seen the tiny Jessica do. It was after the fifth audition that Lucille was told the news.

The mysterious gentlemen were Jessica's air sponsors, and she was selected to take Jessica's place!

For four weeks she lived in borrowed glory. Gossamer-sheer gowns from Fifth Avenue modistes, applause, adoration, autograph-seekers. "Won't you be our guest at the Rainbow Room, Miss Manners?" . . . "Oh, Miss Manners, we're starting a fan club in your honor." . . . "Miss Manners . . ."

THEN it was over, Jessica came back; Lucille retired to the hearthstone of anonymity once more. It hurt more than ever, this hunting for radio work, being grateful to have a minor job on a minor show when she had once been given a taste of the best. It was hard being plain Lucille Manners again, the sweet-faced kid who wanted a break, when you had been Miss Manners, star of the Cities Service program. But Lucille remembered how the charmingly efficient private secretary of her boss had been let out with the abolishment of a certain department. This girl, used to the fine salary and prestige of a private secretary, pounded the pavements looking for work, and finally ended up in a filing-clerk niche like those of the dozens of girls who had once worked under her.

"She took all this in her stride," Lucille explained. "She never complained or thought she was lowering herself. Business girls—God bless their souls—learn how to take the breaks. Their pride is the honest kind, not the prima donna variety that makes them throw things and get worked up into fits of temperament."

THIS splendid lesson of patience and fortitude gave Lucille the optimism and enthusiasm which eventually prepared her for stardom. For three years she lived in the shadow of another woman's glory, filling in several times when Jessica left on vacations, filling in once for another great star, Margaret Speaks.

During those three years of waiting she went through all the disappointments of a small-time singer. She never knew when her sustaining program would be suddenly canceled. Often she had asked friends to listen in on her, only to be stricken from the air at the last moment because of a special broadcast.

Then, in the midst of all this waiting, when her hopefulness had almost turned to despair, came that eventual telephone call just a few weeks ago. "Come down to NBC at once," she was told. "Something has happened." She grabbed her hat and purse and ran. Ran right into the grandest bit of news any girl ever had the good luck to hear. Ran right into a long-time contract to star on one of the most important programs on the air. Jessica's unexpected move to



Great singers usually have fiery tempers—but not Lucille! She was a business girl—and calm!



Above: Smart accessories match Lucille's chic ensembles today. Once she only dreamed of the lovely things fame has brought!

Left: Friday evenings were big nights to Lucille when she was a \$15-a-week stenographer. But she didn't wear fine evening gowns!

the fragile Jessica. Lucille is tall, has a thoughtful, half-sad face, shapely Hollywood lips, and hair the color and thickness of rich cream.

So many reasons have been and will be given for the sensational, Cinderella rise of young Lucille Manners. I overheard someone say that it was because she is half-Utch, half-Irish—than which there is no more dogged, fighting combination. An amateur astrologer credits it to the fact that she was born under the sign of Taurus the Bull, a go-getter sign. But we who know her background as stenographer, file clerk and office-worker—we who know that she never once forgot the homely virtues which make a business girl capable—we know the real reason why Lucille Manners is a star today.

Lucille Manners may be heard Fridays on Cities Service Concert over an NBC network at 8 p.m. EST (7 CST; 6 MST; 5 PST).

ATENTION all boats. Very urgent! Eight hundred people are marooned at 15th and Magnolia. Repeat. All available boats go to 15th and Magnolia at once. There are 800 people marooned there! This is very urgent!"

"Boats! Boats! . . . At 14th and Main rescue 56 people in a warehouse. Fire is approaching the warehouse. Rush!"

"Attention everyone! Attention everyone! The river is not on fire as reported. According to the official report from the city hall the river is not on fire."

"Boats! Urgent. At 10th and Congress, northeast corner. Two people have been calling for a boat since yesterday."

"Urgent! An ambulance is needed at 1315 West Madison. One person seriously ill. An ambulance can reach this address."

"Urgent . . . urgent . . . urgent . . ."

HOARSE, haggard, their eyes red-rimmed and swollen, their voices cracking under the shattering strain of desperate hours of talking, flood-country announcers stood before battery-powered microphones—microphones that might—and did—go dead without warning—to pour into the air their endless stream of life-and-death bulletins. By lamp-light and candle-light they read the hundreds upon hundreds of terse messages that must go on the air if lives were to be spared. And go on the air they did. Announcers were sick, lashed by fatigue almost into unconsciousness, their minds dulled by the enormity of a disaster too awful to be grasped—but in studios in Cincinnati, in Louisville, in Evansville, they hunched over their microphones in the flickering, uncertain light and they talked—talked until their voices literally were gone, until no effort however great would bring anything but a croaking whisper to their lips.

Radio had met—and routed—the worst peace-time disaster in its history. Radio had accepted a challenge that only radio was capable of accepting, and indisputably, finally, radio had saved the day.

"Warning, residents of Third and Hillcrest. Turn out all fires. Gas escaping from mains."

"Urgent! Boat go at once to 930 West Market; pneumonia and confinement case."

"Attention police. Go to the high school. Six hundred Negroes reported on the verge of a riot!"

Even radio could not keep up with the stream of orders. Flood-battered couriers staggered into broadcasting studios in an endless stream, until the scribbled bulletins were piled hundreds deep. Announcers snatched them, hurled them into the air, grabbed for more, squinting in the lamplight as they rushed over the desperate words as fast as they dared, racing always with the awful moment when roaring water must crash into the transmitters and put an end to broadcasting.

"Urgent . . . urgent . . . urgent . . ."

AT THE transmitters, engineers cursed as they fought to keep the rolling yellow waters from the precious equipment. Let even a few inches of water reach the switchboard—and sending would stop—except for a four-word message to the announcers: "We're off the air!"

The desperate technicians knew that merely to keep water away from their own transmitting equipment wasn't enough. It wasn't enough, but it was all they could do. They were helpless in the face of failure of city power plants. There would be nothing they could do then except generate their own current—and so they did just that: they seized every battery they could get their hands on, and out of the conglomeration of odd sizes and assorted voltages expertly they rigged their own power plants, stayed on the air. Hell and high water was raging outside, but they stayed on the air.

"Looting reported along 4th Street. Police are authorized to shoot and shoot to kill. Anyone on official business should proceed down center of the street."

"Boat 'Glide Along' loaded with groceries taken away from Mr. Young by gang of men on 2nd Street. Try to rescue and return to Mr. Young, so he can resume distribution."

"This is an emergency! This is urgent . . ."

IT'S Sunday morning in water-logged Cincinnati. Eight floors above the street in the Crosley radio plant, a desperate crew mans powerful WLW, on the air 24 hours a day since the Ohio rose to emergency flood stage on Thursday. The atmosphere in the studio is charged, tense, expectant. Announcer Bill Brown is on the air, Don Cordray is standing by waiting to relieve him. Tired, jumpy, Cordray realizes vaguely that there are gasoline fumes in the air. What of it? An estimated million gallons of gasoline is

RADIO RIDES THE FLOOD!

BY KEN W. PURDY

floating on Cincinnati's storm-waters. Everybody knows that. But—if someone should toss a cigarette . . .

"Fire! Everybody out!"

Cordray snaps a glance at the window. Eight stories below, red flames are leaping high. The gasoline has caught!

Listen to Bill Bailey, WLW publicity director:

"I heard someone yell, 'Everybody out.' The building's on fire! The building was full of gasoline fumes and I thought the fire was below in the factory. Looking out of the window I saw flames about 200 yards long spreading on the water. I grabbed my hat and coat. I passed Cordray and Brown in the hall. I made a round of the offices and studios shouting, 'Everybody out! Fire!' Then paused for another look. Flames were leaping past the eighth-floor window and I took out."

WLW was off the air only briefly. At the height of the fire Engineer Philip Underwood and Bill Brown returned to the studio. A temporary

newsroom was set up in another building. The fire? To the WLW staff, it was only an incident. They went back on the air, and they did more—they had the heroic impudence to put the fire on the air! As it crackled and howled around them, completely destroying eighteen buildings before it was controlled, WLW slammed an eye-witness account into the microphones. Then back to the routine business of life-saving.

"Boats! Boats! Four relief workers are marooned . . . they have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning . . . Urgent! Urgent!"

ONE smoking, sputtering kerosene lamp flickers before a microphone at WHAS, Louisville. There is no other light. The station is on battery power. Time after time the ever-rising flood waters have pounded WHAS off the air, but every time, despite the rushing waters, despite agonies of fatigue, a heroic crew has risen to the new emergency and the microphones have leapt to life again. There is no longer any city power. Hastily rigged batteries furnish electricity, but not enough to hold the station on its own feet; not enough to hurl messages over the hundreds of square miles of flooded territory. WHAS has only just power enough to lob its traffic over to WSM in Nashville, there to be re-broadcast to the nation. But that much power is precious, to be able to get on the air at all is a Godsend, and for 24 hours a day, day after endless day, eight announcers take turns at the microphones.

"The mayor has just announced that martial law has been declared in Louisville. Troops from Fort Benjamin Harrison will arrive in the morning."

"If doctor is in neighborhood of 405 West Oak, two babies are ill there."

"Send a boat to Teller Court. Eight people are there; two babies are sick. This is the third call. This is urgent . . ."

Louisville's WAVE had played a similarly important part in flood rescue work until the failure of the city's electric power forced it off the air. A desperate message forced through to the National Broadcasting Company's Chicago headquarters brought prompt action. A 400-pound, gasoline-driven generator and four transmitting tubes were loaded into a plane and sent to WAVE. Operated at capacity, they enabled WAVE to broadcast on 5,000 watts, enough to reach the rescue boats operating in the river.

Cincinnati's WCKY set up an emer-

gency Diesel generator when power failed, lighted one studio with candles and kerosene lamps, heated it with an oil stove, and stayed on the air! The Diesel unit burned out a bearing, the telephone wires leading to the transmitter came down; all during one night, WCKY engineers, cold and sopping wet, worked to repair the engine, and to string new wires to the transmitter, but WCKY stayed on the air!

The flood struck with stunning speed, but its speed was more than matched by radio's response. Not only were individual stations heroic. Whole networks of stations sprang into being over night. Louisville's power failed at 11:39 Sunday night—at the height of the flood. In less than an hour, WBBM in Chicago, KMOX in St. Louis, WJR in Detroit and WSM in Nashville, the four most powerful stations in the flood area, were broadcasting over telephone circuits the emergency programs which could not be put on the air in Louisville. Before Louisville went off the air, relief workers in the flood lands were instructed to tune in WBBM, and at intervals throughout the night, WBBM broadcast an appeal to other stations to relay the emergency directions. Before dawn, 25 stations, NBC, CBS and Mutual, had joined the volunteer network!

It is much too soon accurately to appraise radio's work in the flood emergency, but one indisputable fact stands out even now: awful as the disaster was, it would have been incalculably worse without radio's tireless and omnipotent heroism. The staggering loss of life and property has not yet been finally set down, but it is certain that radio, and radio alone, prevented its being at least double what it is. In the bubbling, tossing darkness of a river gone mad, men, women and children were suddenly and irretrievably cut off from their fellows, from the governmental agencies that in normal times assure their safety. They were on their own! Starving, soaked, sick, without radio it would have been up to them to save themselves if they were able, to die if they were not. Most of them would of course have died.

The scene is hard enough to imagine. Darkness and endless water, everywhere, as far as the eye can reach. Debris floating in the streets. Fires gone out. Shouted directions carry a pitifully few feet, screams for help go unheard. Without central direction, without communication, the police are almost helpless. Panic and nameless fright, inevitable by-products of dis-

organized humanity, are rampant. But somewhere in a half-lit room, an exhausted man who wonders vaguely what day it is, and whether he's talking to the world over a live microphone or to himself on a dead one, reads a terse command:

"A house is collapsing. Send a boat. Attention police. Ten persons in house collapsing at 2717 West Jefferson."

Radio has stepped into the breach!

The heroic stature of radio's fight against this flood—the most serious in United States' history—cannot yet be truly drawn as this is written, for the flood isn't over and the fight goes on. But some idea of the extent to which radio adapted itself to the emergency—and grew greatly in the doing—can be gathered even now.

For the first time in radio history, network stations, regardless of affiliation, joined in a national hook-up and stayed on the air for 24 hours straight.

For the first time, a governor of a state spoke over an emergency tele-

phone line in an appeal for aid from the nation. He was Gov. A. B. Chandler of Kentucky, speaking from the guardhouse of the engulfed and evacuated old Frankfort Prison where he had directed work of rescuing more than 2,700 imprisoned men.

FOR the first time, major broadcasting stations were employed as a direct and continuous link between relief heads, police and rescue squads. Flood emergency boats, tuning in network stations with battery receiving sets, got their orders as swiftly as police patrol cars.

For the first time, direct and regular co-ordination of commercial and amateur broadcasters was established on a large scale. Special and direct appeals for aid were organized by both, establishing a swift multi-way communication between relief headquarters, rescue squads and the general public.

In the first five days of the crisis, a total of at least 24 special broadcasts from 31 major points was made by one broadcasting system alone—the most ever recorded.

WITHOUT radio," said a WHAS announcer, "the great rescue job which is being done here could be nothing but utter chaos."

Listen to him. This is Announcer J. Kenneth Jones, one of WHAS' heroic staff.

"Perhaps the greatest physical task—certainly the most important from the relief and rescue standpoint—in this great emergency has been the establishment and maintenance of lines of communication, with all the regular lines, or most of them, out of commission or functioning only uncertainly. This has been radio's job, but radio has needed much, and, at times, very strange assistance in performing it. The station, we must remember, is but one-way communication. How have messages reached us, as we sit here glued to telephones with brave girl typists picking up every desperate word? Sergeant of Police Joseph Walling says this: 'I have received messages from as far away as 22 miles calling for aid in the stricken area. These messages have started by rowboat, been transferred to truck or motor cars, and handed on by them to pedestrians who have struggled through to the city hall relief headquarters. We, in turn, have put these messages on the direct lines

to station WHAS where they have been broadcast. Thus relief workers in remote parts of the country have been guided in their rescue work.'

"Other messages have come in from fortunate and heroic people who have gone into the flood area with wire-tapping equipment, climbed poles, and from their perilous perches relayed messages over lines remaining up. In instances too numerous to detail rescue has been effected within a very few blocks of a relief station because of telegrams or long distance calls coming in to rescue headquarters from cities as remote as New York, Chicago, and, in one case, Miami.

AND what about headquarters, where these messages have been coming in? One must shout to be heard as lines fail one by one and frantic efforts are made to maintain communication. Men manning the old fashioned standard telephone and needing both hands to work with, have receivers strapped to their heads with adhesive tape and the rest of the instrument secured to their chests with their belts . . .

"A warning has just come in: Please keep all paper off desks and tables so that when lamps turn over, there will be less danger of fire!"

"A doctor is imperatively needed at 22nd and Main streets."

The battle goes on.

Mrs. Mattie Gerken, 82, seriously ill of influenza, lies helpless in her bed on the second floor of a Cincinnati house. She is unable to move, too sick fully to realize her danger. Someone stumbles through the flood waters to a telephone, radio answers the call for help, she is taken down a ladder, into a row-boat to safety. Radio can chalk up another life saved, another tragedy averted.

"A stretcher case at 1023 South 4th Street."

"Police, attention! A store is being broken into at this moment at 15th and Jefferson. Go there at once and stop looting."

And all night long, and all day, and all the next night, the endless stream of bulletins pounds over the airwaves. Radio, saving innumerable lives, preventing the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property, integrating rescue work too vast for one man to comprehend, radio, doing one man to comprehend; radio, doing world could do!

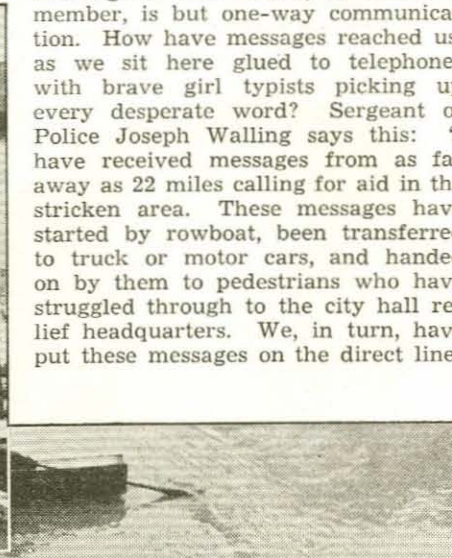
Radio, coming into its own!



Above: Rescued! Typically tragic, this scene from Jeffersonville, Indiana, tells the story of how hundreds of victims were snatched out of danger's path—just in time!



Above: Riding high! This fortunate family moved to a raft made of empty oil drums and—with all their worldly goods and possessions braved the on-rushing torrent!



Below: Suffering innocents! Children from flooded areas slept heavily on the floors of the Grand Central Depot in Memphis. Left: Hungrily, the flood's fingers reach up to high hotel signs. This one is in Portsmouth, Ohio

Below: A hero dies! Harry Vaske, Cincinnati's first victim of the raging Ohio, lost his life attempting to save others. At right: NBC went to the rescue of Station WAVE, Louisville, by planing in equipment!



ANGRY WATERS BROKE THEIR BARRIERS, BROUGHT DEATH AND DISEASE IN THEIR WAKE. BUT RADIO ROSE TO THE CRISIS, SAVED HOMES, LIVES!

Ten RULES TO STAY MARRIED 10 YEARS

Turn to page 24 of THIS issue of RADIO GUIDE for a smashing GIANT-GRAVURE portrait of Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny!

A TIP for the Spring bride from Mary Livingstone: "Don't be afraid to play second fiddle to your husband," says the wife of NBC's and radio's top-notch comedian.

Rule No. Two from the Livingstone Book: "Don't be irritated by your husband's criticism, provided it's constructive . . . and don't be afraid to give him some, too."

"You see, with Mary," says Box Office Champ Benny, crashing the conversation, "it is different. It isn't as if she wanted a career. She doesn't. She is just doing the daffy stuff she does on the air because she wants to help me. There is no such thing as conflicting egos in our family, because Mary would toss up her radio work tomorrow if I wanted her to."

"Nevertheless, I believe an important part of marriage is in knowing when to subordinate your interests to your mate's. If you can take a seat out of the spotlight when it's the other fellow's moment to shine, then you have learned one of the big secrets of a happy marriage."

The Bennys, you may have overheard, if you are one of the Benny Sunday-night addicts (who isn't, and what's wrong if you are not?), have recently celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Tin, it was, and up to the week before the great event, when we saw them, Jack wasn't sure what he was going to give Mary. He couldn't give her tin—now, could he?—when he started with an ermine wrap on their first anniversary, and his last present, at Christmas, had been a white-fox evening cape, plus a diamond bracelet.

JACK'S credo through the five hundred and twenty weeks that Sayde Marks has been his wife has been that nothing is too good for Mary Livingstone Benny. On the other hand, Mary's opinion has always been that nothing is good enough for her kindly, affectionate, generous husband.

"Have you mentioned jealousy?" continued Jack, pinch-hitting for friend wife, for the moment, while she wrestled with slight indisposition in the Byzantine boudoir on the second floor of the enormous Contessa di Frasso house, one of the show-places of Beverly Hills, that the Bennys, et al, have taken for the season, while Jack makes several Paramount films and Jack and his wife do their weekly stint over NBC airplanes.

"Yes, we covered that!" chimed in Babe Marks, Mary's elder sister, frequent visitor at the Benny home.

"We haven't time for jealousy. . . . Rule No. Three—'No jealousy,'" said Jack, disregarding Babe's words, but carefully laying a burnt match on her dark hair. He strolled away, while Babe shrieked. "That's a fact. We're so darned busy that I don't have time to wonder if Mary still loves me as much as she did; and she knows that I'm so busy with radio rehearsals, film shooting, two broadcasts a day on Sunday, that I haven't time to look at any one else."

"How did she feel about the Ginger Rogers torch you've been carrying over the air recently in your program?" we asked Jack.

Babe and Benny answered in unison: "Nothing to it!" they chorused. "Ginger's an old friend. We've all known her for years."

If you'd ask Mary Livingstone—

MARY'S ALTAR BARGAIN WITH JACK WAS TIMID—BUT IT BEGAN A MARRIAGE THAT CLICKED!



Mary's big rule: "Love, just love!"

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Joan Naomi Benny bosses Radio's No. 1 funster—and Jack says he likes it!

which we did when she joined us—what the success of her marriage was founded on, she would say "fun." Oh, love, of course. That's the basis of all enduring marriages. That, and mutual respect. But the Bennys' alliance is predicated largely on fun. Gags, good humor, good-natured raillery, in which not only Jack and Mary join, but the whole family, which, at the moment, consists largely of Mary's clan: Momma and Poppa Marks, in their separate

And Mrs. Marks qualifies it by saying, "I love Jack as much as I do my own son. Jack has all the fine qualities that any man could have."

"Another thing," says Mary, after Jack has played modest, "Rule No. Five . . . 'Don't select your husband's clothes for him. Let him do that himself.' With the exception of a few ties, once or twice a year, or some handkerchiefs that I can't resist buying, I let Jack select all his own clothes."

WOMEN may think," continued Mrs. Benny, "that they know more about color harmony than men, but I think a smart wife will let her husband fumble around the color-charts himself, and come away happy. Of course, Jack has an unerring eye for color and harmony himself, so I would be foolish to try and interfere."

The subject of this discussion was

came a hive. They swarmed over the Chinese rugs in the Chinese living-room, mirrored, bamboo-paneled, decked with Ming vases, and modernistic ash-trays . . . "Careful there!" cracked Benny, as a tray bounced to the floor. "I'll have to pay the Countess money for that if it's broken."

Fairy-like, on the threshold of the sun room, stood the latest addition to the party. Joanie, the Bennys' adopted daughter, aged two and one-half, eyes like the Summer skies, golden-haired, in pale blue organdy, with blue ribbon around her curls. Simultaneously, Mary and Jack set forth their Rule No. Six . . . "You must have a child, your own or someone else's. But you must have a child to bring complete happiness to marriage."

Joanie, not at all bashful before the battery of eyes, the bright eye of the camera, the gleam of the arc lights,



The Jack Bennys: Jack himself, Joan Naomi, Mary

dwelling, Babe, and her younger brother, Hiller Marks.

The group in the brilliantly executed modern room gets an addition—Mrs. Marks, Jack's mother-in-law, distinguished looking, poised, comes in. Mary comes across with Rule No. Four at the sight of her mother: "Have your family accept your husband as a son and not a son-in-law," she says.

tastily dressed, this sunny morning, in brown, with a shirt that blended with his blue eyes; brown shoes. His sartorial perfection was no compliment to the ladies present. It was because his film studio was sending a bevy of workers to Benny's house to gather informal pictures of him. They descended, ten of them, like bees, upon the house, and the Benny estate be-

climbed into Daddy Jack's lap. "You're such a doll," Jack breathed into the halo of her hair, and his lips kissed the soft curls.

"Pictures—radio—they all mean nothing unless you have this at home," said Jack into Joanie's fluffy hair. "This is the real thing, isn't it, Mary?" And he meant it. So did Mary, as she nodded in the affirmative.

For Jack to have a son of his own would be the crowning achievement of a life that has run the gamut from bottom to top of the theatrical world. It would be a happy circumstance for a child born into Jack and Mary's home. As happy as it is for little Joanie, on whom the family's love is lavished. Successful years have brought the Bennys to the place where the finest advantages could be given to their children. "But money doesn't mean everything," says Mary Livingstone Benny. "Jack hadn't reached the stride that he is in now, professionally, when we were married, and we were just as happy as we are now. Rule No. Seven for young married people: 'Don't let dollars dominate your domestic happiness.'"

WE HAVE been just as happy—I won't say happier, for that's not true—on much less money than we have now. We have had just as much laughter, and just as many good times, when Jack was playing the Orpheum circuit, back in the old days. Jack has always managed to be attentive to me, sending red roses . . . always the reddest roses, with a little unsigned card on which he scrawled "Love—Doll" and drew a funny pumpkin face . . . doing the little things that make romance last, and doing them many times when he really couldn't afford it."

"Of course," put in Jack, "I wasn't getting as little as fifteen cents a week when I married Mary in Chicago, so I was able to spread myself a little . . . you know how a fellow does—"

"Jack," said Mary, "I think another rule is 'Don't try to find your fun at the night-spots, don't you? You can have just as much fun at home with a crowd of friends as you can by whooping it up at the clubs every night. We don't go out very much, except when some old friend is opening his band at a new spot, or there's a dinner or something. I think marriage lasts longer if it is kept centered around a home, with friends and family and plenty of fun. That's Rule No. Eight."

AND then there's a sense of humor. That goes without saying. No marriage is going to last without the joiners having a well-developed sense of humor. Chalk that up for Rule No. Nine. Rule No. Ten is easy . . . it's love. That's all, just love. Anybody who tries to marry without love cannot expect to have a lasting, happy marriage. I don't think I knew what love was before I married Jack. I say married, not met. Before the ceremony I was doubtful that I really wanted to marry him. I thought I was in love three or four times before the first time I met Jack, and he called me a "fresh kid" . . . And when we met again in Los Angeles.

"I ran out on Jack, in Chicago, once. He proposed to me on a Monday. I said I'd marry him. On Wednesday I changed my mind. On Saturday I changed it again and married him. Then I fainted, after the ceremony. I probably had a hazy notion that I was madly in love with him, but I didn't know what love was, then. It's living with a person day in and day out, sharing hours and adventures and joys and tragedies with him that brings real love. The kind of love that lasts. And that's the only kind of love that is worth anything, after all."

Jack Benny may be heard Sundays on the Jell-O program over an NBC network at 7 p.m. EST (6 CST; 5 MST; 4 PST), and later for the West Coast at 8:30 p.m. PST (9:30 MST).

MY DEAR PUBLIC:
After nine years as a rah-rah boy I have at last been graduated. I am now a professor. That's me, Professor Jack Oakie, LL. L., Ph. P. and Fiddle D. D., the venerable dean of the Caravan, and every Tuesday night from now on I'll be teaching my public how to enjoy life.

I was a college boy so long they had to give me the air to get me off the movie football teams. In fact, I played in so many college pictures that they used up all the titles with the word "college" in them, so there was nothing else to do with me. I figure I wore out so many sweat-shirts in my undergraduate days that if you laid 'em all end to end the party would break up in disgust.

Over at Paramount I carried a football for nine years in those college films and never lost a game. We were no pikers about it, either, and always gave the public its money's worth. Give us two minutes left to play and we could put over the winning touchdown as sure as death and taxes. Of course we usually had Mary Brian to cheer us on, and we could work miracles for darling Mary.

But those good old days are over.



"Prof." Oakie: He presides over the nation's strangest college!

There's a saying around Hollywood now that Paramount hasn't won a game since Oakie and Mary Brian left. I've done gone and graduated for keeps. I've got my sheepsgrin framed and hung on the wall. I've put away my sweat-shirts for a cap and gown, and you know a guy couldn't run ninety yards to a touchdown in that get-up. As professor of the Caravan hour I'm now occupying the seat of higher learning. I've got enough padding to make it comfortable.

I've got a lot of new-fangled ideas about education. It seems to me that colleges are just a bit on the dull side, by and large, and what I learned in my nine years at movie colleges ought to help me brighten things up.

For one thing, you'll notice in the movies that the boys and girls may be seen going to their classes, but the matter stops right there. I've never seen 'em actually in a classroom, and

that's as it should be. Practically all the time is spent singing love-songs in the moonlight; all the boys own fur coats, and the gals have practically nothing to wear. A very pleasant way to get educated, I always figured. Each college is equipped with high-powered roadsters and a flock of blondes, and the figures the lads study have nothing to do with algebra. Good old Alma Mater!

THAT'S the sort of college that ought to make education easy, and as professor you can count on me!

In fact, I got a hunch that Fred Astaire thinks it's going to be too much fun. I saw him the other day on our home lot—we both work for RKO in our spare time, you know—and while he tossed it off with a grin I figured he was hiding a heap of worry. You see, his motor-car hour goes on at the same time each Tuesday night as

CLOWNS CAVORT IN CAP-AND-GOWN AT JACK'S COLLEGE!

"Give that wise guy Oakie the air."

Seriously, the radio looks like the land of promise and listens like the knocking of opportunity. During 1937 Hollywood will turn out about 800 pictures. The competition is terrific. But on the radio, a fella has a chance.

The other night I drove past my favorite little movie house at Brentwood and what do I see? They've got two swell pictures on the program, there's a free car being given away, and if you'll only buy a ticket they'll practically give you the theater. Suppose that keeps up. I'll be mighty glad I got into radio.

PUTTING on my new cap and gown, I did a lot of figuring on this matter, and it looks to Professor Oakie as though radio is just his dish. The more I think about it, the more I cotton to it. Movie work isn't all beer and skittles, remember. It's hard work and long hours, and the salaries aren't as high as what you draw in radio. With a broadcast you can rehearse your show and put it on, and your work is done for the week.

In movies, though, you get up at six and scam over to the studio so that you'll have plenty of time to sit and wait for something to happen. When they finally get to your scene you go in there and "give," which is all right

and I've got an awful lot of ambition.

Bing Crosby gave me an idea of what fun you can have in radio. I guess I've been on his Music Hall about five times, and enjoyed every one of 'em. Bing has a free and easy style that gets you where you live. No matter how big a musician you are, Bing kids you and you like it. He's had some of the most famous musicians in the world on his program.

I remember one great pianist, who died not long ago, who appeared on Bing's program, and boy, could he play the piano. When he finished, he turned around for the thunder of applause he'd been getting all his life—and deservedly. But there wasn't a sound. You could have heard a pin drop. I'll never forget the expression on his face. He didn't know that Bing won't permit applause from the few folks he lets in to hear the program. I told Bing the poor chap probably couldn't survive the shock. The pianist gathered up his music and crept away in a daze. He even forgot to take his package of cheese.

BING and Bob Burns got into movies on account of radio. Bob was around Hollywood for a couple of years and nobody gave him a tumble. Now they pay him \$75,000 a picture.

Times have certainly changed in

Hollywood. The good old days when Bing and I used to live together have gone forever. And I think radio is what has done it. In fact, radio has made the world safe for marriage and the happy home life.

Long before radio, Bing and I used to live down at Malibu beach, where about five of us kept bachelor quarters. We had to go out to Malibu so we could sing all night without getting complaints from the neighbors.

I remember one time when Bing decided we ought to go swimming. It was about six in the morning and raining cats and dogs, and only Joe Penner's duck would have thought of swimming on a morning like that. A duck—or Bing Crosby.

But as I say, radio has changed all



He doesn't sound like it on the air, but Jack is a settled-down husband. Meet the "little woman!"

my dear Public

BY
JACK
OAKIE

my caperings for a cigarette company. "Cheer up, Fred," says I. "Us low comics got to stick together. If all of them radio fans flock to my program, can I help it?"

"So you're going to try to steal my public, eh?" says Fred.

"Tut, tut," says I. "Honest Jack Oakie they always called me, before I got to be a professor, and I never steal nothing. Except a scene, if the rest of the cast don't keep an eye on me. Anyway, you're safe, Fred," says I. "I won't tell the public to lay off your program if you'll swap with me."

"Swap what?" Fred asks, sort of suspicious.

"A package of cigarettes for a car," says I.

But there don't seem to be that old spirit of give-and-take any more; he wouldn't take what I'd give. So there we are. But I got to keep on good terms with that hooper, because RKO has us down to do a picture together, and you know how that is. He'll walk off with all the scenes and nobody'll know I'm even around.

You know, this radio business is my dish. I've been yearning to get on the air a long time, and so have a lot of other people. They're always yelling,

except you've got to "give" through ten or fifteen "takes" until all the sparkle is worn thin. If they could shoot it once and have it over with, all would be oakie-dokey, but by the time I've tossed my pan into the same bit of mugging for the umpteenth time, it no longer seems very funny to me. I'm not beefing, dear public, I'm just stating facts. Take radio, on the other hand, and you go on at a certain time, give it everything you've got, and the job is done. The time is definite, and you're ready for the big effort. In movies I've waited around all day, keyed up for a scene, and then had the assistant director say: "Guess you can go home now; we'll get to you tomorrow."

THE shows you hear on the air are getting better and better. Radio stars are building huge followings. Fred Astaire, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Al Jolson—that's a fine company to be in with. At the same time, there always seems to be room for one more comic, which leads Prof. Oakie to hope for the best. Maybe I can't warble like Bing Crosby or tap like Astaire, and I haven't any Arkansas relatives like Bob Burns, but I got a cap 'n' gown



that. Bing and I are old married folks now. I go over to his house and at ten o'clock he says, "Scram," and I scam. Anyway, there's so many good programs to hear these nights that you haven't time to quarrel with the wife for fear you'll miss one of Mary Livingstone's poems. And besides, I set more store by marriage than I did when I was a wild young fella.

MARRIAGE trouble stays away if you've got a good radio in the house. That's why a lot of fellas go and get themselves married, so they'll have a chance to stay home and tune in Amos 'n' Andy or somebody. Before I was married I was always on the go, but now I'm plenty pleased to start a fire in the fireplace in the old farmhouse and turn on the radio.

Being a professor now, maybe I can get ahead in the world. I might be able to chisel a few honorary degrees out of Harvard, who knows?

So, taking it all together, I'm not so sorry that the old days have changed. What if radio does keep you home by the fireside? That way you get home often enough to learn your own address, which is a handy thing if the cops ever pick you up!

Jack Oakie's College may be heard Tuesdays over a CBS network at 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST; 7:30 MST; 6:30 PST).

AND so they're naming the baby after the policeman. But that's really the end of the story.

It all began on the mild morning of Thursday, January 7, 1937, in East Irvington New York. And it began very quietly, too, with a radio call addressed to Patrolman George Butler of the near-by Greenburgh police force. A radio flash that started out like any mere routine call, telling Butler to go to an uninteresting address in East Irvington. There wasn't any hint that poor George was going to have an experience unique in the history of police and radio work, until the announcer's voice added:

"... Mrs. Eleanor Moller, an emergency maternity case. Hurry, number 7, no ambulance is available at the moment... Calling Car 7, go to..."

"Holy gee!" ejaculated brawny Patrolman Butler. He gunned his car. He snapped on the sending set of his two-way radio and answered:

"Car 7 reporting... despatched on an emergency maternity case, home of Mrs. Eleanor Moller at..."

And then Butler opened his siren—It didn't take him long to get there. In a very few minutes he was flashing down a plain little street, his quick eye picking out the numbers. It was, he knew, a respectable but not a fashionable neighborhood. And then Butler was braking his cruiser at the curb in front of a house with a wide lane beside it.

IN THE door, three woman were crowded. One of them beckoned him excitedly. Butler ran up the sidewalk. "You'll have to hurry!" the woman cried. "I think you're too late." And they led him into a dim room on the ground floor. It was towards the back of the house, adjoining the kitchen. The blind was pulled three-quarters down. A noisy alarm-clock ticked. Awkwardly, Butler approached the bed.

"Can I—can I carry you out to my car, ma'am?" he asked gently.

"It's—too late, I'm afraid." The woman who answered was little more than a girl, Butler saw. Her face was drawn, but its lines of firmness and fortitude suddenly made the courageous policeman feel like a small boy.

"If only—someone was here—who knew what to do," said the young woman. And suddenly Butler had an idea.

He skipped out to the car, clicked on the sending-switch.

"Car 7 calling headquarters... Car 7 calling headquarters..."

And the announcer answered

"Come in, Car 7."

"This is Butler talking, and I'm at Mrs. Moller's, that maternity case. It's too late to move her. Is there a doctor I can go get, one right around here?"

Back came the despatcher:

"Calling Car 7... A doctor is already on his way in Car 9, but he's



The doctor's instructing voice came through the window

LIFE BEGINS— WITH RADIO!

several miles away... I've been calling you..."

And then, faint and far away, cutting in on headquarters, Butler heard the voice of the patrolman in charge of Car 9, the car containing Dr. Cassius L. DeVictoria of Hartsdale, N. Y.:

"... Car 9 calling headquarters..."

"Come in, Car 9..."

"Headquarters, the doctor I'm driving wants to talk to Patrolman Butler. He'll give him some instructions..."

In a moment, Butler heard the crisp, sure tones of Dr. DeVictoria breaking through the frying and crackling of the involved broadcast set-up:

"Officer, there are several things you can do to make that woman comfortable and to help her. Can you hear me?"

Butler thought fast. He started the engine of his car, drove around to the back of the house and parked right behind the kitchen window. And as he

made this maneuver, this two-way conversation was held between cop and medico:

"Officer, you'll need plenty of warm water, freshly boiled... Then you must examine the patient for these symptoms..."

"Yes, doctor..."

"Now go right into the house and examine the patient. Then come out and tell me if you observe any of the conditions I have described..."

"Yes, doctor..."

Butler dashed into the house, tugging at his neckband with a big forefinger.

When Butler came out of the bedroom, his forehead was wet with the sweat of concentration, and his jaw was set tight. He went to the car, snapped on his switch:

"Car 7 calling the doctor... Doctor, here's what I found..."

And Patrolman George Butler, himself the father of two children, stammered out the details revealed by his examination.

WITH a policeman for his eyes and hands, and with radio for his voice, Dr. DeVictoria continued to prescribe—at 70 miles an hour in a shrieking police car:

"Good! Very good, officer. It looks as if that baby is going to arrive before I do. Now, you go back to the patient. Leave your radio turned on. I'll keep telling you what to do. If you have difficulties, go out to your car and call me back..."

And that, amazingly, is what happened. The doctor's instructing voice

came through the window. And grimly, desperately, frightened as he had never been frightened by a gunman or tough guy, Patrolman George Butler carried out the instructions that came to him over a radio loudspeaker blasting excited words.

And the baby arrived scant minutes before the doctor came!

"A fine job," said Dr. DeVictoria. "Mr. Butler, I congratulate you."

"Oooooooooooooo!" said Butler, his shoulders sagging as pent-up nerve-strain broke through his calm.

"Thank you," said the young mother, smiling wanly. "I'm going to name him after you. John Joseph Butler Moller."

LATER, when reporters arrived, the doctor announced that all three of his patients were doing nicely.

"Even the officer will recover," was the medical verdict.

"The stork may have beaten the doctor," said Butler with a grin. "But even the stork can't beat police radio. As for me, though—I think I'll have to pinch myself for practising medicine without a license. It's a crime!"

A CALLING ALL CARS STORY — BY ARTHUR KENT



SWARTHOUT RETURNS TO THE AIR

Gina Cigna to Debut in "Aida"

Saturday, February 6,
1:55 p.m. EST (12:55 CST), NBC

The broadcast of Verdi's "Aida," operatic spectacle of ancient Egypt, will mark the Metropolitan debut of Gina Cigna, soprano. She is scheduled for the title role, "Aida," opposite Giovanni Martinelli's "Rhadames."

Gina Cigna, who began her musical career as a pianist, was discovered by Toscanini and recommended to the authorities of the famous La Scala of Milan, Italy. She comes to the Metropolitan from Milan, although she has also appeared with triumph in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires in South America, as well as in Italy.

Martinelli, on the other hand, has been a star tenor at the "Met" for nearly twenty-five years. He became the leading Italian tenor of the organization following Caruso's death.

The story of "Aida" concerns the rivalry of Amneris, daughter of the Pharaoh of Egypt, and Aida, a captive Ethiopian princess, for the love of a brilliant young warrior, Rhadames. His plans to free Aida are frustrated and to the young warrior's dismay, the King bestows the hand of Amneris upon him and tells him that some day they shall rule over Egypt.

Marion Claire Appears On Crosby's Music Hall

Thursday, February 4,
10 p.m. EST (9 CST), NBC

Another celebrity goes to the microphone to be interviewed and to perform when Marion Claire appears at Bing Crosby's Music Hall broadcast, February 4.

Miss Claire, a member of the Chicago Civic Opera, and known throughout the country because of her concert appearances in many cities, has been a frequent guest artist on important radio programs. At the famous Centre Theater in New York's Radio City, last year, she sang the leading feminine role in the conspicuously successful operetta, "The Great Waltz."

Opera Singer Guests for Wynn

Saturday, February 13,
8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC

Josephine Antoine, opera diva, will be the guest of Ed Wynn, The Perfect Fool, during his February 13 broadcast. Wynn, who—in his new series—has made the statement that he would participate in the performances of his guest stars, whatever their particular talents might be, may be expected to try operatic singing on his broadcast with Miss Antoine. Already Wynn has established himself over the air as a creditable pianist. However, as an opera singer, his ability is unknown.

Guest-Stars and Special Events

THURSDAY, February 4

Querita Eybel, Fritz Lechner. 4 p.m. EST (3 CST). "Story of a Song." CBS.
33rd International Eucharistic Congress. 6:35 p.m. EST (5:35 CST). via short wave from Manila. NBC.

Paul Lucas, St. Olaf College Choir. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). NBC. Guests of Rudy Vallee with St. Olaf's College Choir.

Betty Vandenberg, concert pianist. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). with NBC Symphony Orchestra.
Walter Hampden. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). NBC. Guest of "Show Boat."

Marion Claire. 10 p.m. EST (8 CST). In interview with Bing Crosby. NBC.

Dramatization of eruption of famed West Indian volcano, Mt. Pelee. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). CBS.

FRIDAY, February 5

Sarah Pennoyer, fashions. 10:45 a.m. EST (9:45 CST). CBS from Paris.

"The Mystery of Manzano." 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST). NBC's "Death Valley Days."

Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, Eddie Cantor, Irving Berlin. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). CBS. Guests of Hollywood Hotel.

Don Ameche. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). NBC. With Barbara Luddy in "First Nighter" drama.

100th Anniversary. D. L. Moody. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). CBS.

Ohio State University. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). Pontiac Variety Show. NBC.

SATURDAY, February 6

Abram Chasins, pianist. 12 noon EST (11 a.m. CST). NBC.

Verdi's "Aida," with Gina Cigna. 1:55 p.m. EST (12:55 CST). NBC.

Test of new aircraft direction finder. 5 p.m. EST (4 CST). CBS.

Hildegard. songs. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). NBC. As Ed Wynn's guest.

SUNDAY, February 7

Rosa Ponselle. 3 p.m. EST (2 CST). Metropolitan Auditions. NBC.

Georges Enesco. 3 p.m. EST (2 CST). New York Philharmonic, CBS.

Patrick F. Scanlon. 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST). Editor to receive Catholic Action Medal Award. NBC.

Richard Bonelli. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). Ford Sunday Hour CBS.

Gina Cigna. 10 p.m. EST (9 CST). General Motors guest. NBC.

MONDAY, February 8

Ma Perkins. 10:15 a.m. EST (9:15 CST); 3:15 p.m. EST (2:15 CST). New twice-daily broadcast.

Albert Payson Terhune. 11 a.m. EST (10 CST).

CBS Dog Stories.
Dowager Marchioness of Reading. 5 p.m. EST (4 CST). From London. NBC.

Lewis Emery. 6:35 p.m. EST (5:35 CST). NBC. Baritone, guest on Music Hobby program.

TUESDAY, February 9

Coolidge String Quartet. 3:45 p.m. EST (2:45 CST). CBS.

New Orleans Mardi Gras. 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST). CBS.

Dr. James E. West. 6:35 p.m. EST (5:35 CST). "Boy Scout Week." CBS.

Blanche Yurka, Stuart Churchill, Thomas Thomas. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). Hammerstein's Music Hall guests. CBS.

Ruby Keeler. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). Guest of Ben Bernie. NBC.

Donald Novis, Block & Sully. 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST). CBS. Guests of Jack Oakie's College.

WEDNESDAY, February 10

Antoinette Donnelly. 11 a.m. EST (10 CST). CBS. Beauty talk.

Jessica Dragonette. 9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST). CBS. "My Maryland." operetta.

Norman Thomas. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). CBS. Talk on share croppers.

Gladys Swarthout. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). NBC. New program, with Frank Chapman and Robert Armbruster.

THURSDAY, February 11

Pushkin's 100th Anniversary. 2:45 p.m. EST (1:45 CST). NBC. Commemorative program from Moscow.

Cast of "High Torr" in scene. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). NBC Rudy Vallee's guests.

George Jessel and Ruth Etting. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). NBC Show Boat.

FRIDAY, February 12

Ida Tarbell. 11 a.m. EST (10 CST). CBS. Magazine of the Air.

"Wilderness Stone." 2 p.m. EST (1 CST). NBC.

Seth Bingham's folk cantata, world premiere. Glenn Frank. 10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST). CBS.

Talk on Abraham Lincoln.

SATURDAY, February 13

William Green. 4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST). CBS. Labor discussion with Matthew Woll, George Harrison, J. M. Ornburn.

Rabbi Louis Mann. 7 p.m. EST (6 CST). NBC.

Josephine Antoine. 8 p.m. EST (7 CST). NBC. Ed Wynn's guest.

"Johnny Presents." 8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST). CBS. New Philip Morris show.

Joe Parsons, basso. 9 p.m. EST (8 CST). NBC. National Barn Dance.

Bonelli, American Baritone, Is Staunch Supporter of U. S. Opera

Sunday, February 7,
9 p.m. EST (8 CST). CBS

Richard Bonelli, noted American opera baritone, will be the guest soloist with the Ford Symphony Orchestra and chorus Sunday night.

Bonelli, although he studied in Europe and made his debut there, is among the strongest advocates of "American opera for the Americans."

"Opera in this country should be sung in English," Bonelli says. "Almost every European country gives operas in its own language, why shouldn't we? There are excellent English translations for many of the great works that could be used to popularize opera among the American rank and file."

Bonelli believes that unfamiliarity is the root of America's apparent apathy toward serious music in general and opera in particular.

"True, Europe, with its many opera companies and myriad concert fixtures, offers an embryo artist greater opportunity to develop. But that is largely the fault of the American public."

Bonelli, born in Port Byron, N. Y., was educated at Syracuse University as an automotive engineer. He began to study music in college.

Celebrate Moody's Birth

Friday, February 5,
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), CBS

The 100th anniversary of the birth of D. L. Moody, famous American religious leader, will be commemorated in a special program Friday night featuring talks by three church leaders

Diva and Husband Appear Together

Wednesday, February 10,
10:30 p.m. EST (9:30 CST), NBC

Gladys Swarthout, prima donna of opera, screen and radio, returns to the airwaves in a new show Wednesday night, sponsored by the company that starred Mary Pickford last year.

With her on the new program is her husband, Frank Chapman, noted baritone. Robert Armbruster, one-time musical director of the Radio Theater, will conduct the orchestra heard on the show.

Like that other native American star, Marion Talley, Miss Swarthout came out of the West to amaze U. S. opera-goers. She sang publicly for the first time with a church choir, studied at the Bush Conservatory in Chicago, and made her operatic debut at the Chicago Civic Opera. In 1929 she was signed by the Metropolitan Opera, of which she is still a member. Frequent guest appearances on symphony broadcasts brought her radio contracts and finally an offer from Hollywood.

"Rose of the Rancho," in which she starred with John Boles, was Gladys Swarthout's first film. Later she appeared with Jan Kiepura, famed European tenor. Currently, she is seen in "Champagne Waltz," co-starred with Fred MacMurray, Hollywood Hotel's new master of ceremonies.

Survivor of Volcano Eruption Tells Story

Thursday, February 4,
10 p.m. EST (9 CST), CBS

Thirty-eight survivors out of 30,000!

That was the toll of death in the eruption of the volcano Mount Pelee on May 8, 1902. Located on Martinique Island in the West Indies, Mount Pelee destroyed the entire city of St. Pierre in its eruption.

One of the 38 survivors, Mrs. Gabriel L. Rowe, will tell her thrilling story on Floyd Gibbons' "Your True Adventure" program Thursday night. Mrs. Rowe was eight years old at the time of the eruption.

Labor Leaders Will Discuss Legislation

Saturday, February 13,
4:30 p.m. EST (3:30 CST), CBS

Storm center—with John L. Lewis—of the current bitter civil war in the ranks of organized labor; William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, will speak over CBS Saturday on "Labor and Legislation."

Taking part in the discussion will be Matthew Woll and George M. Harrison, AFL vice-presidents, and J. M. Ornburn, also an AFL official.

Rosa Ponselle is on "Met" Show As Greeter!

Sunday, February 7,
3 p.m. EST (2 CST), NBC

Not as a singer, but as an established star offering her help and guidance to youngsters who aspire to operatic fame, Rosa Ponselle will be heard Sunday on the "Metropolitan Auditions" hour.

Rosa Ponselle knows what encouragement means to a young and struggling artist. When she was herself seeking stardom, she recalls, her family and her friends were generous of time, money and encouragement.

In the choir of her parish church, when she was five years old, Rosa Ponselle first sang publicly. At nine she had solo parts, and at 14 her first paying job: playing the piano and singing illustrated songs in a movie theater in her home town, Meriden, Conn.

Her rise from then on was spectacularly successful. From the movie theater she went to sing during the dinner hour in the grill room of a New Haven hotel, and from there to a long engagement in vaudeville. During every spare minute, she studied voice culture, and six months after she started serious study she made her debut at the Metropolitan—opposite the immortal Enrico Caruso.

It was Caruso, in fact, who discovered Rosa Ponselle.

Lincoln Biographer Is on "Magazine of Air"

Friday, February 12,
11 a.m. EST (10 CST), CBS

A woman who probably knows as much about Abraham Lincoln as anyone now living, will tell little-known stories about The Great Emancipator in a broadcast Friday on The Magazine of the Air program.

The woman is Ida Tarbell, one of Lincoln's most authoritative biographers, and the title of her talk is "The Best Stories I Have Heard About Lincoln."

Block & Sully Back to College!

Tuesday, February 9,
9:30 p.m. EST (8:30 CST), CBS

After having passed their entrance examination with grade "A" on a previous appearance, Block and Sully will return to that famous institution of higher learning, "Oakie College," for another one-night term Tuesday.

Jack Oakie, "president" of "Oakie College," will, the same evening, have Donald Novis on hand to take examinations in singing.

Bandmen's Holiday!



Maestros Harry Sosnick, Eddy Duchin and Ozzie Nelson find themselves with a little time off—so they spend it listening to other musicians!

Ruby Keeler Comes to the Air As Guest of "Old Maestro" Bernie

Tuesday, February 9,
9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC

The old cigar-smoking maestro, Ben Bernie himself, will bring the beautiful Mrs. Al Jolson—Ruby Keeler to you—to his broadcast as a guest star Tuesday night. Miss Keeler will probably sing, perhaps dance.

Rarely heard on the air—her intimates say because she is diffident about intruding, ever, on her husband's special provinces—Ruby Keeler is well enough known to movie and stage fans.

She was on the stage as a chorus girl at the ripe old age of thirteen. The show was "The Risc of Rosey O'Reilly," and after it came "The Sidewalks of New York," "Lucky," and "Bye, Bye, Bonny."

There was no long chorus apprenticeship for Ruby Keeler. The great Florenz Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer for the musical extravaganza "Whoopie"—she married Al Jolson during the run of this show—and next she was starred in "Show Girl."

Hollywood beckoned to Ruby Keeler after that—but the beckon had become

a shout before she accepted a screen offer. The commonest report is that she spent three years turning down movie contracts, but finally Warner Brothers enticed her into the cast of "42nd Street" and that was that.

Spanish Violinist To Be Symphony Guest Star

Sunday, February 7,
3 p.m. EST (2 CST), CBS

Performing as guest artist for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in its February 7 broadcast will be Manuel Quiroga, famed Spanish violinist. Georges Enesco will conduct.

Quiroga will play Edouard Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." The orchestra will open the concert with Enesco's own composition, the "Roumanian Rhapsody in D Major." Other selections will include Marcel Mihalaovici's "Cortege et Danses des Divinites Infernal," and Brahms' "Symphony No. 4 in E Minor."

New Drama Aired by Cigarette Sponsor

Saturday, February 13,
8:30 p.m. EST (7:30 CST), CBS

"Circumstantial Evidence" is the title of the drama to be heard on the new Philip Morris show making its debut over 51 CBS stations, February 13. The new radio play series is written and produced by Charles Martin, well-known New York script writer.

Featured on the program is Russ Morgan's orchestra and Phil Duey, baritone. Additional talent on the half-hour show consists of the "Swing Fourteen," a mixed ensemble of 14 voices; the Giersdorf Sisters, song trio, and the "Four Rogues," a male quartet.

The air play, "Circumstantial Evidence," will dramatize criminal cases which actually have been tried and in which innocent people have been convicted by reason of circumstantial evidence, and finally acquitted because of last minute findings. Whenever it is possible to do so, Martin will bring the actual victims to the microphone.

Phil Duey, once an Indiana farm boy who only knew that he disliked farm chores and not that he had a potentially great voice, will be the vocal soloist on the musical portion of the new radio series. Although Duey once had a strong aversion to the tilling of the soil, he has a country homestead of his own and enjoys weeding his garden on occasion—but not because he has to!

Helen Hayes' Show Folds—in the Script

Monday, February 8,
8 p.m. EST (7 CST), NBC-Blue

Helen Hayes, recent recipient of the 1936 National Speech Arts Fellowship medal for finest diction and most effective speech, has never appeared in an unsuccessful play during her entire stage career—but radio's different!

In episode twenty-one of the dramatic series, "Bambi," a mythical play, "The Curtain Falls," in which Helen Hayes, as "Bambi Trent," makes her stage debut, folds up after a tryout in Newark. But everything turns out well!

Basso Duets with Prodigy

Saturday, February 13,
9 p.m. EST (8 CST), NBC

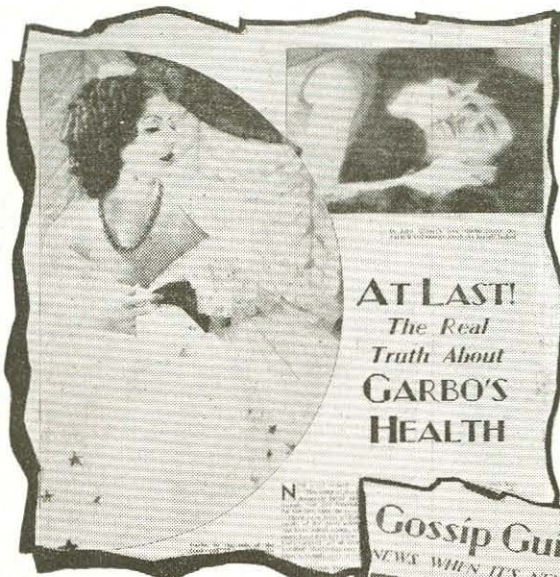
Joe Parsons, billed as "radio's greatest basso" when he was on the air with the NBC Minstrels, will be teamed with Joy Miller, tiny 5-year-old singing prodigy, on the special Valentine's Day program of the National Barn Dance Saturday night. They'll do a duet.

Songs Plus Comedy Plus More Comedy Plus Swing Music!



Sid Silvers, stooge extraordinary, listens and wonders as Martha Raye hits a high one. Next, Irene Bordoni listens—and wonders twice as much—as Ed Wynn demonstrates how much his piano teacher forgot to tell him! Henry Youngman, comic, tells the tale. Last: Al Goodman taking time out for a shoe

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NEWS WHEN IT'S NEWS! CHATTER WHEN IT'S FRESH!



Science Chooses the Perfect Mate for ROBERT TAYLOR
The Science of Physiognomy Knows What She Looks Like! It Might Be You, You or You!

By Jacob A. List, Ph. D.

ALSO THIS MONTH:
ELEANOR POWELL IN GIANT-GRAYURE
(The largest picture of her ever published)
NELSON EDDY'S "MAYTIME" DIARY
(Written exclusively for Screen Guide readers)
GAY ROMANCE A LA MERLE OBERON
(Unpublished facts about a sparkling courtship)



SCREEN GUIDE

March
Issue

Get It
Today

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from Page 12)

lowing day, and went right on playing the very same evening.

Harold Barlow, ill five weeks with the flu, has just undergone a mastoid operation. His condition is critical but not alarming. During his absence from the radio studios, Victor Bay is directing the "March of Time" music.

Irene Wicker, the "Singing Lady," has been ill with the flu. During her absence Milton Cross conducted the programs with the assistance of children from NBC's children's shows.

Virginia Clark, whose "Romance of Helen Trent" has had one of the longest dramatic runs on the air, came to the studios the other day with her eyes watering, a sadder but wiser girl. While she was recovering from a case of flu during which she used nose-drops frequently, she went to the medicine cabinet to get some lotion for her eyes, and—in her hurry, picked up the nose-drop bottle!

The other Sunday (January 24) "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" was broadcast for a few minutes over both the NBC-Red and Blue networks. Somewhere along the line the wrong switch was thrown, causing the Red network feature to go out over both chains. The mistake was soon corrected, but piano music had to be used to fill the gap until the wires could be unscrambled and Walter Winchell, the Blue network feature, put on the air.

Martha Raye, comedienne on the Al Jolson show, advises unmarried lassies how to determine the character of a man. If he takes you out to dinner and orders food that has no food value, you can be sure he'll always be complaining about his health, says Martha. If you get him in a crowd, start kidding him and find out that he can't take it, you'll know he has no sense of humor. If he takes you for a drive and blasts his horn, yells at other motorists and swears at pedestrians, you can be sure he has temperament (with stress on the temper). Evidently Jerry Hooper, to whom Martha recently announced her engagement, passed all the required tests.

Patricia Dunlap and Marjorie Hanan, of "Bachelor's Children," made a flying trip to New York February 1 . . . Eric Sagerquist has just celebrated his 15th wedding anniversary . . . Olan Soule of "Junior Nurse Corps" celebrated eight years of married life last month . . . John Weigel, CBS announcer, has just bought a grocery store on the North Side of Chicago . . . Truman Bradley last week completed 60,000 miles of flying between Chicago and Detroit for his Ford Sunday Evening Hour broadcasts.

Radio Guide Slogan Contest

RADIO GUIDE's contest judges are still carrying on their day-and-night job of classifying entries in the great slogan contest closed a few weeks ago. But they are practically at the end of the judging. The editors of RADIO GUIDE have received information that a complete list of winners will be available very shortly.

In the meantime, entrants who feel that their efforts were good enough to win, please stand by. Perhaps your name will be in these columns shortly—perhaps your entry will win! We hope so—and we hope that you will be patient with us just a little while longer.

STARS in ACTION



Milton Berle (above): He's taking "Jolly Gillette," his heckler, to Hollywood—but not on his back!



David Rubinoff: A toast on Mother's golden wedding anniversary!



Eugene Ormandy batons the Philadelphia Symphony in a rehearsal

IN HOLLYWOOD, bad little boys and girls are put to bed with the threat, "You'd better be good, or Jimmy Fidler will tell about you on the radio!"

Since that day, some three years ago, when Jimmy became Hollywood's own spokesman to a network audience, there hasn't been a dull moment—or a dull broadcast.

Hollywood has learned, to its chagrin, that if you're one of filmdom's famous you have to be good because Jimmy finds out—and Jimmy tells!

Just recently, after months of turmoil and stress, Jimmy became the focal point of a war among the motion-picture industry, Hollywood columnists in general, and radio commentators in particular.

When he made a prediction concerning future plans of the Screen Actors' Guild, Jimmy stirred up a storm which is rapidly assuming tornadic proportions. And, according to the *Hollywood Reporter*, a trade paper of the motion-picture industry, the "Guild" is after Jimmy Fidler—again!

Applications for a revocation of the license of radio station KFI, from which Jimmy broadcasts over an NBC network, allegedly are being planned. Jimmy Fidler may be accused of broadcasting "slanderous and libelous misinformation." Even NBC and the cough remedy manufacturer sponsoring Jimmy's broadcasts may feel the displeasure of this powerful organization—if rumors become fact.

Threats, if threats have been made, and action, if action is taken, will be

the next time Jimmy takes to the air?

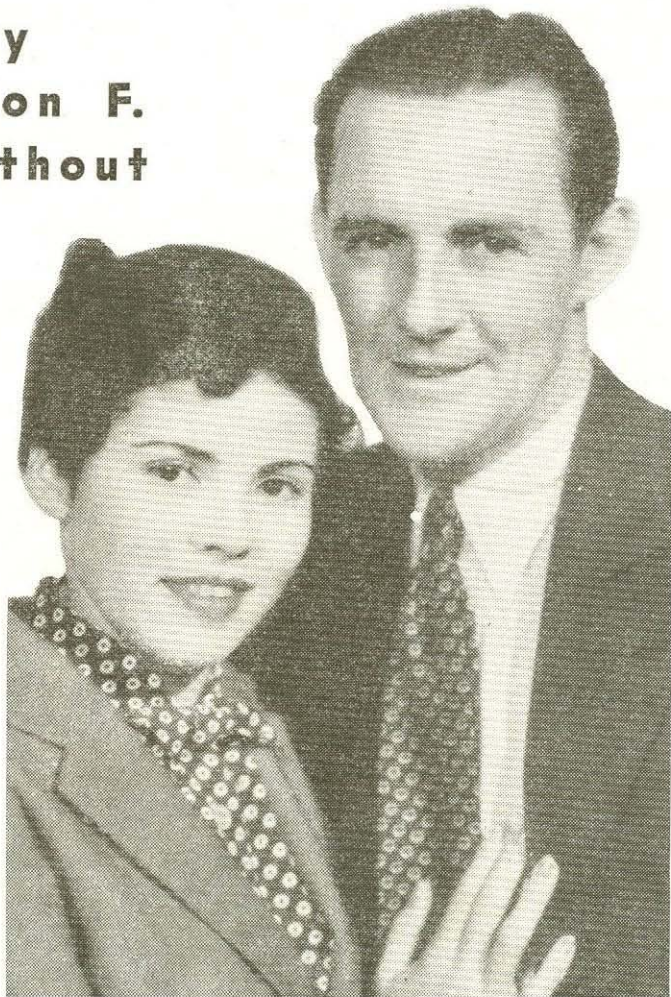
Jimmy Fidler is one of the more than 500 professional gossipers who keep the world informed as to the doings of Hollywood's great and near-great. He broadcasts over NBC each Tuesday evening in the interests of a cough remedy manufacturer, writes a daily news-and-gossip column which is syndicated to many of the nation's newspapers, and spends the balance of his time making his competitors' faces an apoplectic hue by scooping them with astonishing regularity.

Where and how he gets his information is his own secret. Rumor gives him a spy organization second to none in Hollywood, but if you want to see a good imitation of a tongue-tied clam, just question him about his news sources and contacts.

So far, Jimmy Fidler sounds innocuous enough, but just consider

Below: Jimmy Fidler (right) chose Tyrone Power and Frances Farmer as the two outstanding film discoveries of the year 1936

by
**Gordon F.
Swarthout**



Jimmy Fidler: Hollywood has no secrets from him!

Above: Super-Sleuth Jimmy Fidler and his wife

PFFPING. THROUGH

of a small English ship while they were en route from the Panama Canal

Bottom half of this page is missing

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to
**RADIO
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The
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THE EDITORS of RADIO GUIDE are anxious to know more about the people who read this publication; where they live, what they do, etc. This information helps greatly to improve our service to you.

In return for your co-operation we will send you — FREE — a Radio Guide "Program Locator." These "Program Locators" are not for sale—you can't buy one. They're FREE to Radio Guide readers only.

Every home in which there is a Radio Set will want one of these new, convenient Radio Guide "Program Locators," now available in booklet form . . . It is the handiest aid for locating radio programs ever compiled; every home needs one.

All you need to do to get your copy is to answer the questions asked in the "Family" division listed below and also the questions in either the "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" Column. Ask the other members of your family to answer the other questions listed. Then mail the filled-out form back to RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois—and we will send you one copy of the "Program Locator"—FREE!

Don't delay! The Edition is limited to 5,000 copies and they will go like hot-cakes. Fill out the form below NOW!

Coupon from this page has been clipped.

VOICE OF THE LISTENER

Many, many readers have requested that the "Voice of the Listener" letter-forum be reinstated as a regular feature in Radio Guide. Last week that was done. You will find this department each week hereafter in your Radio Guide. These columns are offered to the readers as a means for expressing and exchanging opinions about radio.

Radio Guide will pay prizes for fine letters as follows: \$10 for the best letter each week; \$5 for the next best, and \$1 for each additional letter which is printed.

Sit down right now and tell what you think of the program on your radio this minute. It'll be interesting to others—and perhaps profitable to you!

RADIO GUIDE MISSIONARY (\$10 Prize Letter)

I am a RADIO GUIDE missionary . . . Specifically, since I have learned the value of RADIO GUIDE programs and announcements, I now send RADIO GUIDE to shut-in friends or invalids, instead of sending them flowers which last a few days, candy which they ought not to eat, or other treats which last but a moment. RADIO GUIDE gives pleasure for a whole week!

Upon some occasions I have taken my pet portable radio to the hospital rooms where friends or relatives must spend lonesome days and lengthy nights. Then I call each week with a new RADIO GUIDE, which adds cheer for seven days ahead.

I have learned that many dealers rent small radios . . . And from now on, I'm going to send my love to invalided friends by simply having a radio installed at their bedside—and with it will go a copy of the current RADIO GUIDE!—Mrs. Edwin W. Foster, Mankato, Minn.

JUNGLE "SWING" (\$5 Prize Letter)

. . . Music is the most compelling of all the arts, perhaps the only one that can force a man from the mood in which it finds him, carrying him, whether he will or not, into a kingdom where his own thoughts do not rule.

This does not apply, however, to so-called "swing" music, which inferno of harsh, blaring, jangling, nerve-racking jumble of cacophonous noise is *not* music, good music, nor art, either.

A savage beating a tom-tom in the jungle would probably consider a "swing" orchestra as a tribe working itself up into a frenzy before starting out to murder its enemies!

Horace Heidt and Wayne King do make an art of playing popular music—pleasing to one and all who listen. My plaudits to the Carborundum Band and to Frank Simon's Armco Concert Band, too. But to all "swing" noise-makers, I say "Phooey!"—Wendell H. Blackburn, Chicago, Ill.

NO BLARE, NO BALLYHOO

Can't the length of radio sales-talks be cut down? It looks to me as though sponsors want to crowd in everything there is to say about their products at each performance . . .

"Lady Esther" is ideal to us—no blare, no ballyhoo, nothing to detract from or cheapen Wayne King's orchestra—and the advertising is done in a dignified and interesting way.—Mrs. Isabella Robertson, Ghent, N. Y.

WHAT HAPPENS?

What happens before a radio show goes on? . . . How are programs released to the air? What are the duties of an engineer? What is inside a microphone?

These are things that a "hick" like myself would like to know.

I'm not interested in the lives of stars. They live the same as you and

I, only on a larger scale. But RADIO GUIDE can increase my enjoyment by telling us what goes on behind the microphone.—Richard Henderson, Shamokin, Pa.

RADIO GUIDE WALLPAPER

I am writing as a great admirer of RADIO GUIDE to suggest that the large gravure photos in the center of the book be changed back from brown and white to blue and white. The latter look much better, and they blend in with the color scheme of my room—I am putting them upon the walls of my den.—Jack L. Harrison, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

"THOUGHTFUL DEPRESSION"

Listeners, so it seems to me, desire to be pleasantly educated, rather than amused—with, of course, distinctive amusement occasionally, such as Ed Wynn, Amos and Andy, etc. . . . Hasn't our "public taste" improved with the thoughtful depression years? You will find this true, I believe . . .

How about the early morning programs, which indicate that the early riser has no taste nor need for inspiring music, for genuine entertainment? Can RADIO GUIDE do anything to serve us something else besides the "Bumity-Bum-Bum"? . . .

Somewhere, I should like to thank those responsible for the excellent religious hours—the beautiful music representative of each one, and the authoritative speakers on each one's program. The Catholic Hour, the Church of the Air, the Hebrew Hour—many persons I know listen to and appreciate these.—Mrs. Olive Murphy, Earl Park, Ind.

"FIRST RETURNS"

Check in RADIO GUIDE's Handwriting-Slogan contest received—and for the same, many thanks. At sixty-five it is cheering not to be out-dated.

I sent two six-month subscriptions to RADIO GUIDE with my prize—you may be interested in the "first returns."—Mrs. Jasperson Smith, Asheville, N. C.

RADIO COMPANION

Radio . . . is all the pleasure some people have left in life. Such is the case of a young lady of my acquaintance. She is a hopeless cripple who has to lie day after day, week in and week out, on a couch. She is so badly crippled that she can't even feed herself—but a radio sits close beside her, and it goes from morning to night.

She has her favorite programs and enjoys them more than you can imagine. The artists are real and near to her. Of all the programs and artists that she hears, Jessica Dragonette is her favorite—*nothing* must ever prevent her from hearing Miss Dragonette when she is on the air.

It is no wonder Miss Dragonette is the favorite of this girl. Jessica Dragonette is the favorite of countless thousands because she is as indescribably beautiful as her own voice, and because she is able to go with her song wherever it goes—and take her audience with her.—Geraldine Cleaver, Anita, Iowa.

CHAPEL LOVE

I see in your "Hits of the Week," which are in your paper every week, that a song called "In the Chapel in the Moonlight" is becoming popular all over the country . . . To me, this is another proof of what is happening to our young people. It was not so long ago that a chapel was a place for religious meditation and perhaps sometimes repentance. But with our children feeling the way they are these days, it is no more than a person would expect for them to settle on a chapel for their love-making.—Lena Storicz, Chicago, Ill.

FACTORY TO YOU

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE!



10¢ A DAY

At last! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from factory. Equipped with all the attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 24-22, 315 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please tell me, without obligation, how I can get a New Remington Noiseless Portable, plus Free Typing Course and Carrying Case, for 10¢ a day. Send Catalogue.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

There Is An Edition of Radio Guide for Every Section of North America

\$1 DISCARD YOUR OLD AERIAL

It Is Most Likely Corroded and Has Poor or Loose Noisy Connections
NO MORE BUZZES, CLICKS and shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Equals an aerial 75 ft. long, strung 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1 1/2 inch by 4 inch space behind your radio—guaranteed to give you nationwide reception or your money back.
BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED
Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly lead-in and aerial wires. Makes your set complete in itself. Forget aerial wires and troubles—move your set anywhere.
NOT NEW—VALUE ALREADY PROVED
On the market five years, 100,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and foreign countries. In use from the Arctic Region of Norway to the Tropics of Africa. Chosen by Government for use on Naval Hospital bedside radios. Each factory tested on actual long distance reception. Can not harm set—Easily connected to any radio, including radios having no ground or radios for double aerial.
5 DAYS TRIAL—few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

WHAT USERS SAY
San Antonio, Tex. It might interest you to know that with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator I get European stations easily and in the winter get Australia, Russia, Honolulu and many Jap Short Wave Stations. I get all Pacific Coast Stations on the broadcast band. Signed: Davenport, Ia. Received your Radio Aerial Eliminator and it sure works fine. Also works swell on Short Wave band. Wish I had found it long ago. Signed:

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON—
F. & H. Radio Laboratories, Dept. 85, Fargo, N. Dak.
Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman \$1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for \$1 refund. Check here if sending \$1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here if interested in dealer's proposition.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

★ WORK FOR UNCLE SAM ★

MANY 1937 APPOINTMENTS
\$1140 TO \$2100 FIRST YEAR

SOCIAL SECURITY JOBS ARE FILLED FROM EXAMINATION LISTS

Most Government examinations include Mental Tests. Try yourself. Answer the following problems and mail at once. Our examiners will correct your work, rate, and return it. The result should tell you the possibility of a high rating on the U. S. Government Examination.

MENTAL TEST

- How much is the interest on \$8,700 for half a year at three per cent?
Answer.....
- An Implement is— (1) A false accusation; (2) A reminder; (3) A tool; (4) An increase.
Give number of correct answer.....
- If you save 1/10 of your annual salary of \$1,500 and spend \$178 for education, and 20% of it for your share at home, how much would you have left?
Answer.....
- Double entry means: (1) A punishable offense; (2) A method of indexing; (3) A system of bookkeeping; (4) A stub record of checks issued.
Answer.....
- Technical means— (1) Mysterious; (2) Drawn in ink; (3) Scientific; (4) Clumsy.
Answer.....
- If you were a per diem employee earning \$.50 an hour, how much would you receive for 34 days, working 7 hours a day?
Answer.....
- Albany is to New York as Augusta is to (a) Georgia; (b) Michigan; (c) Maine; (d) Wisconsin; (e) Illinois.
Answer.....
- The statement: "Never cry over spilt milk" means most nearly (a) "Watch your step." (b) "It's an ill wind that brings no good." (c) "Accidents will happen in the best of regulated families." (d) "Waste not, want not." (e) "Tears will not mend broken crocks."
Answer.....

Franklin Institute, Dept. A193, Rochester, N. Y.
I send you my work on Mental Test No. 1. Kindly have your examiners correct this work and return to me with my rating and at no cost to me. Kindly send full information regarding Government Jobs. Send list of Jobs and tell me how to get one.
Name.....
Address.....
Age.....

MUSIC IN THE AIR

BY CARLETON SMITH

GEORGES ENESCO, who finishes his second week of conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Sunday, February 7, is billed as Roumania's musical ambassador-at-large. Since the war, he has been the most active figure in the musical life of Bucharest, as conductor, as organizer of concerts of modern music, as stimulator of public interest in the work of young Roumanian composers, as "honorary president of the artistic committee" of the Bucharest Philharmonic.

Born in the Moldavian hills fifty-six years ago, this "friend of good music and of good musicians" evidenced as a child the simplicity and sincerity which are characteristic of him. His talent blossomed early, when, at five, he repeated with absolute fidelity on his tiny three-stringed instrument the folk-tunes he heard sung by the nomadic Gypsies. At seven he left his father's farm to enroll in the Vienna Conservatory, where Hellmesberger looked over his spectacles at the little peasant boy and remarked tartly that the Conservatory was "not a cradle." Four years later, the eleven-year-old lad won two first prizes.

Today, Enesco is known as one of the most versatile and accomplished of contemporary musicians, for he is not only a composer, a violinist, and a conductor (in which roles we have heard him on the radio), but he is a pianist, a cellist, and an organist. He remains "quite naturally and involuntarily," says Lawrence Gilman, "an humble servant of the things that as an artist he reveres and loves. He remains (because he is unable to be otherwise) a man of dignity and of gentle ways, modest and genuine and simple, magnanimous and poised, wise and humorous and humane, close to the roots of universal things. Yet, in his secret and inner life, he is a true and fervent deputy of the Grail, a knight 'who has knelt through his long office, and who has the piety of that office and that quest.'"

ABOUT his music, Enesco told a friend: "People have been puzzled and annoyed because they have been unable to catalog and classify me in the usual way. They could not decide what type of music mine was. It was not French after the manner of De-

bussy, it was not exactly German, they declared. In short, while it did not sound outlandish, it did not closely resemble anything familiar, and people are annoyed when they cannot readily classify one . . ."

He will give us in his final concert the Brahms Fourth Symphony, Lalo's Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra, and the relatively unknown "Cortege et Danses des Divinites Infernales" of Marcel Mihalovici, rather than his own compositions.

Modernists who hanker to hear the renowned ballet-symphony, "H P."—signifying "horse power"—will dial the Philharmonic-Symphony broadcast February 14, for composer Chavez will repeat his controversial work, which is so filled with gasoline pumps and exploding "pineapples." He is also giving the classicists a "break" by performing the Beethoven Seventh, the Mozart "Jupiter" symphony and the third "Brandenburg" concerto.

GINA CIGNA, that beautiful Italian soprano brunet, makes her debut at the Metropolitan, Saturday, February 6, with half the nation listening in. Mme. Cigna is one of the few singers who make one long for television. The opera will be Verdi's spectacular masterpiece, and the singer will appear in the role of "Aida." Amneris will be Bruna Castagna; the Rhodames, Martinelli; the Amonasro, Carlo Morelli; and the King of Egypt, Ezio Pinza.

In December last, I heard the newcomer, of whom so much is expected, at the Staatsoper in Vienna. There she stood out as a luminary of the first magnitude. She alone sang in Italian and in comparison with the Viennese company, her voice seemed rich and colorful, though not the equal of either Ponselle or Rethberg. Mme. Cigna will have a much more arduous task next Saturday. First of all, she will have more competition from her colleagues than she had in Vienna. Second, she will be singing before the microphone.

In my opinion, the microphone picks up many sounds which human ears do not detect and allows vibrations to be magnified so that we can hear them. I know painfully little about engineering and less than nothing about the inside of a radio. But the other afternoon an eminent engineer, Dr. E. H. Scott, allowed me to hear a performance of the Metropolitan Opera with more clarity and force and fidelity than I had ever heard it before even when I sat in the opera house itself. And I was a thousand miles away.

For the first time, a radio's reproduction was such that I felt absolute confidence in passing final judgment on a performance I had not witnessed previously in person. I was told that the reason was a well-nigh perfect pick-up, and a receiving instrument with 40 tubes, five loud-speakers, and numerous other accoutrements too complicated for me to comprehend.

What did sink in—and this you should ponder—is that most often we receive in our homes only half of what we would hear in tone quality and dynamics, if we gave the proper attention to our sets and our tubes and sought the best available equipment.

DESPITE a press release dated January 21, stating the Federal Communications Commission ruled that half-hourly station breaks may be dispensed with during broadcasts of Metropolitan Opera performances, and made, instead, between the acts, the announcer of the Chicago outlet is still butting in at odd moments with the station call-letters. Not only is it unnecessary, but it garners no good will among sensitive listeners.



Georges Enesco, Roumanian "Musical ambassador-at-large": He's guest-conducting the Philharmonic Feb. 7

WHEN IT'S WHAM IT'S NEWS

BY VAN FRYE

SINCE September, 1935, WHAM has bowed to none in the presentation of history-making news flashes.

Even the stories credited by the Fourth Estate as being the greatest of the year, the king's abdication and the trial and execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, were presented to the WHAM audience so fast on the heels of the actual happenings that the station's bulletins scooped even the broadcasting chains.

WHAM serves its listeners not only in happenings of international and national importance but also presents a bird's-eye view of happenings in local, county and state circles.

How does the station get the news so quickly? How does WHAM keep an accurate eye on happenings in China, Spain, Egypt and the most distant corners of the earth, and who presents the WHAM "Newspaper of the Air"? These questions, when answered, give the complete picture of WHAM's news bureau and the man behind it.

Allen "Doc" Sisson, WHAM's newscaster and the voice of the "Newspaper of the Air," is a native of New York State. Born before the era of radio, Al's parents believed he would be either a preacher or a politician because he talked before he walked.

Starting his education in a little red schoolhouse, Al continued his scholastic pursuits through high school and college. Majoring in English and dramatics, but favoring the latter, he took special dramatic courses at both Columbia and Cornell universities.

His career as a schoolmaster reached its termination after ten years of teaching, five of which were spent as head of the dramatic department at Ithaca College, when, tiring of school work as a life occupation, Al took to the professional stage, touring the country with his own group of players. Foreseeing the decline of the American theater after a year of life behind the footlights, Al left the stage for a job at WHAM in Rochester.

SHORTLY after Al broke into radio, the industry began to accept news stories as presentable material for broadcasting. As this idea began to grow in popularity, a gasoline company in Rochester inaugurated a program over WHAM known as the "Newspaper of the Air." (Twice daily—12:15 and 6:45 p.m.—this ethereal chronicle still goes to press.)

To provide news service between the times of the regular broadcasts, special stories are sent to WHAM by a teletype machine which is a direct connection between WHAM and the United Press Radio Bureau in New York City. The announcer on duty at the station places the bulletin on the air immediately upon receipt. It is with this mechanical set-up that Bud Green, the Rochester United Press correspondent, and the WHAM announcing staff are able to work hand-in-hand with the United Press and to present special bulletins with such rapidity.

Aside from being an untiring reader, a radio newscaster must be a linguist with an imagination as flexible as his vocal chords. "The chief worry of a newscaster," says Al, "is the endless impulse of man to fight his neighbors. In America this belligerent urge gives rise only to quarrels and shootings, but in foreign countries clan quarrels, border disputes and territorial invasions bring to the radio script a string of jawbreakers that gives the ablest oratorical artist a severe workout." An example of this was the recent Ethiopian war which brought to light such names as Ualual, Djibouti, Empress Waizerumen and Crown Prince of Ethiopia Asan Wasan.

As bewildering as these may sound to you, however, it wasn't the Ethio-

pian war that finally "threw" Al Sisson. It was the recent political election in Poland. When the ballots were counted and results released, it was revealed that a gentleman by the name of Felicjan Sklawajskladkowski had been victorious over his rivals. A hurried discussion between Al and the United Press correspondent decided that a name such as Felicjan Sklawajskladkowski has no place in radio continuity on any program.

SINCE a year ago last December Al has been on the air twelve times a week presenting twice-daily quarter-hour editions of the "Newspaper of the Air." The recent addition of a fifteen-minute Sunday news presentation now gives the "one-man home edition" a total of one hundred seventy-one minutes a week on the air. Converted over to words spoken, one hundred seventy-



Allen "Doc" Sisson handles WHAM's "Newspaper of the Air"

one minutes a week for thirteen months equals a grand total of one million nine hundred fifteen thousand two hundred words.

The manner in which WHAM covered the recent happenings in England is indicative of the station's policy in handling news stories. Preliminary developments were covered in the daily newscasts and by special bulletins. When things began to break, however, on the morning of December 10, WHAM canceled local commercial programs and stood by with a musical interlude. Then when the news of King Edward's abdication was finally flashed over the United Press wires, Al Sisson went on the air immediately with a pre-written bulletin, thereby beating the networks by half a minute.

THE British crisis story was completely told to WHAM listeners from start to finish. Newscaster Sisson devoted approximately fourteen minutes a day to the case of love versus crown. "The Morning After," an early morning news program, devoted three minutes a day to the story. Thirty-six special United Press bulletins were broadcast, and on the day of abdication two fifteen-minute periods were presented, giving afterglows of the biggest news story since the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. The "biggest story in years" had caused another big story—the story of a new medium setting another high mark in progress.



CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

They made music-making a business—and the depression welcomed their innovation, rewarded them with riches. That's the story of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. Incorporated, the boys divided shares, and played their sweet-hot music—for themselves! Experts say the Casa Lomans' precise style and torrid orchestrations suggested today's "swing." What experts? The Casa Lomans themselves!

AL JOLSON—

Adventurer In Entertainment



Above: "Love me—love my dog," says Al—and means it. He likes horses, too, and selects winners—that is, off and on—at race tracks. His other hobbies: Fishing and flying

Right: Thirty years a star! That's the enviable record of Al Jolson, whose present show is heard over CBS each Tuesday evening. His first starring show hit Broadway in 1906

Below: Al hits his typewriter keys—and gag lines get on paper. His writing includes songs, too, but there's no profit in that for him. His song earnings go for charity!



Above: Al, with his radio comedy partner, Sid Silvers. Sid had his first broadcasting experience with Al several years ago



Right: Screen Star Ruby Keeler brings Hubby Jolson home—on the radio! Ruby is an airway fan—when Al broadcasts!





AL GOODMAN
famous orchestra
leader

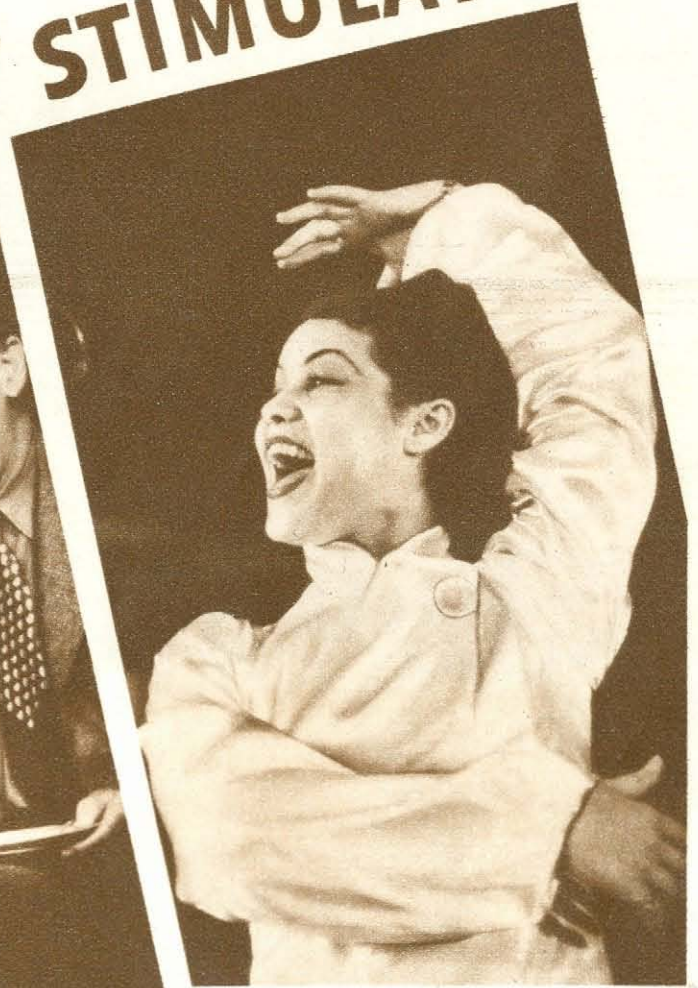
Helps them "click"
with millions... this
FRIENDLY STIMULATION



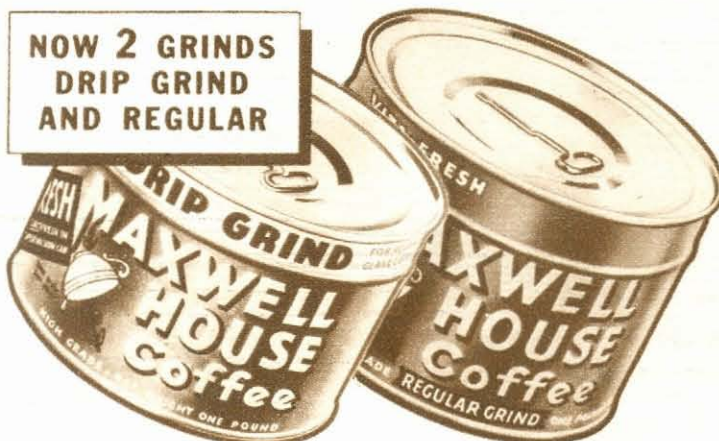
LANNY ROSS, one of radio's brightest stars, whose Maxwell House Show Boat thrills millions every Thursday night! Lanny says, "After the strain of a hard rehearsal, it's simply marvelous the way a cup of Maxwell House brightens you ... refreshes you ... brings you back with a smile!" Whenever you feel tired ... need a helping hand ... drink a fragrant, sparkling cup of Maxwell House. See how its friendly stimulation buoys you up ... and never lets you down!



FRED AND PAULA STONE, famous on stage and screen. Fred says, "Nothing drives away that tired, strained feeling like a cup of Maxwell House!" And daughter Paula adds, "You're right, Dad! And we've never tasted any coffee so deliciously fresh and full-flavored!" Try Maxwell House yourself. You'll taste, perhaps for the first time, the rich, full flavor of truly roaster-fresh coffee. For Maxwell House is *one* coffee that always comes to you as fresh as the very hour it was roasted.



RITA RIO, whose thrilling voice and vivacious charm have made her a smash hit at one of New York's great hotels. "And let me add," she says, "that I have tried I don't know how many brands of coffee, but I've never found any to equal the simply wonderful flavor of Maxwell House." And here's the reason for that: Only the very choicest coffees are used ... coffees specially selected for their rich, full body and mellow goodness. These coffees are blended with the utmost skill and care to give you one of the world's truly fine coffees.



NOW 2 GRINDS
DRIP GRIND
AND REGULAR



FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

Are you sure you are getting, in the coffee you buy, *all* the flavor you pay for? Are you getting *full value* for your money?

Science knows only one way to bring you coffee *without loss of flavor* ... to bring you coffee *truly roaster fresh*. And that is to pack it in the super-vacuum, Vita-Fresh can you open with a key.

Maxwell House is the *only* coffee that comes to you in just this way. You always get full value in flavor, freshness and rich, coffee goodness.

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1937

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE



Radio Guide Presents
GIANT-GRAVURE

Mary Livingstone snubbed a star—and made an ideal husband of him! Jack Benny (inset, with Baby Joan Naomi) was just a smart comic from the theater across the street when he tried to “kid the cuties” in the store where Mary worked. Surprised, Jack came back, proposed. Also surprised, Mary fainted at the altar. Ten years since then have made Jack funnier, and Mary—more poetic!



HELEN
BRODERICK

She's surprised whenever anyone recognizes her—
but everybody knows Helen Broderick, comedienne

of Fred Astaire's "Top Hat" and "Swing Time," and
currently on NBC's "Twin Stars" Friday night show



BEN
GRAUER

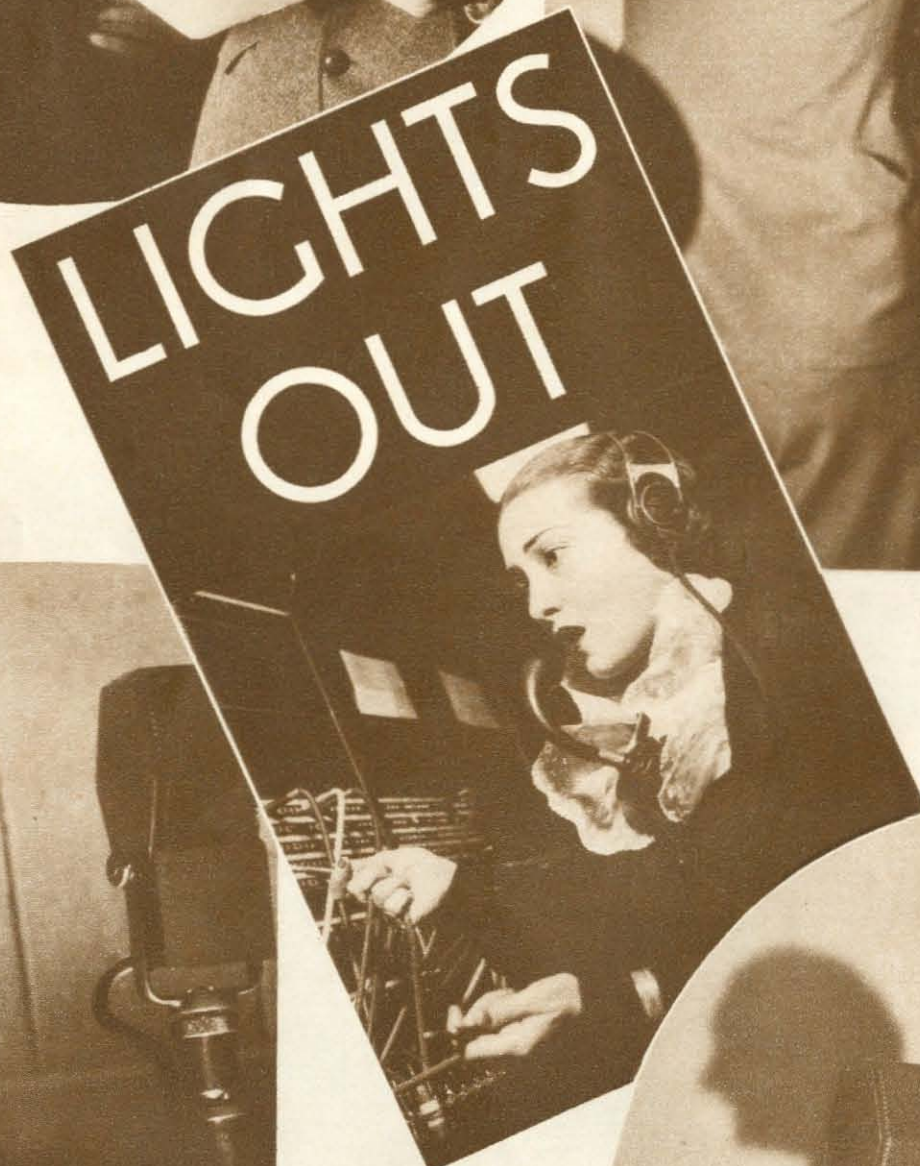
Top-flight Announcer Ben Grauer brings adventure to the airways as he broadcasts a Special Events pro-

gram without benefit of script or notes. Grauer is one of radio's thrill-hunting, spot-announcing mikemen



Above: Chills ran up late evening listeners' spines as a pair of hands reached from behind to choke Betty Winkler, and Ted Maxwell stood horrified

Below: Thrilled dialers' blood froze as Betty Winkler screamed into the mike during "Lights Out," and spine-chilling drama was on the air



Above: As switchboard operator in a "Lights Out" melodrama, Betty Winkler hears many a strange call—answered just as strangely!

Right: With this fiendish smile came fiendish words, spoken by Actor Sidney Ellstrom. Demons in human form bring you thrills!



Above, Left to right: Betty Winkler, Sidney Ellstrom and Templeton Fox registered horror as a strange demon-like being descended upon them. Grotesque creatures are presented on the "Lights Out" broadcasts!





Margaret Speaks See 8:30 p.m.

Frequencies

Table with two columns of radio frequencies and station call letters.

5:00 CBS-Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps, sketch: WABC WEEI WOKO

5:15 NBC-Tom Mix & His Ralston Straight Shooters with Ranch Boys

5:30 NBC-Jack Armstrong, sketch (Wheaties): WEAJ WBEI

5:45 NBC-Old Homestead, drama: WJZ WBZ

6:00 NBC-News, WJZ only) Army Band: WJZ

6:00 NBC-News, WJZ only) Army Band: WJZ

News; Musical Prgm.: WGR WAAB-Dinner Concert

6:15 NBC-News, WEAJ only) John Gurney, basso: WEAJ WCHS

6:30 NBC-News: Reveliers, male quartet: WJZ

6:45 CBS-Renfrew of the Mounted, sketch (Wonder Bread): WABC

6:00 NBC-News, WJZ only) Army Band: WJZ

WFEA-Legislative Review WGY-Leo Bolley, sports commentator

NIGHT

7:00 NBC-AMOS 'N' ANDY (PEP-sodent): WEAJ WGY WJAR

7:15 NBC-UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO Station (Alka-Seltzer): WEAJ

7:30 NBC-HORLICK'S LUM & AB-ner, sketch: WJZ WBZ WLW

7:30 NBC-UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO Station (Alka-Seltzer): WEAJ

7:30 NBC-HORLICK'S LUM & AB-ner, sketch: WJZ WBZ WLW

WGR-Variety Prgm. WGY-Jim Healey WHAM-Irene Gedney, pianist

7:45 CBS-Boake Carter, commentator (Philco): WABC WEEI

8:00 NBC-FIBBER MCGEE & MOL-ly, comedy sketch (Johnson's Wax)

8:00 NBC-FIBBER MCGEE & MOL-ly, comedy sketch (Johnson's Wax)

CBS-Horace Heidt's Orch. (Ale-mite): WABC WOKO WDRC

8:15 MBS-Red Nichols' Orch.: WOR WLW

8:45 NBC-The Voice of Firestone; Richard Crooks, trn; Margaret Speaks, sop.

NBC-Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung; Frank Munn, trn.; Natalie Bodanya, sop.

Advertisement for Studebaker Dictator Sedan. Includes text: 'WANT TO WIN A 1937 STUDEBAKER SEDAN Free?' and 'A new 1937 Studebaker Dictator Sedan given away every week'.



Fibber McGee and Molly with Ted Weems' Orchestra. TONIGHT at 8 P.M., E.S.T. 7 P.M., C.S.T.



George Hall See 12:30 p.m.

MORNING

6:00 a.m. EST WBZ-Musical Clock WTIC-Blue Grass Roy... 7:00 Musical Clock: WEAN WICC... 8:00 NBC-Matcolm Claire: WFAF...

Y.N.-George & Juanita, songs: WICC WEAN WNBH WNAC... 8:30 NBC-Cheerio, Inspirational Talk & Music: WFAF WJAR WCSH... 9:00 NBC-Breakfast Club; Bob Brown, m.c.; Annette King...

NBC-Fields & Hall: WJZ Children's Prgm.: WGR WOKO WJAR... 10:15 NBC-Vass Family: WFAF WCSH... 11:00 NBC-Our Amer. Schools: WFAF...

AFTERNOON 12:00 NBC-Chasins' Music Series: WFAF WTIC WJAR WBEN... 12:30 NBC-American Farm Bureau Fed.; Walter Blaufuss' Orch.; Guest Speakers: WJZ WHAM...

1:30 NBC-Weekend Revue: (sw-9.53) WFBW News... 2:00 NBC-METROPOLITAN OPERA Co. (RCA Victor): WJZ WBZ... 2:15 MBS-Welcome Lewis & Organ: WOR WAAB WBRY...

NBC-Weekend Revue: (sw-9.53) WFBW News... 4:15 WFBW-Ann Leaf, organist (CBS) WGR-Columbia Reporter... 5:00 CBS-Dictators: WABC WFEA...

Amazing New Movie Camera!

Takes Moving Pictures at less cost than Snapshots!

The most amazing precision-built movie camera value—and yours for only 10c a day! Never before have you heard of a fine 8 mm. movie camera selling for less than \$30! Never before have you heard of an 8 mm. movie film selling for only 60c a roll! Never before have you had the opportunity of taking your own movies—clear, sharp, true-to-life—for LESS THAN THE COST OF SNAPSHOTS!

Designed with an eye for modern, streamlined beauty! Compact! Lightweight! Easy to load! Operates exactly as the finest movie camera you've ever seen! Embodies all the latest advances in the science of fine camera-manufacture!

LIFETIME OF THRILLS!

Imagine being able to enjoy the thrill of taking movies—indoors or outdoors—of your loved ones . . . your pets . . . your vacations! Now—for only \$9.95 you can own a lifetime UniveX! A jewel of a movie camera! Lightweight! Finely balanced! Equipped with a precision Univar f 5.6 lens! Easy to load! Easy to unload! Easy to operate! Ready at the touch of a button to take clear, sharp, brilliant movies! Don't put off for another moment the joy of making your own movies! Send in the coupon—now! Learn how you can own this sensational, precision-built movie camera—for only 10c a day!

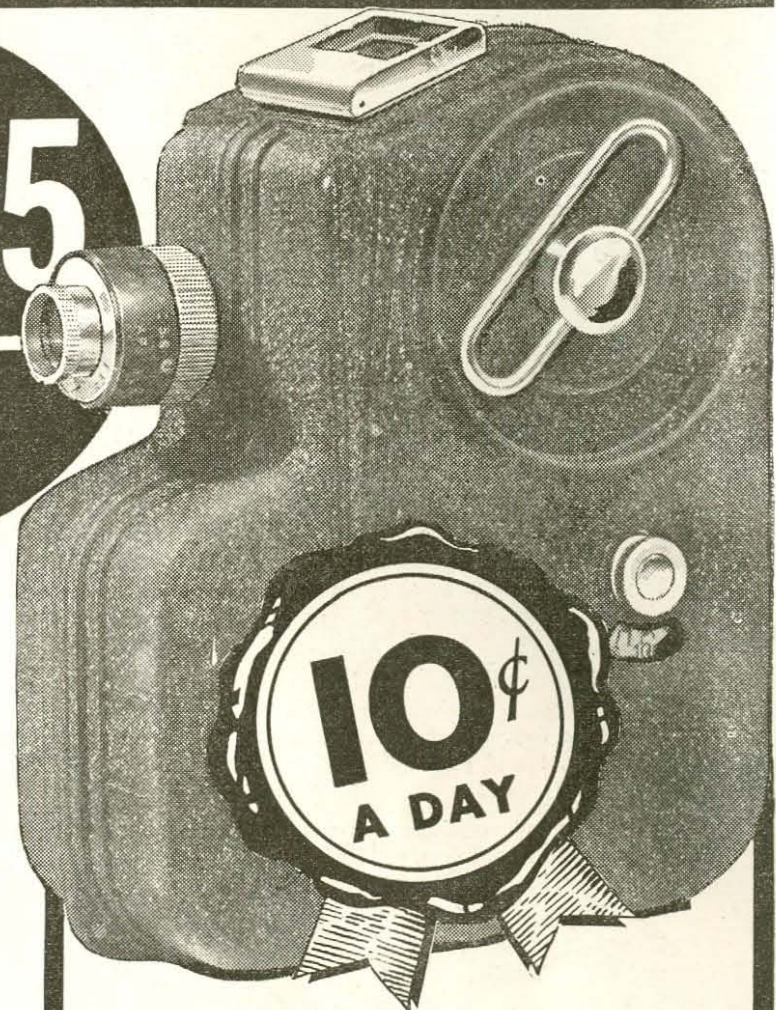
WHAT A PRICELESS GIFT!

For Christmas, Birthday, Wedding, Graduation or a Going-Away present! When you give the UniveX Movie Camera—you are giving thrills, happiness and pleasure for every day of the year—and for countless years to come! A present to be proud of . . . to be cherished and treasured! We will send the UniveX Cine "8" to anyone you name and you can still pay for it at only 10c a day.

USES 60c FILM!

UniveX Cine "8" uses the 30 ft. UniveX movie film roll that costs only 60c—that

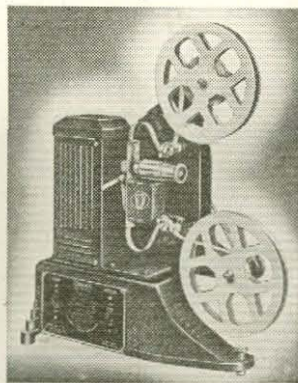
\$9.95



takes as many scenes as 60 ft. of 16 mm. film! This film can be purchased direct from us or from any good dealer anywhere in the world. Don't deny yourself the pleasure of owning a movie camera now that you can take home movies at less cost than ordinary snapshots.

ONLY 8 MM. PROJECTOR RETAILING FOR LESS THAN \$26!

A worthy companion to the sensational UniveX Cine "8" is this lowest priced 8 mm. movie projector in the world. Takes all 8 mm. film including professionally made movies (which may be rented or bought). 15 minutes continuous projection-capacity, "Rock-steady" pictures: quiet, smooth operation; easy to load and thread; high-powered pre-focused lamp and 15 other important features heretofore found only in the highest-priced movie projectors.



Backed by written guarantee. **\$12.50**

When you buy a UniveX Cine "8" you're not getting some "blind article" but a precision-built movie camera that is nationally known and nationally advertised at the cash price \$9.95. When you buy it from us you get it by paying only 10c a day (which includes a small carrying charge).

ONE YEAR WRITTEN GUARANTEE!

The UniveX Cine "8" is accompanied by written guarantee bond of the Universal Camera Corporation—the largest unit manufacturers of cameras in the world. This bond accompanies your camera and protects you against any and every mechanical defect for a period of one year. In addition it is sold by us with an absolute money-back guarantee that if it does not live up to your highest expectations you can return it and we will refund your money without question or argument. You yourself are the judge and jury. Don't delay any longer! Start enjoying the thrills that come with owning a fine movie camera. Doubly enjoyable when you can buy it for 1/3 the price of other 8 mm. cameras and on the easy 10c a day plan. Mail coupon today for free literature illustrating and describing this sensational UniveX Cine "8" Movie Camera and giving complete details of our easy 10c a day plan—\$3.00 a month.

Modern Camera Exchange, Inc., Dept. 88, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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THIS IS NOT AN ORDER!

MODERN CAMERA EXCHANGE, INC.
1270 Sixth Ave., (Radio City)
Dept. 88, New York City

Without obligation on my part send me free literature describing the new UniveX Movie Equipment and complete details of your liberal 10c a day plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

If you want the movie equipment IMMEDIATELY and prefer to buy for cash enclose check or money-order with coupon. \$9.95 for UniveX Cine "8"—\$12.50 for UniveX Projector. We pay all delivery charges. If not completely satisfied, you can return purchase within 30 days and money will be refunded.

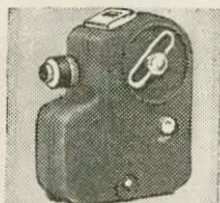
Compare these features WITH ANY \$30.00 CAMERA!

AMAZING UNIVEX FEATURES

1. Only movie camera using 60c film roll. Means lowest cost of operation.
2. Lightest weight. Only 16 oz.
3. Sturdy construction. All aluminum non-breakable body. Will last a lifetime.
4. Easy to load and unload.
5. Foolproof. Anyone can take movies with UniveX Cine "8".
6. Univar precision f 5.6 lens.
7. Lens equipment interchangeable.
8. Pictures screen up to 4 1/2 ft. x 6 ft.



UniveX Cine "8" showing its sleek streamlined body, note the self-reading exposure table on the camera.



View showing—Winding key —Release button—Detachable lens barrel — View finder —Footage indicator.



Easy to load and unload. Even a child can take movies with this sensational UniveX Cine "8."

BACKED BY WRITTEN GUARANTEE AGAINST ANY MECHANICAL DEFECTS BY THE LARGEST UNIT-MANUFACTURER OF CAMERAS IN THE WORLD

DON'T DELAY! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MAN AND WIFE WANTED!

To run local COFFEE AGENCY

Splendid Chance To Make Up To **\$60⁰⁰** in a Week



**NEW FORDS
GIVEN AS A BONUS**

If you want an unusual opportunity to make a fine cash income operating a Coffee Agency right in your locality, send your name at once for full details about my plan—FREE.

This opportunity is open to one person—man or woman—in each locality, or two persons operating in partnership. Local Coffee Agency, is ideally suited for married couples; wife takes care of orders and handles calls at home, while husband delivers and collects. **Earnings start very first day.** Prosperous business of 200 regular customers quickly developed through remarkable, tested plan.

Start Earning at Once

I'll send you everything you need—your complete outfit containing full-size packages of products, also printed forms, blanks, advertising literature, samples, etc., together with simple instructions for both the husband and wife, so you can start your earnings right away. Make as high as \$45.00 your very first week.

Everybody uses Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Cosmetics, Soaps, Toilet Goods, and other foods every day. They **MUST BUY** these things to live. You simply take care of your regular customers right in your locality—just keep them supplied with the things they need. You handle all the money and pocket a big share of it for yourself. You keep all the profits—you don't divide up with anyone. Hundreds of housewives in many localities are waiting, right now, to be served with these nationally famous products.

I Send Everything

Just as soon as I hear from you I will send you complete details—tell you all the inside workings of this nation-wide Coffee Agency Plan. I will explain just how to establish your customers; how to give them service and make good cash earnings. You can plan it so you give only 5 days a week to your business, collect your profits on Friday, and have all day Saturday and Sunday for vacation or rest. The plans I send you took years to perfect. You know they must be good because they have brought quick help to hundreds of other men and women, both married and single, who needed money.

Ford Cars Given

Over and above the cash earnings you make, I will give you a brand new Ford Sedan as a bonus for producing. This is not a contest or a raffle. I offer a Ford Car—as an extra reward—to everyone who starts in this business.

Make Money Fast

Look in the box on the right! See how fast these men and women made money. Some of them even worked alone without any help from their husbands or wives. They used this same plan that I will now send you. You read it; then if you see the possibilities, I'll help you start without asking you to risk a penny of your own money.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

You can start a Coffee Agency and make money the first week. You don't have to risk a cent. I absolutely guarantee this. No experience is needed. You use your home as headquarters. **You can build your business on my money.** Full details of money making plans are free. Send your name today for the free book giving all inside facts, then you can decide. Don't waste a minute as you might lose this opportunity through unnecessary delay. **ACT AT ONCE.**

ALBERT MILLS, President

3856 Monmouth Avenue

Cincinnati, Ohio

NOT A CONTEST

Not a lottery. Not a game of chance. You don't have to "win" to get a Ford Car of your own. I give these Ford Cars to producers as a bonus over and above their cash profits, to encourage prompt service to their customers. The car becomes your personal property with no strings attached.

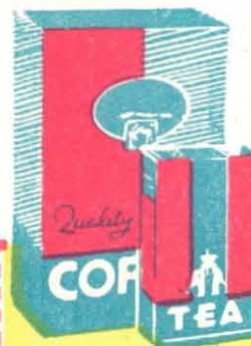
AND HERE IS POSITIVE PROOF OF BIG EARNING POSSIBILITIES

Can you make money with a Coffee Agency? Yes. Here's a way to make it **FAST!** If only three or four people had made money as fast as this, you might call it an accident. But **many** have done it! Here are only a few—if space permitted I could print scores of exceptional earnings.

Amount Earned In One Week

F. J. Mosher, Wyo.	\$ 60.00
Wilbur W. Whitcomb, Ohio.	146.00
Clare C. Wellman, N. J.	96.00
Geo. W. Wright, Maine	63.75
A. Pardini, Calif.	69.09
Norman Geisler, Mich.	136.50
Gunson R. Wood, N. Y.	82.10
Lamar C. Cooper, Mich.	82.00
Helen V. Woolmington, Penna.	45.00
Ruby Hannen, W. Va.	73.00
Hans Coordes, Neb.	96.40
Lambert Wilson, Mich.	79.00
W. J. Way, Kans.	78.15

These exceptional earnings show the amazing possibilities of my offer. Don't let this opportunity pass—send me your name for **FREE** Facts.



MAIL COUPON *Now*
SEND NO MONEY—FREE

ALBERT MILLS, President, 3856 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Send your free book telling how to start a Local Coffee Agency in which a married couple (or a single person) can make up to \$60.00 in a week. I will read it and then let you know if I want to accept this opportunity.

Name _____

Address _____

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

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